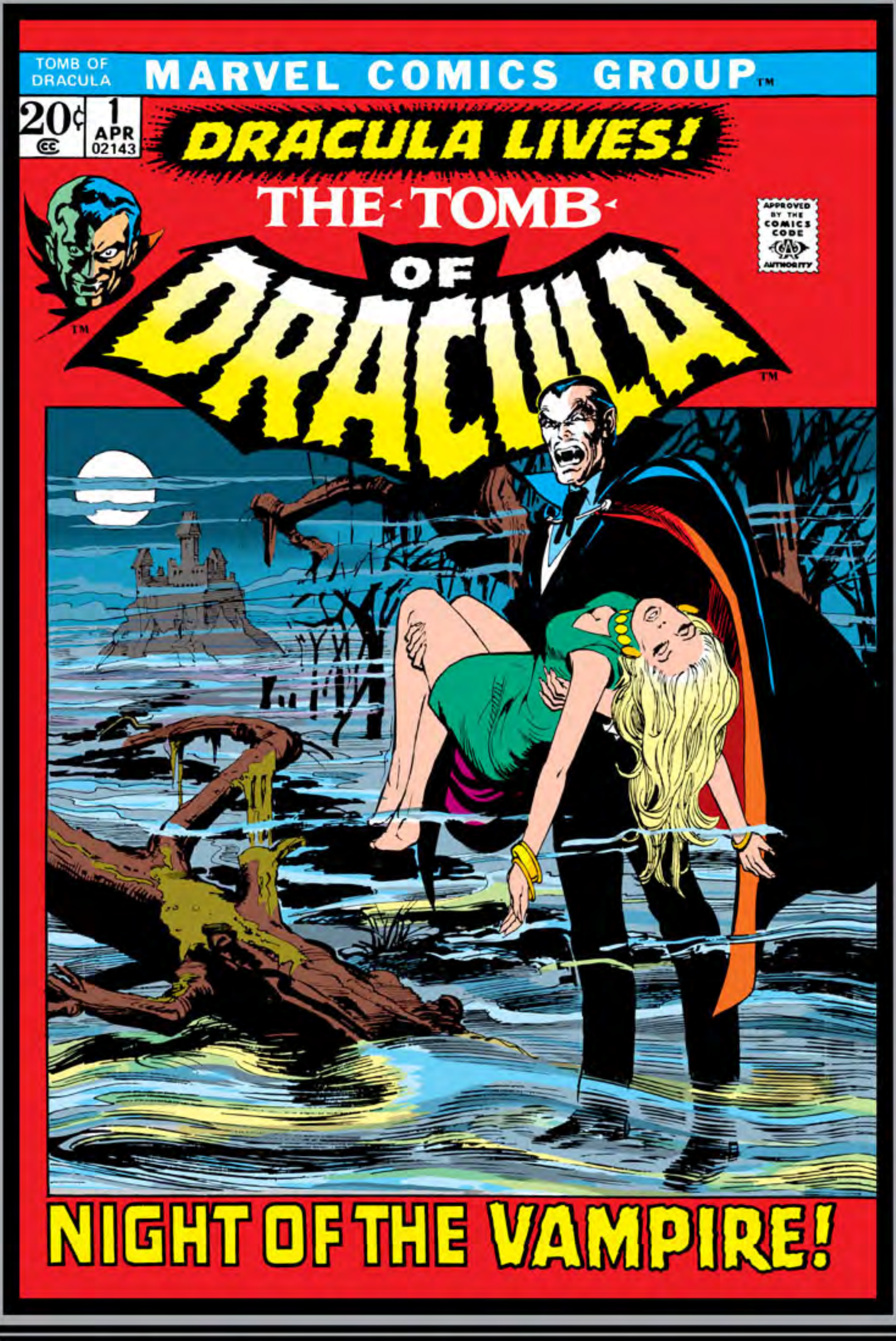
MARVEL MASTERWORKS

THE TOMB OF DRACULA

VOLUME 1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MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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DRACULA LIVES!
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE!

THE TOMB OF DRACULA Nos. 1-11
MARV WOLFMAN & GENE COLAN
WITH GERRY CONWAY, ARCHIE GOODWIN & GARDNER FOX

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

Presents

THE TOMB OF DRACULA

Volume 1

Collecting

The Tomb of Dracula Nos. 1-11

Marv Wolfman • Gene Colan

with Gerry Conway, Archie Goodwin & Gardner Fox

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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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THE
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Nos. 1-11

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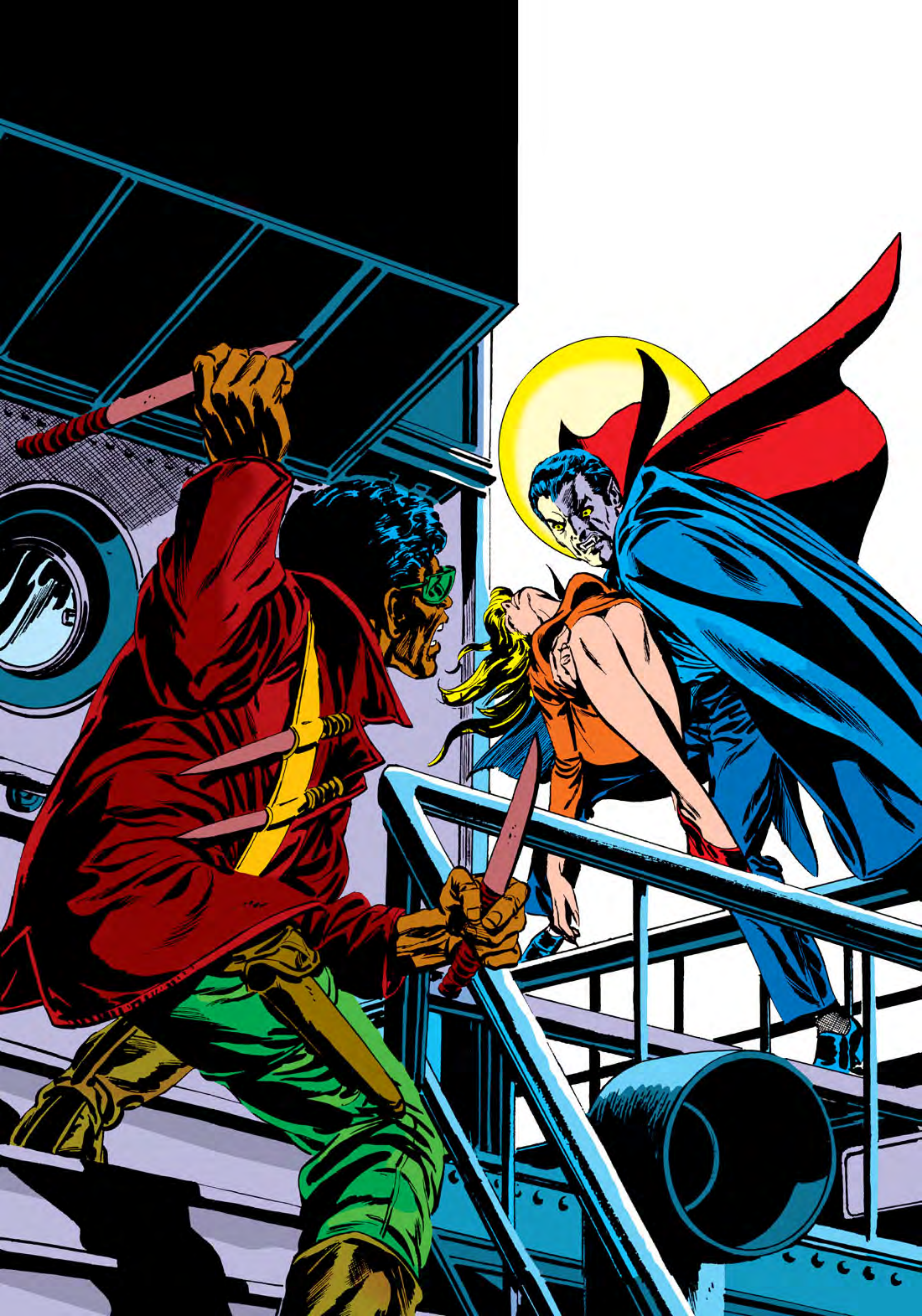


MARVEL MASTERWORKS
CONTENTS

Introduction by Roy Thomas
Introduction by Marv Wolfman

The Tomb of Dracula #1, April 1972
"Dracula"

The Tomb of Dracula #2, May 1972
"The Fear Within!"

The Tomb of Dracula #3, July 1972
"Who Stalks the Vampire?"

The Tomb of Dracula #4, September 1972
"Through a Mirror Darkly!"

The Tomb of Dracula #5, November 1972
"Death to a Vampire-Slayer!"

The Tomb of Dracula #6, January 1973
"The Moorlands Monster!"

The Tomb of Dracula #7, March 1973
"Night of the Death Stalkers!"

The Tomb of Dracula #8, May 1973
"The Hell-Crawlers"

The Tomb of Dracula #9, June 1973
"Death from the Sea!"

The Tomb of Dracula #10, July 1973
"His Name Is…Blade!"

The Tomb of Dracula #11, August 1973
"The Voodoo-Man!"

INTRODUCTION
BY ROY THOMAS

It's not as if this was my *first* undead rodeo with Dracula, right?

When Stan Lee called me into his office one day in the latter half of 1971 and told me he wanted to launch a comic book called about the lord of vampires, I was more than ready!

I had first encountered the good Count in 1948, when I was seven, played by Bela Lugosi in the brand-new movie *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*—as it happened, only the second time (out of a grand total of two) that Lugosi ever portrayed Dracula onscreen.

Not many years later, I read Bram Stoker's novel…and promptly fell in love with it.

Now, Stan now wanted Dracula to become a part of the Marvel Universe, with a title all his own, of which he'd be hero and villain, all rolled into one. Well, actually—as I was reminded when *Marvel Masterworks* editor, Cory Sedlmeier, pointed me toward a 1973 editorial I'd written for the first issue of the black-and-white magazine *Dracula Lives!*—it was Marvel publisher *Martin Goodman* who suggested (apparently in late 1970!) that Stan develop a new comic starring the infamous lord of vampires. But—and here's the kicker—it was to be a non-Comics-Code-approved *black-and-white* comics magazine, a companion title to the anthology *Savage Tales*, which Stan had come up with on his own.

Stan didn't need much encouragement to accept that assignment, so he quickly came up with a rough idea for a first-issue plot. What was it? Well, if you boil that first Marvel *Dracula* story down to one or two sentences, that was probably it. He "asked" me to flesh out the story and send it on right away to the artist, who was to be—

Well, actually—I'm *not sure*, exactly.

I do know that Bill Everett, talented creator of the Sub-Mariner and a horror artist par excellence back in the early 1950s, was the guy originally slated to illustrate that yarn. But, somewhere along the line, his fellow illustrator Gene Colan learned that a *Dracula* mag was in the works, and he pleaded with Stan to be allowed to draw it. He swiftly produced a full-page sample drawing. Stan took one look at it, and Wild Bill was promptly returned to his valued inking and coloring assignments, with Gentleman Gene tapped to pencil and ink the lead story in the new *Dracula* book, whatever it would finally be called.

Yes, I said "pencil *and* ink." For, though Gene almost never inked anything for Marvel back in those days, he had cajoled Stan into agreeing he could do *full-art* chores…something Stan really wasn't wild about. When a guy was as valuable a penciler as Gene, Stan preferred he spend all his time in that one capacity and never pick up a pen or brush. But Gene was uncharacteristically adamant. So Stan agreed he could ink at least that first story. (Incidentally, the fact that the *Dracula* mag was originally conceived as a larger black-and-white title is probably the reason that initial tale is 25 pages long, instead of the usual twenty.)

All I recall about that first plot is that I had to type it out at home and rush it down to the main post office in Manhattan that very night, on my way to a party at the apartment of production manager John Verpoorten. Amazingly, that several-page synopsis survives and was sold through Heritage Auctions some years back. Its first page can be glimpsed in the back matter of this very volume. A poor thing, but mine own, as the Bard once said.

From the start, though, I had no intention of being the final scripter of the first or any other issue of this *Dracula* magazine (which at this stage doesn't seem to have yet added the words *The Tomb of* to its title). Much as I liked the idea of Marvel getting back into the horror-comics business for commercial reasons, I had only rarely purchased a horror mag as a kid in the '50s, and I had no desire to write them. With Stan's blessing, as associate editor I turned that task over to newcomer Gerry Conway, who was all of eighteen or so. He did an excellent job with the dialogue, then stayed on long enough to plot *and* dialogue issue #2 before wandering off to other assignments for reasons forgotten by me and probably by him.

In hindsight, I kind of regret that neither Gerry nor I thought to mention in the splash-page credits that I (or I with Stan, who at least got listed as editor) had plotted the story. But fair is fair: Only a few months earlier, Gerry had ghost-written the plot for a "Moby-Dick-in-space" storyline that I spread over *The Incredible Hulk* #137-138, and I hadn't given him a credited shout-out either.

Along the line, it seems that Martin Goodman had second thoughts about the entire concept of a black-and-white comics line. He abruptly canceled *Savage Tales* after one issue. I've heard that he feared that unrated black-and-white magazines might bring him into conflict with his fellow publishers in the color-comics-oriented Comics Magazine Association of America, who operated the Comics Code Authority. And so *Dracula* had to become a four-color comic book rather than a black-and-white. Luckily, since Stan hadn't directed me to make that first tale either terribly gory or sexually explicit, it was a fairly easy change to make.

So there my connection with what became known as *The Tomb of Dracula* #1 ended—except for a memorable, almost legendary phone call I happened to overhear sometime in the next few weeks.

I was in Stan's office again, when he was on the phone with Gene, who was objecting because Stan had just informed him that he wanted to have someone else ink that first issue so Gene could pencil something else. I could hear Gene plaintively reminding Stan that he had *promised* him he could ink that issue! The reply was classic Stan: "Gene, if you're going to hold me to that, I'm not going to be able to promise you anything again!" Or words pretty close to those.

Anyway, Gene won the argument. Stan let him ink that initial issue, but made sure that someone else—Vince Colletta, as it happened—embellished the second. I don't recall Gene complaining too much. It had probably sunk in on him that he made less money doing full art than when he penciled *two* comics in approximately the same time.

As a Code-approved color title, the comic now called *The Tomb of Dracula* got off to a good start. Neal Adams drew its first cover, and what a classic it was! If there was ever a better illustration of the vampire lord published under the Marvel Comics banner, it must've been while I was out of the country. (I've no idea if Gene lobbied to do the cover. In any event, Stan and publisher Martin Goodman both deemed Gene's covers a little less clear and poster-like than they wanted.)

Gerry handled the script for issue #2 in the vein (pardon the expression) in which he was meant to. I personally enjoyed seeing him name one character "Gort," no doubt after the giant robot in the 1951 science-fiction film *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. And Colletta did a commendable job on the inks, as far as Stan and I were concerned. Vinnie would in later days be dismissed by many fans, and it's true enough that he was known to cut a corner or two to make time…but Gene's inked pencils have often looked not nearly as good as they do in #2. Another great 1950s major horror-comics artist, John Severin, drew that issue's cover, though it didn't have the impact Neal's had.

By issue #3, quite possibly at my direction (since he and Stan never had any particular rapport), Gil Kane penciled the cover. It was a more strictly "Marvel Comics" look than Adams' or Severin's had been, but that was very much the intended effect, and it became the first of many *Tomb of Dracula* covers Gil would pencil over the years.

But the most noteworthy thing about the cover of #3 is that it marks the very first glimpse Marvel's readers got of *Dracula* work by Tom Palmer, who inked Gil's pencils and before long would become *the* classic embellisher of Colan's work on the master of Transylvania.

The reason Tom slapped ink on that cover was because he'd also been called on to ink Gene's pencils on the inside—a return to the glory days of a year or two earlier when he and Gene had been an art team supreme on the sadly doomed *Doctor Strange* comic. It was a look which, as I think most of us recognized from the get-go, was about as good as Colan's *Dracula* was ever liable to look. Gene was a difficult guy to ink, partly because he tended to pencil in various shades of gray and black, and it was hard to capture such subtlety with India ink. Tom used Zip-a-Tone screentone patterns here and there to capture some of the grays, but mostly he achieved his effects with intricate linework. In fact, I seem to recall his telling me once that his approach was to *erase* the pencils to remove the heaviest areas that resisted ink (though he could still see the marks Gene's pencil had made on the page, of course) and *then* ink them.

However he did it, it looked great!

The *Dracula* writer was new too. Archie Goodwin had been noted for being the editor and main writer of the black-and-white Warren comics magazines *Creepy* and *Eerie* a few years earlier. Since he'd begun freelancing for Marvel a few years earlier, he had proved valuable on such titles as *Iron Man,* but a "horror-hero" seemed more up his alley…as indeed it was. It was Archie who introduced Rachel Van Helsing, granddaughter of the famous fictional Dutch physician who was one of the major slayers of Count Dracula in Stoker's novel.

With issue #4, I became officially editor of the mag—and of the rest of Marvel, subject to newly crowned president/publisher Stan, naturally. Not that that had much immediate effect on *The Tomb of Dracula,* since the team of Goodwin, Colan (now credited as "Eugene Colan") and Palmer simply continued their good work. I'm not sure that, if it had stayed together, that grouping would've eventually risen to the heights reserved for the future Wolfman/Colan/Palmer gang of three…but it certainly would've done Marvel proud.

For the aforementioned "reasons unknown," Archie left the book, just as Gerry had, after only a pair of issues.

My first "total hire" as *Dracula* scribe, alas, didn't work out quite as well as the previous two. I'd been looking for a berth at Marvel for Gardner Fox, who'd been one of the major comics writers of the Golden and Silver Ages, having co-created for DC the likes of the Flash, Hawkman (twice), Dr. Fate, the (six-inch) Atom, and both the Justice Society and Justice League of America. After he was basically cut loose by DC by the end of the '60s, I felt comics in general, and I in particular, owed him a shot at continuing to make a living in the field, even though his style of writing was poles apart from what Marvel readers were used to. For one thing, he didn't like working "Marvel style," with its plot-pencils-dialogue order, and never really adjusted well to it. But I gave him a pep talk and figured *The Tomb of Dracula,* with its offbeat approach to a "hero," might be the way to go.

Gardner gave it his best, and I think the two issues he did were reasonably good—and the Colan/Palmer artwork kept the magazine *looking* much the same, and that helped. Those issues were blessed by two fine covers, one by Kane and Palmer, the other by Adams. I'm not sure what Marvel would have eventually made of the "Moorlands Monster," the Heap/Glob/Man-Thing/Swamp Thing-type creature Gardner introduced in #6…by then, both Marvel and DC had a surfeit of such "things" already…but we'll never know, because though he shambles off at issue's end with Rachel Van Helsing and company and it's said he'd soon "haunt the mysterious moors once again," I don't believe he ever reappeared.

Again, for the previously mentioned "reasons unknown" (trademark/patent pending), Gardner left *Dracula* after a pair of issues. Two issues by Gerry (not counting Stan's and my input), two by Archie, now two by Gardner…Maybe we should've changed the mag's name to *Curse of Dracula,* since no writer seemed destined to last more than two issues.

But that was about to change.

Marv Wolfman had wandered over to Marvel a few years earlier, during a brief overabundance of inventory scripts at DC that had left a number of younger writers (himself, Gerry Conway, Len Wein and others) without work on its "mystery" titles. Luckily, at that time, Stan had persuaded publisher Goodman that Marvel should launch similar comics, so we put the "kids" to work first on *Tower of Shadows* and *Chamber of Darkness*…and then on the super hero mags.

By his own accounting, Marv was a bit slower to adjust to writing super heroes, even though he loved them, than a couple of his contemporaries, but I recall being happier than he was with his work on a *Fantastic Four Annual* and *Captain Marvel.* At that stage, though, he seemed more at home with the "mystery" comics (which is what we called the Comics Code-approved successors to the "horror" comics of the early '50s), so when *The Tomb of Dracula* came open, he seemed to me to be a natural fit. I'm not sure if he told me at that time that he'd never seen a Dracula film—but he had read the novel, and that was enough.

Marv himself will mostly pick up the story from here…except that I should perhaps say a few words about *Dracula Lives!*, Marvel's first regularly-published black-and-white comics magazine, since three stories reprinted in this volume come from it, not all of which were scripted by Marv.

Probably not long after Marv signed on as *Tomb of Dracula* writer, Stan decided to launch a second, and non-Code-approved, magazine devoted to the lord of vampires. This was the toehold in the black-and-white field Stan had long lusted after, only to be constantly undercut by Goodman—who was now long gone. Stan and I put together the first couple of issues in early 1973, and for the first of those, writer Steve Gerber and artist Rich Buckler produced a modern-day Drac story that is referenced in one of the color comics, and so is included here.

By issue #3, Stan and I had anointed Marv the "associate editor" of the black-and-white mag, but in truth he functioned pretty much as full editor, just checking in with me and/or Stan on covers and the like. So, clearly, his stint as the go-to guy for things Draculean around Marvel had already proven a great success…

…and I'll let him take it from here.

Roy

2021

Roy Thomas has been aware of Dracula since at least age seven. In 2005 Marvel published his and artist Dick Giordano's Stoker's Dracula, *a 180-page black-and-white rendering of the classic novel on which the pair had begun work in the mid-1970s for* Dracula Lives! *It was soon reprinted in color, and remains the most faithful adaptation ever done.*

INTRODUCTION

BY MARV WOLFMAN

It was 1972. I was working at Warren Publications as editor of the black-and-white horror magazines *Creepy*, *Eerie* and *Vampirella*. At the same time, I was freelance writing stories for Marvel, mostly for their monster and Western titles such as *Tower of Shadows* and *Kid Colt*. I received a call from Roy Thomas, who had taken over from Stan Lee as Marvel's editor after Stan had become publisher. Roy asked if I'd be interested in taking over writing *The Tomb of Dracula*, a horror comic whose first issue or two had just been published. Meanwhile, I had heard through the grapevine that *Doctor Strange* also needed a writer, and since I absolutely loved Marvel's super hero comics, I asked if I could write *Doctor Strange* instead. But Roy felt I was better suited for *Dracula* and said that was the book he wanted me to do. Reluctantly, I said "yes."

It took a few months for me to realize it, but Roy was 100% right. *Dracula* was definitely the better fit for me and for Marvel. As usual, he knew much better than I did. And thank goodness he did.

Note that I reluctantly said "yes." That's because I had absolutely no interest in Dracula. Or vampires. I had never seen a Dracula movie and, back then, before the existence of videotapes, there was no way I could watch one in order to see what was considered a Dracula story and then essentially produce more of the same.

Being unfamiliar with the genre, I wasn't sure how to approach writing the book, but little did I know my near total ignorance of pop-culture vampire mythology might have been the very thing that ultimately made *The Tomb of Dracula* work for me. Back then at Marvel when you wrote one of their super hero books, you sort of followed the approach Stan Lee took. You did that not to copy what he wrote but because you totally loved his stories and he did it better than anyone else. With nothing of the vampire ethos to guide me, I was forced to come up with my own approach. I had been thrown into the middle of the pool and had to learn to swim. Fortunately—amazingly—I didn't drown.

Most horror stories back then were eight-or-so-pagers with a "surprise" O. Henry twist ending and no connection to any stories that came before or what might come after. EC Comics set the style for the short, twisty horror comic book story back in the 1950s and everyone followed their lead.

That is until Marvel decided that instead of doing one-off horror stories, they would do what they did better than anyone else—a horror series with continuing characters and storylines.

And how right they were.

As Roy wrote in his introduction to this volume, he and Stan came up with the rough idea for the first issue of *The Tomb of Dracula* and then turned it over to Gerry Conway to expand upon and script. Pretty much everything that followed on *TOD* was based in one way or another on what Stan, Roy and ultimately Gerry conceived.

Gerry wrote the first two issues then handed the writing reins to Archie Goodwin. Archie had been the highly respected writer and editor for the Warren horror magazines, and he took what Gerry had done and pushed it even further for two issues. Issues #5 and #6 would be written by veteran comics writer Gardner Fox. I was going to start my run with issue #7, which meant that I had the luxury of a month or two to think about the book before I had to start.

That was time I desperately needed.

Years earlier I had read a children's paperback version of *Dracula*, but I had lost that book at some point. So I used the time given to borrow a copy of Bram Stoker's original *Dracula* novel from the library and read the book that started it all.

I absolutely loved it. LOVED IT! But more importantly, it gave me a clue how to approach the comic. Also, since I had never seen any of the Dracula movies (including the original Bela Lugosi film, which, by the way, I still have not seen), I was able to base my approach on the original novel and not someone else's interpretation of it.

Stoker's novel is written as a series of letters between characters, as well as ship's logs, diaries, newspaper stories and police blotters, as the book's cast tries to figure out what to do about the monster that had invaded their lives. Since none of the letters are written by Dracula himself, he is shrouded in mystery.

I suddenly had an approach. I would focus my stories on the effect Dracula had on the human monster hunters, and not on the monster himself. We would keep him in shadow and make him far more mysterious than he would be if we knew his every thought. To that end, and with only very rare exceptions, I never gave Dracula any thought balloons.

Getting the assignment to write *The Tomb of Dracula* was my first good fortune. Having several months to read the novel and to think about how I wanted to write this comic was my second. The third was knowing I would have the brilliant Gene Colan as my artist partner.

Gene had already drawn the first four issues of *TOD* and while I was developing my approach, he'd be drawing issues #5-6.

I don't have to tell you how lucky I was to have Gene as the artist. You can flip through this collection and see that for yourself. Gene's art was unlike anybody else in comics. He was a master of light and dark, of shadow and substance. More than most other artists, he could convey real emotions. You'd swear his people were real and breathing.

Artists, when they are just beginning, usually learn to draw by copying other masters before finding their own style. Over the decades you'd find lots of new artists mimicking Jack Kirby or Neal Adams or Frank Frazetta or a thousand others. But nobody ever tried to copy Gene. And that's not because they didn't like his work; just the opposite. Other artists loved Gene's art and thought of him as an artist's artist. But nobody else could think like Gene. Nobody could lay out a story the way he did. Nobody but Gene could create backgrounds the way he did. Gene's art was unique. And because Gene could make you think everything he drew was somehow real, it made me have to work even harder. He drew real people and I had to learn how to write them. His art forced me to become a better writer.

On top of his unrivaled artistic skills, Gene was also one of the nicest people I've ever worked with. He is missed.

"Night of the Death Stalkers!" in *TOD* #7 was my first issue. Although I'm getting ahead of myself here, on the last issue of *TOD* (#70) I added "Death of the Night Stalker!" to the cover copy. A nice way, I thought, to bookend my run.

Issues #7 and #8 were a two-parter, and, truth to tell, I wrote them still a bit unsure about what I was doing. Issue #9 was a lot stronger. I felt I was at last starting to figure out how to write this puppy. Gene and I created Blade in issue #10, and everything kept getting better and better from there.

About Blade. Over the decades a lot of folks have asked me about Blade's origin, including Wesley Snipes when I met him on the set of the first *Blade* movie, which to answer yet another question I always get, I really liked a lot. But for some reason I'm always asked if Blade was originally designed to be Black or if that was some sort of afterthought. I guess it was unusual to have a Black hero back then, so many just assume his being Black was an afterthought. But no, it wasn't. Blade was Black from the very first image I had of him. I mean, why not?

I went to the High School of Art and Design in Manhattan, and because the students came from all over New York City instead of just from the local neighborhood, my classes were filled with kids, and teachers, of different races and ethnic backgrounds. Our classes were diverse from day one, and why wouldn't they be? So the natural question to ask is why shouldn't a cast of comic book characters be as diverse as the real world that was all around me?

Beyond adding diversity to comics, everyone knew vampires can be killed with a stake through the heart but, I thought, wasn't a stake essentially just a knife blade? Dracula's new enemy would use wooden knives that would allow him to fight Dracula from a distance rather than getting too close.

Blade's mother was bitten by a vampire while pregnant with Blade, and the vampire blood made him stronger and deadlier than a normal human. Normally, a writer would have had Dracula be the vampire that bit Blade's mom, but I wanted every character in *TOD* to have their own lives and not just be connected to Dracula by some mutual hate. Having a different vampire be responsible for Blade's origin allowed me to flesh out a larger world. Blade was not just about killing Dracula, although he would if given the chance. Blade would have his own mission. His own reasons for being. As would all the other characters. Blade also had his own life outside of killing vampires. He had a live-in girlfriend and theirs was a relationship we treated like a real relationship between adults.

Speaking of sex, and obviously I was, *The Tomb of Dracula* was, like all comics at the time, submitted to the Comics Code for approval. Every month the Code would complain about something we did, but, for the most part, they let us do things that would definitely have been banned if it appeared in a different book. I kept wondering why, but not wanting to take a chance and have them suddenly start censoring us, I never asked.

Later on, however, Code administrator Leonard Darvin told me they felt the look and style that Gene and I took with *Tomb of Dracula* would let people know up front that it was a book meant for older readers, not kids. Amazingly, the Code reviewed *TOD* in context with other comics and felt kids would not be interested. There were thousands of kid-friendly super heroes they could read instead. I'm not sure if he was right, but we were more than happy to keep writing and drawing the book exactly as we wanted to. My career thanks you, Comics Code, for turning a blind eye.

Blade was one of only two characters I've created who literally came to me in seconds. Blade was the first. From clothing to goggles to how he spoke, I knew everything about him the moment he was conceived. The other character who came to me full blown like that was Deathstroke at DC. Although I had described to Gene Colan what Blade should look like his designs blew me away. He 100% caught everything about him. Under Gene's masterful pencil Blade was a character who totally came to life.

In the next issues, I felt that I finally understood what I was doing. I knew the characters and the world that Gene and I were building. I saw the potential to do something completely different from everything I had ever written before or read in comics before. It may have taken five issues to get there, but *The Tomb of Dracula* became the book that launched my career.

This volume contains not only the stories from *The Tomb of Dracula*, but also three stories originally published in the black-and-white magazine, *Dracula Lives!* that we referenced in *TOD*.

I was busy with the original comic, and, as much as would have liked, I just couldn't write many more Dracula stories without the quality suffering. I would write as many stories as I felt comfortable doing, but we'd also have other writers do their take on the Lord of Vampires.

Steve Gerber was one of Marvel's better and quirkier writers. He could write brilliant horror stories, as his *Man-Thing* series proved, but he could also write humor as demonstrated with his off-the-wall *Howard the Duck*. Steve's take on Dracula was very different from mine. Where I wrote a Dracula who treasured his vampiric powers, Steve went in the opposite direction by writing a Dracula who despised what he had become. You can decide which version you prefer when you read "To Walk Again in Daylight!" with art by Rich Buckler. Or, better yet, it won't cost you any more to like them both.

As I said, Marvel was publishing so many Dracula stories that I couldn't write them all, but when the brilliant Neal Adams asked if I would write a Dracula story for him to draw, there was no way in heaven, or hell, that I would say no. I loved Neal's art and had worked with him just a bit at DC, most notably on "The House That Haunted Batman," a story I co-wrote with Len Wein.

If Neal was going to draw this, I definitely wanted it to be a special story. And what could be more special than an origin story where I would incorporate the real-life history of Vlad Tepes, the Transylvanian warlord who many believe was the model for Stoker's Dracula? Needless to say Neal's art on *Dracula Lives!* #2's "That Dracula May Live Again!" was magnificent. Many, myself included, feel it was one of the very best jobs Neal had ever done.

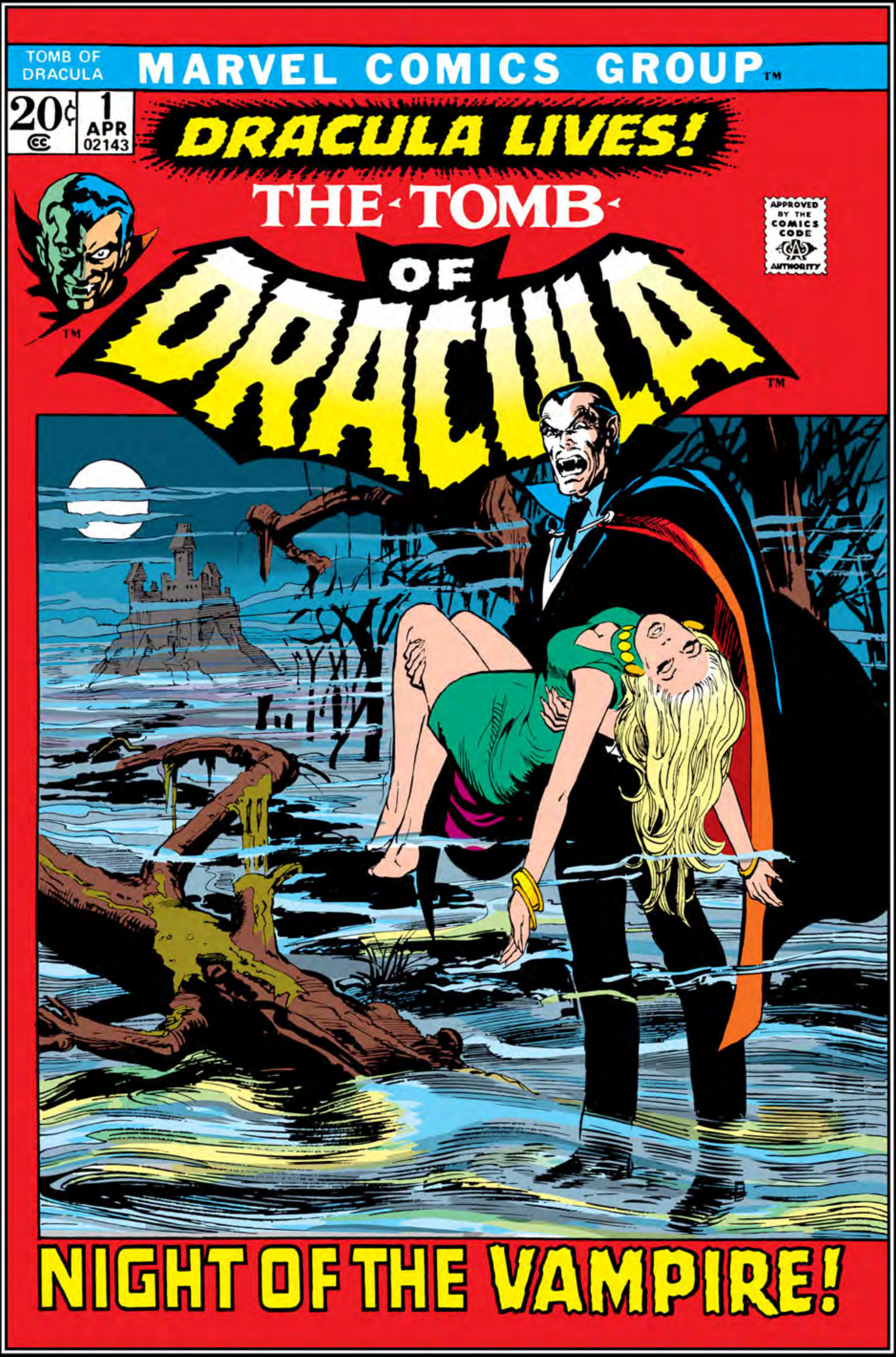
Unfortunately, deadlines were running tight and Neal wasn't available to draw part two of Dracula's origin. Fortunately, we were able to enlist the services of the incredible John Buscema to add his artistic touch to our Undead Lord. John is rightly considered by nearly everyone in the field to be one of the very best artists to ever work in comics, and he more than lived up to his reputation with his art on "Lord of Death…Lord of Hell!"

I am very proud of the work I did on *The Tomb of Dracula*. Working with Gene Colan's emotionally expressive art, I grew from being a struggling fledgling writer into a professional one.

As Roy wrote in his introduction, Gene pleaded with Stan to let him draw *Dracula*. Being a child of the movies, it meant a lot to him. Learning on the job and finding new ways to tell comic book stories meant a lot to me. *The Tomb of Dracula* was the chance for the both of us to produce exactly the kind of comic we had always wanted.

Enjoy this beautiful collection of Dracula stories. Gene and I loved creating them, and I can only hope you enjoy reading them.

– Marv Wolfman
April 12, 2021


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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DRACULA LIVES!
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
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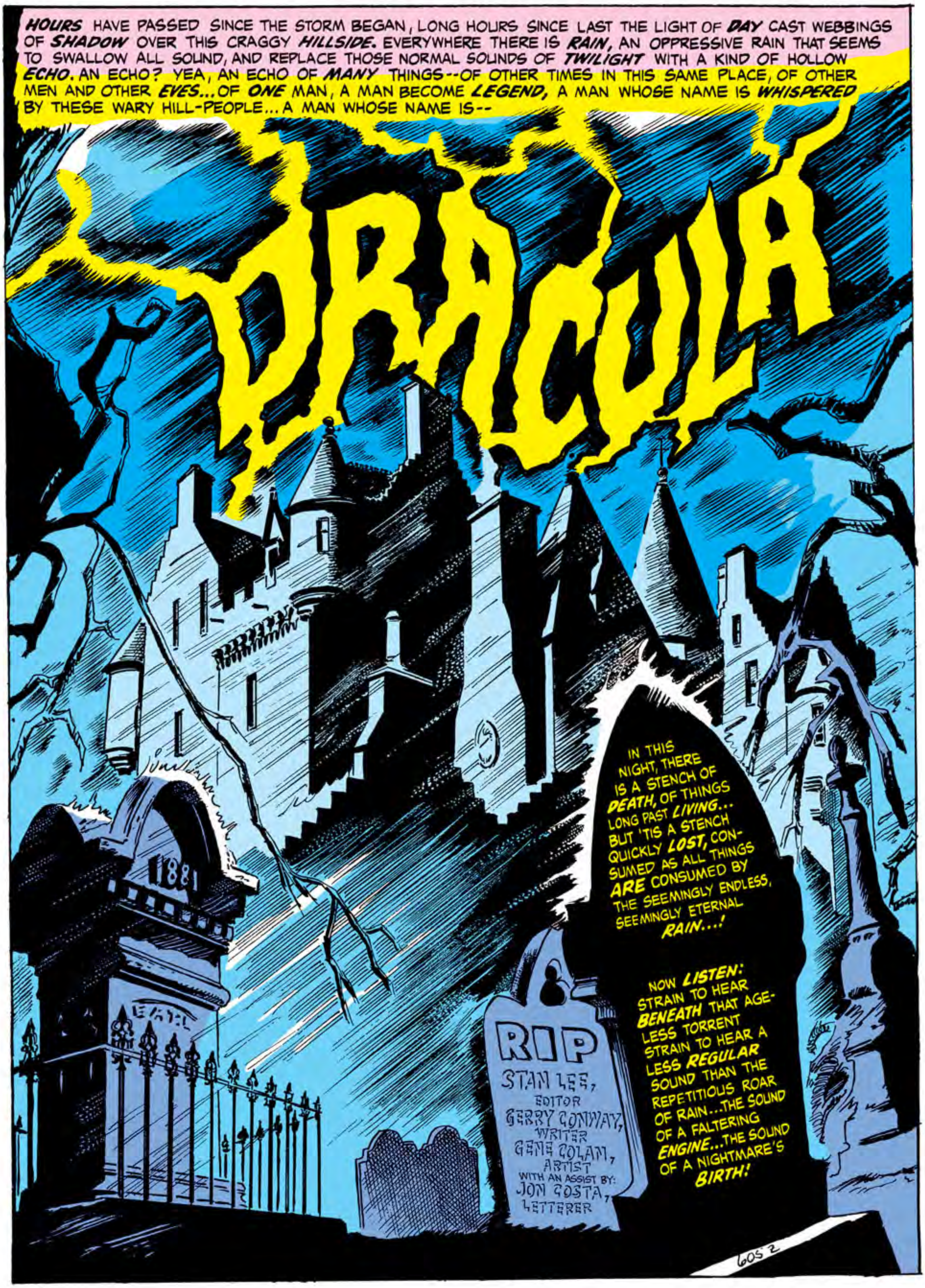
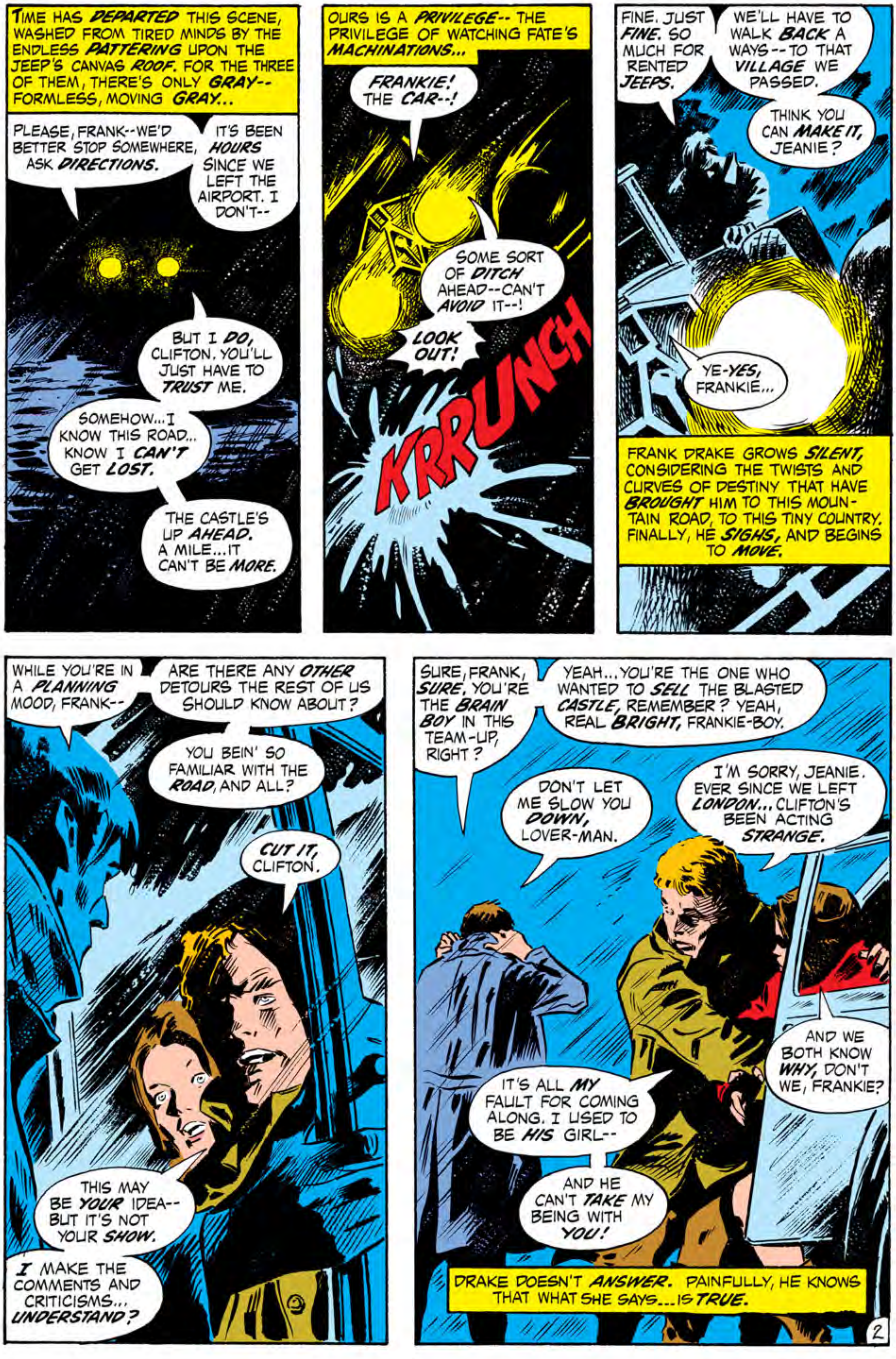
NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE!


HOURS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE STORM BEGAN, LONG HOURS SINCE LAST THE LIGHT OF DAY CAST WEBBINGS OF SHADOW OVER THIS CRAGGY HILLSIDE. EVERYWHERE THERE IS RAIN, AN OPPRESSIVE RAIN THAT SEEMS TO SWALLOW ALL SOUND, AND REPLACE THOSE NORMAL SOUNDS OF TWILIGHT WITH A KIND OF HOLLOW ECHO. AN ECHO? YEA, AN ECHO OF MANY THINGS--OF OTHER TIMES IN THIS SAME PLACE, OF OTHER MEN AND OTHER EVES...OF ONE MAN, A MAN BECOME LEGEND, A MAN WHOSE NAME IS WHISPERED BY THESE WARY HILL-PEOPLE... A MAN WHOSE NAME IS--
DRACULA
IN THIS NIGHT, THERE IS A STENCH OF DEATH, OF THINGS LONG PAST LIVING... BUT 'TIS A STENCH QUICKLY LOST, CONSUMED AS ALL THINGS ARE CONSUMED BY THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS, SEEMINGLY ETERNAL RAIN...!
NOW LISTEN: STRAIN TO HEAR BENEATH THAT AGELESS TORRENT STRAIN TO HEAR A LESS REGULAR SOUND THAN THE REPETITIOUS ROAR OF RAIN...THE SOUND OF A FALTERING ENGINE...THE SOUND OF A NIGHTMARE'S BIRTH!
1881
RIP
STAN LEE, EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER
GENE COLAN, ARTIST
WITH AN ASSIST BY: JON COSTA, LETTERER


TIME HAS DEPARTED THIS SCENE, WASHED FROM TIRED MINDS BY THE ENDLESS PATTERING UPON THE JEEP'S CANVAS ROOF. FOR THE THREE OF THEM, THERE'S ONLY GRAY-- FORMLESS, MOVING GRAY...
PLEASE, FRANK--WE'D BETTER STOP SOMEWHERE, ASK DIRECTIONS.
IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE WE LEFT THE AIRPORT. I DON'T--
BUT I DO, CLIFTON. YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO TRUST ME.
SOMEHOW...I KNOW THIS ROAD... KNOW I CAN'T GET LOST.
THE CASTLE'S UP AHEAD. A MILE...IT CAN'T BE MORE.
OURS IS A PRIVILEGE-- THE PRIVILEGE OF WATCHING FATE'S MACHINATIONS...
FRANKIE! THE CAR--!
SOME SORT OF DITCH AHEAD--CAN'T AVOID IT--!
LOOK OUT!
KRRUNCH
FINE. JUST FINE. SO MUCH FOR RENTED JEEPS.
WE'LL HAVE TO WALK BACK A WAYS--TO THAT VILLAGE WE PASSED.
THINK YOU CAN MAKE IT, JEANIE?
YE-YES, FRANKIE...
FRANK DRAKE GROWS SILENT, CONSIDERING THE TWISTS AND CURVES OF DESTINY THAT HAVE BROUGHT HIM TO THIS MOUNTAIN ROAD, TO THIS TINY COUNTRY. FINALLY, HE SIGHS, AND BEGINS TO MOVE.
WHILE YOU'RE IN A PLANNING MOOD, FRANK--
ARE THERE ANY OTHER DETOURS THE REST OF US SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?
YOU BEIN' SO FAMILIAR WITH THE ROAD, AND ALL?
CUT IT, CLIFTON.
THIS MAY BE YOUR IDEA-- BUT IT'S NOT YOUR SHOW.
I MAKE THE COMMENTS AND CRITICISMS... UNDERSTAND?
SURE, FRANK, SURE, YOU'RE THE BRAIN BOY IN THIS TEAM-UP, RIGHT?
YEAH... YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO SELL THE BLASTED CASTLE, REMEMBER? YEAH, REAL BRIGHT, FRANKIE-BOY.
DON'T LET ME SLOW YOU DOWN, LOVER-MAN.
I'M SORRY, JEANIE. EVER SINCE WE LEFT LONDON... CLIFTON'S BEEN ACTING STRANGE.
AND WE BOTH KNOW WHY, DON'T WE, FRANKIE?
IT'S ALL MY FAULT FOR COMING ALONG. I USED TO BE HIS GIRL--
AND HE CAN'T TAKE MY BEING WITH YOU!
DRAKE DOESN'T ANSWER. PAINFULLY, HE KNOWS THAT WHAT SHE SAYS... IS TRUE.
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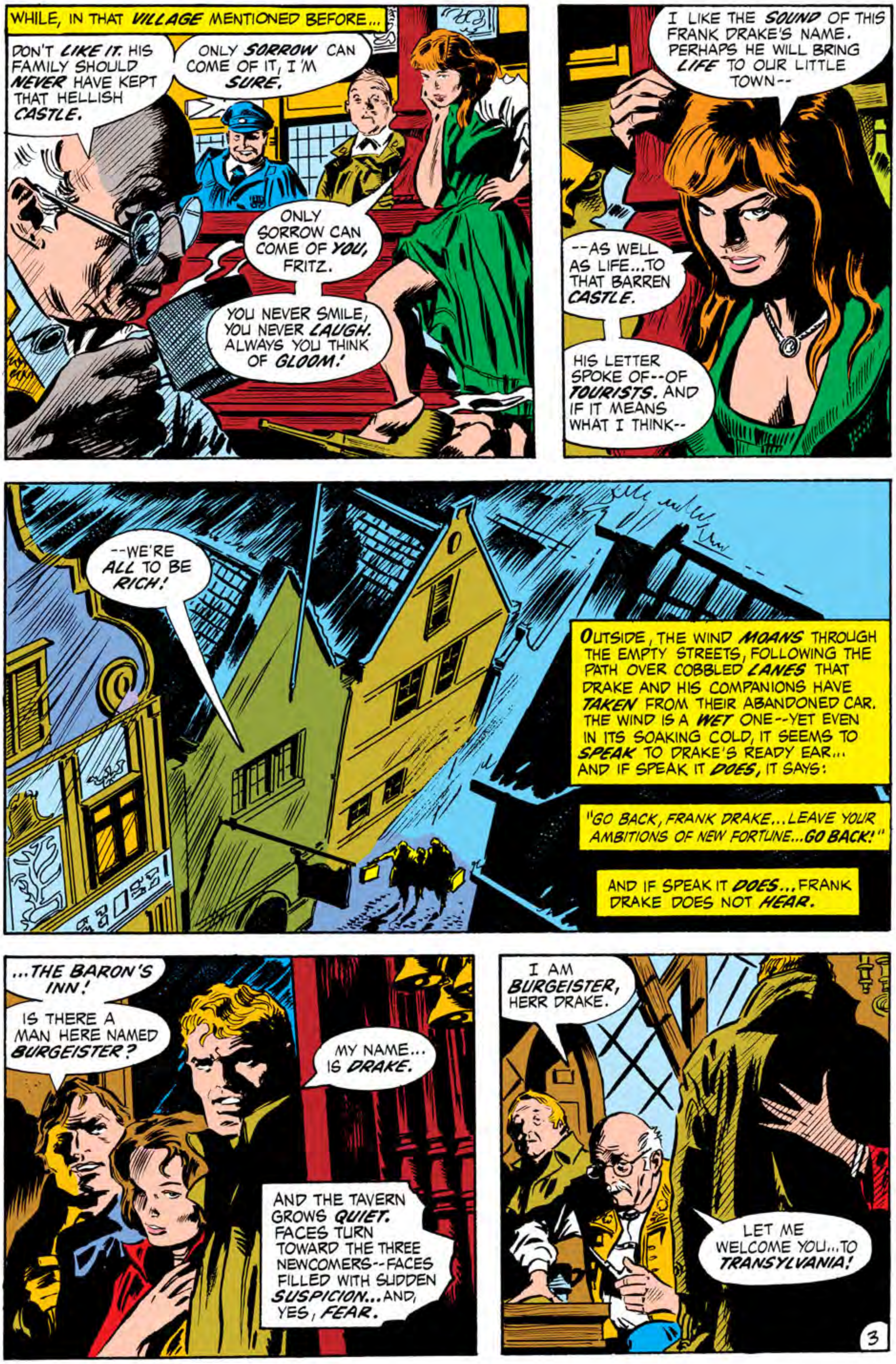
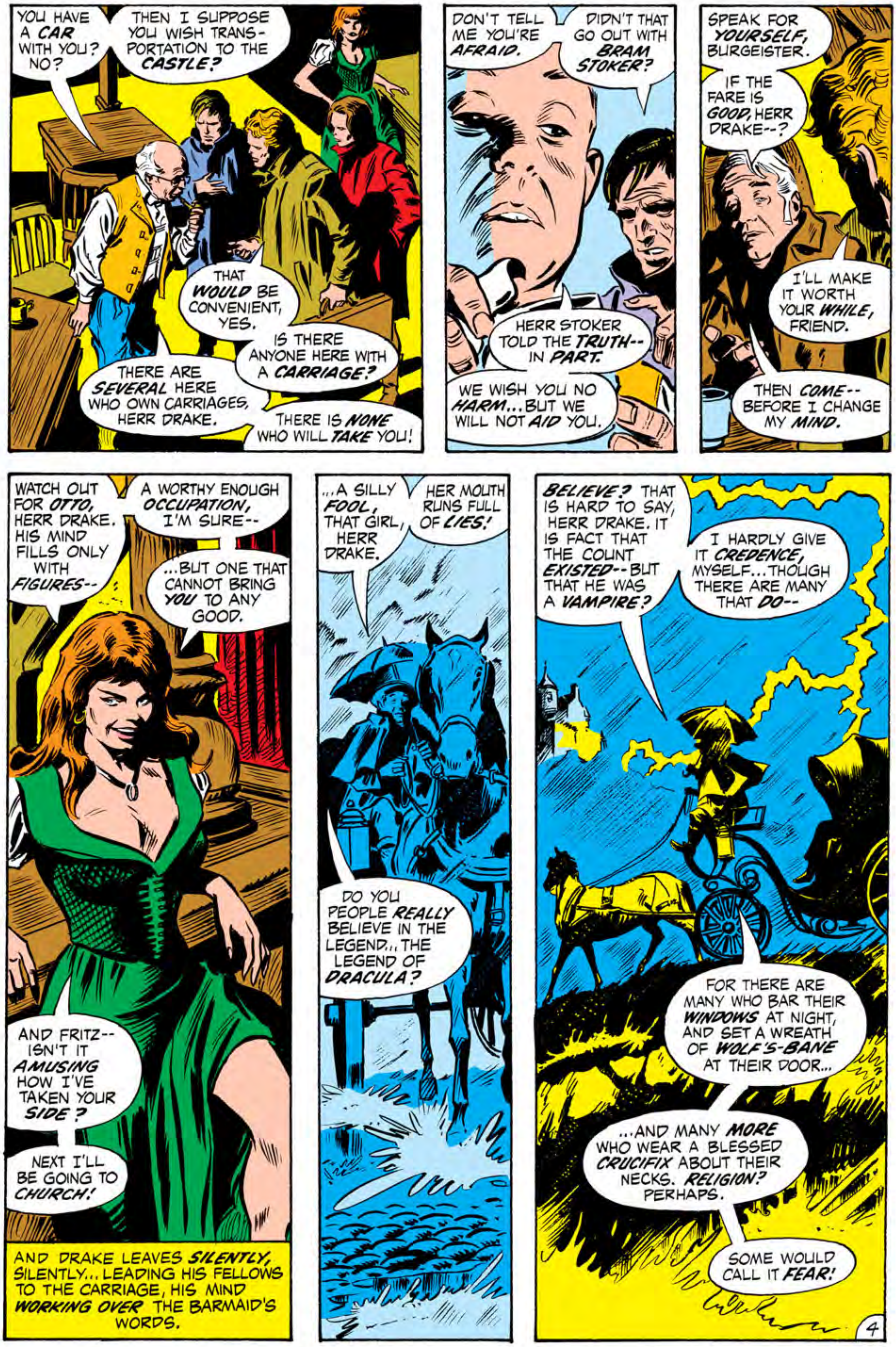
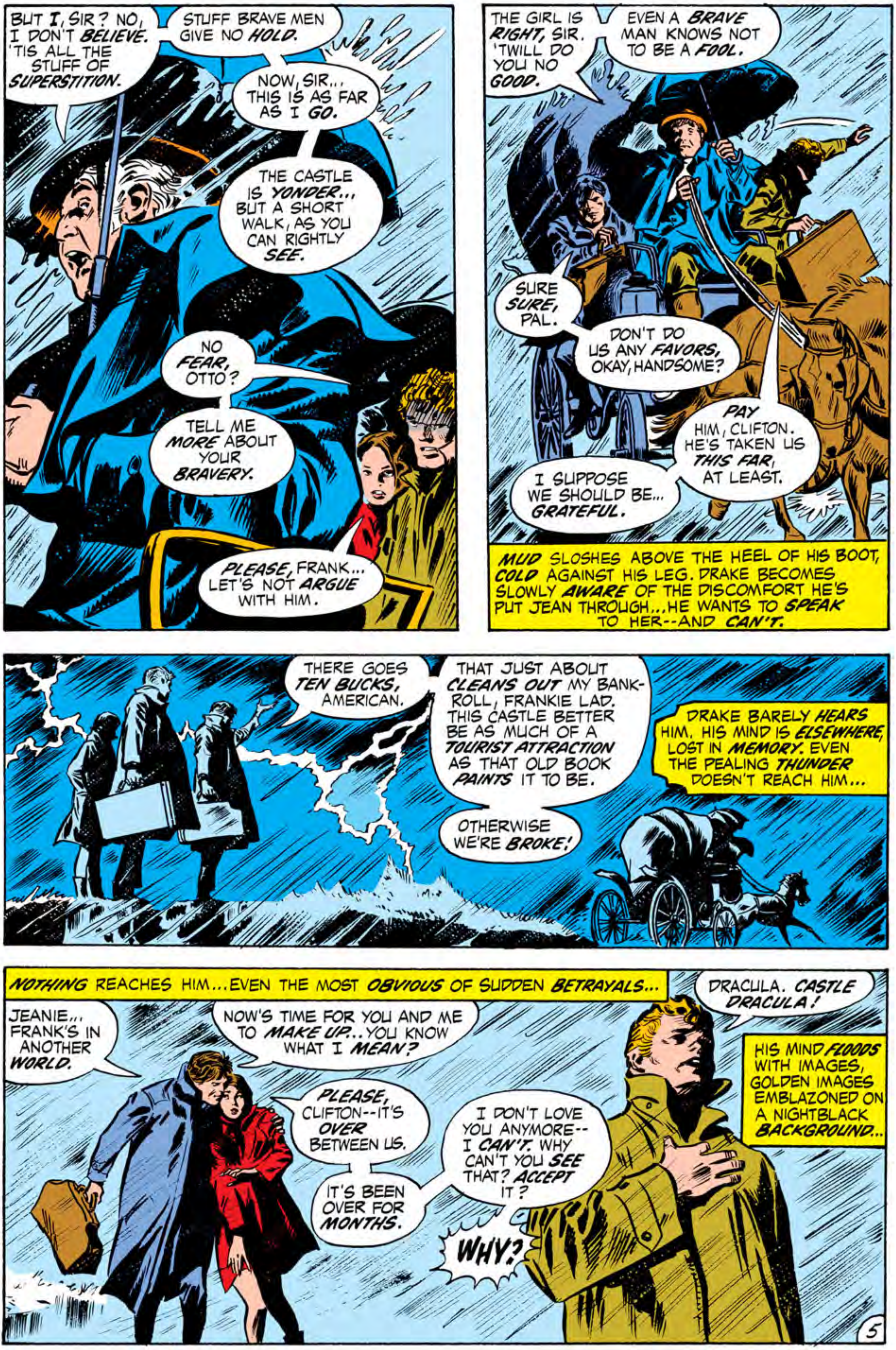
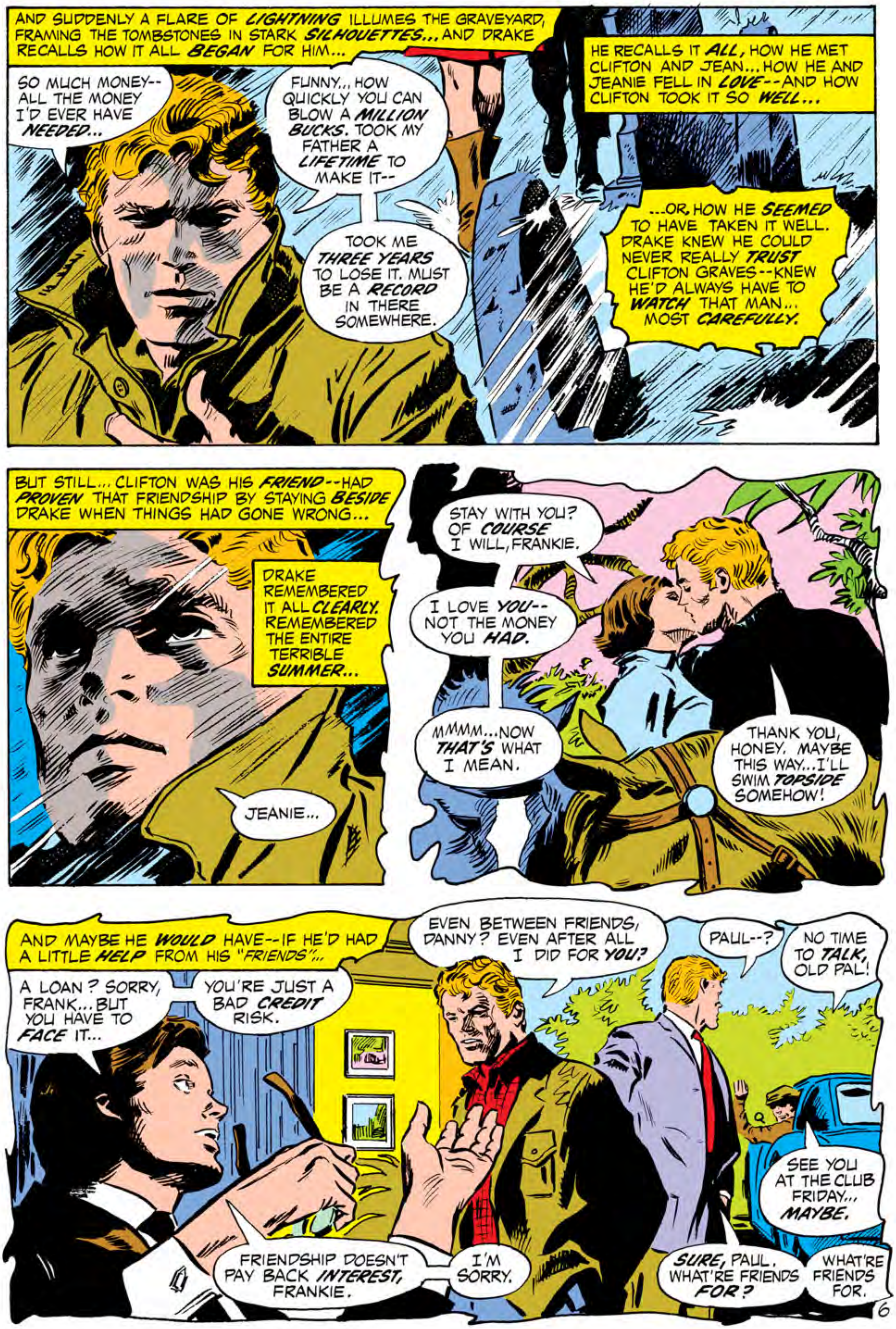
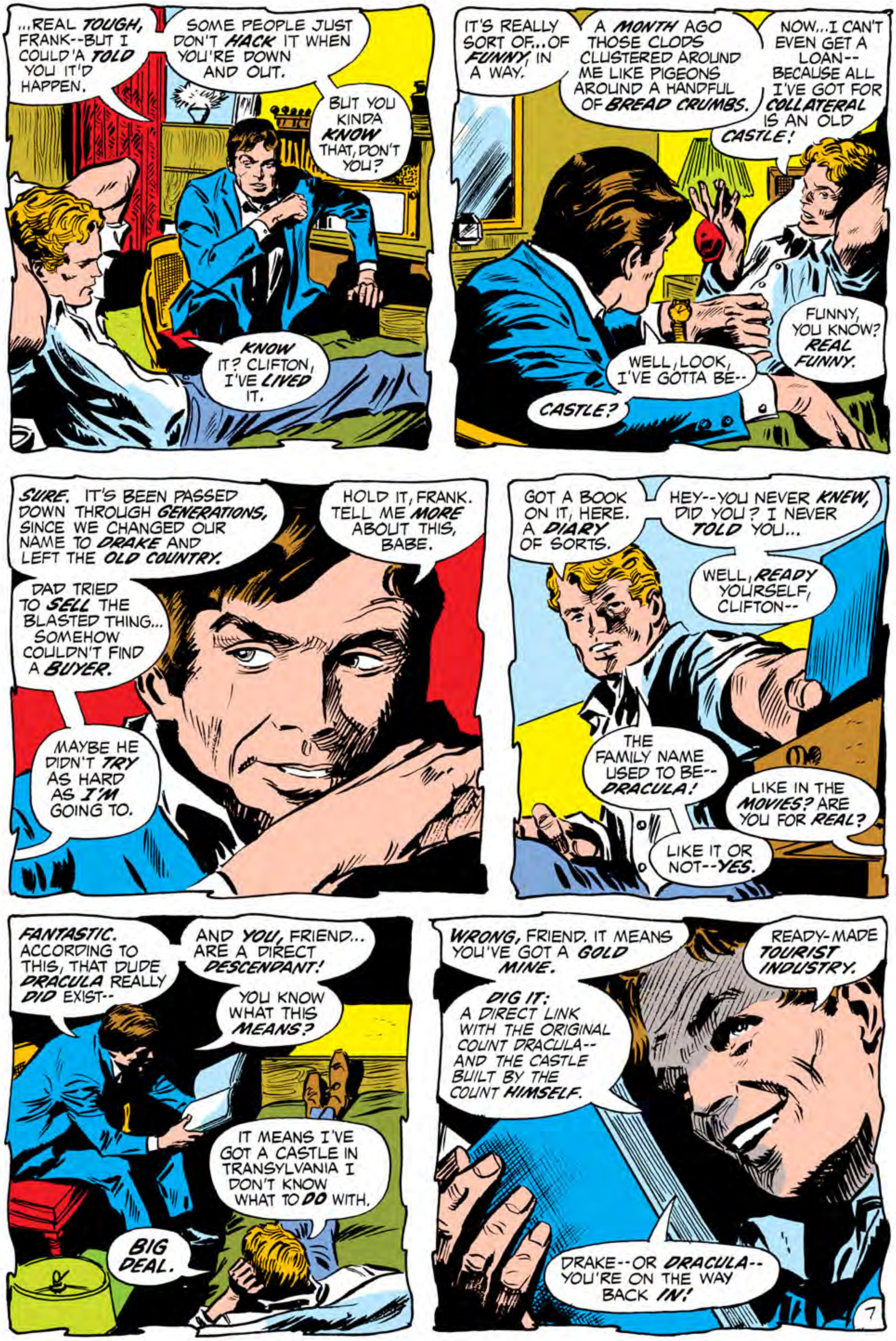
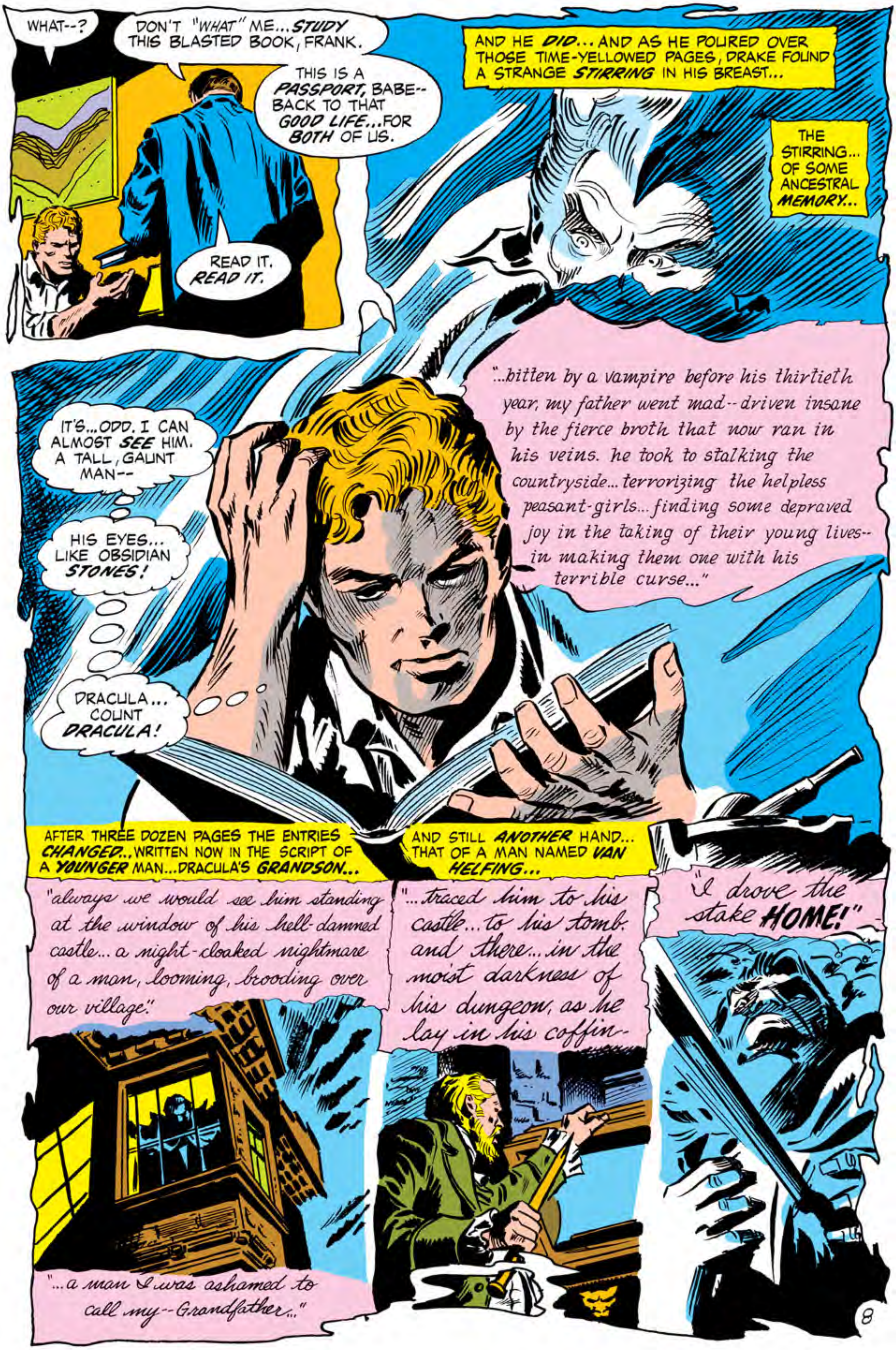

WHILE, IN THAT *VILLAGE* MENTIONED BEFORE...
DON'T *LIKE IT.* HIS FAMILY SHOULD *NEVER* HAVE KEPT THAT HELLISH *CASTLE.*
ONLY *SORROW* CAN COME OF IT, I'M *SURE.*
ONLY SORROW CAN COME OF *YOU,* FRITZ.
YOU NEVER SMILE, YOU NEVER *LAUGH.* ALWAYS YOU THINK OF *GLOOM.'*
I LIKE THE *SOUND* OF THIS FRANK DRAKE'S NAME. PERHAPS HE WILL BRING *LIFE* TO OUR LITTLE TOWN--
--AS WELL AS LIFE...TO THAT BARREN *CASTLE.*
HIS LETTER SPOKE OF--OF *TOURISTS.* AND IF IT MEANS WHAT I THINK--
--WE'RE *ALL* TO BE *RICH!*
OUTSIDE, THE WIND *MOANS* THROUGH THE EMPTY STREETS, FOLLOWING THE PATH OVER COBBLED *LANES* THAT DRAKE AND HIS COMPANIONS HAVE *TAKEN* FROM THEIR ABANDONED CAR. THE WIND IS A *WET* ONE--YET EVEN IN ITS SOAKING COLD, IT SEEMS TO *SPEAK* TO DRAKE'S READY EAR... AND IF SPEAK IT *DOES,* IT SAYS:
"GO BACK, FRANK DRAKE... LEAVE YOUR AMBITIONS OF NEW FORTUNE...*GO BACK!*"
AND IF SPEAK IT *DOES...*, FRANK DRAKE DOES NOT *HEAR.*
...*THE BARON'S INN!*
IS THERE A MAN HERE NAMED *BURGEISTER?*
MY NAME... IS *DRAKE.*
AND THE TAVERN GROWS *QUIET.* FACES TURN TOWARD THE THREE NEWCOMERS--FACES FILLED WITH SUDDEN *SUSPICION...* AND, YES, *FEAR.*
I AM *BURGEISTER,* HERR DRAKE.
LET ME WELCOME YOU...TO *TRANSYLVANIA!*

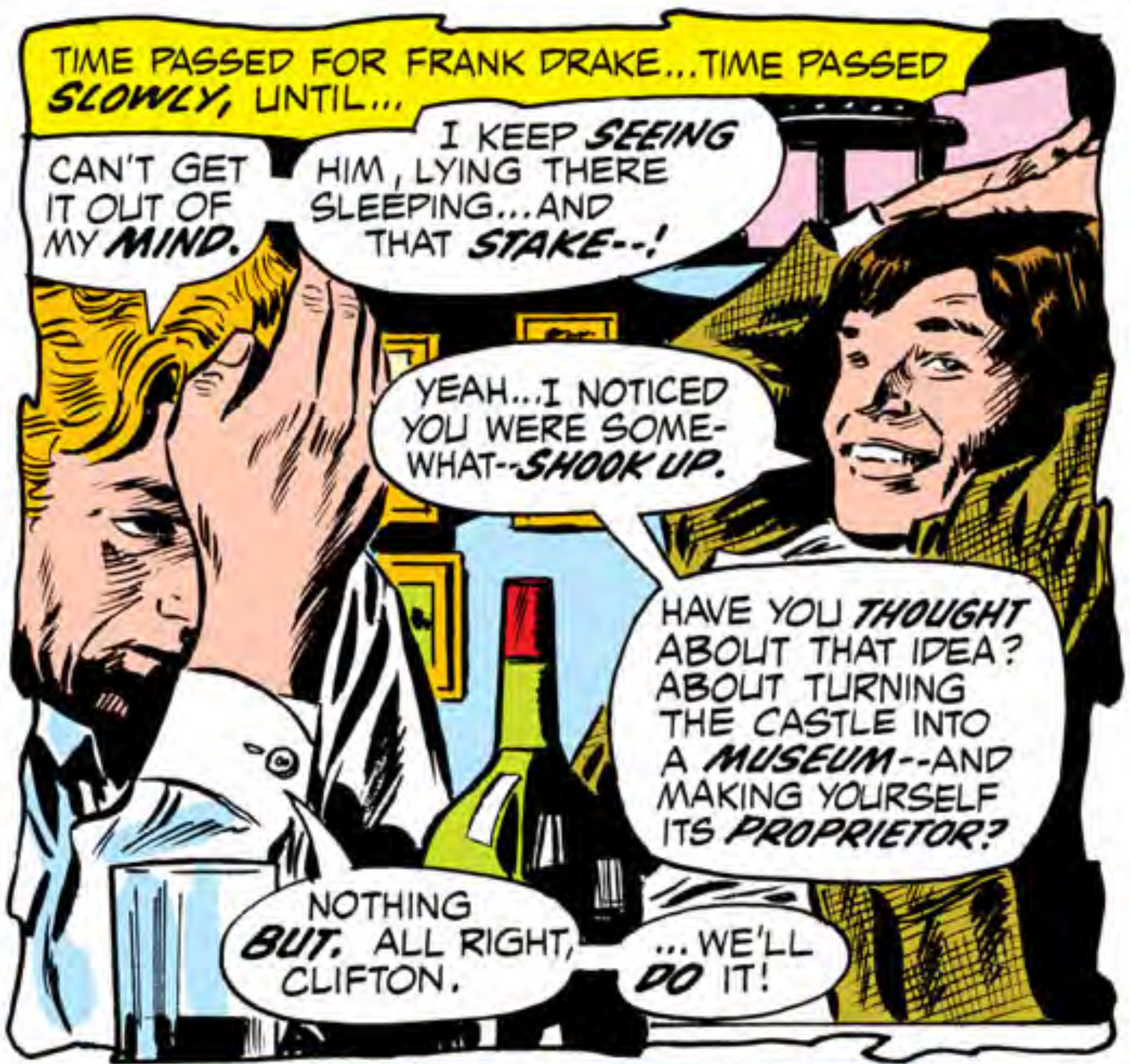

YOU HAVE A *CAR* WITH YOU? NO?
THEN I SUPPOSE YOU WISH TRANSPORTATION TO THE *CASTLE?*
THAT *WOULD* BE CONVENIENT, YES.
IS THERE ANYONE HERE WITH A *CARRIAGE?*
THERE ARE *SEVERAL* HERE WHO OWN CARRIAGES, HERR DRAKE.
THERE IS *NONE* WHO WILL *TAKE* YOU!
DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE *AFRAID.*
DIDN'T THAT GO OUT WITH *BRAM STOKER?*
HERR STOKER TOLD THE *TRUTH--* IN *PART.*
WE WISH YOU NO *HARM...* BUT WE WILL NOT *AID* YOU.
SPEAK FOR *YOURSELF,* BURGEISTER.
IF THE FARE IS *GOOD,* HERR DRAKE--?
I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR *WHILE,* FRIEND.
THEN *COME--* BEFORE I CHANGE MY *MIND.*
WATCH OUT FOR *OTTO,* HERR DRAKE. HIS MIND FILLS ONLY WITH *FIGURES--*
A WORTHY ENOUGH *OCCUPATION,* I'M SURE--
...BUT ONE THAT CANNOT BRING *YOU* TO ANY GOOD.
AND FRITZ-- ISN'T IT *AMUSING* HOW I'VE TAKEN YOUR *SIDE?*
NEXT I'LL BE GOING TO *CHURCH!*
AND DRAKE LEAVES *SILENTLY,* SILENTLY... LEADING HIS FELLOWS TO THE CARRIAGE, HIS MIND *WORKING OVER* THE BARMAID'S WORDS.
...A SILLY *FOOL,* THAT GIRL, HERR DRAKE.
HER MOUTH RUNS FULL OF *LIES!*
DO YOU PEOPLE *REALLY* BELIEVE IN THE LEGEND... THE LEGEND OF *DRACULA?*
BELIEVE? THAT IS HARD TO SAY, HERR DRAKE. IT IS FACT THAT THE COUNT *EXISTED--* BUT THAT HE WAS A *VAMPIRE?*
I HARDLY GIVE IT *CREDENCE,* MYSELF... THOUGH THERE ARE MANY THAT *DO--*
FOR THERE ARE MANY WHO BAR THEIR *WINDOWS* AT NIGHT, AND SET A WREATH OF *WOLF'S-BANE* AT THEIR DOOR...
...AND MANY *MORE* WHO WEAR A BLESSED *CRUCIFIX* ABOUT THEIR NECKS. *RELIGION?* PERHAPS.
SOME WOULD CALL IT *FEAR!*

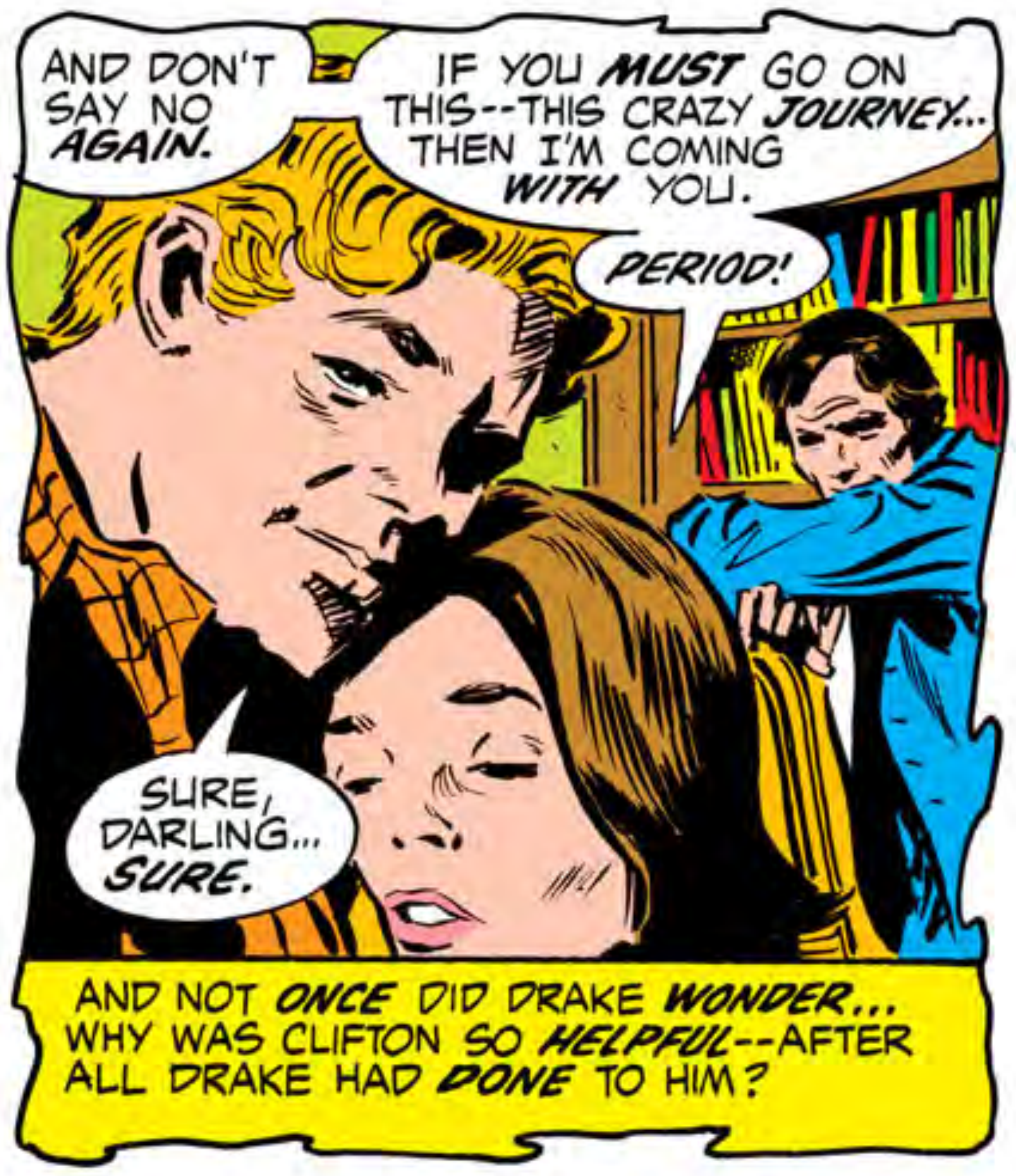

BUT *I*, SIR? NO, I DON'T *BELIEVE.* 'TIS ALL THE STUFF OF *SUPERSTITION.*
STUFF BRAVE MEN GIVE NO *HOLD.*
NOW, SIR... THIS IS AS FAR AS I *GO.*
THE CASTLE IS *YONDER...* BUT A SHORT WALK, AS YOU CAN RIGHTLY *SEE.*
NO *FEAR,* OTTO?
TELL ME *MORE* ABOUT YOUR *BRAVERY.*
PLEASE, FRANK... LET'S NOT *ARGUE* WITH HIM.
THE GIRL IS *RIGHT,* SIR. 'TWILL DO YOU NO *GOOD.*
EVEN A *BRAVE* MAN KNOWS NOT TO BE A *FOOL.*
SURE *SURE,* PAL.
DON'T DO US ANY *FAVORS,* OKAY, HANDSOME?
PAY HIM, CLIFTON. HE'S TAKEN US *THIS FAR,* AT LEAST.
I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD BE... *GRATEFUL.*
MUD SLOSHES ABOVE THE HEEL OF HIS BOOT, *COLD* AGAINST HIS LEG. DRAKE BECOMES SLOWLY *AWARE* OF THE DISCOMFORT HE'S PUT JEAN THROUGH... HE WANTS TO *SPEAK* TO HER--AND *CAN'T.*
THERE GOES *TEN BUCKS,* AMERICAN.
THAT JUST ABOUT *CLEANS OUT* MY BANKROLL, FRANKIE LAD. THIS CASTLE BETTER BE AS MUCH OF A *TOURIST ATTRACTION* AS THAT OLD BOOK *PAINTS* IT TO BE.
OTHERWISE WE'RE *BROKE!*
DRAKE BARELY *HEARS* HIM. HIS MIND IS *ELSEWHERE,* LOST IN *MEMORY.* EVEN THE PEALING *THUNDER* DOESN'T REACH HIM...
NOTHING REACHES HIM... EVEN THE MOST *OBVIOUS* OF SUDDEN *BETRAYALS...*
JEANIE... FRANK'S IN ANOTHER *WORLD.*
NOW'S TIME FOR YOU AND ME TO *MAKE UP*... YOU KNOW WHAT I *MEAN?*
PLEASE, CLIFTON--IT'S *OVER* BETWEEN US.
IT'S BEEN OVER FOR *MONTHS.*
I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE-- I *CAN'T.* WHY CAN'T YOU *SEE* THAT? *ACCEPT* IT?
WHY?
DRACULA. *CASTLE DRACULA!*
HIS MIND *FLOODS* WITH IMAGES, GOLDEN IMAGES EMBLAZONED ON A NIGHTBLACK *BACKGROUND...*

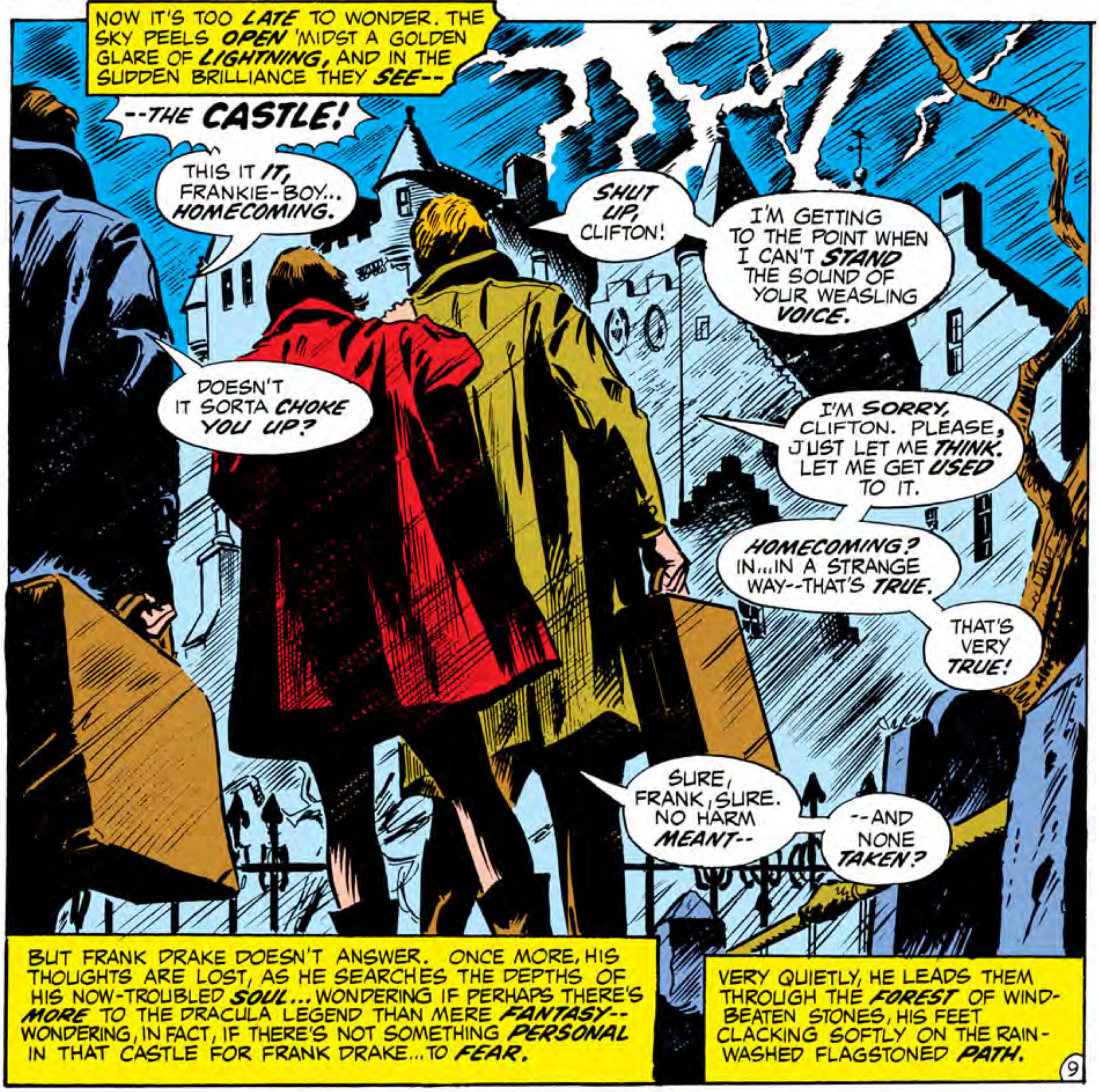

AND SUDDENLY A FLARE OF *LIGHTNING* ILLUMES THE GRAVEYARD, FRAMING THE TOMBSTONES IN STARK *SILHOUETTES...* AND DRAKE RECALLS HOW IT ALL *BEGAN* FOR HIM...
SO MUCH MONEY-- ALL THE MONEY I'D EVER HAVE *NEEDED...*
FUNNY... HOW QUICKLY YOU CAN BLOW A *MILLION BUCKS*. TOOK MY FATHER A *LIFETIME* TO MAKE IT--
TOOK ME *THREE YEARS* TO LOSE IT. MUST BE A *RECORD* IN THERE SOMEWHERE.
HE RECALLS IT *ALL*, HOW HE MET CLIFTON AND JEAN... HOW HE AND JEANIE FELL IN *LOVE*--AND HOW CLIFTON TOOK IT SO *WELL...*
...OR, HOW HE *SEEMED* TO HAVE TAKEN IT WELL. DRAKE KNEW HE COULD NEVER REALLY *TRUST* CLIFTON GRAVES--KNEW HE'D ALWAYS HAVE TO *WATCH* THAT MAN... MOST *CAREFULLY.*
BUT STILL... CLIFTON WAS HIS *FRIEND*--HAD *PROVEN* THAT FRIENDSHIP BY STAYING *BESIDE* DRAKE WHEN THINGS HAD GONE WRONG...
DRAKE REMEMBERED IT ALL *CLEARLY.* REMEMBERED THE ENTIRE TERRIBLE *SUMMER...*
JEANIE...
STAY WITH YOU? OF *COURSE* I WILL, FRANKIE.
I LOVE *YOU*-- NOT THE MONEY YOU *HAD.*
MMMM...NOW *THAT'S* WHAT I MEAN.
THANK YOU, HONEY. MAYBE THIS WAY...I'LL SWIM *TOPSIDE* SOMEHOW!
AND MAYBE HE *WOULD* HAVE--IF HE'D HAD A LITTLE *HELP* FROM HIS *"FRIENDS"...*
A LOAN? SORRY, FRANK... BUT YOU HAVE TO *FACE* IT...
YOU'RE JUST A BAD *CREDIT* RISK.
EVEN BETWEEN FRIENDS, DANNY? EVEN AFTER ALL I DID FOR *YOU?*
FRIENDSHIP DOESN'T PAY BACK *INTEREST,* FRANKIE.
I'M SORRY.
PAUL--?
NO TIME TO *TALK,* OLD PAL!
SEE YOU AT THE CLUB FRIDAY... *MAYBE.*
SURE, PAUL. WHAT'RE FRIENDS *FOR?*
WHAT'RE FRIENDS FOR.

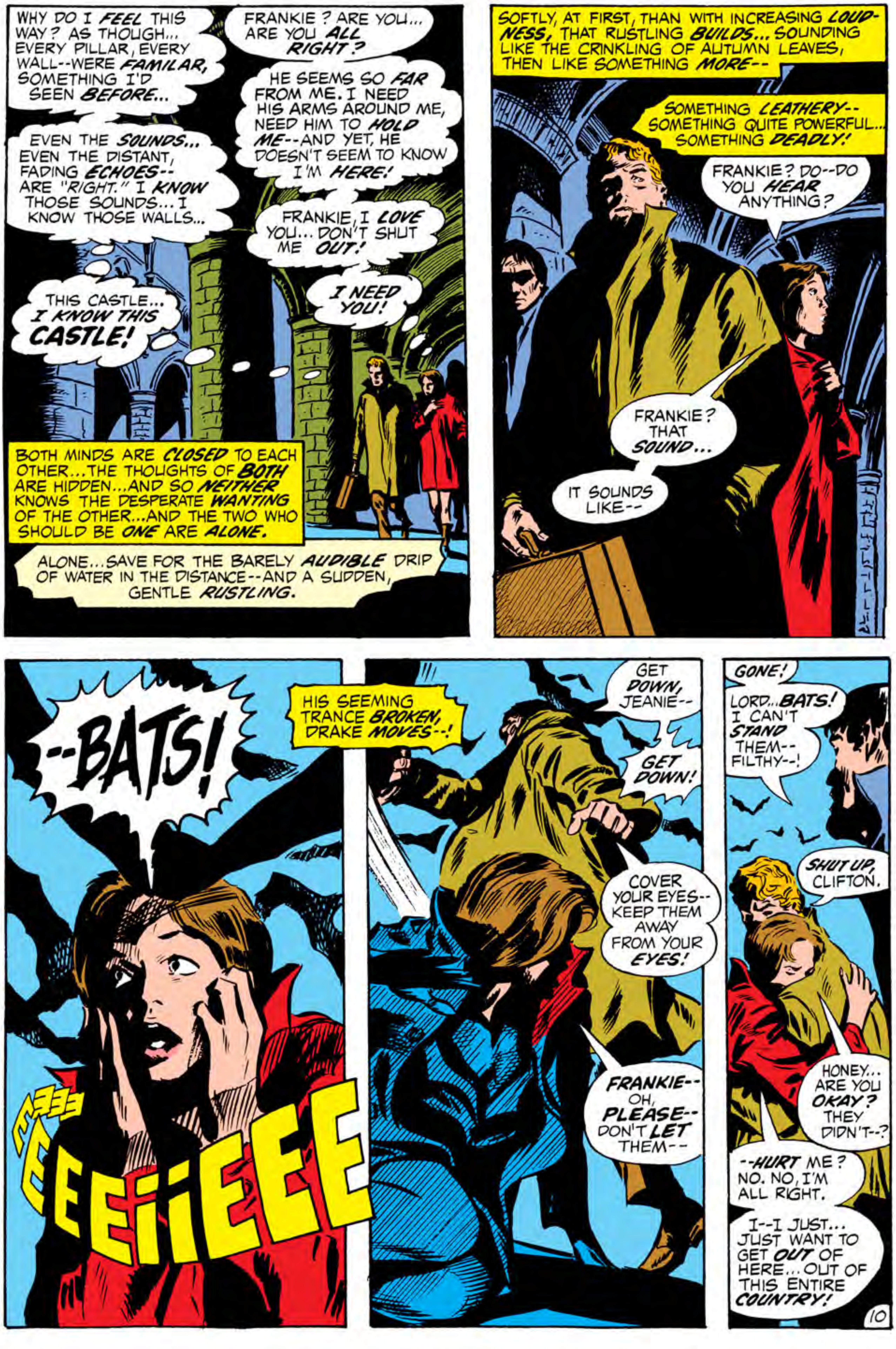

...REAL *TOUGH,* FRANK--BUT I COULD'A *TOLD* YOU IT'D HAPPEN.
SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T *HACK* IT WHEN YOU'RE DOWN AND OUT.
BUT YOU KINDA *KNOW* THAT, DON'T YOU?
KNOW IT? CLIFTON, I'VE *LIVED* IT.
IT'S REALLY SORT OF...OF *FUNNY,* IN A WAY.
A *MONTH* AGO THOSE CLODS CLUSTERED AROUND ME LIKE PIGEONS AROUND A HANDFUL OF *BREAD CRUMBS.*
NOW...I CAN'T EVEN GET A LOAN--BECAUSE ALL I'VE GOT FOR *COLLATERAL* IS AN OLD *CASTLE!*
FUNNY, YOU KNOW? *REAL FUNNY.*
WELL, LOOK, I'VE GOTTA BE--
CASTLE?
SURE. IT'S BEEN PASSED DOWN THROUGH *GENERATIONS,* SINCE WE CHANGED OUR NAME TO *DRAKE* AND LEFT THE *OLD COUNTRY.*
HOLD IT, FRANK. TELL ME *MORE* ABOUT THIS, BABE.
DAD TRIED TO *SELL* THE BLASTED THING... SOMEHOW COULDN'T FIND A *BUYER.*
MAYBE HE DIDN'T *TRY* AS HARD AS *I'M* GOING TO.
GOT A BOOK ON IT, HERE. A *DIARY* OF SORTS.
HEY--YOU NEVER *KNEW,* DID YOU? I NEVER *TOLD* YOU...
WELL, *READY* YOURSELF, CLIFTON--
THE FAMILY NAME USED TO BE--*DRACULA!*
LIKE IN THE *MOVIES?* ARE YOU FOR *REAL?*
LIKE IT OR NOT--*YES.*
FANTASTIC. ACCORDING TO THIS, THAT DUDE *DRACULA* REALLY *DID* EXIST--
AND *YOU,* FRIEND... ARE A DIRECT *DESCENDANT!*
YOU KNOW WHAT THIS *MEANS?*
IT MEANS I'VE GOT A CASTLE IN TRANSYLVANIA I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO *DO* WITH.
BIG DEAL.
WRONG, FRIEND. IT MEANS YOU'VE GOT A *GOLD MINE.*
READY-MADE *TOURIST INDUSTRY.*
DIG IT: A DIRECT LINK WITH THE ORIGINAL COUNT DRACULA--AND THE CASTLE BUILT BY THE COUNT *HIMSELF.*
DRAKE--OR *DRACULA*--YOU'RE ON THE WAY BACK *IN!*

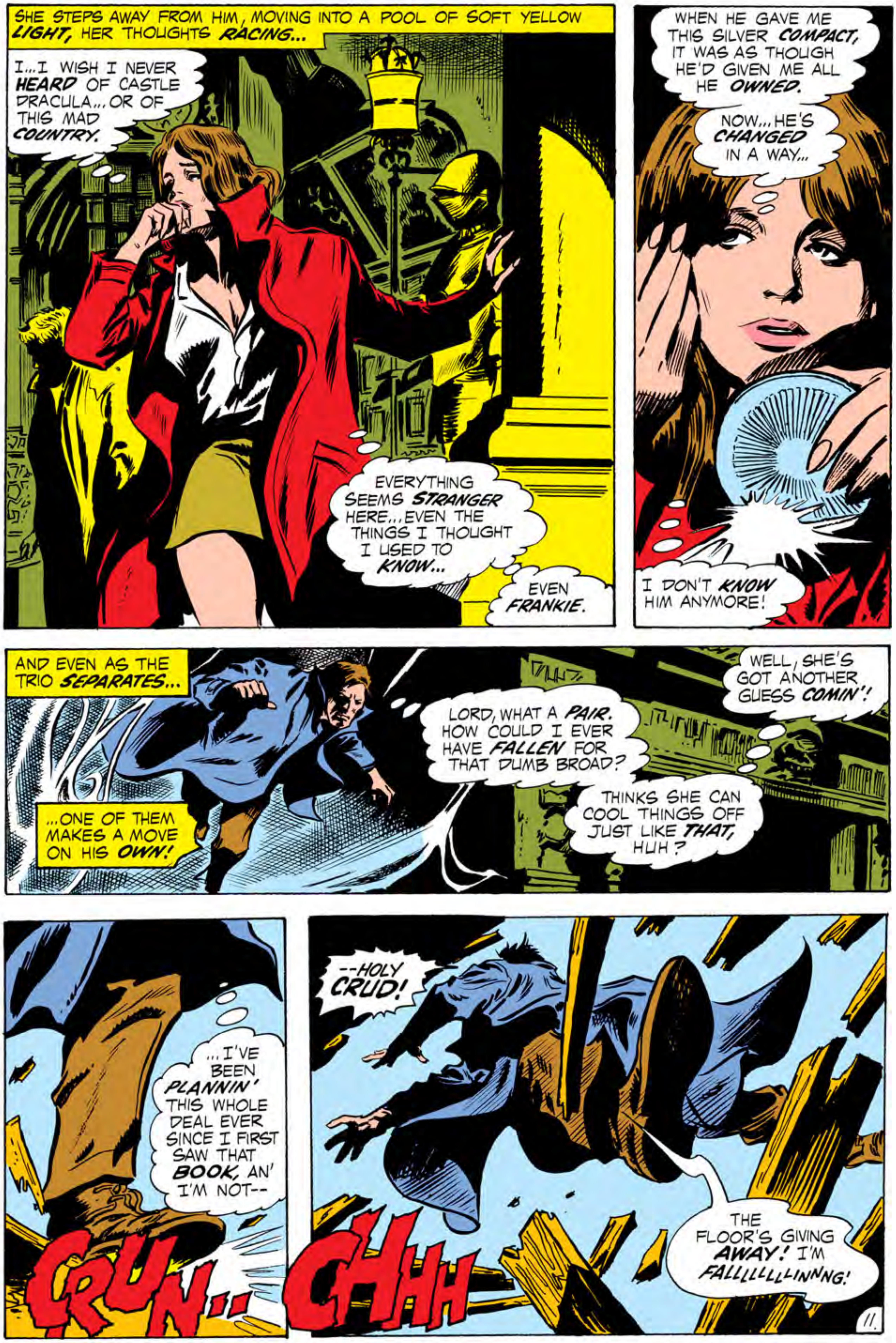

WHAT--?
DON'T "WHAT" ME...STUDY THIS BLASTED BOOK, FRANK.
THIS IS A PASSPORT, BABE--BACK TO THAT GOOD LIFE...FOR BOTH OF US.
READ IT. READ IT.
AND HE DID... AND AS HE POURED OVER THOSE TIME-YELLOWED PAGES, DRAKE FOUND A STRANGE STIRRING IN HIS BREAST...
THE STIRRING... OF SOME ANCESTRAL MEMORY...
"...bitten by a vampire before his thirtieth year, my father went mad--driven insane by the fierce broth that now ran in his veins. he took to stalking the countryside...terrorizing the helpless peasant-girls...finding some depraved joy in the taking of their young lives--in making them one with his terrible curse..."
IT'S...ODD. I CAN ALMOST SEE HIM. A TALL, GAUNT MAN--
HIS EYES... LIKE OBSIDIAN STONES!
DRACULA... COUNT DRACULA!
AFTER THREE DOZEN PAGES THE ENTRIES CHANGED... WRITTEN NOW IN THE SCRIPT OF A YOUNGER MAN...DRACULA'S GRANDSON...
"always we would see him standing at the window of his hell-damned castle... a night-cloaked nightmare of a man, looming, brooding over our village."
"...a man I was ashamed to call my--Grandfather..."
AND STILL ANOTHER HAND... THAT OF A MAN NAMED VAN HELFING...
"...traced him to his castle... to his tomb. and there... in the moist darkness of his dungeon, as he lay in his coffin--
"I drove the stake HOME!"

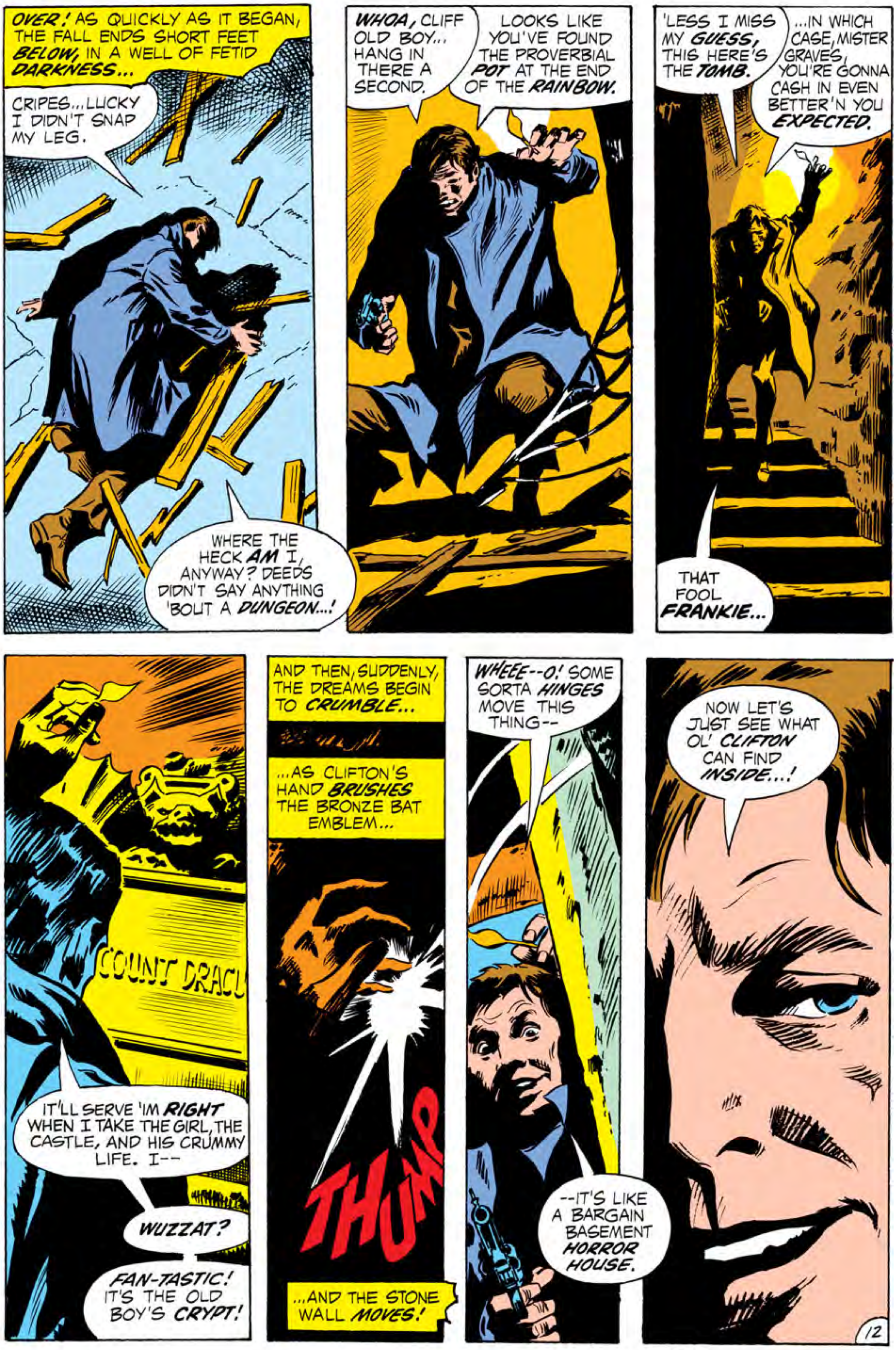

TIME PASSED FOR FRANK DRAKE...TIME PASSED *SLOWLY*, UNTIL...
CAN'T GET IT OUT OF MY *MIND.*
I KEEP *SEEING* HIM, LYING THERE SLEEPING...AND THAT *STAKE--!*
YEAH...I NOTICED YOU WERE SOMEWHAT--*SHOOK UP.*
HAVE YOU *THOUGHT* ABOUT THAT IDEA? ABOUT TURNING THE CASTLE INTO A *MUSEUM*--AND MAKING YOURSELF ITS *PROPRIETOR?*
NOTHING *BUT.* ALL RIGHT, CLIFTON.
...WE'LL *DO* IT!

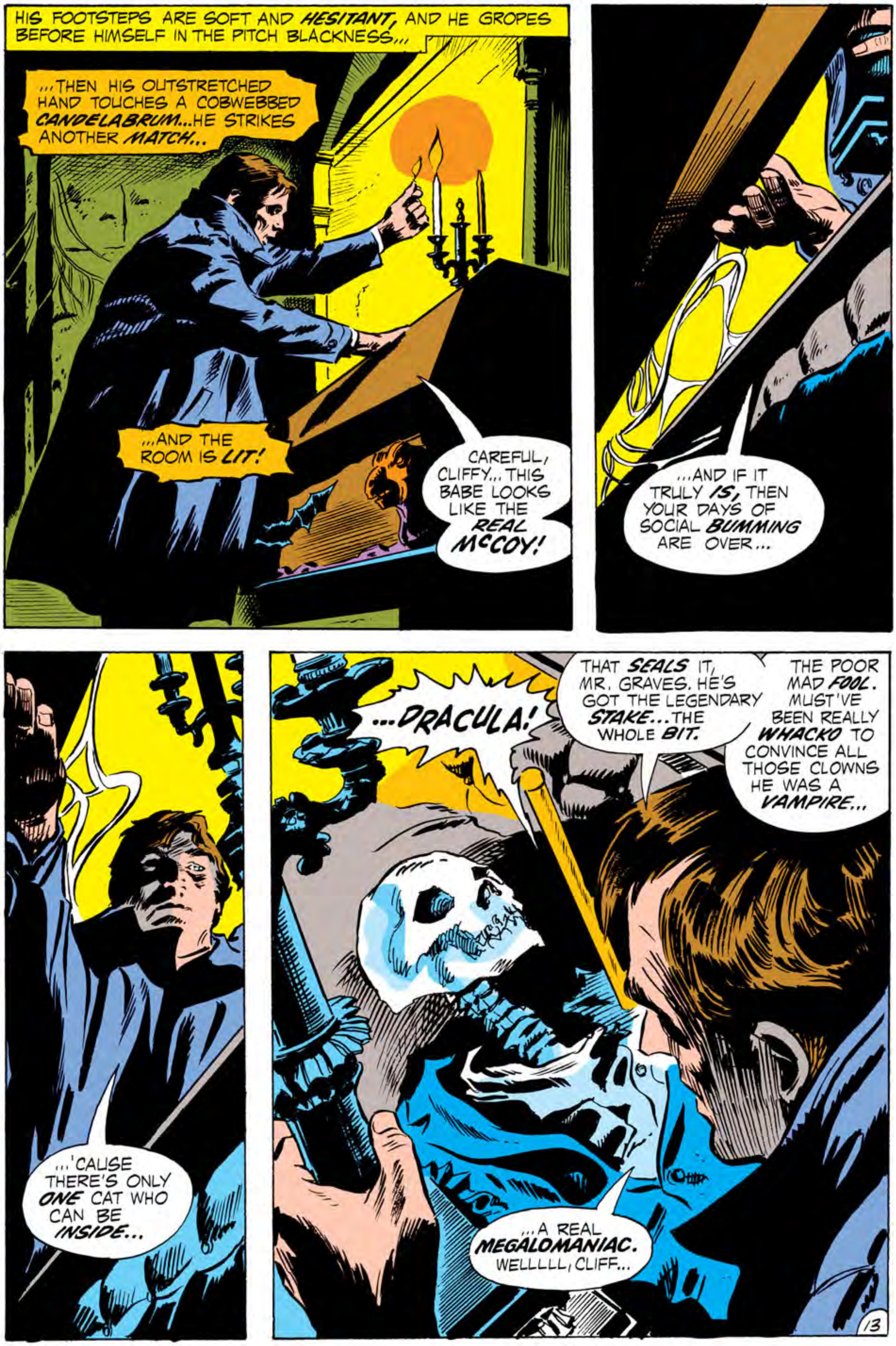

AND DON'T SAY NO *AGAIN.*
IF YOU *MUST* GO ON THIS--THIS CRAZY *JOURNEY*.. THEN I'M COMING *WITH* YOU.
PERIOD!
SURE, DARLING... *SURE.*
AND NOT *ONCE* DID DRAKE *WONDER...* WHY WAS CLIFTON SO *HELPFUL*--AFTER ALL DRAKE HAD *DONE* TO HIM?

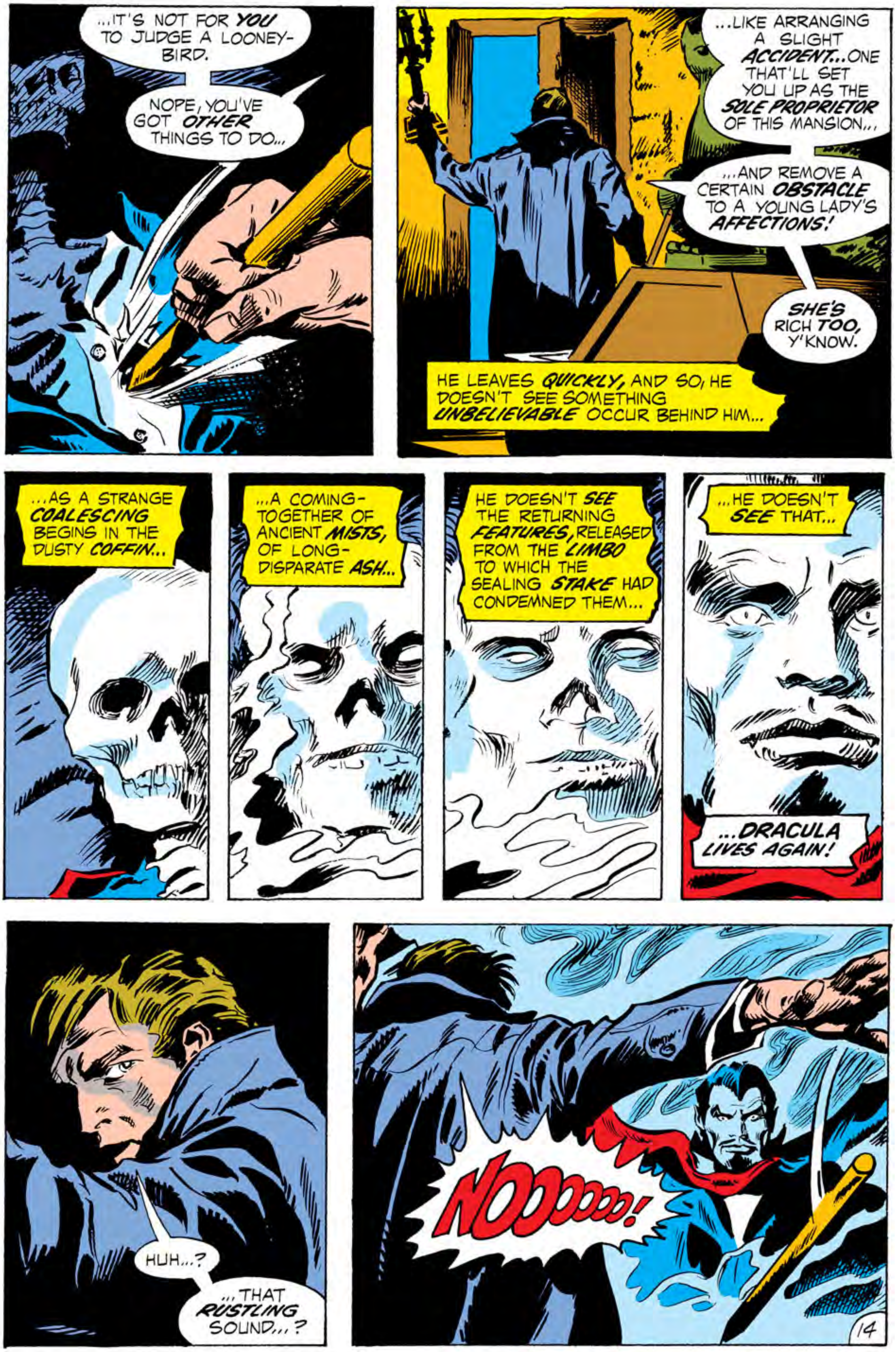

NOW IT'S TOO *LATE* TO WONDER. THE SKY PEELS *OPEN* 'MIDST A GOLDEN GLARE OF *LIGHTNING*, AND IN THE SUDDEN BRILLIANCE THEY *SEE--*
--THE *CASTLE!*
THIS IT *IT*, FRANKIE-BOY... *HOMECOMING.*
SHUT UP, CLIFTON!
I'M GETTING TO THE POINT WHEN I CAN'T *STAND* THE SOUND OF YOUR WEASLING *VOICE.*
DOESN'T IT SORTA *CHOKE YOU UP?*
I'M *SORRY,* CLIFTON. PLEASE, JUST LET ME *THINK.* LET ME GET *USED* TO IT.
HOMECOMING? IN...IN A STRANGE WAY--THAT'S *TRUE.*
THAT'S VERY *TRUE!*
SURE, FRANK, SURE. NO HARM *MEANT--*
--AND NONE *TAKEN?*
BUT FRANK DRAKE DOESN'T ANSWER. ONCE MORE, HIS THOUGHTS ARE LOST, AS HE SEARCHES THE DEPTHS OF HIS NOW-TROUBLED *SOUL...* WONDERING IF PERHAPS THERE'S *MORE* TO THE DRACULA LEGEND THAN MERE *FANTASY--* WONDERING, IN FACT, IF THERE'S NOT SOMETHING *PERSONAL* IN THAT CASTLE FOR FRANK DRAKE...TO *FEAR.*
VERY QUIETLY, HE LEADS THEM THROUGH THE *FOREST* OF WIND-BEATEN STONES, HIS FEET CLACKING SOFTLY ON THE RAIN-WASHED FLAGSTONED *PATH.*

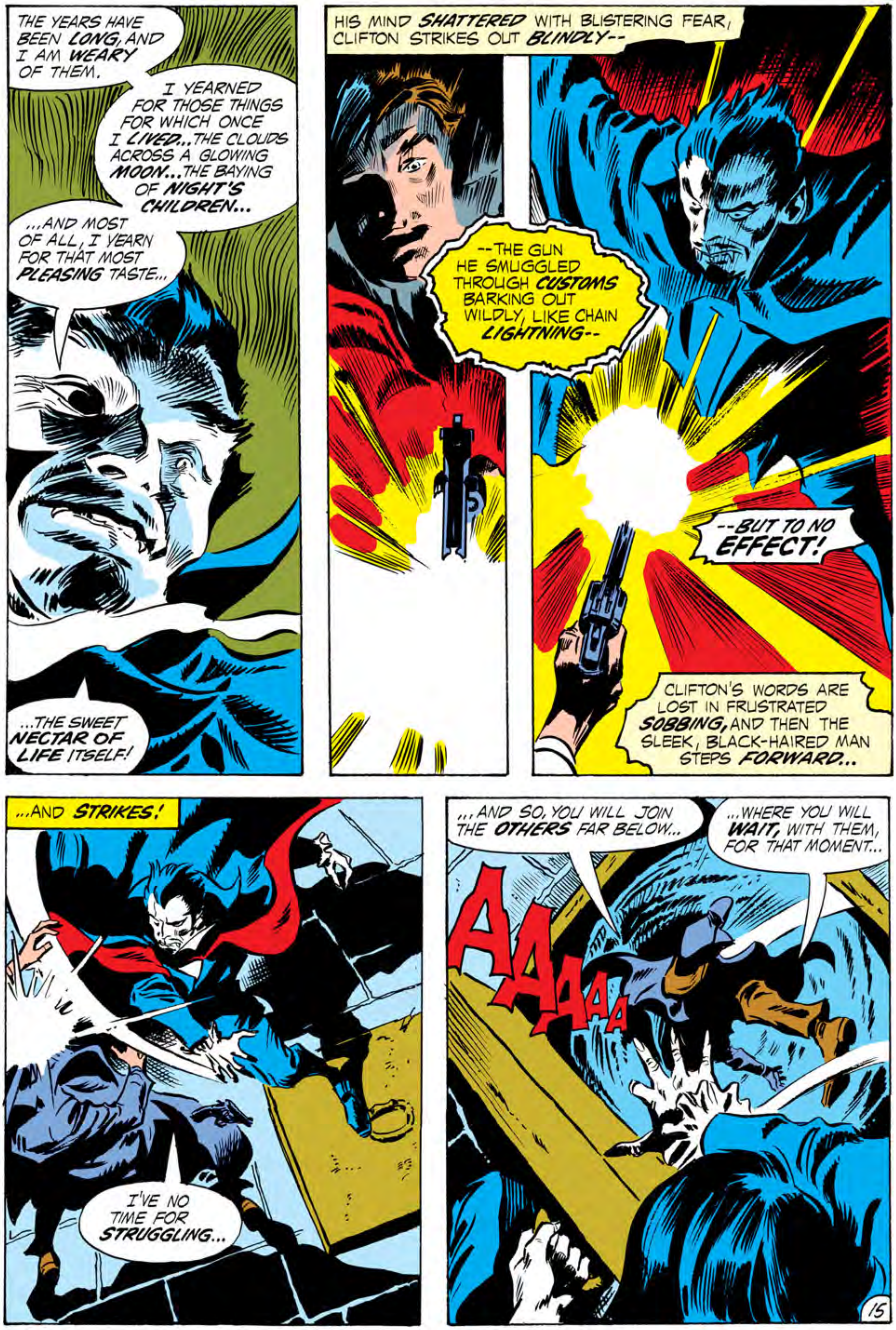

WHY DO I FEEL THIS WAY? AS THOUGH... EVERY PILLAR, EVERY WALL--WERE FAMILAR, SOMETHING I'D SEEN BEFORE...
EVEN THE SOUNDS... EVEN THE DISTANT, FADING ECHOES-- ARE "RIGHT." I KNOW THOSE SOUNDS... I KNOW THOSE WALLS...
FRANKIE? ARE YOU... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
HE SEEMS SO FAR FROM ME. I NEED HIS ARMS AROUND ME, NEED HIM TO HOLD ME--AND YET, HE DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW I'M HERE!
FRANKIE, I LOVE YOU... DON'T SHUT ME OUT!
I NEED YOU!
THIS CASTLE... I KNOW THIS CASTLE!
BOTH MINDS ARE CLOSED TO EACH OTHER...THE THOUGHTS OF BOTH ARE HIDDEN...AND SO NEITHER KNOWS THE DESPERATE WANTING OF THE OTHER...AND THE TWO WHO SHOULD BE ONE ARE ALONE.
ALONE...SAVE FOR THE BARELY AUDIBLE DRIP OF WATER IN THE DISTANCE--AND A SUDDEN, GENTLE RUSTLING.
SOFTLY, AT FIRST, THAN WITH INCREASING LOUDNESS, THAT RUSTLING BUILDS... SOUNDING LIKE THE CRINKLING OF AUTUMN LEAVES, THEN LIKE SOMETHING MORE--
SOMETHING LEATHERY-- SOMETHING QUITE POWERFUL... SOMETHING DEADLY!
FRANKIE? DO--DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING?
FRANKIE? THAT SOUND...
IT SOUNDS LIKE--
--BATS!
EEEEiiEEE
HIS SEEMING TRANCE BROKEN, DRAKE MOVES--!
GET DOWN, JEANIE--
GET DOWN!
COVER YOUR EYES-- KEEP THEM AWAY FROM YOUR EYES!
FRANKIE-- OH, PLEASE-- DON'T LET THEM--
GONE!
LORD... BATS! I CAN'T STAND THEM-- FILTHY--!
SHUT UP, CLIFTON.
HONEY... ARE YOU OKAY? THEY DIDN'T--?
--HURT ME? NO. NO, I'M ALL RIGHT.
I--I JUST... JUST WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE... OUT OF THIS ENTIRE COUNTRY!

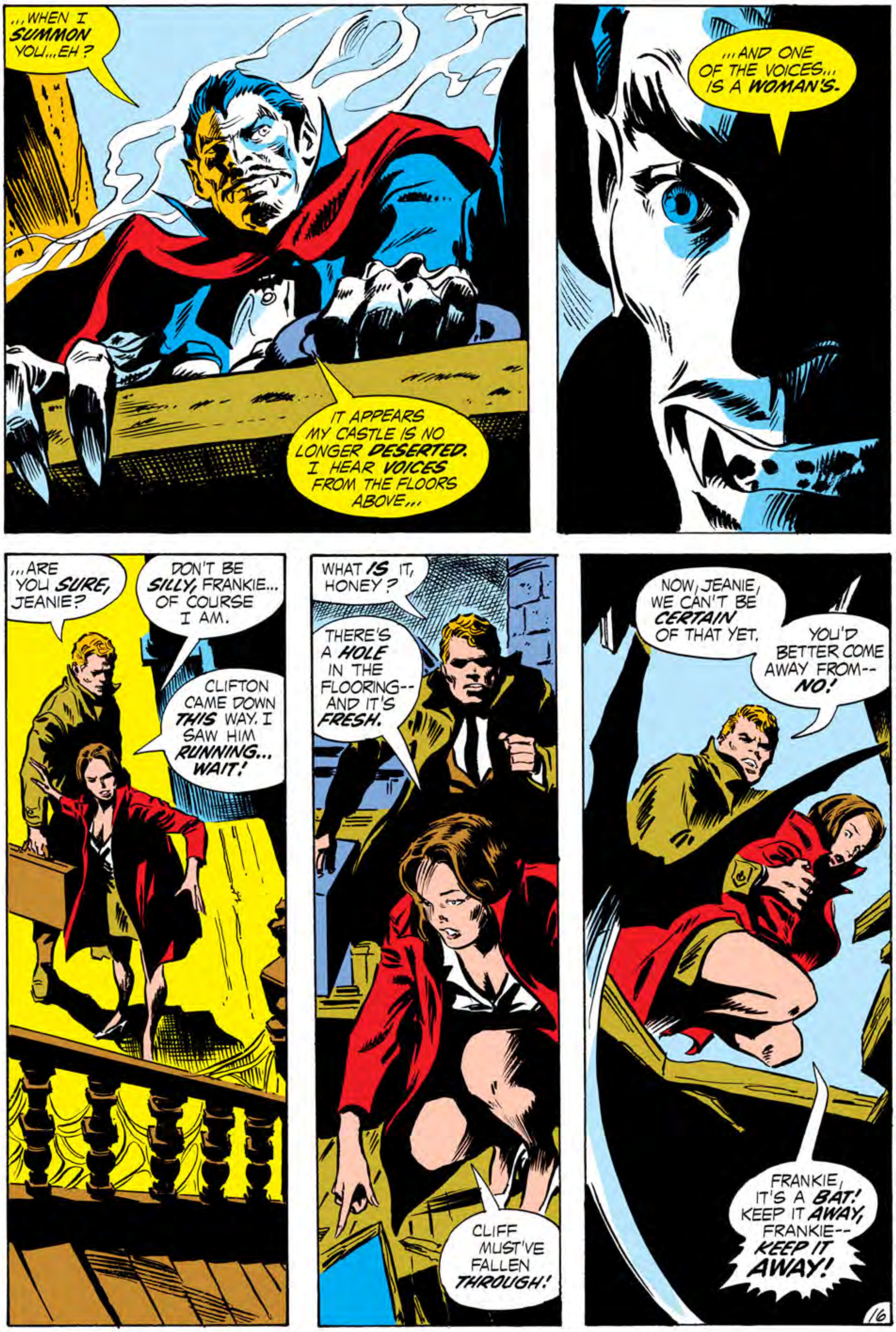

SHE STEPS AWAY FROM HIM, MOVING INTO A POOL OF SOFT YELLOW LIGHT, HER THOUGHTS RACING...
I...I WISH I NEVER HEARD OF CASTLE DRACULA... OR OF THIS MAD COUNTRY.
EVERYTHING SEEMS STRANGER HERE... EVEN THE THINGS I THOUGHT I USED TO KNOW...
EVEN FRANKIE.
WHEN HE GAVE ME THIS SILVER COMPACT, IT WAS AS THOUGH HE'D GIVEN ME ALL HE OWNED.
NOW... HE'S CHANGED IN A WAY...
I DON'T KNOW HIM ANYMORE!
AND EVEN AS THE TRIO SEPARATES...
...ONE OF THEM MAKES A MOVE ON HIS OWN!
LORD, WHAT A PAIR. HOW COULD I EVER HAVE FALLEN FOR THAT DUMB BROAD?
WELL, SHE'S GOT ANOTHER GUESS COMIN'!
THINKS SHE CAN COOL THINGS OFF JUST LIKE THAT, HUH?
...I'VE BEEN PLANNIN' THIS WHOLE DEAL EVER SINCE I FIRST SAW THAT BOOK, AN' I'M NOT--
CRUN.. CHHH
--HOLY CRUD!
THE FLOOR'S GIVING AWAY! I'M FALLLLLLLLLINNNG!

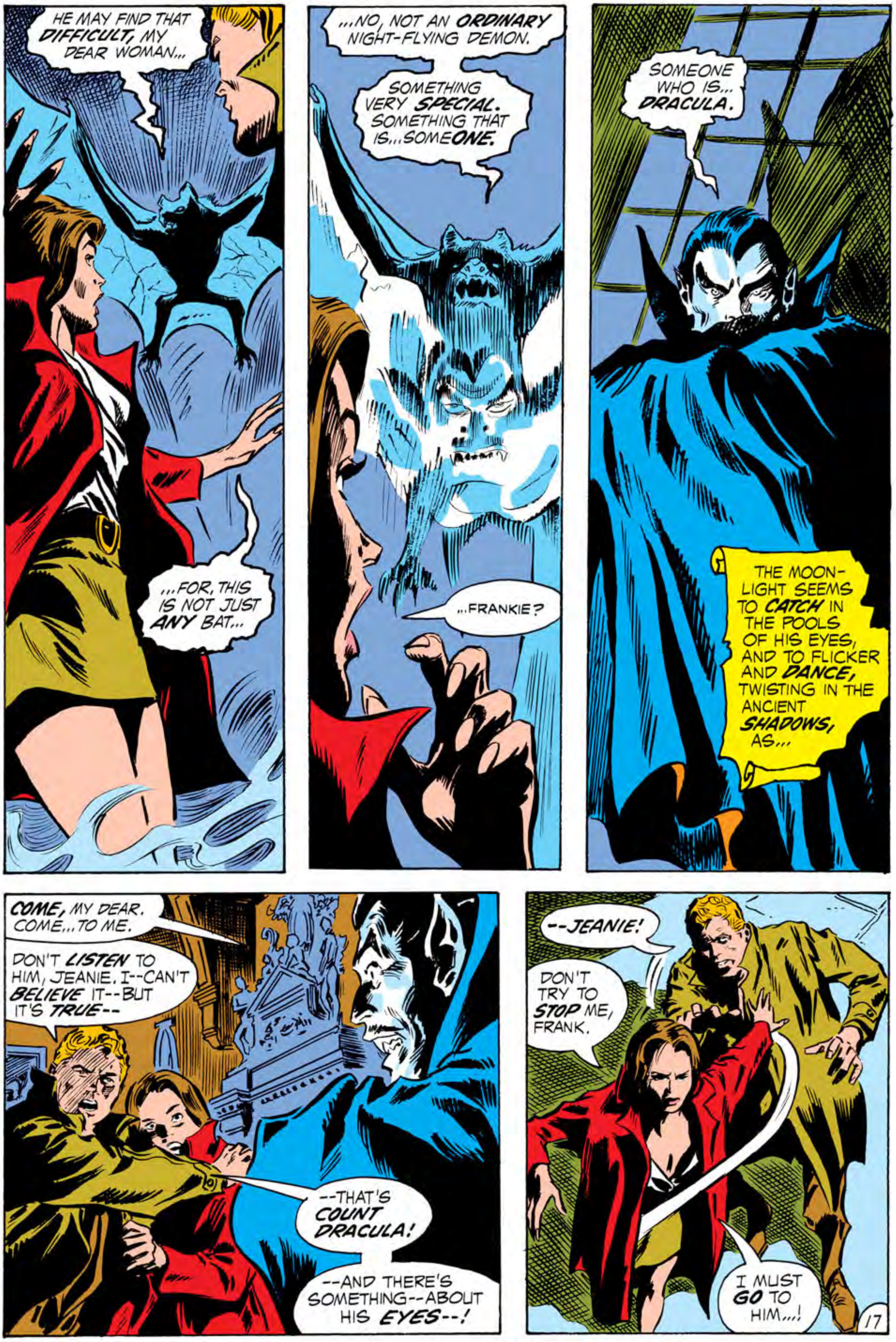

OVER! AS QUICKLY AS IT BEGAN, THE FALL ENDS SHORT FEET BELOW, IN A WELL OF FETID DARKNESS...
CRIPES... LUCKY I DIDN'T SNAP MY LEG.
WHERE THE HECK AM I, ANYWAY? DEEDS DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING 'BOUT A DUNGEON...!
WHOA, CLIFF OLD BOY... HANG IN THERE A SECOND.
LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE FOUND THE PROVERBIAL POT AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.
'LESS I MISS MY GUESS, THIS HERE'S THE TOMB.
...IN WHICH CASE, MISTER GRAVES, YOU'RE GONNA CASH IN EVEN BETTER'N YOU EXPECTED.
THAT FOOL FRANKIE...
COUNT DRACU
IT'LL SERVE 'IM RIGHT WHEN I TAKE THE GIRL, THE CASTLE, AND HIS CRUMMY LIFE. I--
WUZZAT?
FAN-TASTIC! IT'S THE OLD BOY'S CRYPT!
AND THEN, SUDDENLY, THE DREAMS BEGIN TO CRUMBLE...
...AS CLIFTON'S HAND BRUSHES THE BRONZE BAT EMBLEM...
THUMP
...AND THE STONE WALL MOVES!
WHEEE--O! SOME SORTA HINGES MOVE THIS THING--
--IT'S LIKE A BARGAIN BASEMENT HORROR HOUSE.
NOW LET'S JUST SEE WHAT OL' CLIFTON CAN FIND INSIDE...!

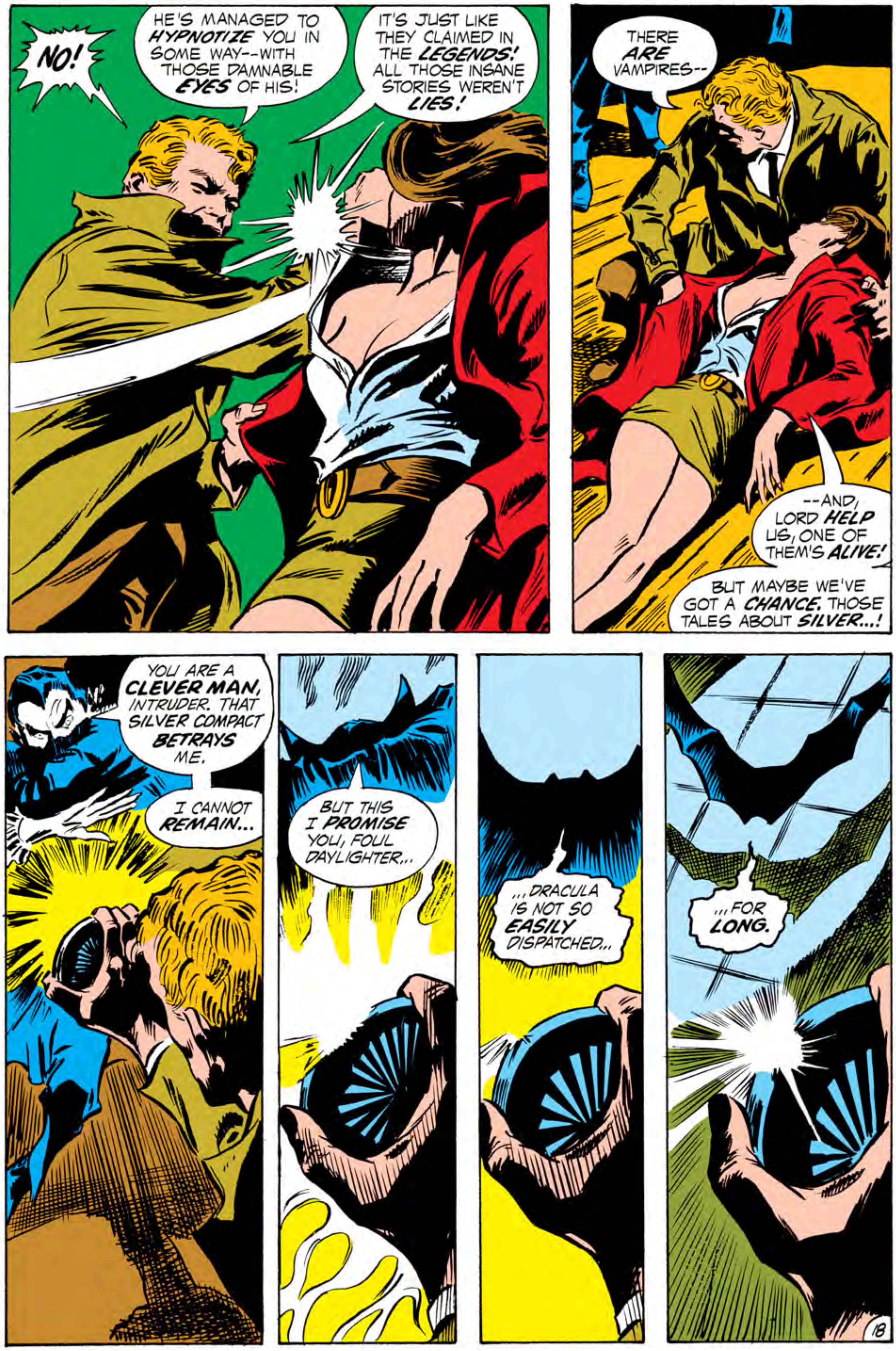

HIS FOOTSTEPS ARE SOFT AND *HESITANT,* AND HE GROPES BEFORE HIMSELF IN THE PITCH BLACKNESS...
...THEN HIS OUTSTRETCHED HAND TOUCHES A COBWEBBED *CANDELABRUM*...HE STRIKES ANOTHER *MATCH*...
...AND THE ROOM IS *LIT!*
CAREFUL, CLIFFY... THIS BABE LOOKS LIKE THE *REAL McCOY!*
...AND IF IT TRULY *IS,* THEN YOUR DAYS OF SOCIAL *BUMMING* ARE OVER...
...'CAUSE THERE'S ONLY *ONE* CAT WHO CAN BE *INSIDE*...
...DRACULA!
THAT *SEALS* IT, MR. GRAVES. HE'S GOT THE LEGENDARY *STAKE*...THE WHOLE *BIT.*
THE POOR MAD *FOOL*. MUST'VE BEEN REALLY *WHACKO* TO CONVINCE ALL THOSE CLOWNS HE WAS A *VAMPIRE*...
...A REAL *MEGALOMANIAC.* WELLLLL, CLIFF...

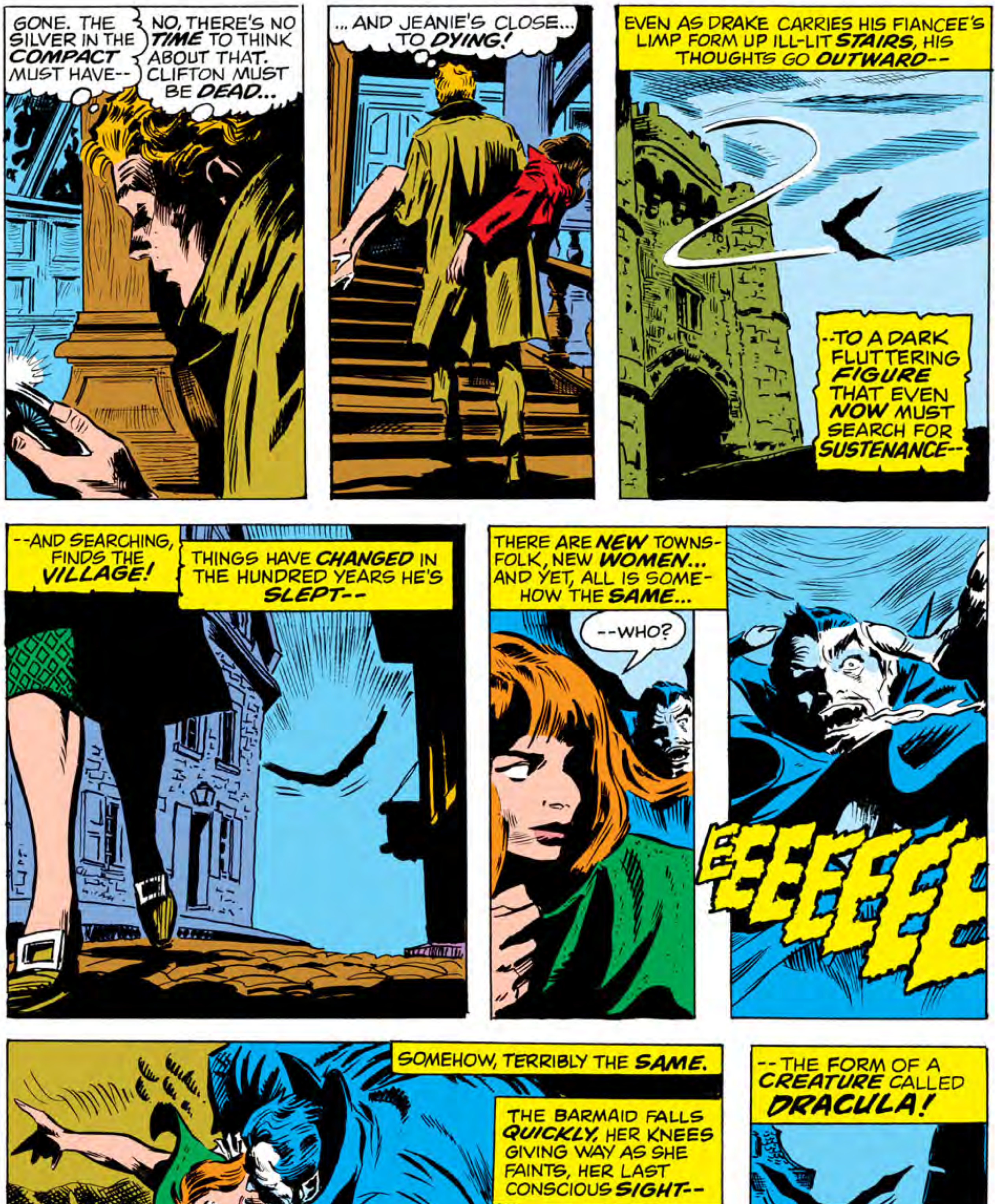

...IT'S NOT FOR *YOU* TO JUDGE A LOONEY-BIRD.
NOPE, YOU'VE GOT *OTHER* THINGS TO DO...
...LIKE ARRANGING A SLIGHT *ACCIDENT*...ONE THAT'LL SET YOU UP AS THE *SOLE PROPRIETOR* OF THIS MANSION...
...AND REMOVE A CERTAIN *OBSTACLE* TO A YOUNG LADY'S *AFFECTIONS!*
SHE'S RICH *TOO,* Y'KNOW.
HE LEAVES *QUICKLY,* AND SO, HE DOESN'T SEE SOMETHING *UNBELIEVABLE* OCCUR BEHIND HIM...
...AS A STRANGE *COALESCING* BEGINS IN THE DUSTY *COFFIN*...
...A COMING-TOGETHER OF ANCIENT *MISTS,* OF LONG-DISPARATE *ASH*...
HE DOESN'T *SEE* THE RETURNING *FEATURES,* RELEASED FROM THE *LIMBO* TO WHICH THE SEALING *STAKE* HAD CONDEMNED THEM...
...HE DOESN'T *SEE* THAT...
...*DRACULA LIVES AGAIN!*
HUH...?
...THAT *RUSTLING* SOUND...?
NOOOOOO!

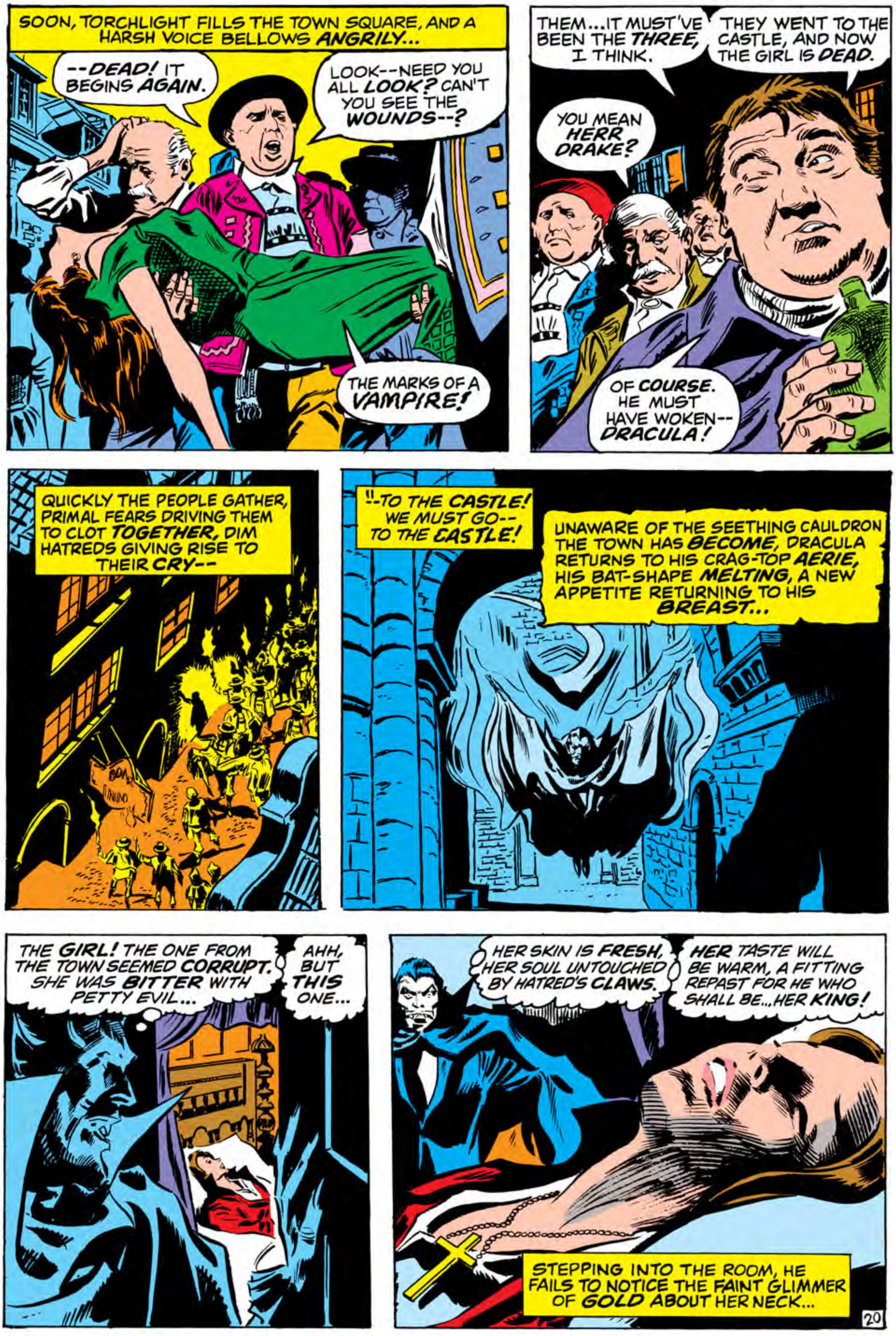

THE YEARS HAVE BEEN LONG, AND I AM WEARY OF THEM.
I YEARNED FOR THOSE THINGS FOR WHICH ONCE I LIVED... THE CLOUDS ACROSS A GLOWING MOON... THE BAYING OF NIGHT'S CHILDREN...
...AND MOST OF ALL, I YEARN FOR THAT MOST PLEASING TASTE...
...THE SWEET NECTAR OF LIFE ITSELF!
HIS MIND SHATTERED WITH BLISTERING FEAR, CLIFTON STRIKES OUT BLINDLY--
--THE GUN HE SMUGGLED THROUGH CUSTOMS BARKING OUT WILDLY, LIKE CHAIN LIGHTNING--
--BUT TO NO EFFECT!
CLIFTON'S WORDS ARE LOST IN FRUSTRATED SOBBING, AND THEN THE SLEEK, BLACK-HAIRED MAN STEPS FORWARD...
...AND STRIKES!
I'VE NO TIME FOR STRUGGLING...
...AND SO, YOU WILL JOIN THE OTHERS FAR BELOW...
...WHERE YOU WILL WAIT, WITH THEM, FOR THAT MOMENT...
AAAAAA

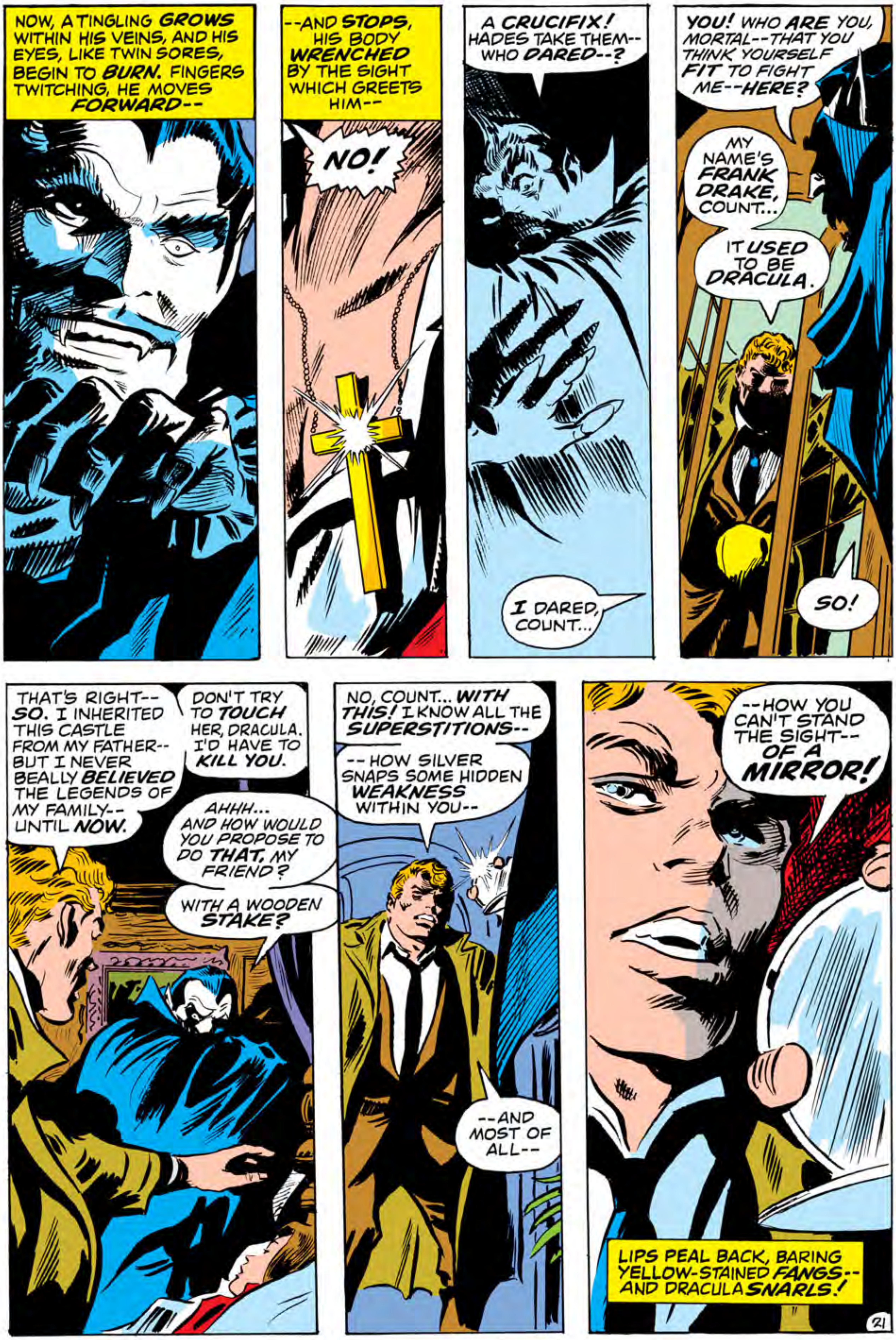

...WHEN I *SUMMON* YOU...EH?
IT APPEARS MY CASTLE IS NO LONGER *DESERTED.* I HEAR *VOICES* FROM THE FLOORS ABOVE...
...AND ONE OF THE VOICES... IS A *WOMAN'S.*
...ARE YOU *SURE,* JEANIE?
DON'T BE *SILLY,* FRANKIE... OF COURSE I AM.
CLIFTON CAME DOWN *THIS* WAY. I SAW HIM *RUNNING... WAIT!*
WHAT *IS* IT, HONEY?
THERE'S A *HOLE* IN THE FLOORING-- AND IT'S *FRESH.*
CLIFF MUST'VE FALLEN *THROUGH!*
NOW, JEANIE, WE CAN'T BE *CERTAIN* OF THAT YET.
YOU'D BETTER COME AWAY FROM-- *NO!*
FRANKIE, IT'S A *BAT!* KEEP IT *AWAY,* FRANKIE-- *KEEP IT AWAY!*

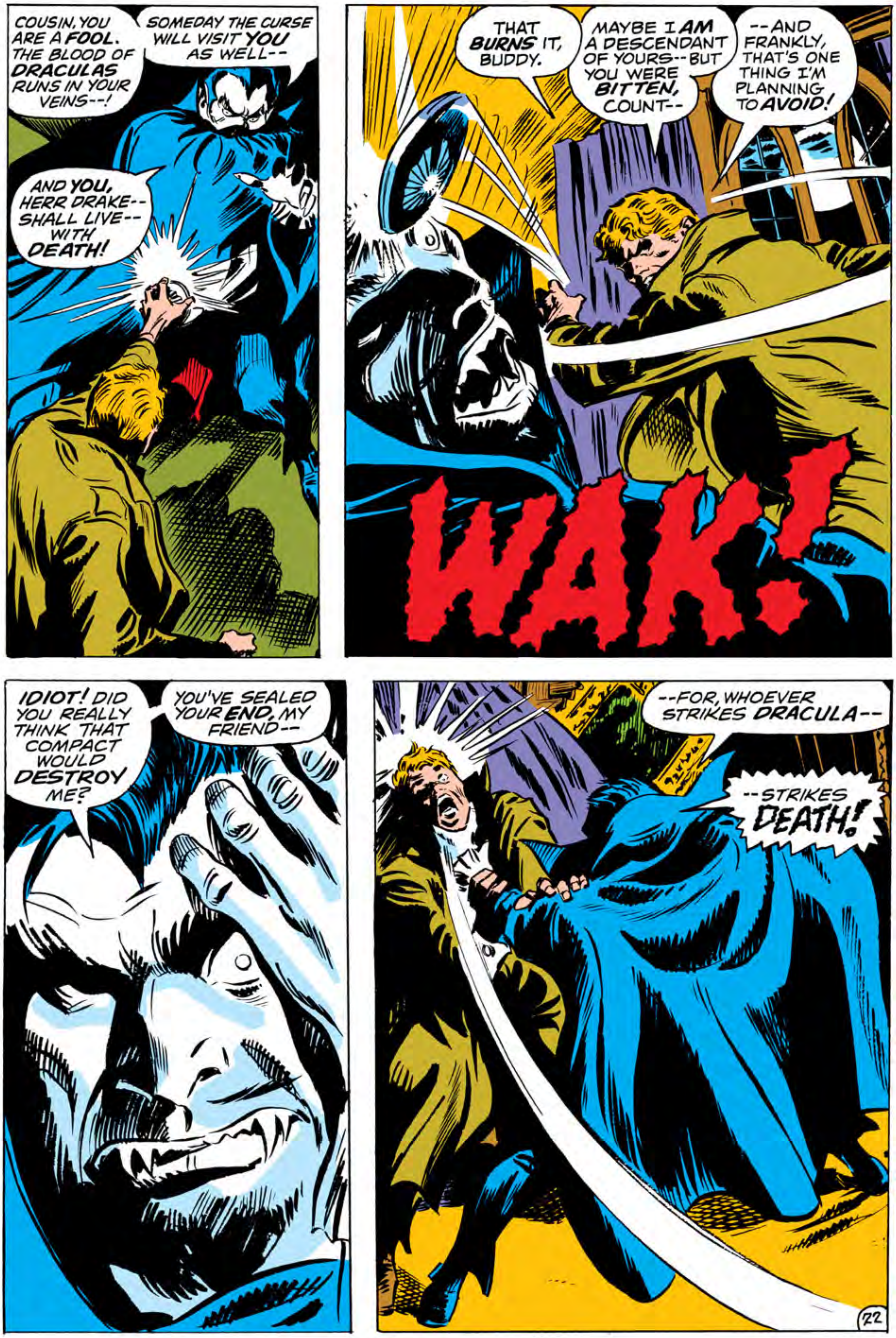

HE MAY FIND THAT DIFFICULT, MY DEAR WOMAN...
...FOR, THIS IS NOT JUST ANY BAT...
...NO, NOT AN ORDINARY NIGHT-FLYING DEMON.
SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL. SOMETHING THAT IS...SOMEONE.
...FRANKIE?
SOMEONE WHO IS... DRACULA.
THE MOON-LIGHT SEEMS TO CATCH IN THE POOLS OF HIS EYES, AND TO FLICKER AND DANCE, TWISTING IN THE ANCIENT SHADOWS, AS...
COME, MY DEAR. COME...TO ME.
DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, JEANIE. I--CAN'T BELIEVE IT--BUT IT'S TRUE--
--THAT'S COUNT DRACULA!
--AND THERE'S SOMETHING--ABOUT HIS EYES--!
--JEANIE!
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME, FRANK.
I MUST GO TO HIM...!

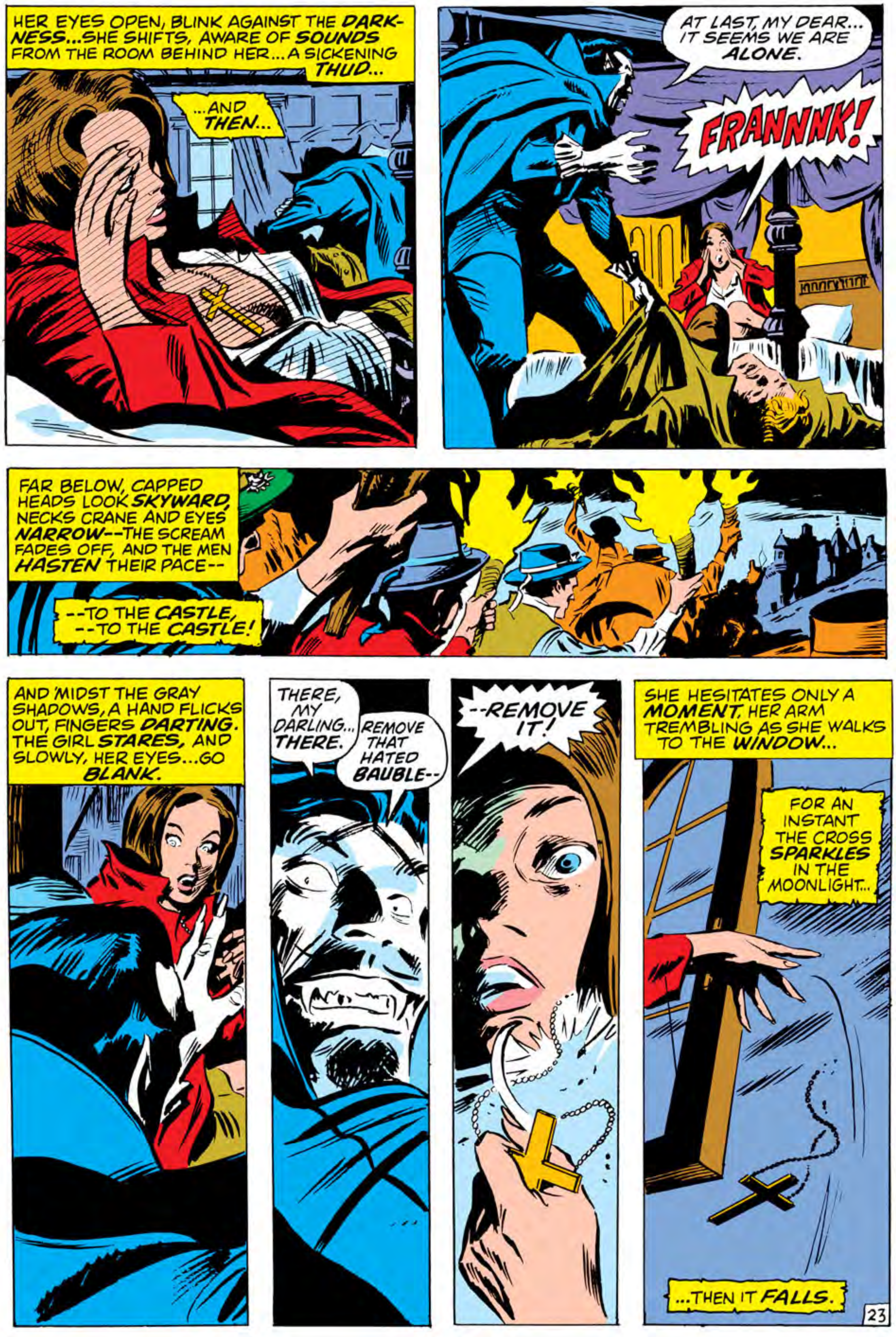

NO!
HE'S MANAGED TO HYPNOTIZE YOU IN SOME WAY--WITH THOSE DAMNABLE EYES OF HIS!
IT'S JUST LIKE THEY CLAIMED IN THE LEGENDS! ALL THOSE INSANE STORIES WEREN'T LIES!
THERE ARE VAMPIRES--
--AND, LORD HELP US, ONE OF THEM'S ALIVE!
BUT MAYBE WE'VE GOT A CHANCE. THOSE TALES ABOUT SILVER...!
YOU ARE A CLEVER MAN, INTRUDER. THAT SILVER COMPACT BETRAYS ME.
I CANNOT REMAIN...
BUT THIS I PROMISE YOU, FOUL DAYLIGHTER...
...DRACULA IS NOT SO EASILY DISPATCHED...
...FOR LONG.

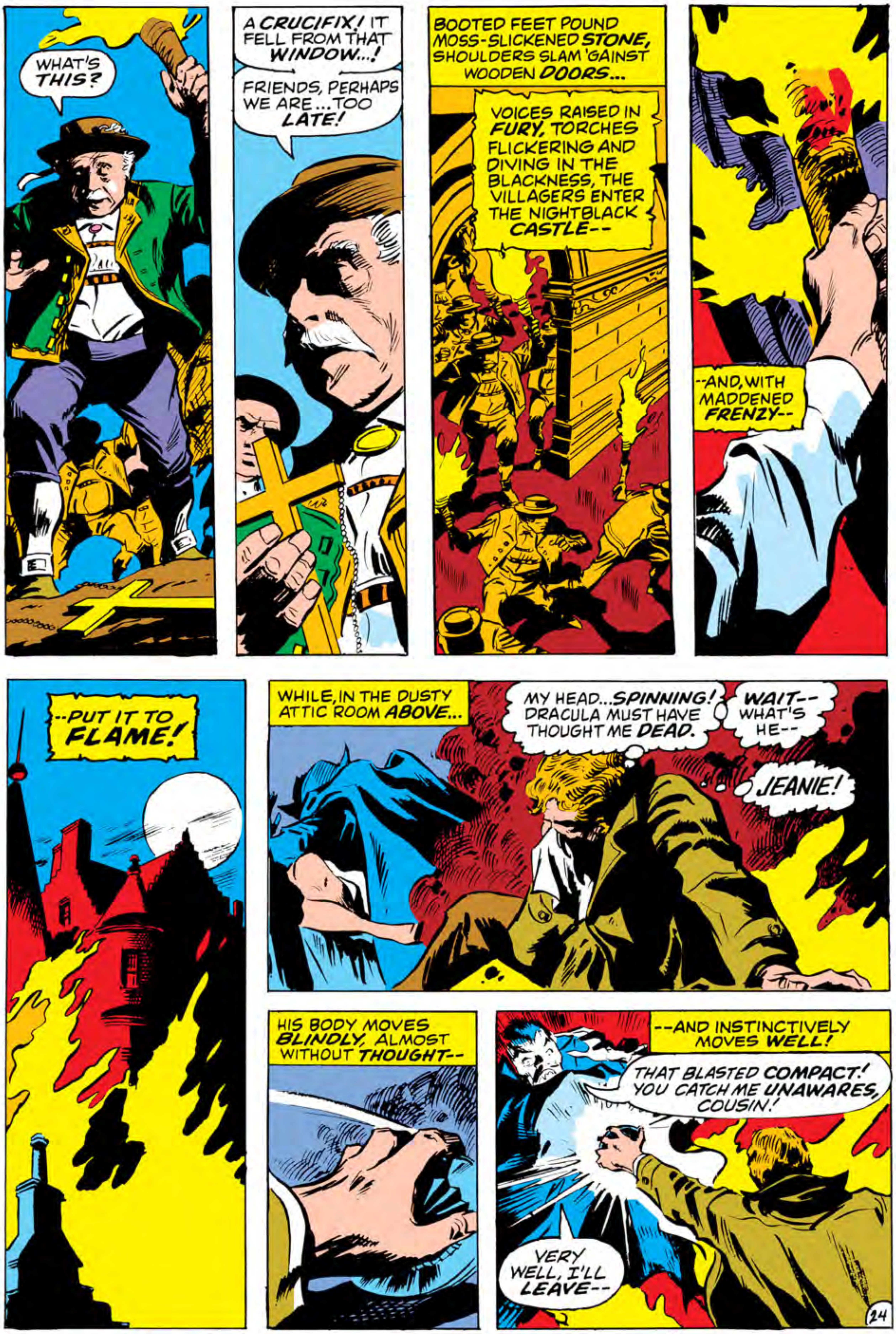

GONE. THE SILVER IN THE COMPACT MUST HAVE--
NO, THERE'S NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT. CLIFTON MUST BE DEAD...
... AND JEANIE'S CLOSE... TO DYING!
EVEN AS DRAKE CARRIES HIS FIANCEE'S LIMP FORM UP ILL-LIT STAIRS, HIS THOUGHTS GO OUTWARD--
--TO A DARK FLUTTERING FIGURE THAT EVEN NOW MUST SEARCH FOR SUSTENANCE--
--AND SEARCHING, FINDS THE VILLAGE!
THINGS HAVE CHANGED IN THE HUNDRED YEARS HE'S SLEPT--
THERE ARE NEW TOWNSFOLK, NEW WOMEN... AND YET, ALL IS SOMEHOW THE SAME...
--WHO?
EEEEEEE
SOMEHOW, TERRIBLY THE SAME.
THE BARMAID FALLS QUICKLY, HER KNEES GIVING WAY AS SHE FAINTS, HER LAST CONSCIOUS SIGHT--
--THE FORM OF A CREATURE CALLED DRACULA!

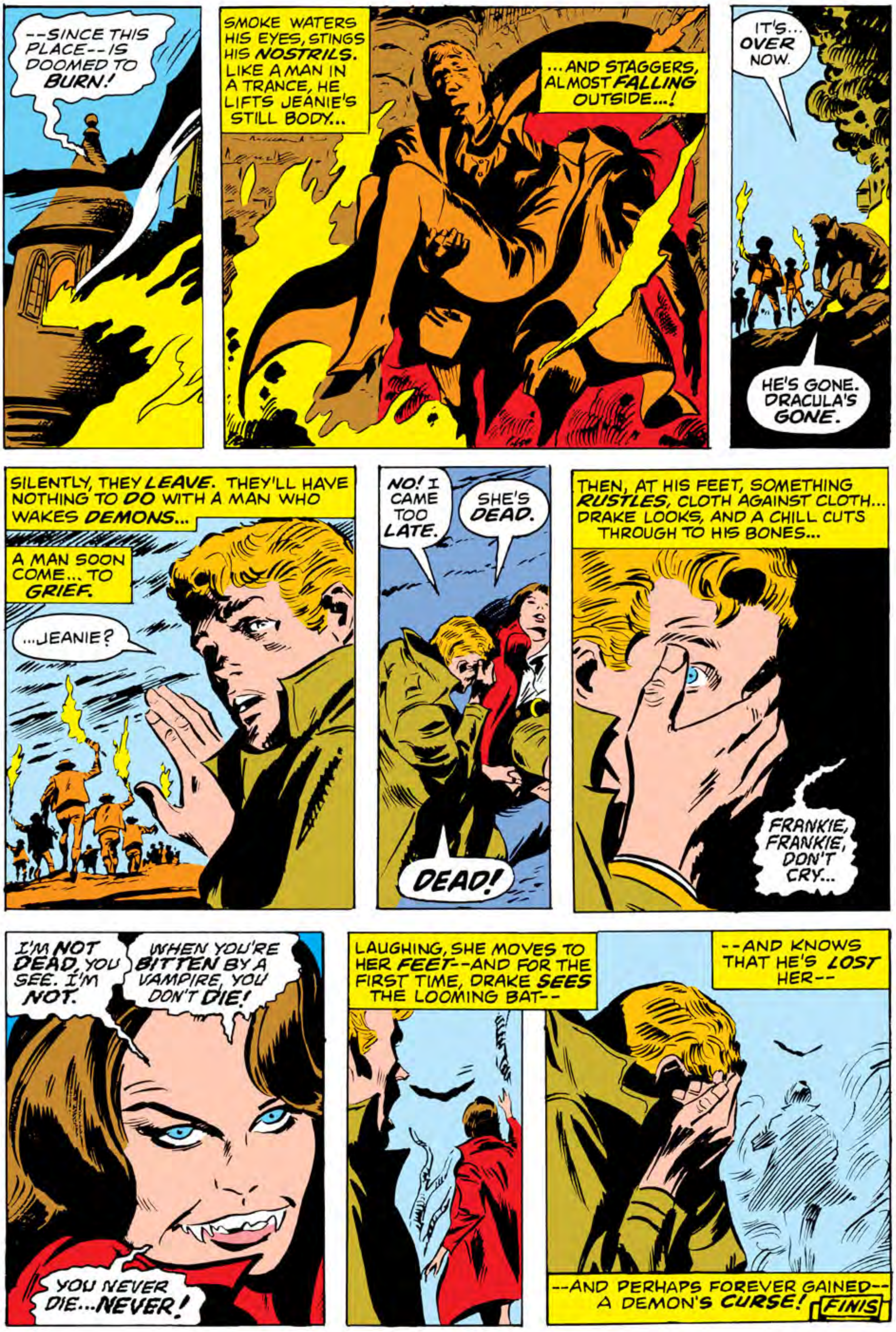

SOON, TORCHLIGHT FILLS THE TOWN SQUARE, AND A HARSH VOICE BELLOWS ANGRILY...
--DEAD! IT BEGINS AGAIN.
LOOK--NEED YOU ALL LOOK? CAN'T YOU SEE THE WOUNDS--?
THE MARKS OF A VAMPIRE!
THEM...IT MUST'VE BEEN THE THREE, I THINK.
THEY WENT TO THE CASTLE, AND NOW THE GIRL IS DEAD.
YOU MEAN HERR DRAKE?
OF COURSE. HE MUST HAVE WOKEN--DRACULA!
QUICKLY THE PEOPLE GATHER, PRIMAL FEARS DRIVING THEM TO CLOT TOGETHER, DIM HATREDS GIVING RISE TO THEIR CRY--
"--TO THE CASTLE! WE MUST GO-- TO THE CASTLE!
UNAWARE OF THE SEETHING CAULDRON THE TOWN HAS BECOME, DRACULA RETURNS TO HIS CRAG-TOP AERIE, HIS BAT-SHAPE MELTING, A NEW APPETITE RETURNING TO HIS BREAST...
THE GIRL! THE ONE FROM THE TOWN SEEMED CORRUPT. SHE WAS BITTER WITH PETTY EVIL...
AHH, BUT THIS ONE...
HER SKIN IS FRESH, HER SOUL UNTOUCHED BY HATRED'S CLAWS.
HER TASTE WILL BE WARM, A FITTING REPAST FOR HE WHO SHALL BE...HER KING!
STEPPING INTO THE ROOM, HE FAILS TO NOTICE THE FAINT GLIMMER OF GOLD ABOUT HER NECK...

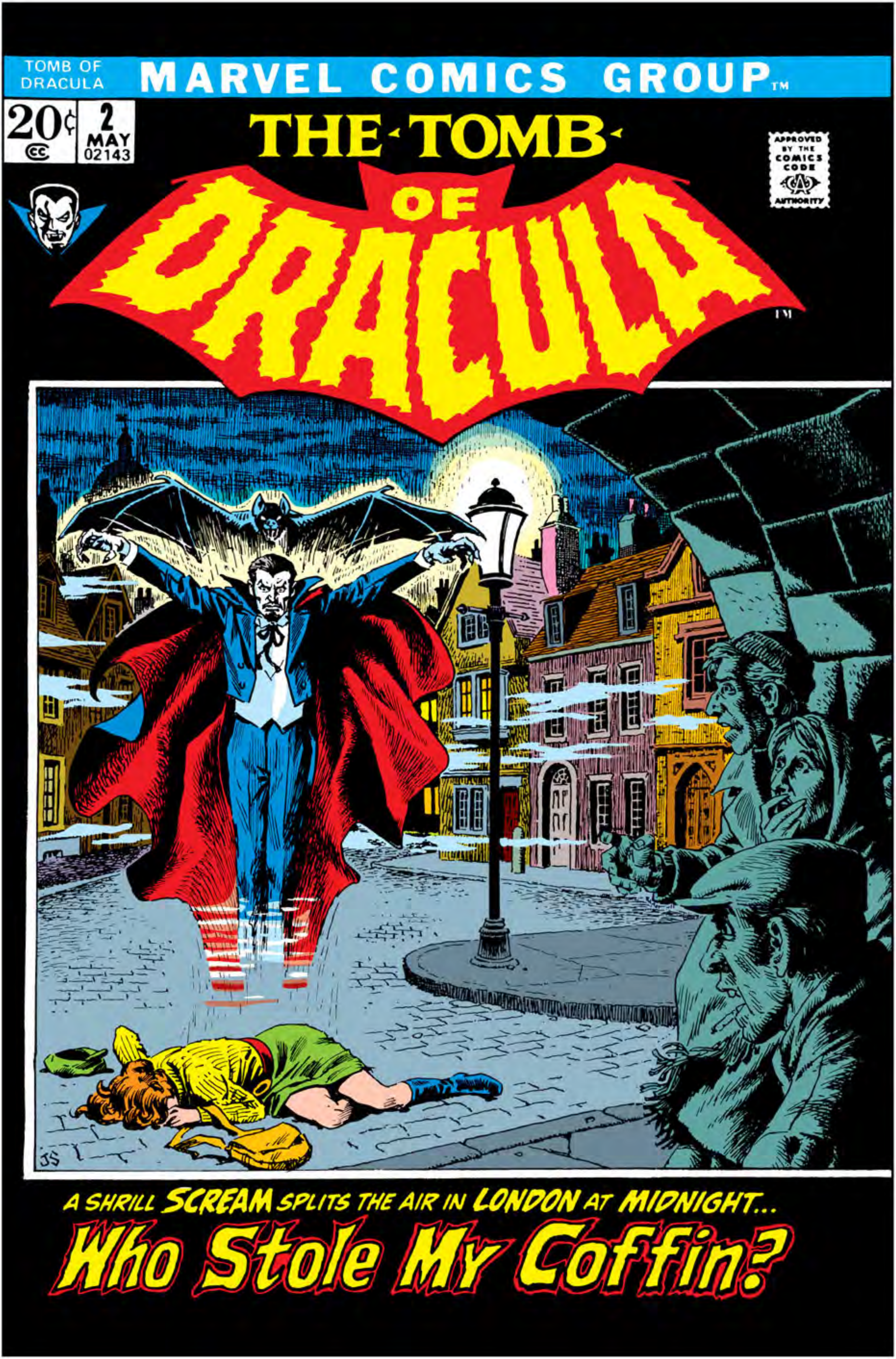

NOW, A TINGLING GROWS WITHIN HIS VEINS, AND HIS EYES, LIKE TWIN SORES, BEGIN TO BURN. FINGERS TWITCHING, HE MOVES FORWARD--
--AND STOPS, HIS BODY WRENCHED BY THE SIGHT WHICH GREETS HIM--
NO!
A CRUCIFIX! HADES TAKE THEM-- WHO DARED--?
I DARED, COUNT...
YOU! WHO ARE YOU, MORTAL--THAT YOU THINK YOURSELF FIT TO FIGHT ME--HERE?
MY NAME'S FRANK DRAKE, COUNT...
IT USED TO BE DRACULA.
SO!
THAT'S RIGHT-- SO. I INHERITED THIS CASTLE FROM MY FATHER-- BUT I NEVER REALLY BELIEVED THE LEGENDS OF MY FAMILY-- UNTIL NOW.
DON'T TRY TO TOUCH HER, DRACULA. I'D HAVE TO KILL YOU.
AHHH... AND HOW WOULD YOU PROPOSE TO DO THAT, MY FRIEND?
WITH A WOODEN STAKE?
NO, COUNT... WITH THIS! I KNOW ALL THE SUPERSTITIONS--
--HOW SILVER SNAPS SOME HIDDEN WEAKNESS WITHIN YOU--
--AND MOST OF ALL--
--HOW YOU CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT-- OF A MIRROR!
LIPS PEAL BACK, BARING YELLOW-STAINED FANGS-- AND DRACULA SNARLS!


COUSIN, YOU ARE A **FOOL**. THE BLOOD OF **DRACULAS** RUNS IN YOUR VEINS--!
SOMEDAY THE CURSE WILL VISIT **YOU** AS WELL--
AND **YOU**, HERR DRAKE-- SHALL LIVE-- WITH **DEATH**!
THAT **BURNS** IT, BUDDY.
MAYBE I **AM** A DESCENDANT OF YOURS--BUT YOU WERE **BITTEN**, COUNT--
--AND FRANKLY, THAT'S ONE THING I'M PLANNING TO **AVOID**!
WAK!
IDIOT! DID YOU REALLY THINK THAT COMPACT WOULD **DESTROY** ME?
YOU'VE SEALED YOUR **END**, MY FRIEND--
--FOR, WHOEVER STRIKES **DRACULA**--
--STRIKES **DEATH**!


HER EYES OPEN, BLINK AGAINST THE DARKNESS...SHE SHIFTS, AWARE OF SOUNDS FROM THE ROOM BEHIND HER...A SICKENING THUD...
...AND THEN...
AT LAST, MY DEAR... IT SEEMS WE ARE ALONE.
FRANNNK!
FAR BELOW, CAPPED HEADS LOOK SKYWARD, NECKS CRANE AND EYES NARROW--THE SCREAM FADES OFF, AND THE MEN HASTEN THEIR PACE--
--TO THE CASTLE, --TO THE CASTLE!
AND 'MIDST THE GRAY SHADOWS, A HAND FLICKS OUT, FINGERS DARTING. THE GIRL STARES, AND SLOWLY, HER EYES...GO BLANK.
THERE, MY DARLING... THERE.
REMOVE THAT HATED BAUBLE--
--REMOVE IT!
SHE HESITATES ONLY A MOMENT, HER ARM TREMBLING AS SHE WALKS TO THE WINDOW...
FOR AN INSTANT THE CROSS SPARKLES IN THE MOONLIGHT...
...THEN IT FALLS.


WHAT'S THIS?
A CRUCIFIX! IT FELL FROM THAT WINDOW...!
FRIENDS, PERHAPS WE ARE...TOO LATE!
BOOTED FEET POUND MOSS-SLICKENED STONE, SHOULDERS SLAM 'GAINST WOODEN DOORS...
VOICES RAISED IN FURY, TORCHES FLICKERING AND DIVING IN THE BLACKNESS, THE VILLAGERS ENTER THE NIGHTBLACK CASTLE--
--AND, WITH MADDENED FRENZY--
--PUT IT TO FLAME!
WHILE, IN THE DUSTY ATTIC ROOM ABOVE...
MY HEAD...SPINNING! DRACULA MUST HAVE THOUGHT ME DEAD.
WAIT-- WHAT'S HE--
JEANIE!
HIS BODY MOVES BLINDLY, ALMOST WITHOUT THOUGHT--
--AND INSTINCTIVELY MOVES WELL!
THAT BLASTED COMPACT! YOU CATCH ME UNAWARES, COUSIN!
VERY WELL, I'LL LEAVE--


--SINCE THIS PLACE--IS DOOMED TO BURN!
SMOKE WATERS HIS EYES, STINGS HIS NOSTRILS. LIKE A MAN IN A TRANCE, HE LIFTS JEANIE'S STILL BODY...
...AND STAGGERS, ALMOST FALLING OUTSIDE...!
IT'S... OVER NOW.
HE'S GONE. DRACULA'S GONE.
SILENTLY, THEY LEAVE. THEY'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH A MAN WHO WAKES DEMONS...
A MAN SOON COME... TO GRIEF.
...JEANIE?
NO! I CAME TOO LATE.
SHE'S DEAD.
DEAD!
THEN, AT HIS FEET, SOMETHING RUSTLES, CLOTH AGAINST CLOTH... DRAKE LOOKS, AND A CHILL CUTS THROUGH TO HIS BONES...
FRANKIE, FRANKIE, DON'T CRY...
I'M NOT DEAD, YOU SEE. I'M NOT.
WHEN YOU'RE BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE, YOU DON'T DIE!
YOU NEVER DIE...NEVER!
LAUGHING, SHE MOVES TO HER FEET--AND FOR THE FIRST TIME, DRAKE SEES THE LOOMING BAT--
--AND KNOWS THAT HE'S LOST HER--
--AND PERHAPS FOREVER GAINED-- A DEMON'S CURSE!
FINIS


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
20¢
2
MAY
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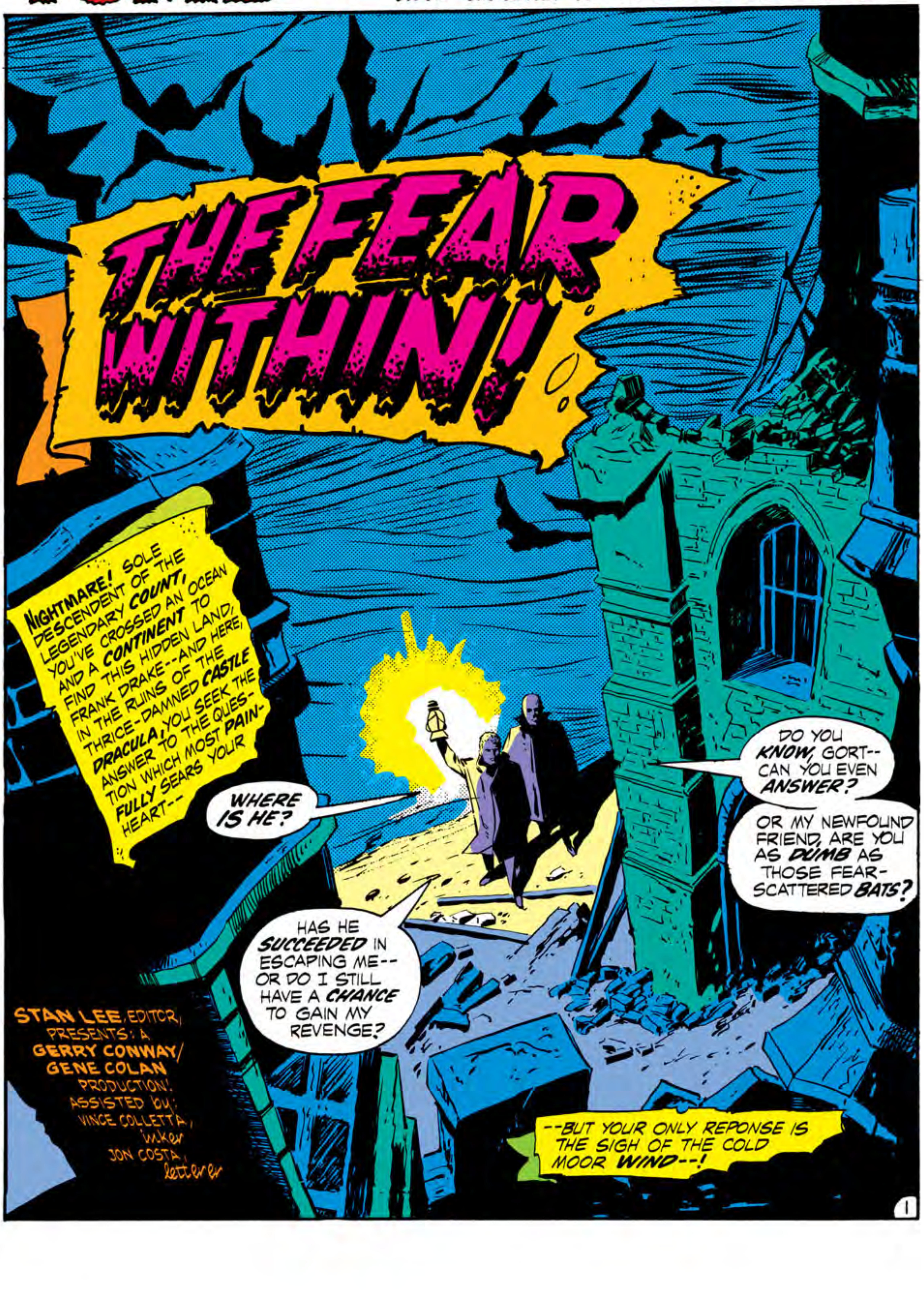
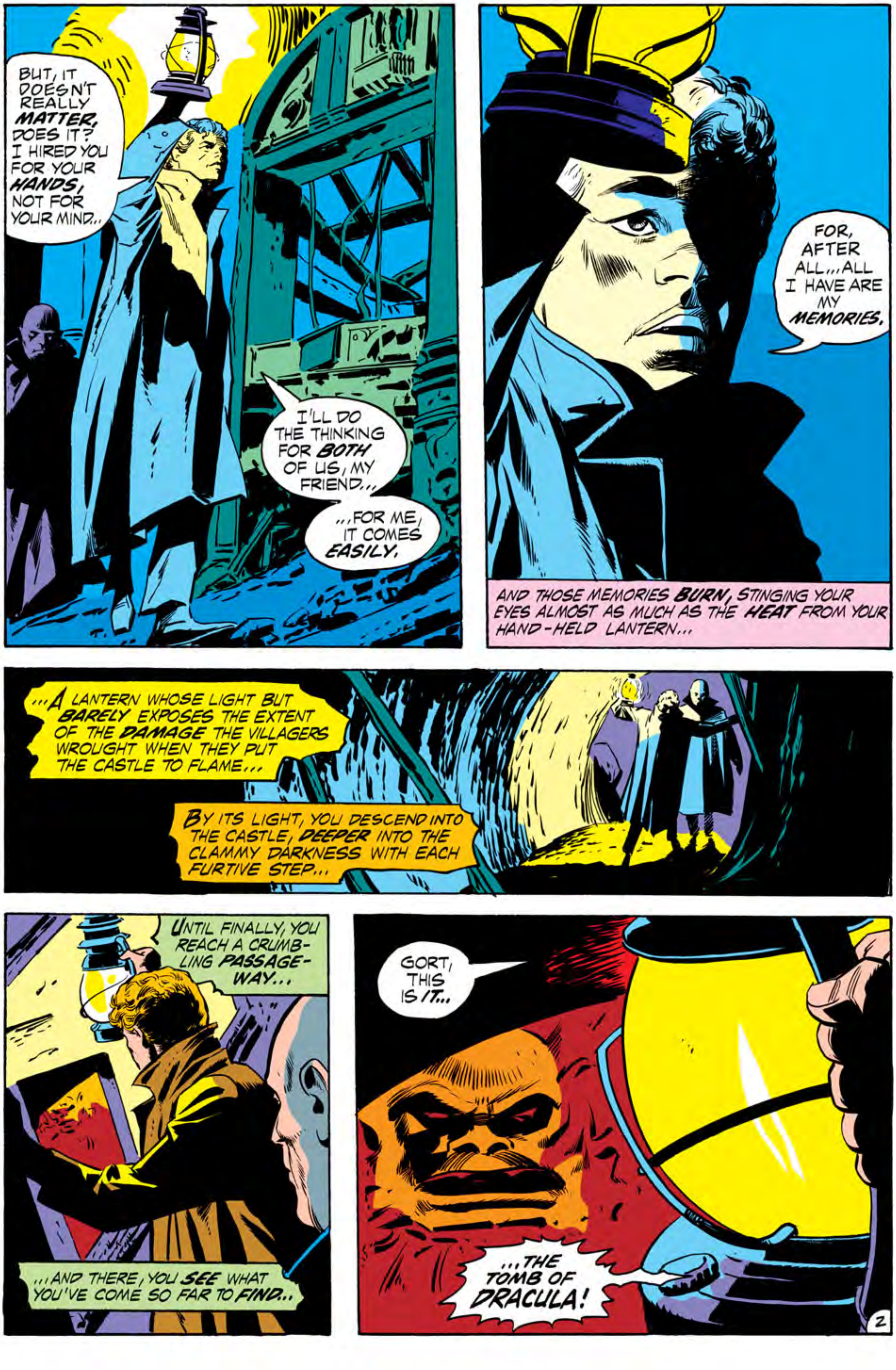
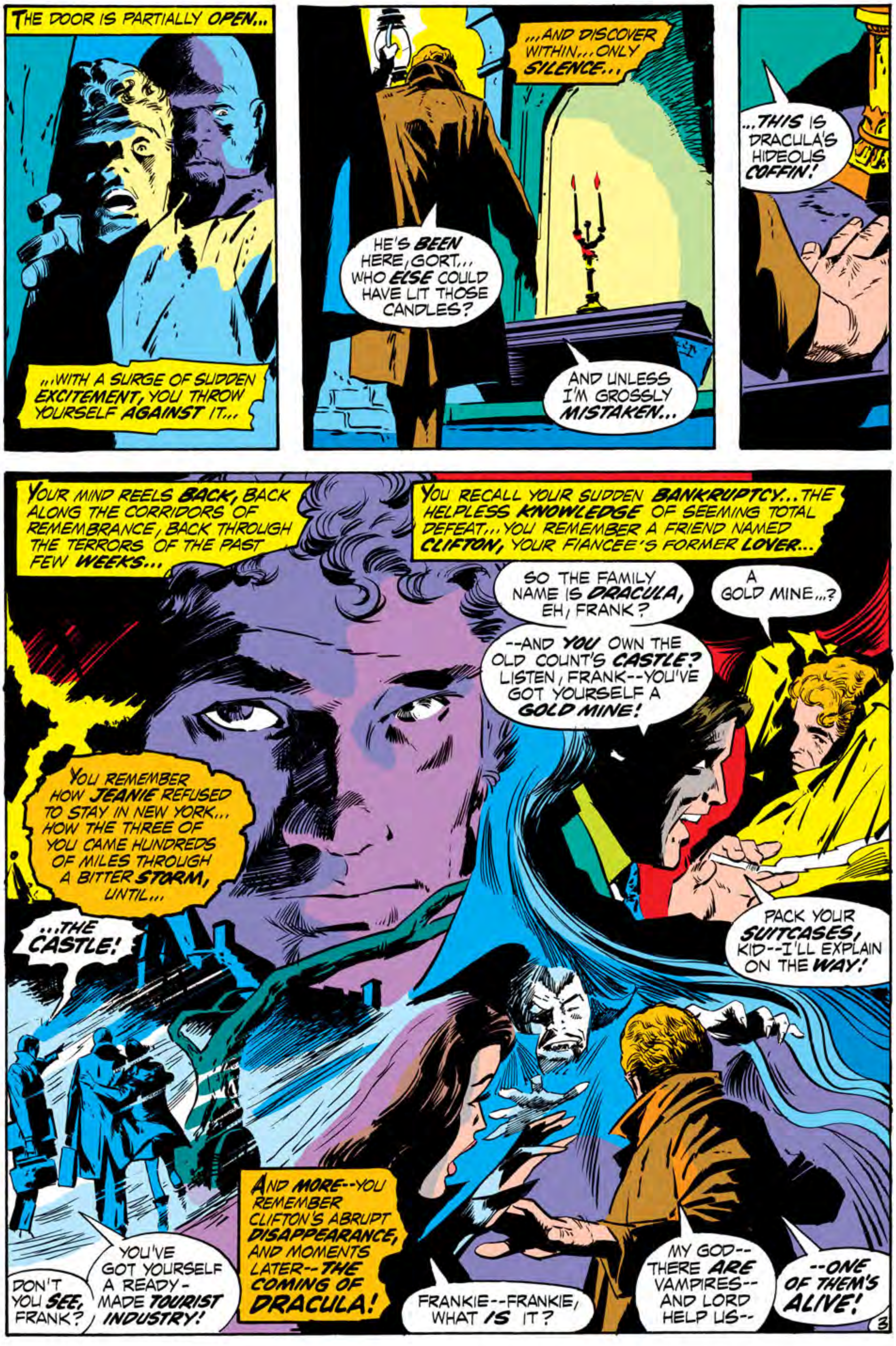
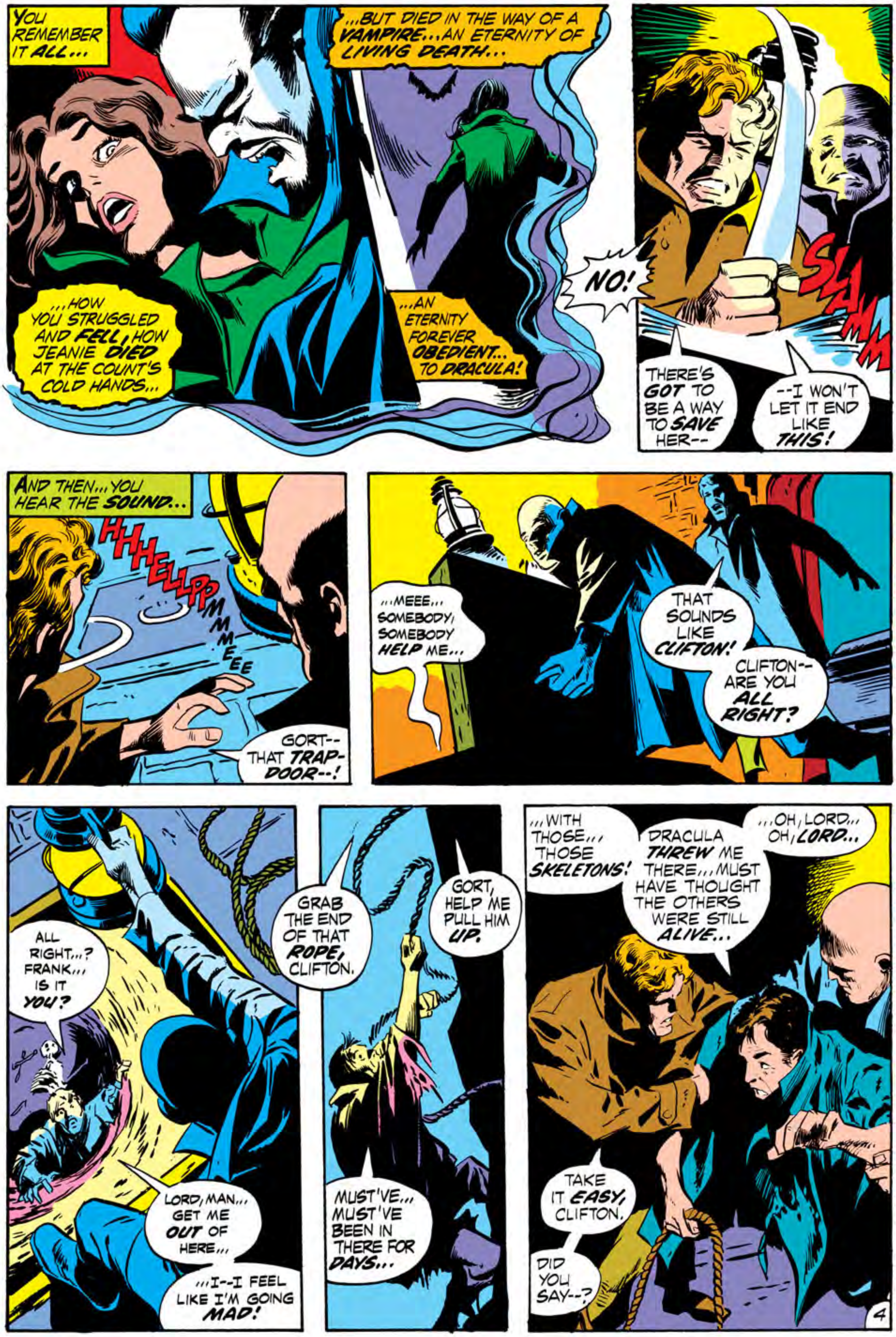
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
JS
A SHRILL SCREAM SPLITS THE AIR IN LONDON AT MIDNIGHT...
Who Stole My Coffin?

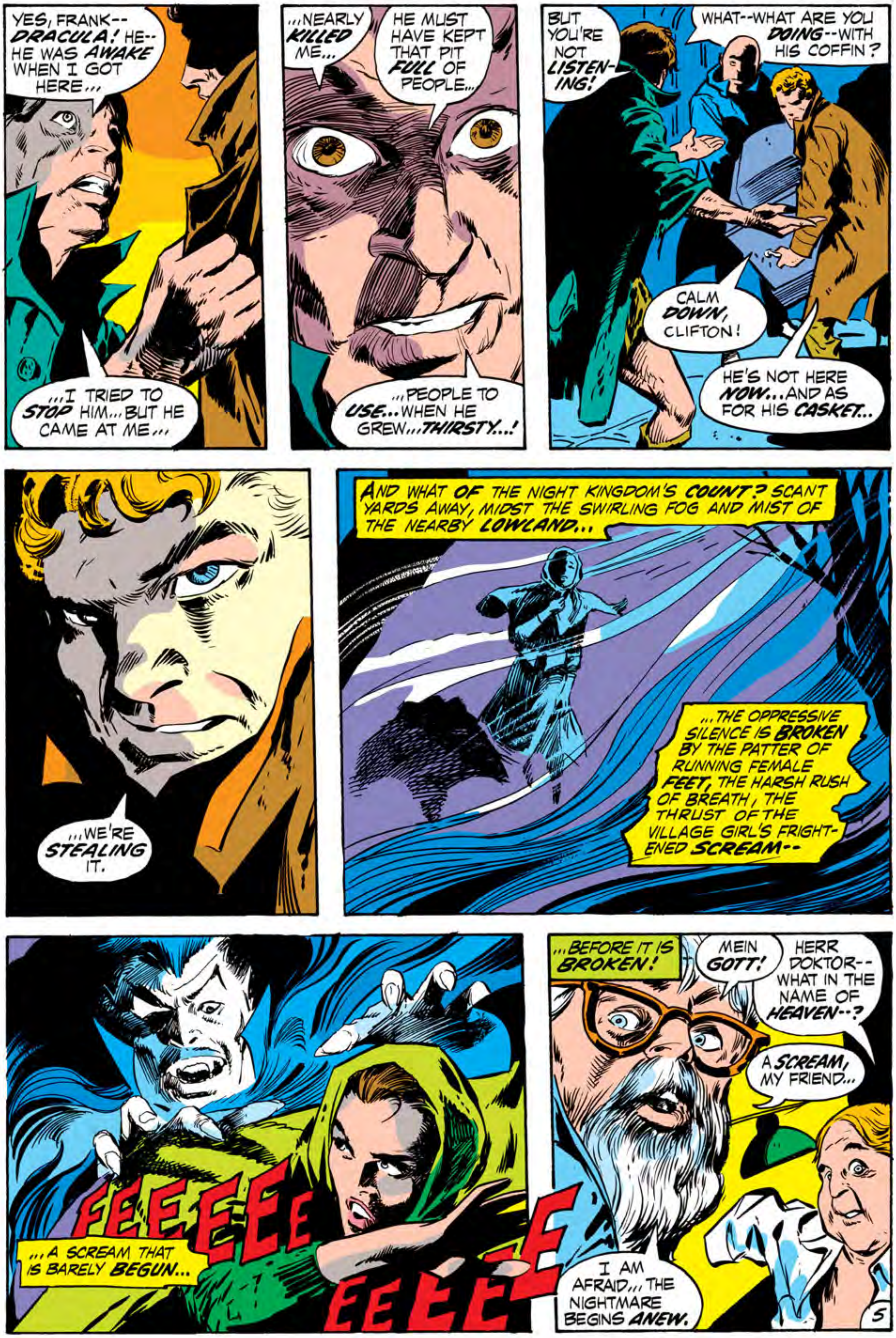
TOMB OF DRACULA!™

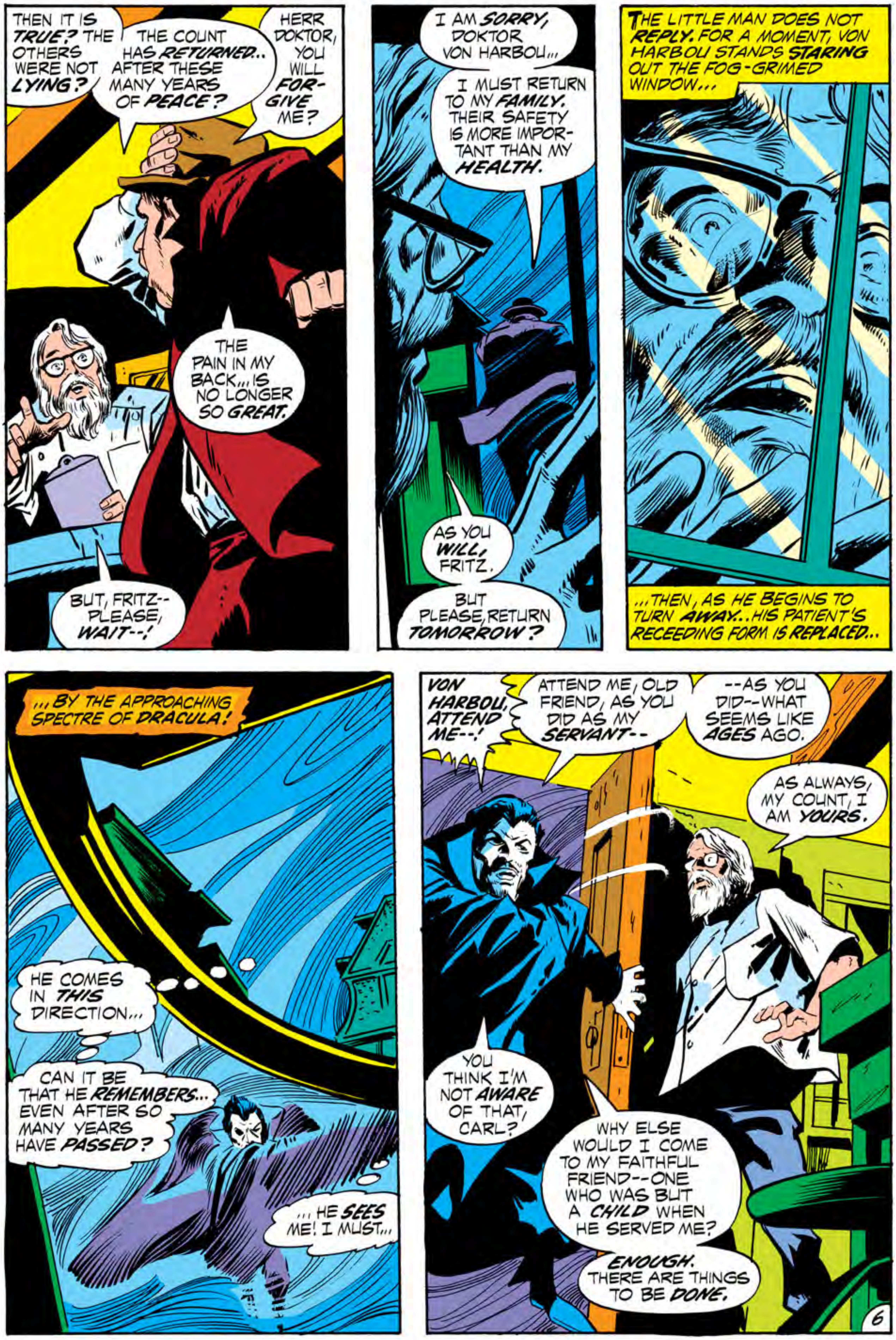

THE FEAR WITHIN!
NIGHTMARE! SOLE DESCENDENT OF THE LEGENDARY COUNT, YOU'VE CROSSED AN OCEAN AND A CONTINENT TO FIND THIS HIDDEN LAND, FRANK DRAKE--AND HERE, IN THE RUINS OF THE THRICE-DAMNED CASTLE DRACULA, YOU SEEK THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION WHICH MOST PAINFULLY SEARS YOUR HEART--
WHERE IS HE?
HAS HE SUCCEEDED IN ESCAPING ME-- OR DO I STILL HAVE A CHANCE TO GAIN MY REVENGE?
DO YOU KNOW, GORT-- CAN YOU EVEN ANSWER?
OR MY NEWFOUND FRIEND, ARE YOU AS DUMB AS THOSE FEAR-SCATTERED BATS?
--BUT YOUR ONLY REPONSE IS THE SIGH OF THE COLD MOOR WIND--!
STAN LEE, EDITOR, PRESENTS: A GERRY CONWAY/ GENE COLAN PRODUCTION! ASSISTED BY: VINCE COLLETTA, inker JON COSTA, letterer
1

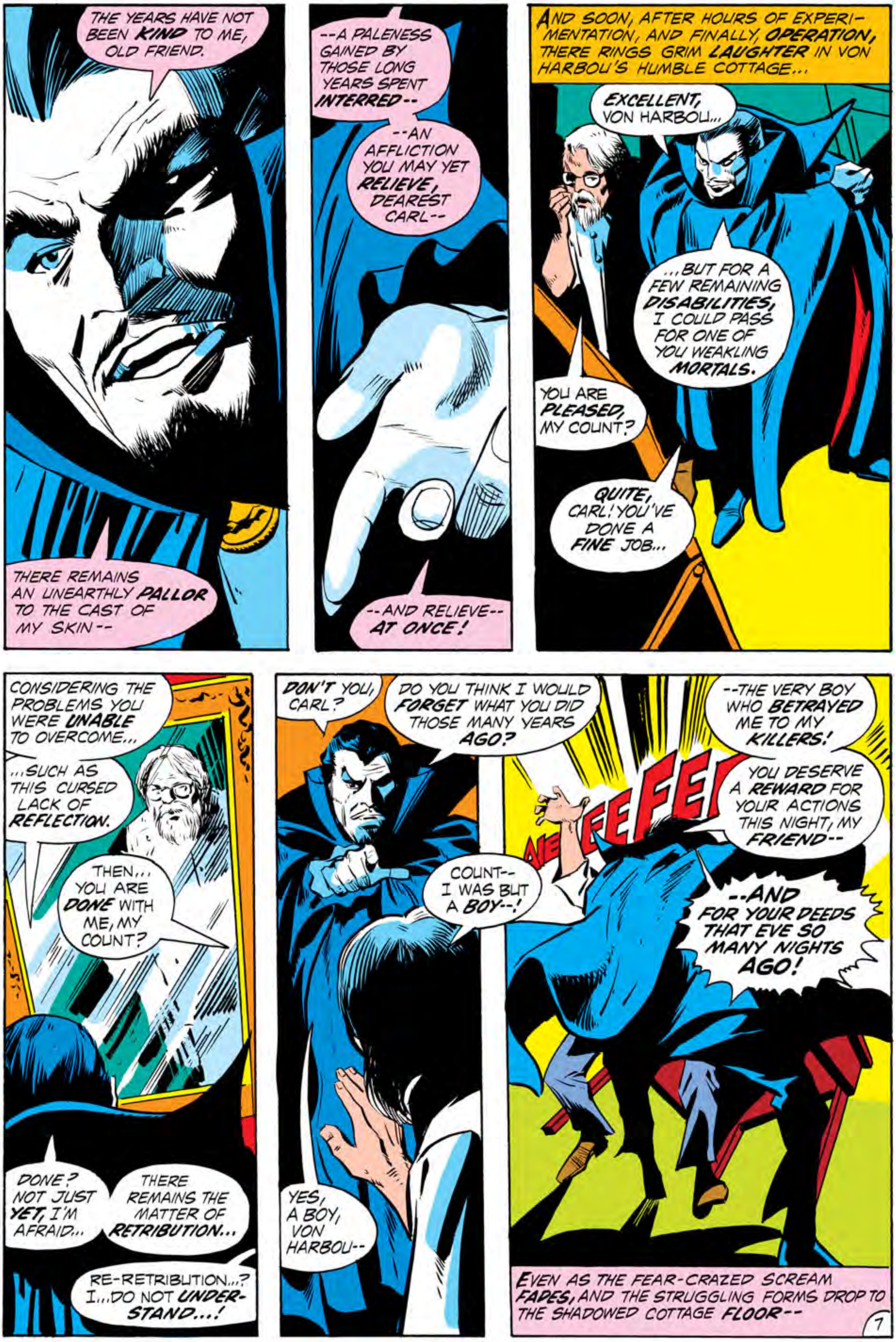

BUT, IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, DOES IT? I HIRED YOU FOR YOUR HANDS, NOT FOR YOUR MIND...
I'LL DO THE THINKING FOR BOTH OF US, MY FRIEND...
...FOR ME, IT COMES EASILY.
FOR, AFTER ALL... ALL I HAVE ARE MY MEMORIES.
AND THOSE MEMORIES BURN, STINGING YOUR EYES ALMOST AS MUCH AS THE HEAT FROM YOUR HAND-HELD LANTERN...
...A LANTERN WHOSE LIGHT BUT BARELY EXPOSES THE EXTENT OF THE DAMAGE THE VILLAGERS WROUGHT WHEN THEY PUT THE CASTLE TO FLAME...
BY ITS LIGHT, YOU DESCEND INTO THE CASTLE, DEEPER INTO THE CLAMMY DARKNESS WITH EACH FURTIVE STEP...
UNTIL FINALLY, YOU REACH A CRUMBLING PASSAGEWAY...
...AND THERE, YOU SEE WHAT YOU'VE COME SO FAR TO FIND...
GORT, THIS IS IT...
...THE TOMB OF DRACULA!

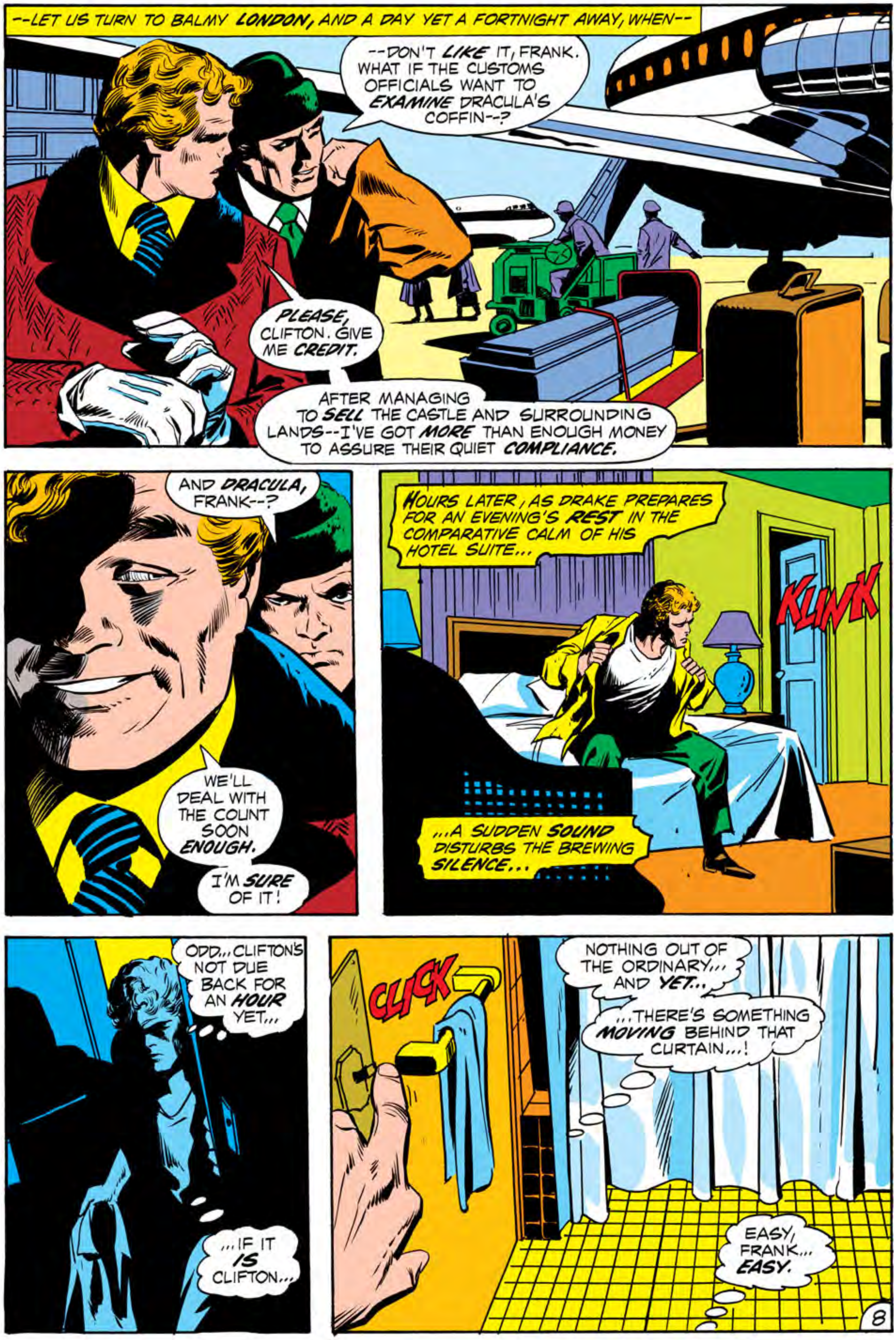

THE DOOR IS PARTIALLY OPEN...
...WITH A SURGE OF SUDDEN EXCITEMENT, YOU THROW YOURSELF AGAINST IT...
...AND DISCOVER WITHIN... ONLY SILENCE...
HE'S BEEN HERE, GORT... WHO ELSE COULD HAVE LIT THOSE CANDLES?
AND UNLESS I'M GROSSLY MISTAKEN...
...THIS IS DRACULA'S HIDEOUS COFFIN!
YOUR MIND REELS BACK, BACK ALONG THE CORRIDORS OF REMEMBRANCE, BACK THROUGH THE TERRORS OF THE PAST FEW WEEKS...
YOU RECALL YOUR SUDDEN BANKRUPTCY... THE HELPLESS KNOWLEDGE OF SEEMING TOTAL DEFEAT... YOU REMEMBER A FRIEND NAMED CLIFTON, YOUR FIANCEE'S FORMER LOVER...
SO THE FAMILY NAME IS DRACULA, EH, FRANK?
A GOLD MINE...?
--AND YOU OWN THE OLD COUNT'S CASTLE? LISTEN, FRANK--YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A GOLD MINE!
PACK YOUR SUITCASES, KID--I'LL EXPLAIN ON THE WAY!
YOU REMEMBER HOW JEANIE REFUSED TO STAY IN NEW YORK... HOW THE THREE OF YOU CAME HUNDREDS OF MILES THROUGH A BITTER STORM, UNTIL...
...THE CASTLE!
DON'T YOU SEE, FRANK?
YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF A READY-MADE TOURIST INDUSTRY!
AND MORE--YOU REMEMBER CLIFTON'S ABRUPT DISAPPEARANCE, AND MOMENTS LATER--THE COMING OF DRACULA!
FRANKIE--FRANKIE, WHAT IS IT?
MY GOD--THERE ARE VAMPIRES--AND LORD HELP US--
--ONE OF THEM'S ALIVE!
3

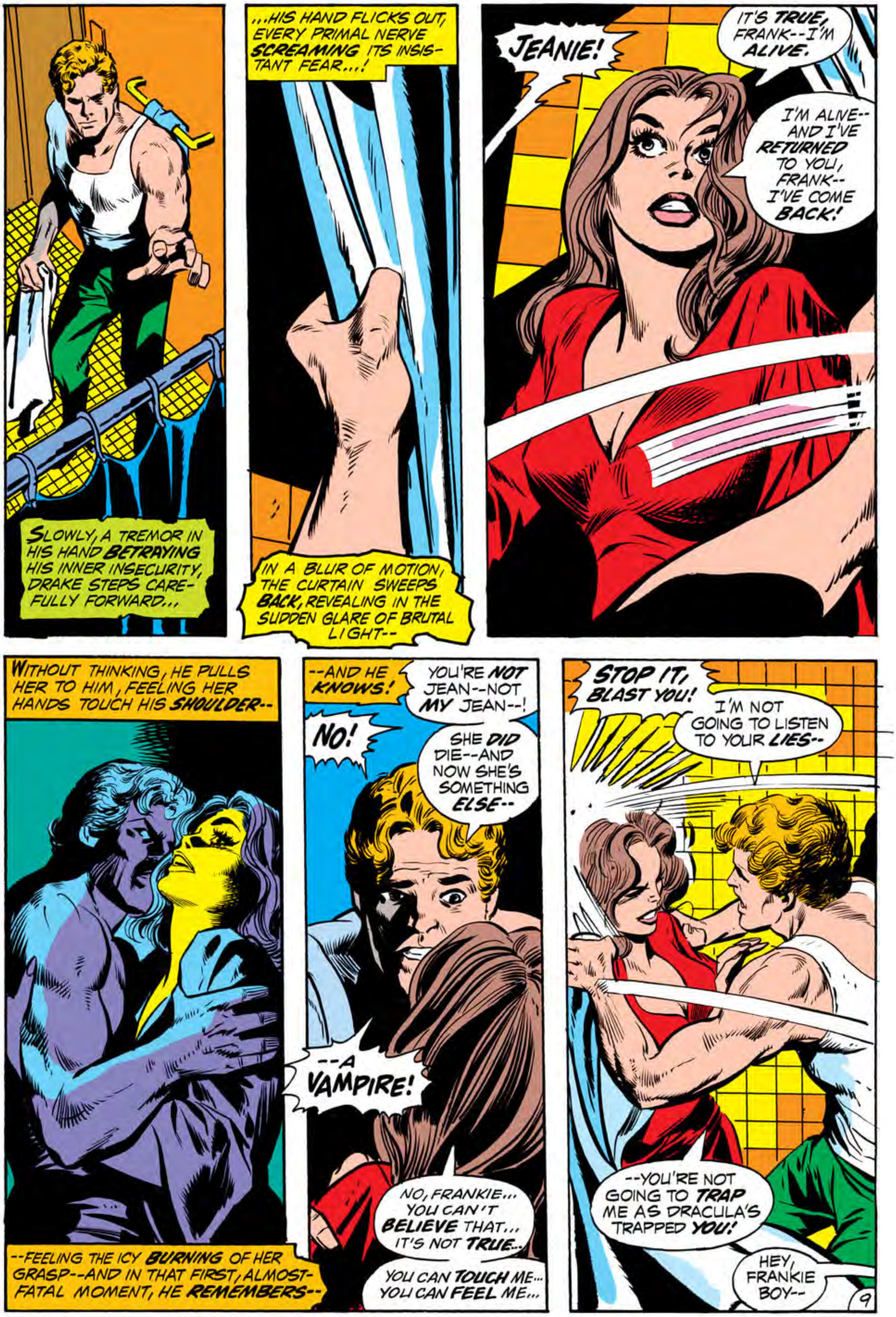

YOU REMEMBER IT ALL...
...HOW YOU STRUGGLED AND FELL, HOW JEANIE DIED AT THE COUNT'S COLD HANDS...
...BUT DIED IN THE WAY OF A VAMPIRE...AN ETERNITY OF LIVING DEATH...
...AN ETERNITY FOREVER OBEDIENT... TO DRACULA!
NO!
SLAMM
THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY TO SAVE HER--
--I WON'T LET IT END LIKE THIS!
AND THEN...YOU HEAR THE SOUND...
HHHELLLPPMMMEEE
GORT-- THAT TRAP-DOOR--!
...MEEE... SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY HELP ME...
THAT SOUNDS LIKE CLIFTON!
CLIFTON-- ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
ALL RIGHT...? FRANK... IS IT YOU?
LORD, MAN... GET ME OUT OF HERE...
...I--I FEEL LIKE I'M GOING MAD!
GRAB THE END OF THAT ROPE, CLIFTON.
GORT, HELP ME PULL HIM UP.
MUST'VE... MUST'VE BEEN IN THERE FOR DAYS...
...OH, LORD... OH, LORD...
DRACULA THREW ME THERE... MUST HAVE THOUGHT THE OTHERS WERE STILL ALIVE...
...WITH THOSE... THOSE SKELETONS!
TAKE IT EASY, CLIFTON.
DID YOU SAY--?

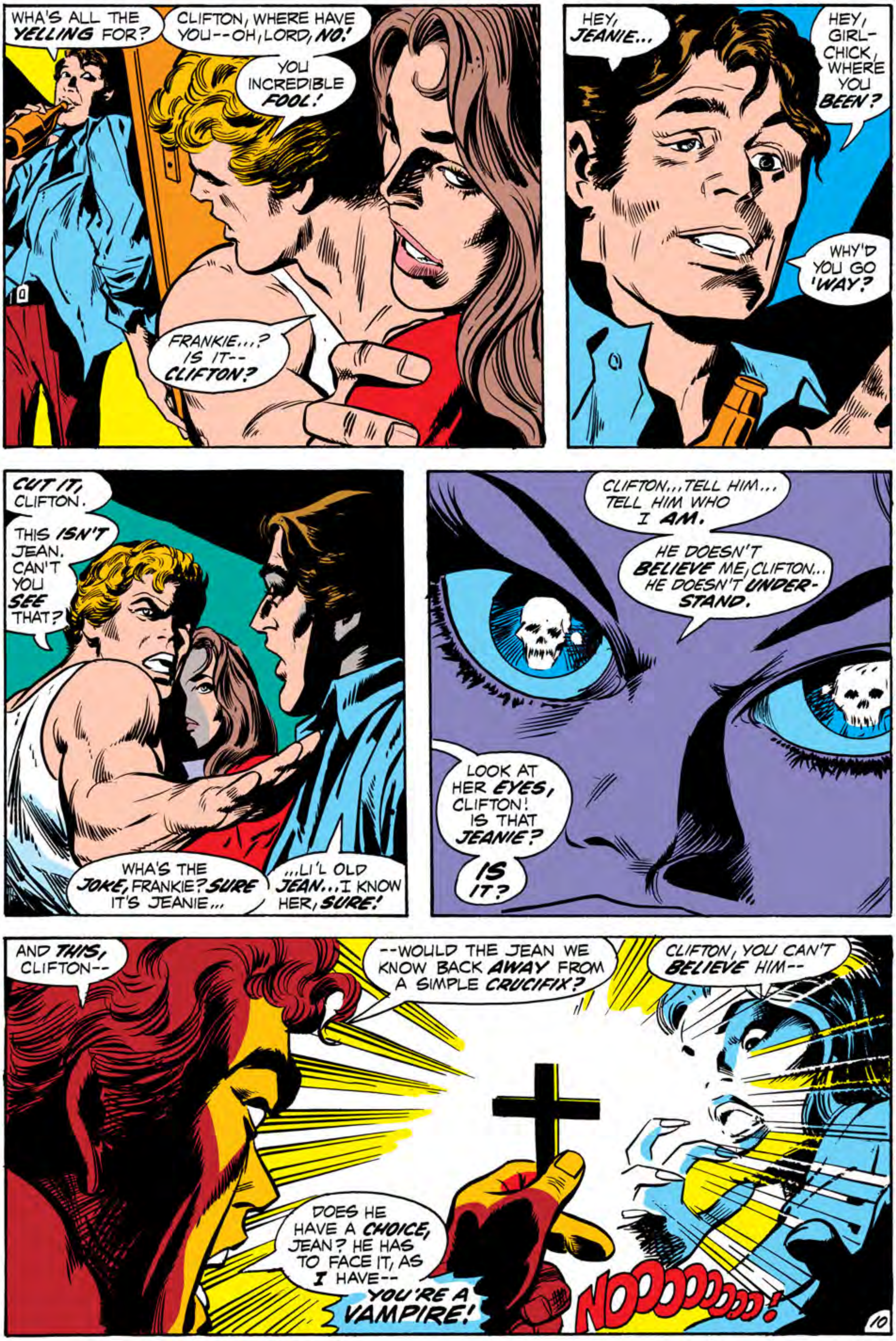

YES, FRANK-- DRACULA! HE-- HE WAS AWAKE WHEN I GOT HERE...
...I TRIED TO STOP HIM... BUT HE CAME AT ME...
...NEARLY KILLED ME...
HE MUST HAVE KEPT THAT PIT FULL OF PEOPLE...
...PEOPLE TO USE... WHEN HE GREW... THIRSTY...!
BUT YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!
WHAT--WHAT ARE YOU DOING--WITH HIS COFFIN?
CALM DOWN, CLIFTON!
HE'S NOT HERE NOW... AND AS FOR HIS CASKET...
...WE'RE STEALING IT.
AND WHAT OF THE NIGHT KINGDOM'S COUNT? SCANT YARDS AWAY, MIDST THE SWIRLING FOG AND MIST OF THE NEARBY LOWLAND...
...THE OPPRESSIVE SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE PATTER OF RUNNING FEMALE FEET, THE HARSH RUSH OF BREATH, THE THRUST OF THE VILLAGE GIRL'S FRIGHTENED SCREAM--
FEEEEEe
...A SCREAM THAT IS BARELY BEGUN...
EEEEE
...BEFORE IT IS BROKEN!
MEIN GOTT!
HERR DOKTOR--WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN--?
A SCREAM, MY FRIEND...
I AM AFRAID... THE NIGHTMARE BEGINS ANEW.

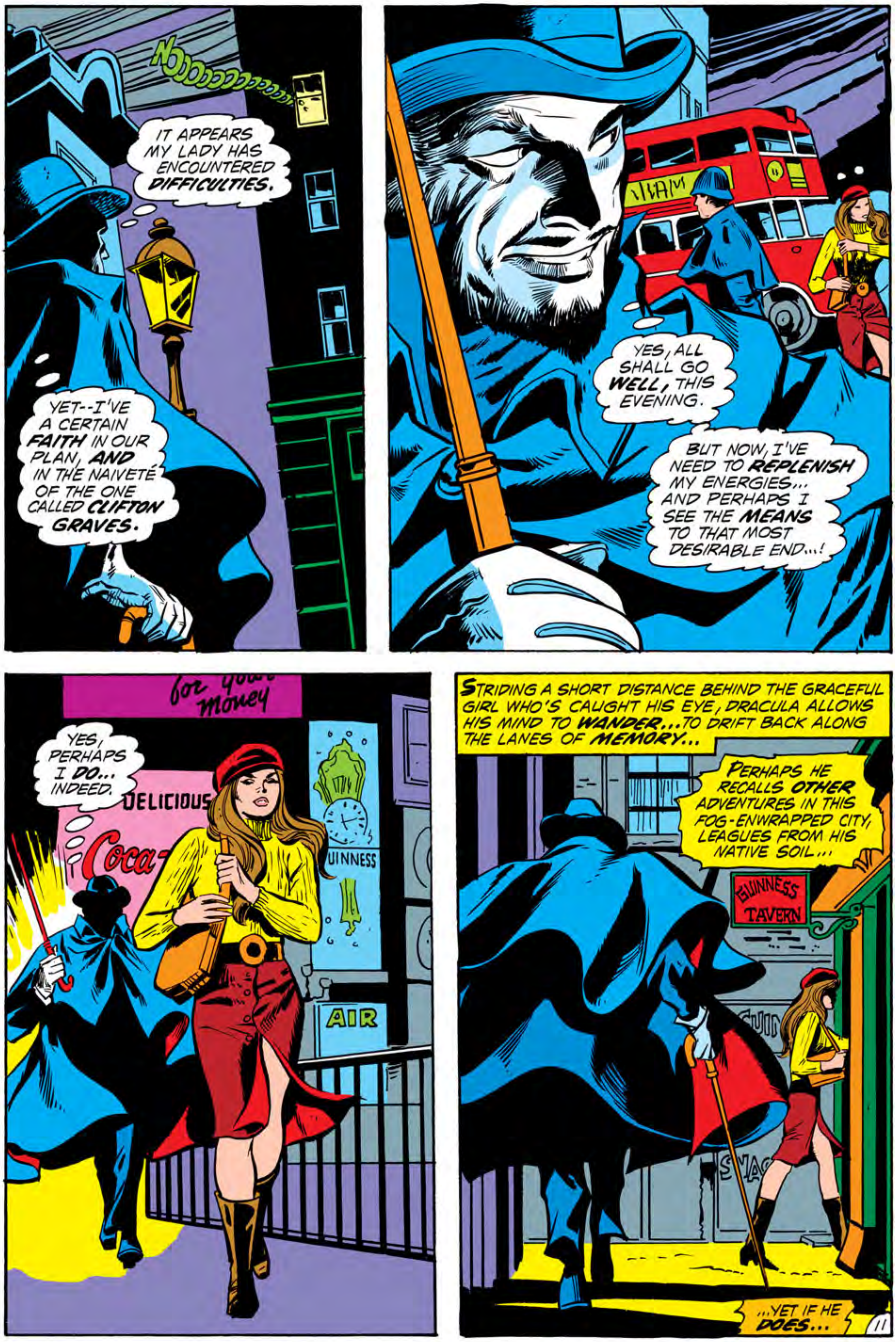

THEN IT IS *TRUE?* THE OTHERS WERE NOT *LYING?*
THE COUNT HAS *RETURNED*... AFTER THESE MANY YEARS OF *PEACE?*
HERR DOKTOR, YOU WILL *FORGIVE* ME?
THE PAIN IN MY BACK... IS NO LONGER SO *GREAT.*
BUT, FRITZ-- PLEASE, *WAIT--!*
I AM *SORRY,* DOKTOR VON HARBOU...
I MUST RETURN TO MY *FAMILY.* THEIR SAFETY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN MY *HEALTH.*
AS YOU *WILL,* FRITZ.
BUT PLEASE, RETURN *TOMORROW?*
THE LITTLE MAN DOES NOT *REPLY.* FOR A MOMENT, VON HARBOU STANDS *STARING* OUT THE FOG-GRIMED WINDOW...
...THEN, AS HE BEGINS TO TURN *AWAY*...HIS PATIENT'S RECEEDING FORM IS *REPLACED*...
...BY THE APPROACHING SPECTRE OF *DRACULA!*
HE COMES IN *THIS* DIRECTION...
CAN IT BE THAT HE *REMEMBERS*... EVEN AFTER SO MANY YEARS HAVE *PASSED?*
... HE *SEES* ME! I MUST...
VON HARBOU, ATTEND ME--!
ATTEND ME, OLD FRIEND, AS YOU DID AS MY *SERVANT--*
--AS YOU DID--WHAT SEEMS LIKE *AGES* AGO.
AS ALWAYS, MY COUNT, I AM *YOURS.*
YOU THINK I'M NOT *AWARE* OF THAT, CARL?
WHY ELSE WOULD I COME TO MY FAITHFUL FRIEND--ONE WHO WAS BUT A *CHILD* WHEN HE SERVED ME?
ENOUGH. THERE ARE THINGS TO BE *DONE.*

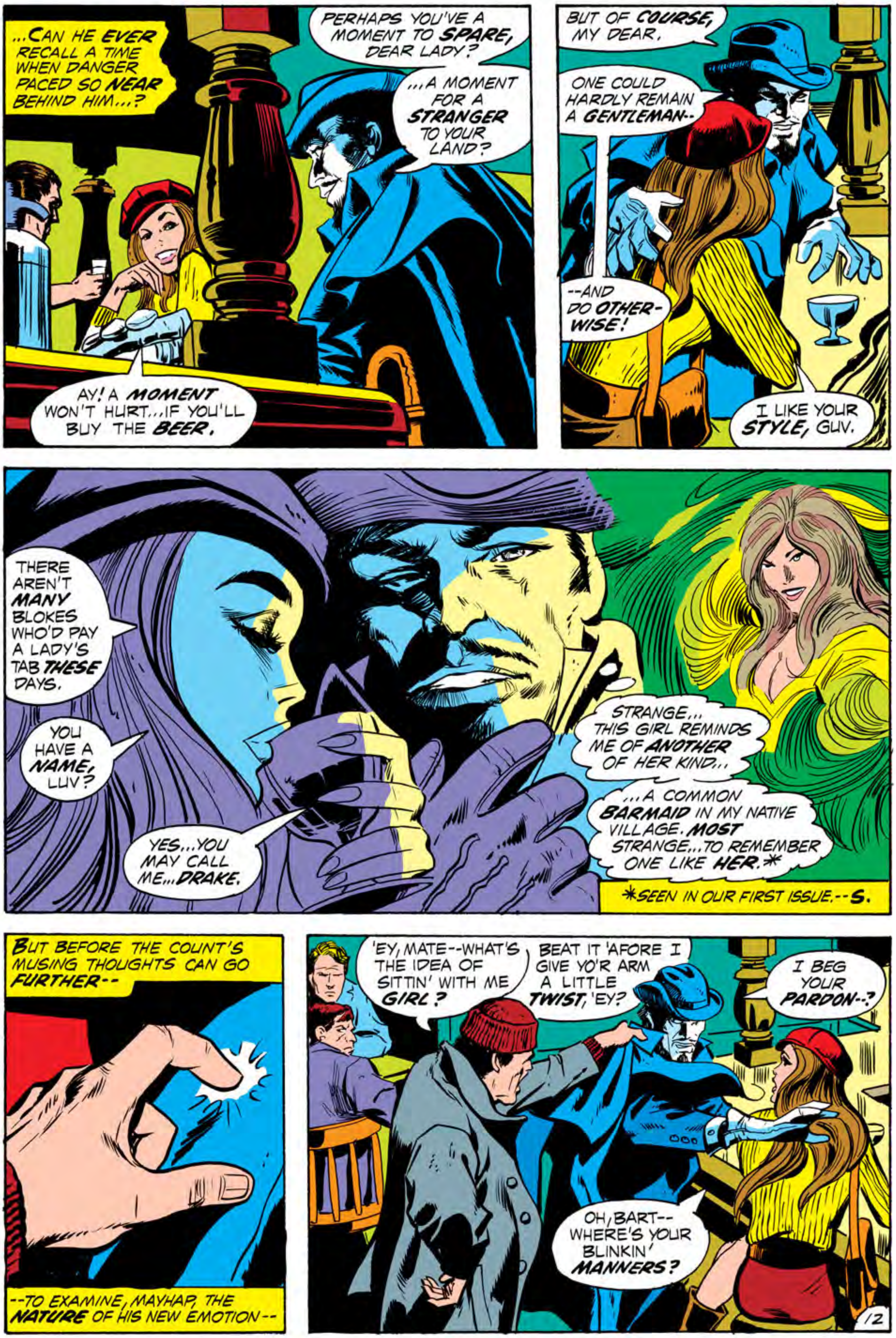

THE YEARS HAVE NOT BEEN **KIND** TO ME, OLD FRIEND.
THERE REMAINS AN UNEARTHLY **PALLOR** TO THE CAST OF MY SKIN--
--A PALENESS GAINED BY THOSE LONG YEARS SPENT **INTERRED--**
--AN AFFLICTION YOU MAY YET **RELIEVE,** DEAREST CARL--
--AND RELIEVE-- **AT ONCE!**
AND SOON, AFTER HOURS OF EXPERIMENTATION, AND FINALLY, **OPERATION,** THERE RINGS GRIM **LAUGHTER** IN VON HARBOU'S HUMBLE COTTAGE...
EXCELLENT, VON HARBOU...
...BUT FOR A FEW REMAINING **DISABILITIES,** I COULD PASS FOR ONE OF YOU WEAKLING **MORTALS.**
YOU ARE **PLEASED,** MY COUNT?
QUITE, CARL! YOU'VE DONE A **FINE** JOB...
CONSIDERING THE PROBLEMS YOU WERE **UNABLE** TO OVERCOME...
...SUCH AS THIS CURSED LACK OF **REFLECTION.**
THEN... YOU ARE **DONE** WITH ME, MY COUNT?
DONE? NOT JUST **YET,** I'M AFRAID...
THERE REMAINS THE MATTER OF **RETRIBUTION...**
RE-RETRIBUTION...? I...DO NOT **UNDERSTAND...!**
DON'T YOU, CARL?
DO YOU THINK I WOULD **FORGET** WHAT YOU DID THOSE MANY YEARS **AGO?**
COUNT-- I WAS BUT A **BOY--!**
YES, A BOY, VON HARBOU--
--THE VERY BOY WHO **BETRAYED** ME TO MY **KILLERS!**
AIEEEEEE
YOU DESERVE A **REWARD** FOR YOUR ACTIONS THIS NIGHT, MY **FRIEND--**
--AND FOR YOUR DEEDS THAT EVE SO MANY NIGHTS AGO!
EVEN AS THE FEAR-CRAZED SCREAM **FADES,** AND THE STRUGGLING FORMS DROP TO THE SHADOWED COTTAGE **FLOOR--**

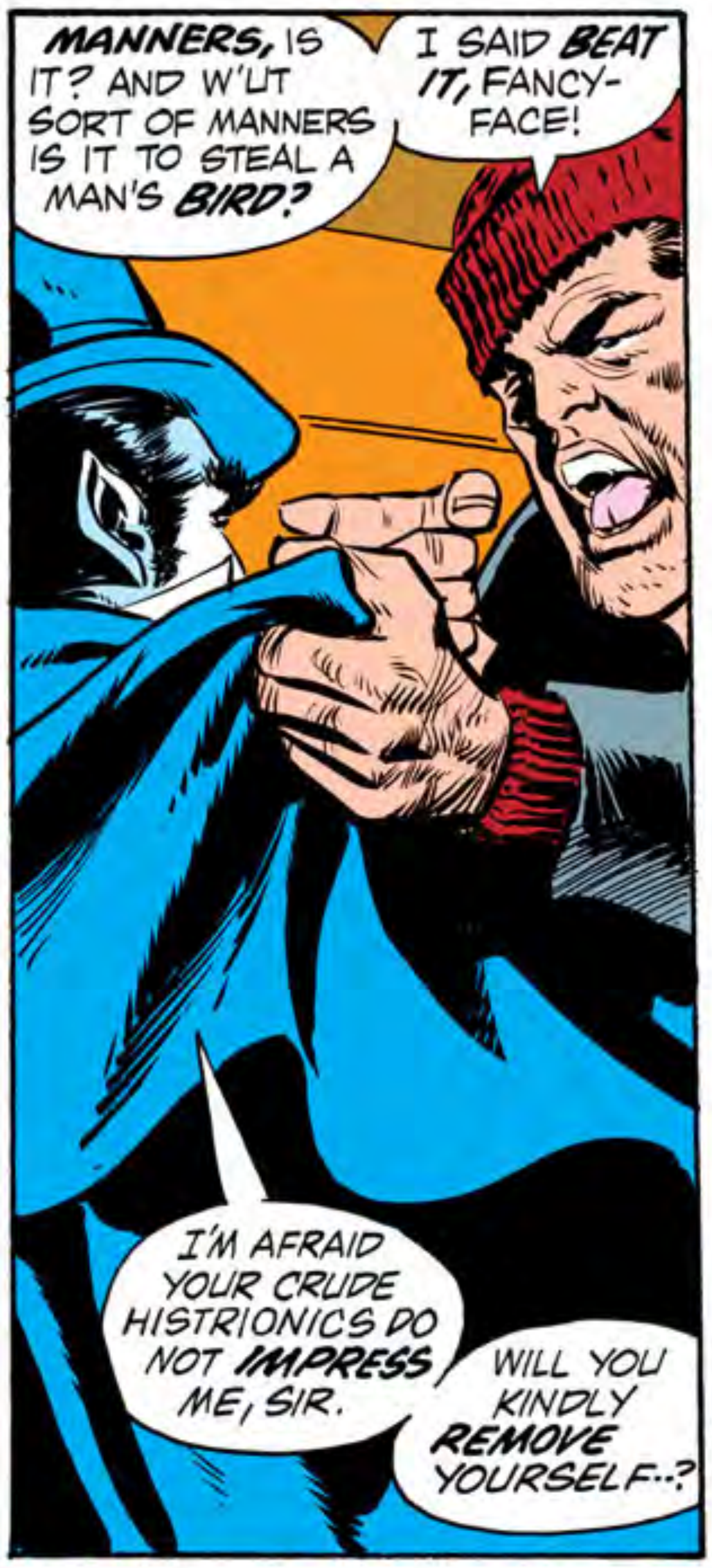

--LET US TURN TO BALMY *LONDON,* AND A DAY YET A FORTNIGHT AWAY, WHEN--
--DON'T *LIKE* IT, FRANK. WHAT IF THE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS WANT TO *EXAMINE* DRACULA'S COFFIN--?
PLEASE, CLIFTON. GIVE ME *CREDIT.*
AFTER MANAGING TO *SELL* THE CASTLE AND SURROUNDING LANDS--I'VE GOT *MORE* THAN ENOUGH MONEY TO ASSURE THEIR QUIET *COMPLIANCE.*
AND *DRACULA,* FRANK--?
WE'LL DEAL WITH THE COUNT SOON *ENOUGH.*
I'M *SURE* OF IT!
HOURS LATER, AS DRAKE PREPARES FOR AN EVENING'S REST IN THE COMPARATIVE CALM OF HIS HOTEL SUITE...
KLINK
...A SUDDEN SOUND DISTURBS THE BREWING SILENCE...
ODD... CLIFTON'S NOT DUE BACK FOR AN *HOUR* YET...
...IF IT *IS* CLIFTON...
CLICK
NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY... AND *YET...*
...THERE'S SOMETHING *MOVING* BEHIND THAT CURTAIN...!
EASY, FRANK... *EASY.*
8

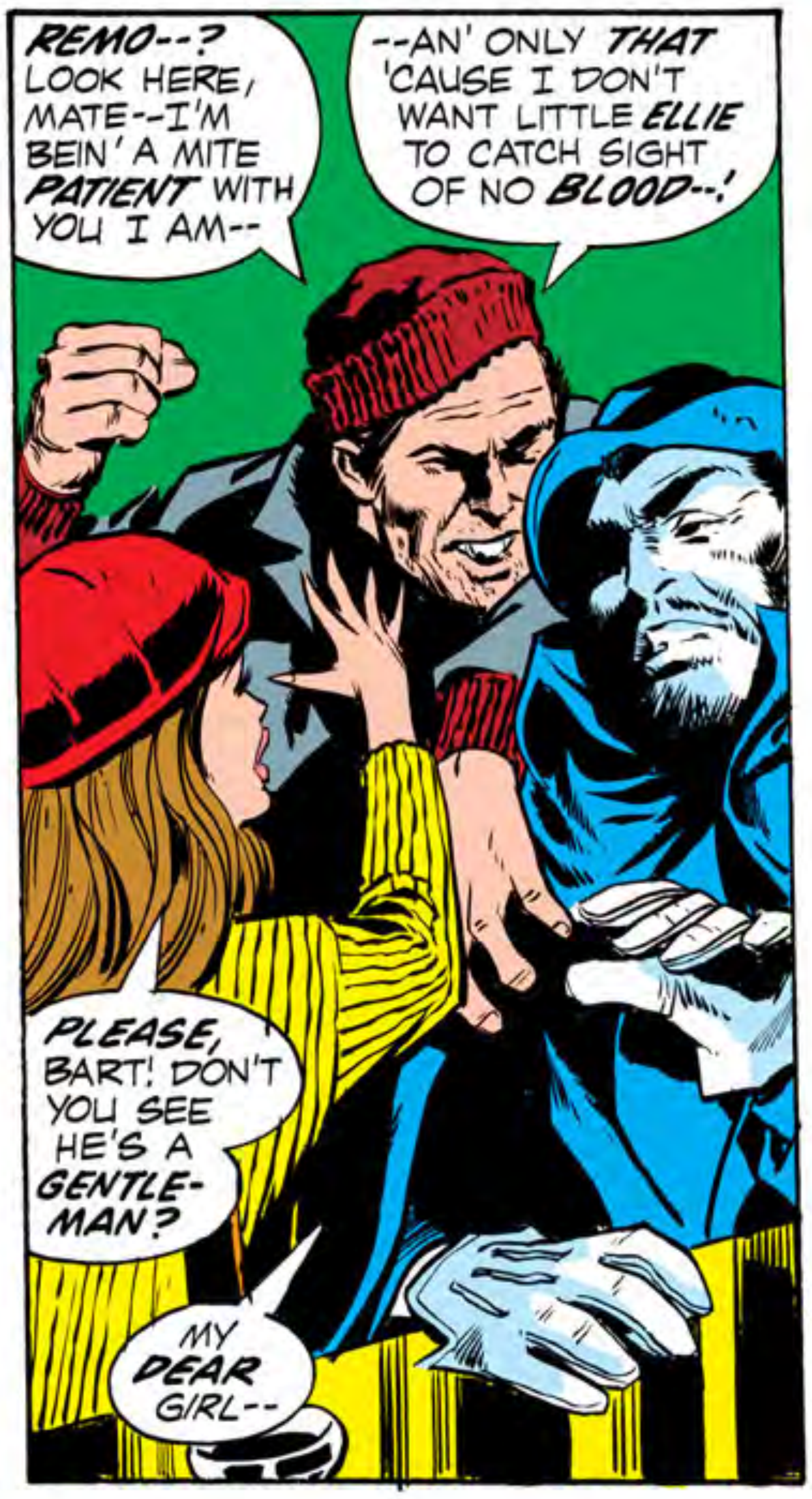

SLOWLY, A TREMOR IN HIS HAND BETRAYING HIS INNER INSECURITY, DRAKE STEPS CAREFULLY FORWARD...
...HIS HAND FLICKS OUT, EVERY PRIMAL NERVE SCREAMING ITS INSISTANT FEAR...!
IN A BLUR OF MOTION, THE CURTAIN SWEEPS BACK, REVEALING IN THE SUDDEN GLARE OF BRUTAL LIGHT--
JEANIE!
IT'S TRUE, FRANK--I'M ALIVE.
I'M ALIVE--AND I'VE RETURNED TO YOU, FRANK--I'VE COME BACK!
WITHOUT THINKING, HE PULLS HER TO HIM, FEELING HER HANDS TOUCH HIS SHOULDER--
--FEELING THE ICY BURNING OF HER GRASP--AND IN THAT FIRST, ALMOST-FATAL MOMENT, HE REMEMBERS--
--AND HE KNOWS!
YOU'RE NOT JEAN--NOT MY JEAN--!
NO!
SHE DID DIE--AND NOW SHE'S SOMETHING ELSE--
--A VAMPIRE!
NO, FRANKIE... YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT... IT'S NOT TRUE...
YOU CAN TOUCH ME... YOU CAN FEEL ME...
STOP IT, BLAST YOU!
I'M NOT GOING TO LISTEN TO YOUR LIES--
--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRAP ME AS DRACULA'S TRAPPED YOU!
HEY, FRANKIE BOY--

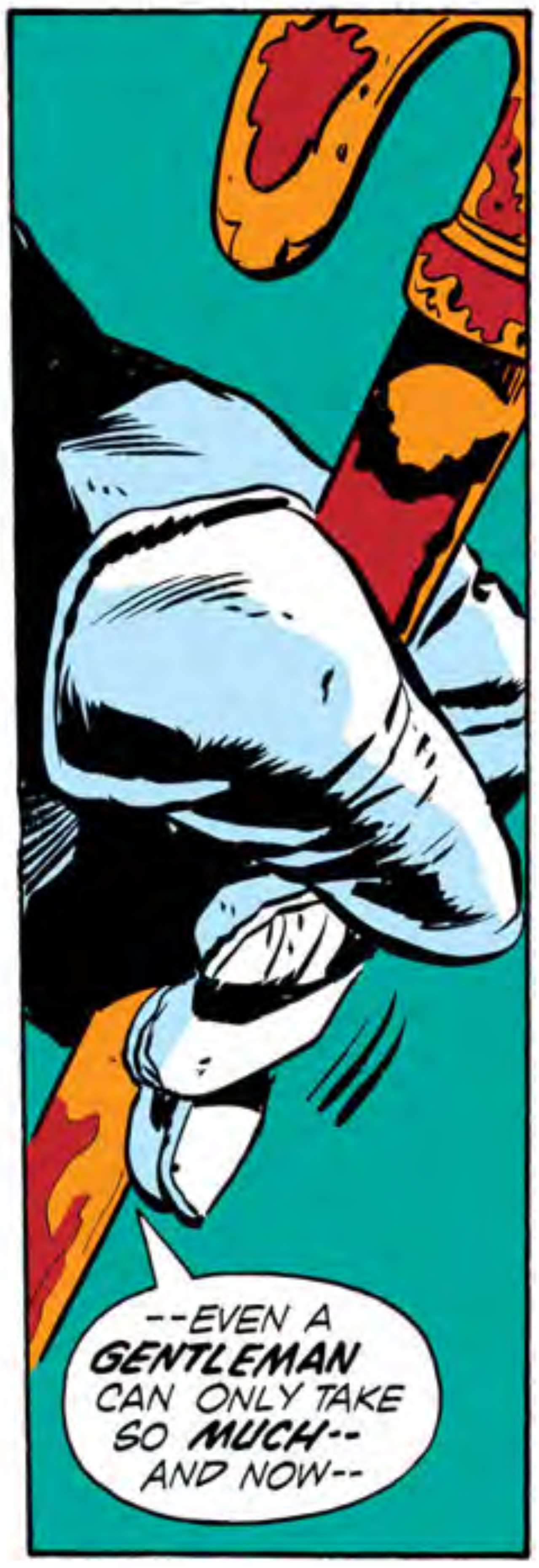

WHA'S ALL THE *YELLING* FOR?
CLIFTON, WHERE HAVE YOU--OH, LORD, ***NO!***
YOU INCREDIBLE ***FOOL!***
*FRANKIE...? IS IT-- **CLIFTON?***
HEY, ***JEANIE...***
HEY, GIRL-CHICK, WHERE YOU ***BEEN?***
WHY'D YOU GO ***'WAY?***
CUT IT, CLIFTON.
THIS ***ISN'T*** JEAN. CAN'T YOU ***SEE*** THAT?
WHA'S THE ***JOKE,*** FRANKIE? ***SURE*** IT'S JEANIE...
...LI'L OLD ***JEAN...*** I KNOW HER, ***SURE!***
*CLIFTON... TELL HIM... TELL HIM WHO I **AM.***
*HE DOESN'T **BELIEVE** ME, CLIFTON... HE DOESN'T **UNDERSTAND.***
LOOK AT HER ***EYES,*** CLIFTON! IS THAT ***JEANIE?***
IS IT?
AND ***THIS,*** CLIFTON--
--WOULD THE JEAN WE KNOW BACK ***AWAY*** FROM A SIMPLE ***CRUCIFIX?***
*CLIFTON, YOU CAN'T **BELIEVE** HIM--*
DOES HE HAVE A ***CHOICE,*** JEAN? HE HAS TO FACE IT, AS ***I*** HAVE--
YOU'RE A VAMPIRE!
NOOOOOOOO!

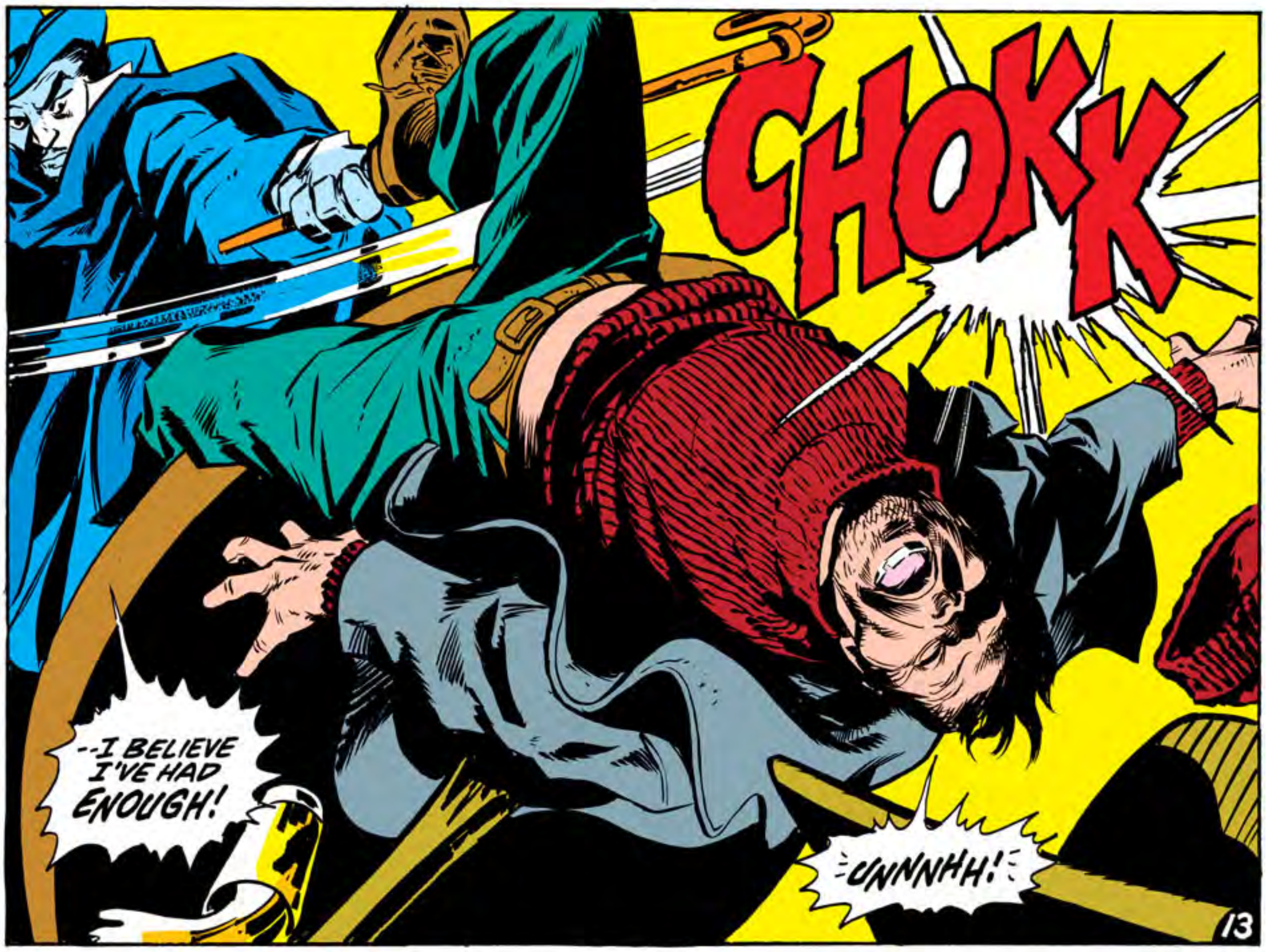

NOOOOOOOOooooo
IT APPEARS MY LADY HAS ENCOUNTERED **DIFFICULTIES.**
YET--I'VE A CERTAIN **FAITH** IN OUR PLAN, **AND** IN THE NAIVETÉ OF THE ONE CALLED **CLIFTON GRAVES.**
YES, ALL SHALL GO **WELL,** THIS EVENING.
BUT NOW, I'VE NEED TO **REPLENISH** MY ENERGIES... AND PERHAPS I SEE THE **MEANS** TO THAT MOST DESIRABLE END...!
for your money
DELICIOUS
Coca-
UINNESS
AIR
YES, PERHAPS I **DO...** INDEED.
STRIDING A SHORT DISTANCE BEHIND THE GRACEFUL GIRL WHO'S CAUGHT HIS EYE, DRACULA ALLOWS HIS MIND TO **WANDER...** TO DRIFT BACK ALONG THE LANES OF **MEMORY...**
PERHAPS HE RECALLS **OTHER** ADVENTURES IN THIS FOG-ENWRAPPED CITY, LEAGUES FROM HIS NATIVE SOIL...
GUINNESS TAVERN
...YET IF HE **DOES...**

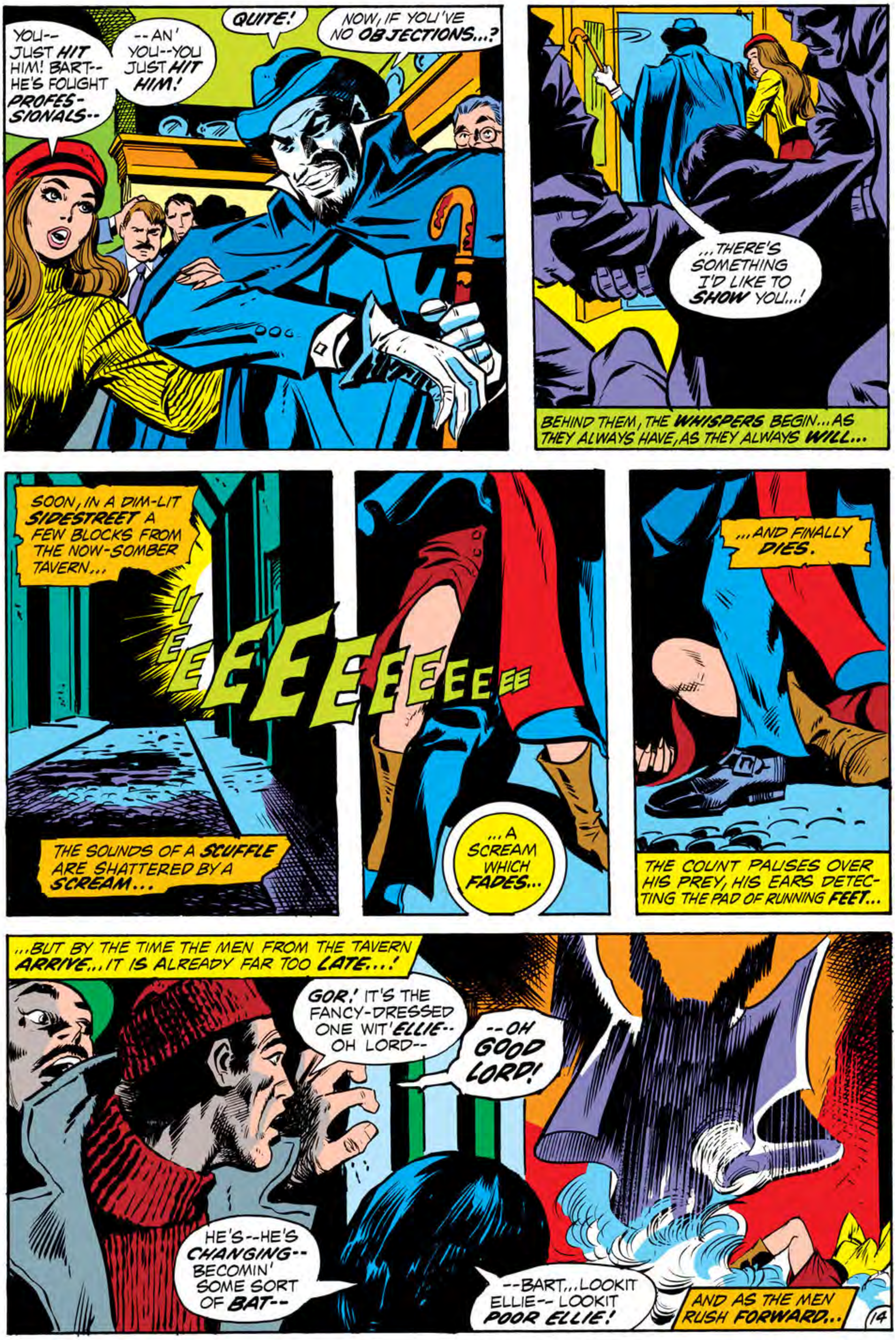

...CAN HE **EVER** RECALL A TIME WHEN DANGER PACED SO **NEAR** BEHIND HIM...?
PERHAPS YOU'VE A MOMENT TO **SPARE,** DEAR LADY?
...A MOMENT FOR A **STRANGER** TO YOUR LAND?
AY! A **MOMENT** WON'T HURT...IF YOU'LL BUY THE **BEER.**
BUT OF **COURSE,** MY DEAR.
ONE COULD HARDLY REMAIN A **GENTLEMAN**--
--AND DO **OTHERWISE!**
I LIKE YOUR **STYLE,** GUV.
THERE AREN'T **MANY** BLOKES WHO'D PAY A LADY'S TAB **THESE** DAYS.
YOU HAVE A **NAME,** LUV?
YES...YOU MAY CALL ME...**DRAKE.**
STRANGE... THIS GIRL REMINDS ME OF **ANOTHER** OF HER KIND...
...A COMMON **BARMAID** IN MY NATIVE VILLAGE. **MOST** STRANGE...TO REMEMBER ONE LIKE **HER.***
*SEEN IN OUR FIRST ISSUE.--**S.**
BUT BEFORE THE COUNT'S MUSING THOUGHTS CAN GO **FURTHER**--
--TO EXAMINE, MAYHAP, THE **NATURE** OF HIS NEW EMOTION--
'EY, MATE--WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SITTIN' WITH ME **GIRL?**
BEAT IT 'AFORE I GIVE YO'R ARM A LITTLE **TWIST,** 'EY?
I BEG YOUR **PARDON**--?
OH, BART-- WHERE'S YOUR BLINKIN' **MANNERS?**

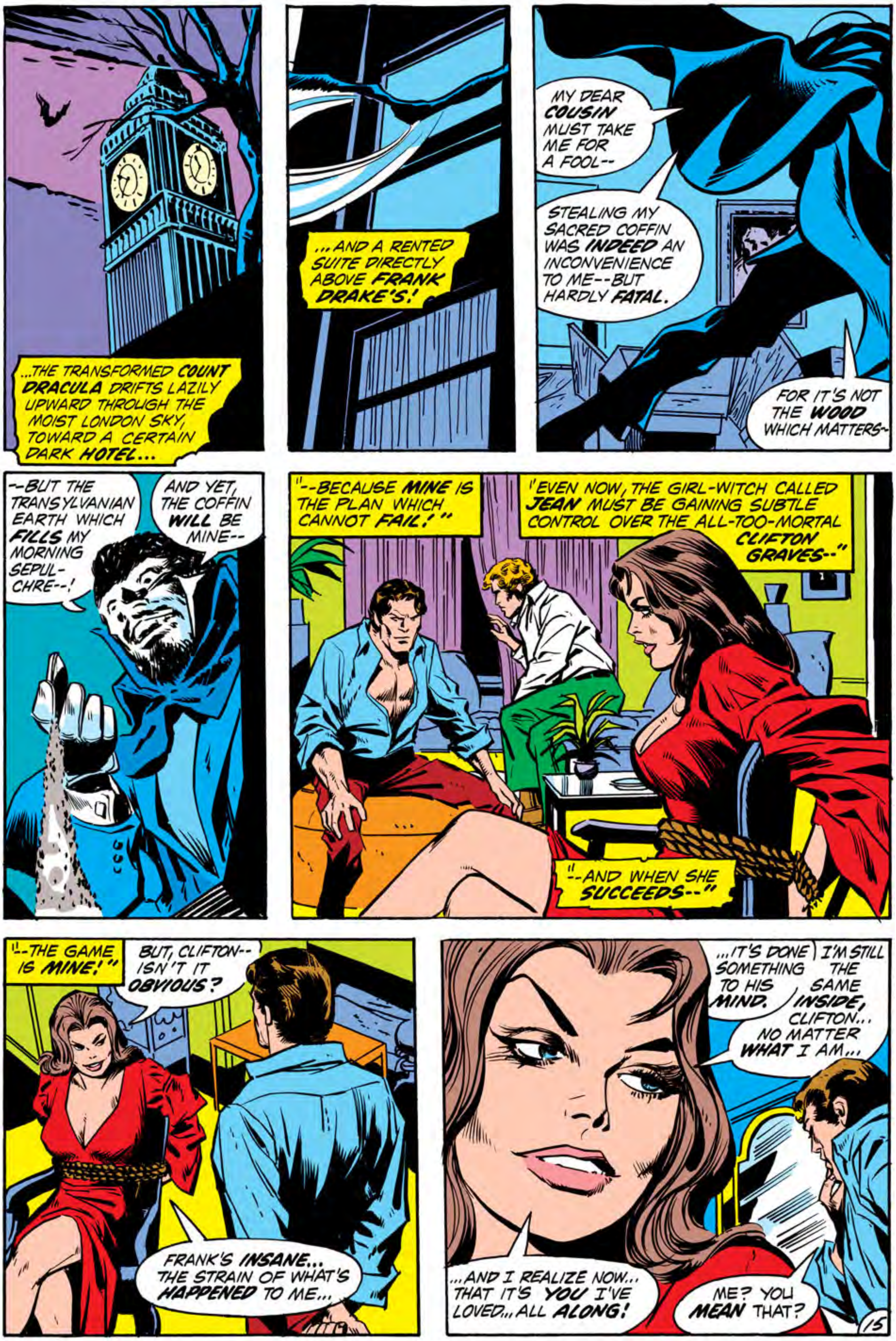

MANNERS, IS IT? AND W'UT SORT OF MANNERS IS IT TO STEAL A MAN'S BIRD?
I SAID BEAT IT, FANCY-FACE!
I'M AFRAID YOUR CRUDE HISTRIONICS DO NOT IMPRESS ME, SIR.
WILL YOU KINDLY REMOVE YOURSELF--?

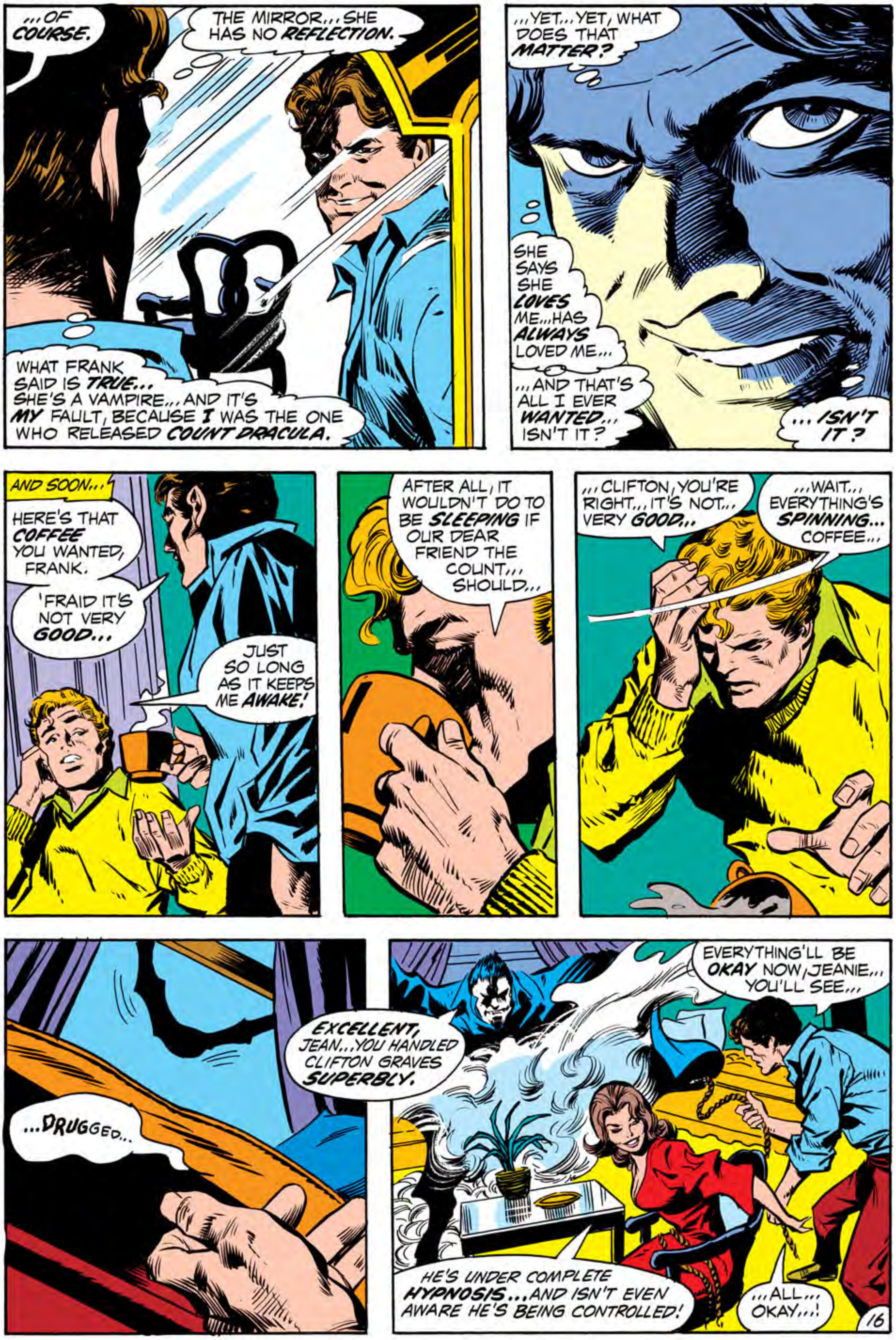

REMO--? LOOK HERE, MATE--I'M BEIN' A MITE PATIENT WITH YOU I AM--
--AN' ONLY THAT 'CAUSE I DON'T WANT LITTLE ELLIE TO CATCH SIGHT OF NO BLOOD--!
PLEASE, BART! DON'T YOU SEE HE'S A GENTLEMAN?
MY DEAR GIRL--

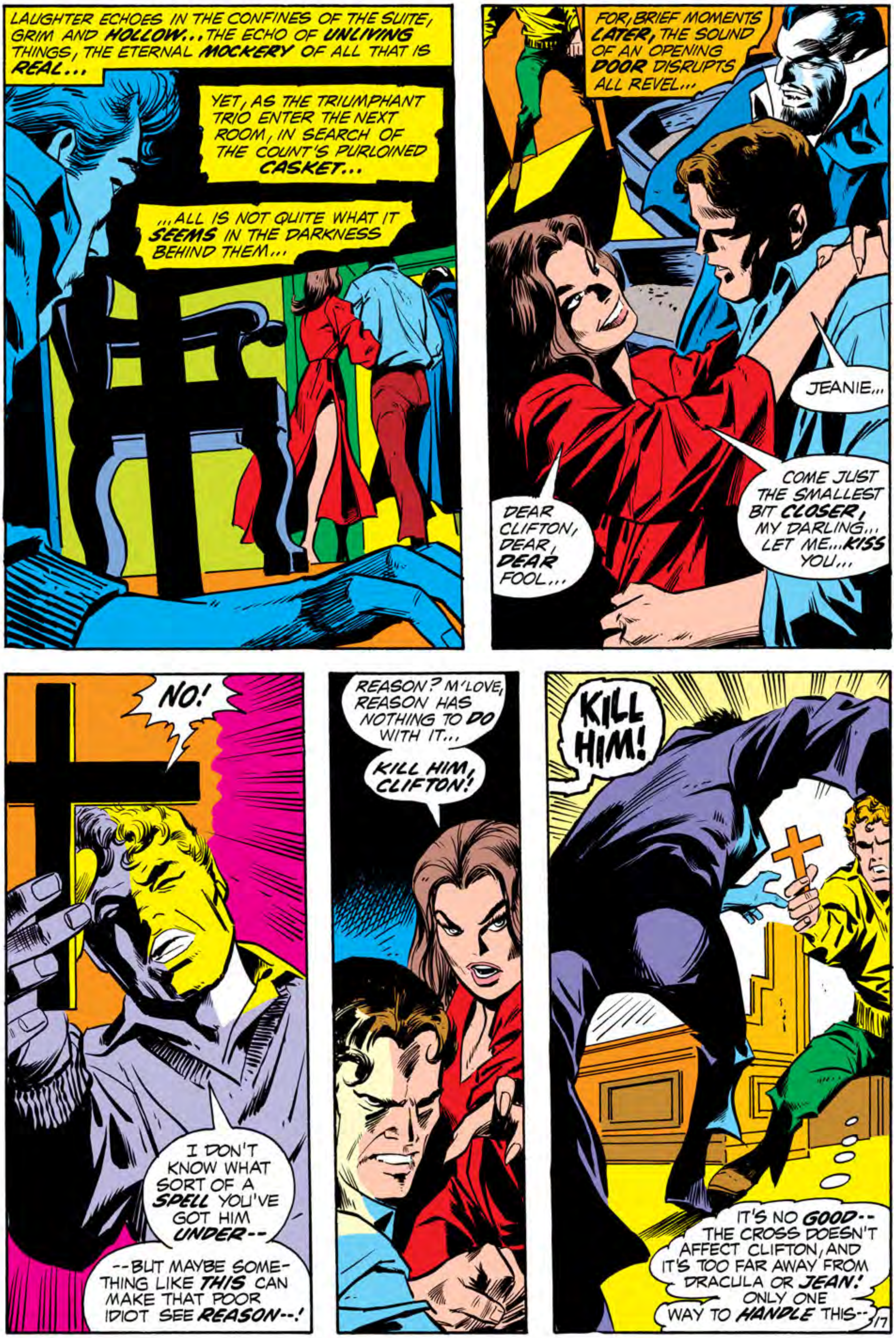

--EVEN A GENTLEMAN CAN ONLY TAKE SO MUCH-- AND NOW--

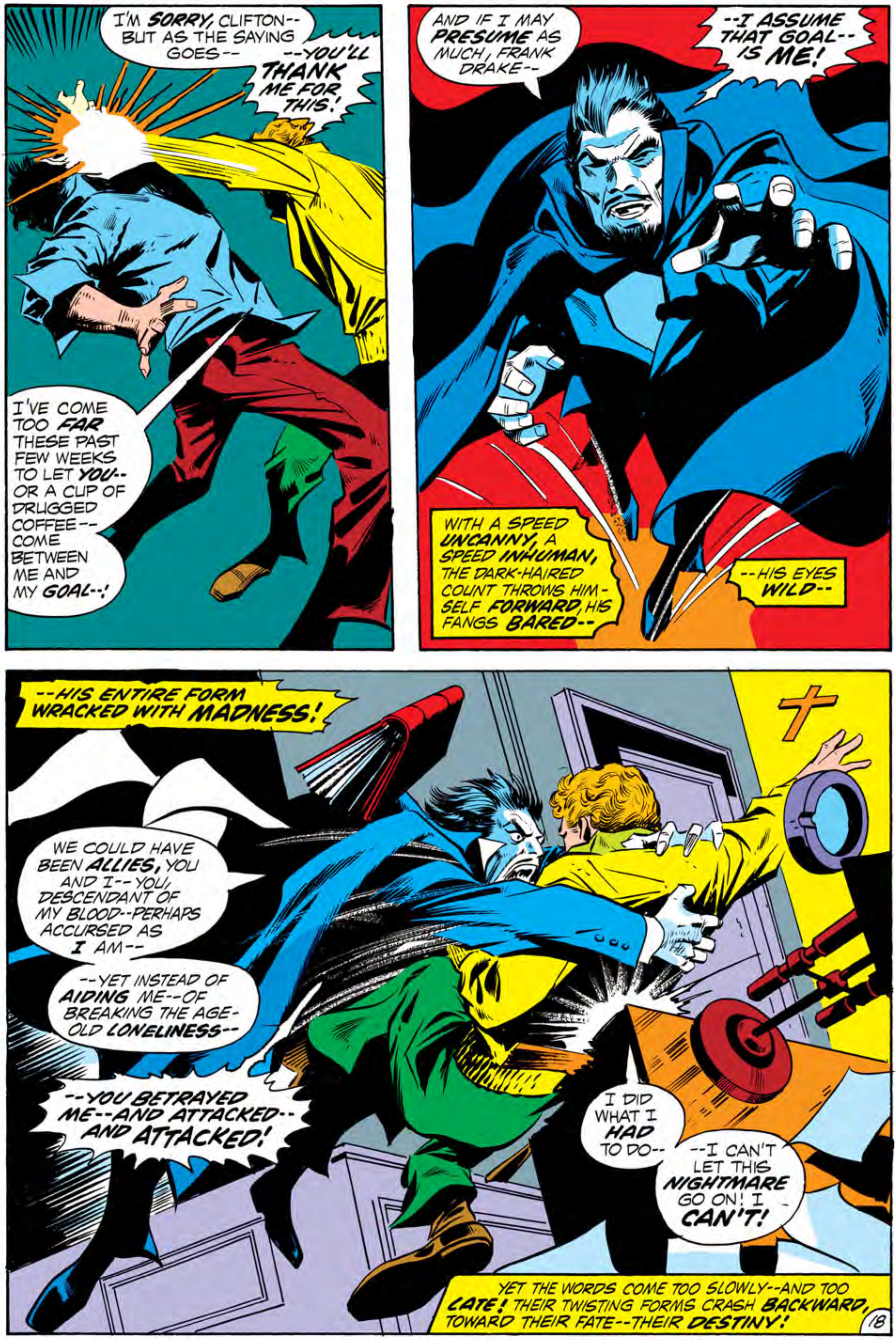

CHOKK
--I BELIEVE I'VE HAD ENOUGH!
UNNNHH!

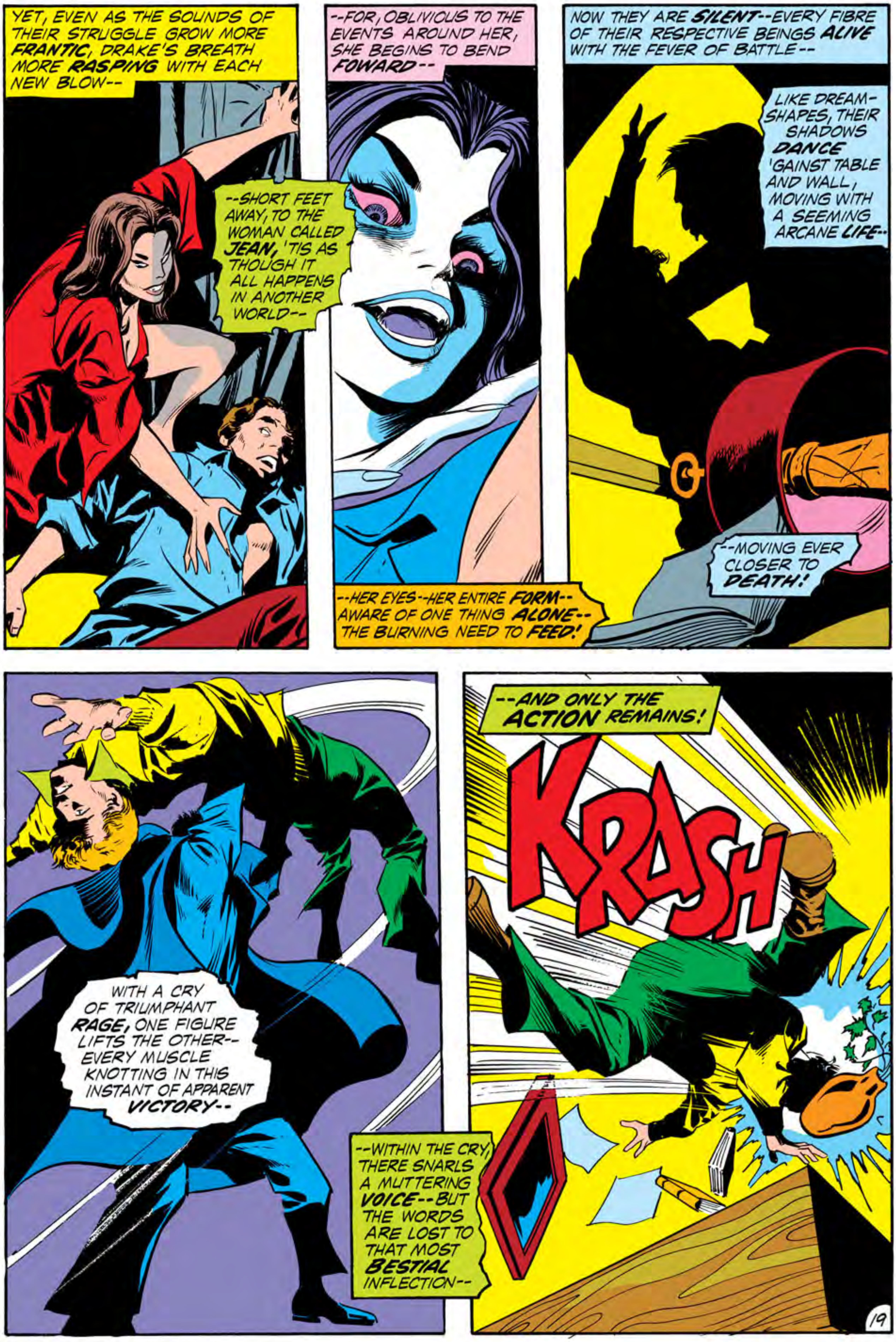

YOU-- JUST **HIT** HIM! BART-- HE'S FOUGHT **PROFESSIONALS**--
--AN' YOU--YOU JUST **HIT HIM!**
QUITE!
NOW, IF YOU'VE NO **OBJECTIONS...?**
...THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO **SHOW** YOU...!
BEHIND THEM, THE **WHISPERS** BEGIN... AS THEY ALWAYS HAVE, AS THEY ALWAYS **WILL...**
SOON, IN A DIM-LIT **SIDESTREET** A FEW BLOCKS FROM THE NOW-SOMBER TAVERN...
IIEEEEEEEEEEE
THE SOUNDS OF A **SCUFFLE** ARE SHATTERED BY A **SCREAM...**
...A SCREAM WHICH **FADES...**
...AND FINALLY **DIES.**
THE COUNT PAUSES OVER HIS PREY, HIS EARS DETECTING THE PAD OF RUNNING **FEET...**
...BUT BY THE TIME THE MEN FROM THE TAVERN **ARRIVE...** IT **IS** ALREADY FAR TOO **LATE...!**
GOR! IT'S THE FANCY-DRESSED ONE WIT' **ELLIE**-- OH LORD--
--**OH GOOD LORD!**
HE'S--HE'S **CHANGING**-- BECOMIN' SOME SORT OF **BAT**--
--BART... LOOKIT ELLIE-- LOOKIT **POOR ELLIE!**
AND AS THE MEN RUSH **FORWARD...**
14

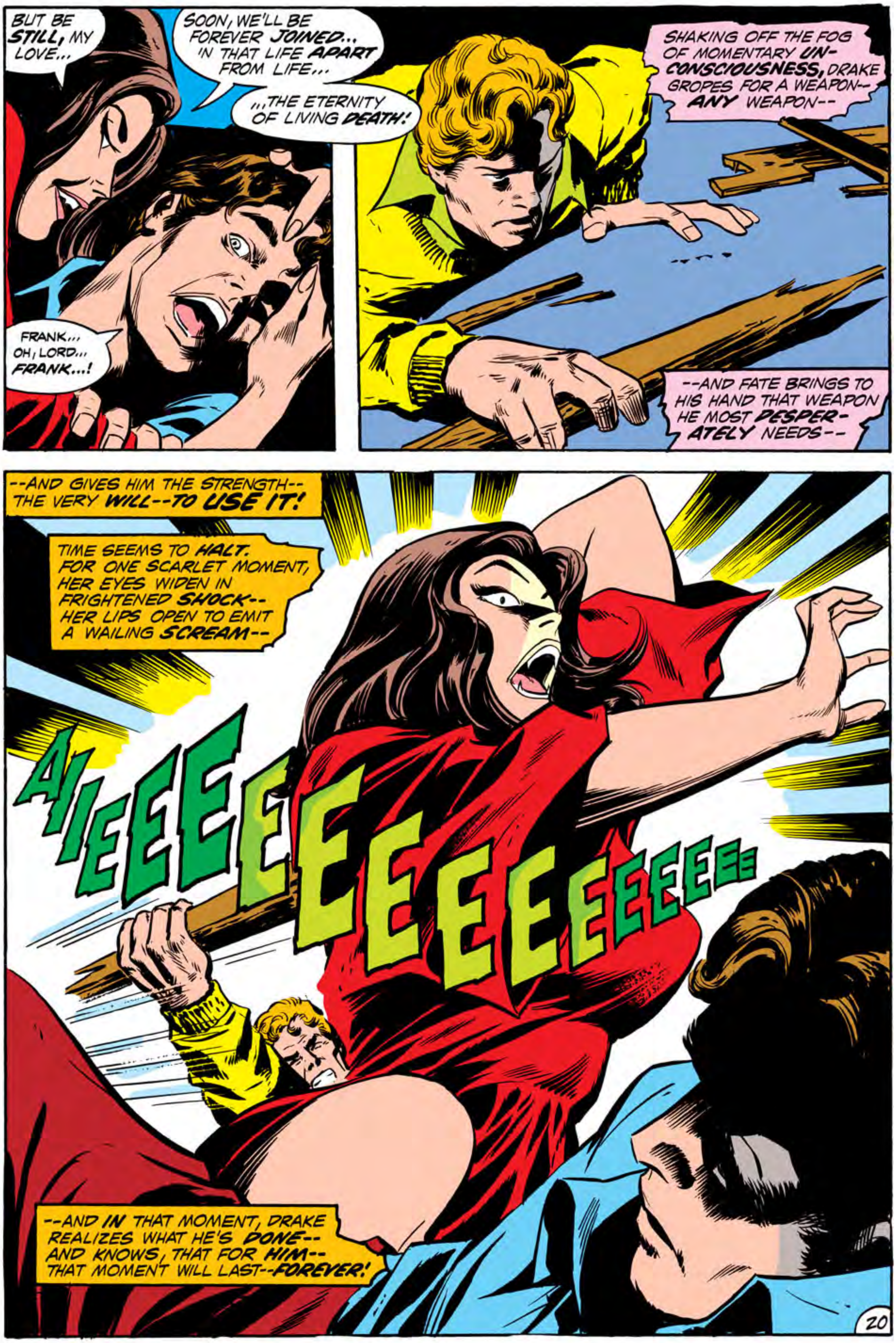

...THE TRANSFORMED COUNT DRACULA DRIFTS LAZILY UPWARD THROUGH THE MOIST LONDON SKY, TOWARD A CERTAIN DARK HOTEL...
...AND A RENTED SUITE DIRECTLY ABOVE FRANK DRAKE'S!
MY DEAR COUSIN MUST TAKE ME FOR A FOOL--
STEALING MY SACRED COFFIN WAS INDEED AN INCONVENIENCE TO ME--BUT HARDLY FATAL.
FOR IT'S NOT THE WOOD WHICH MATTERS--
--BUT THE TRANSYLVANIAN EARTH WHICH FILLS MY MORNING SEPULCHRE--!
AND YET, THE COFFIN WILL BE MINE--
"--BECAUSE MINE IS THE PLAN WHICH CANNOT FAIL!"
"EVEN NOW, THE GIRL-WITCH CALLED JEAN MUST BE GAINING SUBTLE CONTROL OVER THE ALL-TOO-MORTAL CLIFTON GRAVES--"
"--AND WHEN SHE SUCCEEDS--"
"--THE GAME IS MINE!"
BUT, CLIFTON--ISN'T IT OBVIOUS?
FRANK'S INSANE... THE STRAIN OF WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME...
...IT'S DONE SOMETHING TO HIS MIND.
I'M STILL THE SAME INSIDE, CLIFTON... NO MATTER WHAT I AM...
...AND I REALIZE NOW... THAT IT'S YOU I'VE LOVED... ALL ALONG!
ME? YOU MEAN THAT?
15

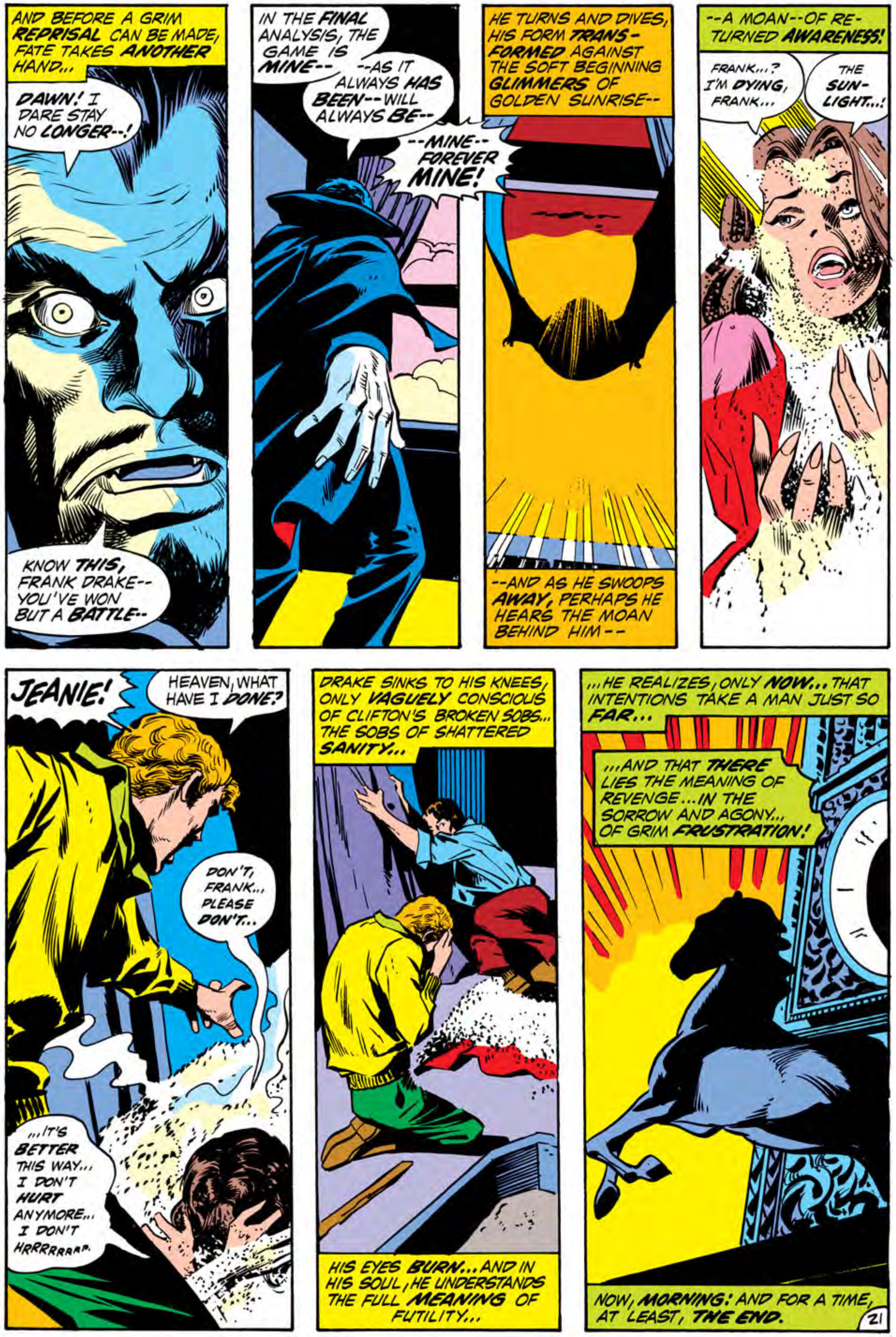

...OF COURSE.
THE MIRROR... SHE HAS NO REFLECTION.
WHAT FRANK SAID IS TRUE... SHE'S A VAMPIRE... AND IT'S MY FAULT, BECAUSE I WAS THE ONE WHO RELEASED COUNT DRACULA.
...YET... YET, WHAT DOES THAT MATTER?
SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME... HAS ALWAYS LOVED ME...
...AND THAT'S ALL I EVER WANTED... ISN'T IT?
... ISN'T IT?
AND SOON...
HERE'S THAT COFFEE YOU WANTED, FRANK.
'FRAID IT'S NOT VERY GOOD...
JUST SO LONG AS IT KEEPS ME AWAKE!
AFTER ALL, IT WOULDN'T DO TO BE SLEEPING IF OUR DEAR FRIEND THE COUNT... SHOULD...
...CLIFTON, YOU'RE RIGHT... IT'S NOT... VERY GOOD...
...WAIT... EVERYTHING'S SPINNING... COFFEE...
...DRUGGED...
EXCELLENT, JEAN... YOU HANDLED CLIFTON GRAVES SUPERBLY.
HE'S UNDER COMPLETE HYPNOSIS... AND ISN'T EVEN AWARE HE'S BEING CONTROLLED!
EVERYTHING'LL BE OKAY NOW, JEANIE... YOU'LL SEE...
...ALL... OKAY...!

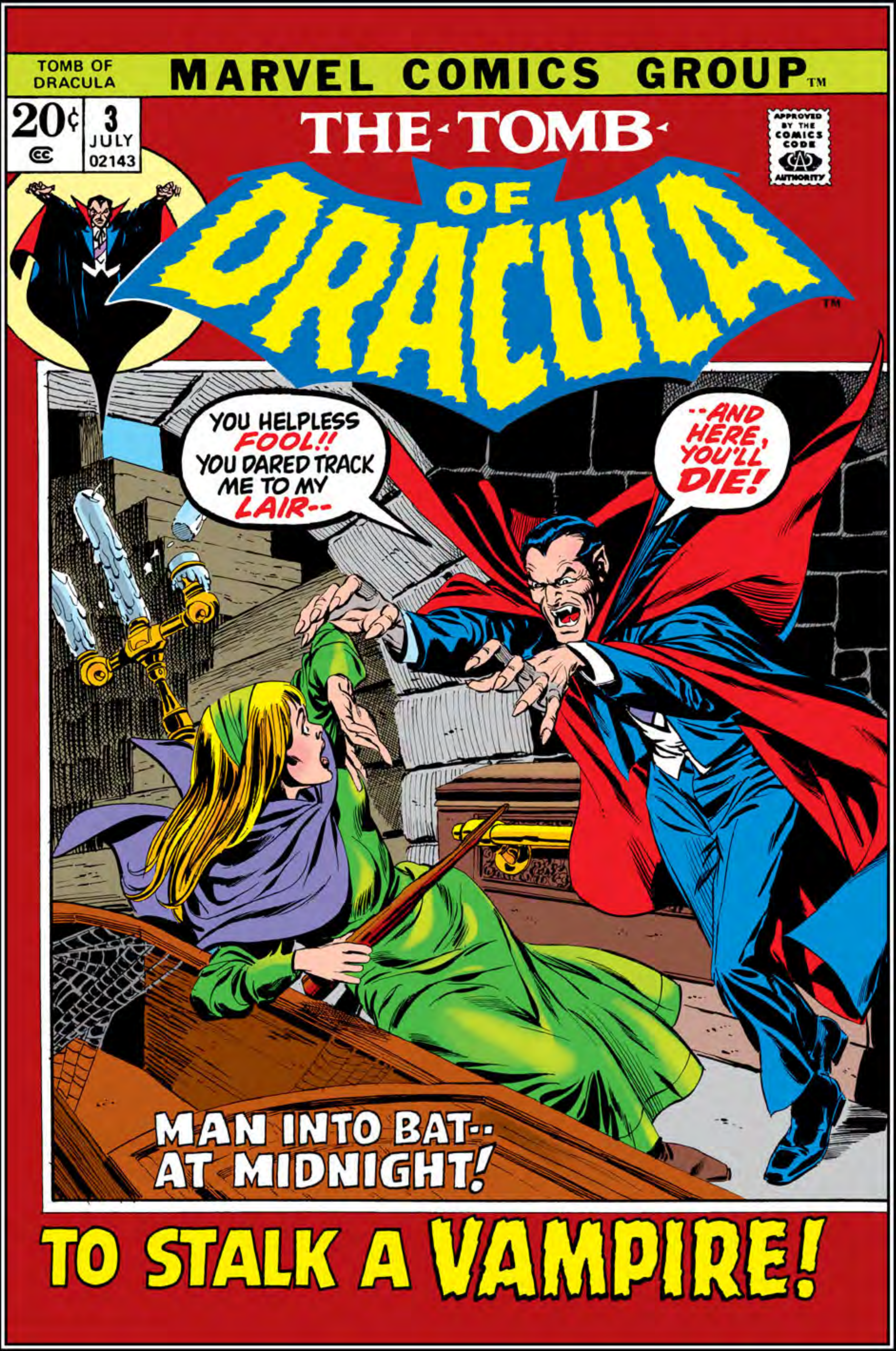

LAUGHTER ECHOES IN THE CONFINES OF THE SUITE, GRIM AND **HOLLOW**... THE ECHO OF **UNLIVING** THINGS, THE ETERNAL **MOCKERY** OF ALL THAT IS **REAL**...
YET, AS THE TRIUMPHANT TRIO ENTER THE NEXT ROOM, IN SEARCH OF THE COUNT'S PURLOINED **CASKET**...
...ALL IS NOT QUITE WHAT IT **SEEMS** IN THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM...
FOR, BRIEF MOMENTS **LATER**, THE SOUND OF AN OPENING **DOOR** DISRUPTS ALL REVEL...
JEANIE...
COME JUST THE SMALLEST BIT **CLOSER**, MY DARLING... LET ME...**KISS** YOU...
DEAR CLIFTON, DEAR, **DEAR** FOOL...
NO!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT SORT OF A **SPELL** YOU'VE GOT HIM **UNDER**--
--BUT MAYBE SOMETHING LIKE **THIS** CAN MAKE THAT POOR IDIOT SEE **REASON**--!
REASON? M'LOVE, REASON HAS NOTHING TO **DO** WITH IT...
KILL HIM, CLIFTON!
KILL HIM!
IT'S NO **GOOD**-- THE CROSS DOESN'T AFFECT CLIFTON, AND IT'S TOO FAR AWAY FROM DRACULA OR **JEAN!** ONLY ONE WAY TO **HANDLE** THIS--


I'M SORRY, CLIFTON-- BUT AS THE SAYING GOES--
--YOU'LL THANK ME FOR THIS!
I'VE COME TOO FAR THESE PAST FEW WEEKS TO LET YOU-- OR A CUP OF DRUGGED COFFEE-- COME BETWEEN ME AND MY GOAL--!
AND IF I MAY PRESUME AS MUCH, FRANK DRAKE--
--I ASSUME THAT GOAL-- IS ME!
WITH A SPEED UNCANNY, A SPEED INHUMAN, THE DARK-HAIRED COUNT THROWS HIMSELF FORWARD, HIS FANGS BARED--
--HIS EYES WILD--
--HIS ENTIRE FORM WRACKED WITH MADNESS!
WE COULD HAVE BEEN ALLIES, YOU AND I--YOU, DESCENDANT OF MY BLOOD--PERHAPS ACCURSED AS I AM--
--YET INSTEAD OF AIDING ME--OF BREAKING THE AGE-OLD LONELINESS--
--YOU BETRAYED ME--AND ATTACKED-- AND ATTACKED!
I DID WHAT I HAD TO DO--
--I CAN'T LET THIS NIGHTMARE GO ON! I CAN'T!
YET THE WORDS COME TOO SLOWLY--AND TOO LATE! THEIR TWISTING FORMS CRASH BACKWARD, TOWARD THEIR FATE--THEIR DESTINY!


YET, EVEN AS THE SOUNDS OF THEIR STRUGGLE GROW MORE FRANTIC, DRAKE'S BREATH MORE RASPING WITH EACH NEW BLOW--
--SHORT FEET AWAY, TO THE WOMAN CALLED JEAN, 'TIS AS THOUGH IT ALL HAPPENS IN ANOTHER WORLD--
--FOR, OBLIVIOUS TO THE EVENTS AROUND HER, SHE BEGINS TO BEND FOWARD--
--HER EYES--HER ENTIRE FORM--AWARE OF ONE THING ALONE--THE BURNING NEED TO FEED!
NOW THEY ARE SILENT--EVERY FIBRE OF THEIR RESPECTIVE BEINGS ALIVE WITH THE FEVER OF BATTLE--
LIKE DREAM-SHAPES, THEIR SHADOWS DANCE 'GAINST TABLE AND WALL, MOVING WITH A SEEMING ARCANE LIFE--
--MOVING EVER CLOSER TO DEATH!
WITH A CRY OF TRIUMPHANT RAGE, ONE FIGURE LIFTS THE OTHER--EVERY MUSCLE KNOTTING IN THIS INSTANT OF APPARENT VICTORY--
--WITHIN THE CRY, THERE SNARLS A MUTTERING VOICE--BUT THE WORDS ARE LOST TO THAT MOST BESTIAL INFLECTION--
--AND ONLY THE ACTION REMAINS!
KRASH


BUT BE STILL, MY LOVE...
SOON, WE'LL BE FOREVER JOINED... IN THAT LIFE APART FROM LIFE...
...THE ETERNITY OF LIVING DEATH!
FRANK... OH, LORD... FRANK...!
SHAKING OFF THE FOG OF MOMENTARY UNCONSCIOUSNESS, DRAKE GROPES FOR A WEAPON-- ANY WEAPON--
--AND FATE BRINGS TO HIS HAND THAT WEAPON HE MOST DESPERATELY NEEDS--
--AND GIVES HIM THE STRENGTH-- THE VERY WILL--TO USE IT!
TIME SEEMS TO HALT. FOR ONE SCARLET MOMENT, HER EYES WIDEN IN FRIGHTENED SHOCK-- HER LIPS OPEN TO EMIT A WAILING SCREAM--
AIEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
--AND IN THAT MOMENT, DRAKE REALIZES WHAT HE'S DONE-- AND KNOWS, THAT FOR HIM-- THAT MOMENT WILL LAST--FOREVER!


AND BEFORE A GRIM REPRISAL CAN BE MADE, FATE TAKES ANOTHER HAND...
DAWN! I DARE STAY NO LONGER--!
KNOW THIS, FRANK DRAKE-- YOU'VE WON BUT A BATTLE--
IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, THE GAME IS MINE--
--AS IT ALWAYS HAS BEEN--WILL ALWAYS BE--
--MINE-- FOREVER MINE!
HE TURNS AND DIVES, HIS FORM TRANSFORMED AGAINST THE SOFT BEGINNING GLIMMERS OF GOLDEN SUNRISE--
--AND AS HE SWOOPS AWAY, PERHAPS HE HEARS THE MOAN BEHIND HIM--
--A MOAN--OF RETURNED AWARENESS!
FRANK...? I'M DYING, FRANK...
THE SUN-LIGHT...!
JEANIE!
HEAVEN, WHAT HAVE I DONE?
DON'T, FRANK... PLEASE DON'T...
...IT'S BETTER THIS WAY... I DON'T HURT ANYMORE... I DON'T HRRRRRRRP.
DRAKE SINKS TO HIS KNEES, ONLY VAGUELY CONSCIOUS OF CLIFTON'S BROKEN SOBS... THE SOBS OF SHATTERED SANITY...
HIS EYES BURN... AND IN HIS SOUL, HE UNDERSTANDS THE FULL MEANING OF FUTILITY...
...HE REALIZES, ONLY NOW... THAT INTENTIONS TAKE A MAN JUST SO FAR...
...AND THAT THERE LIES THE MEANING OF REVENGE... IN THE SORROW AND AGONY... OF GRIM FRUSTRATION!
NOW, MORNING: AND FOR A TIME, AT LEAST, THE END.


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
20¢
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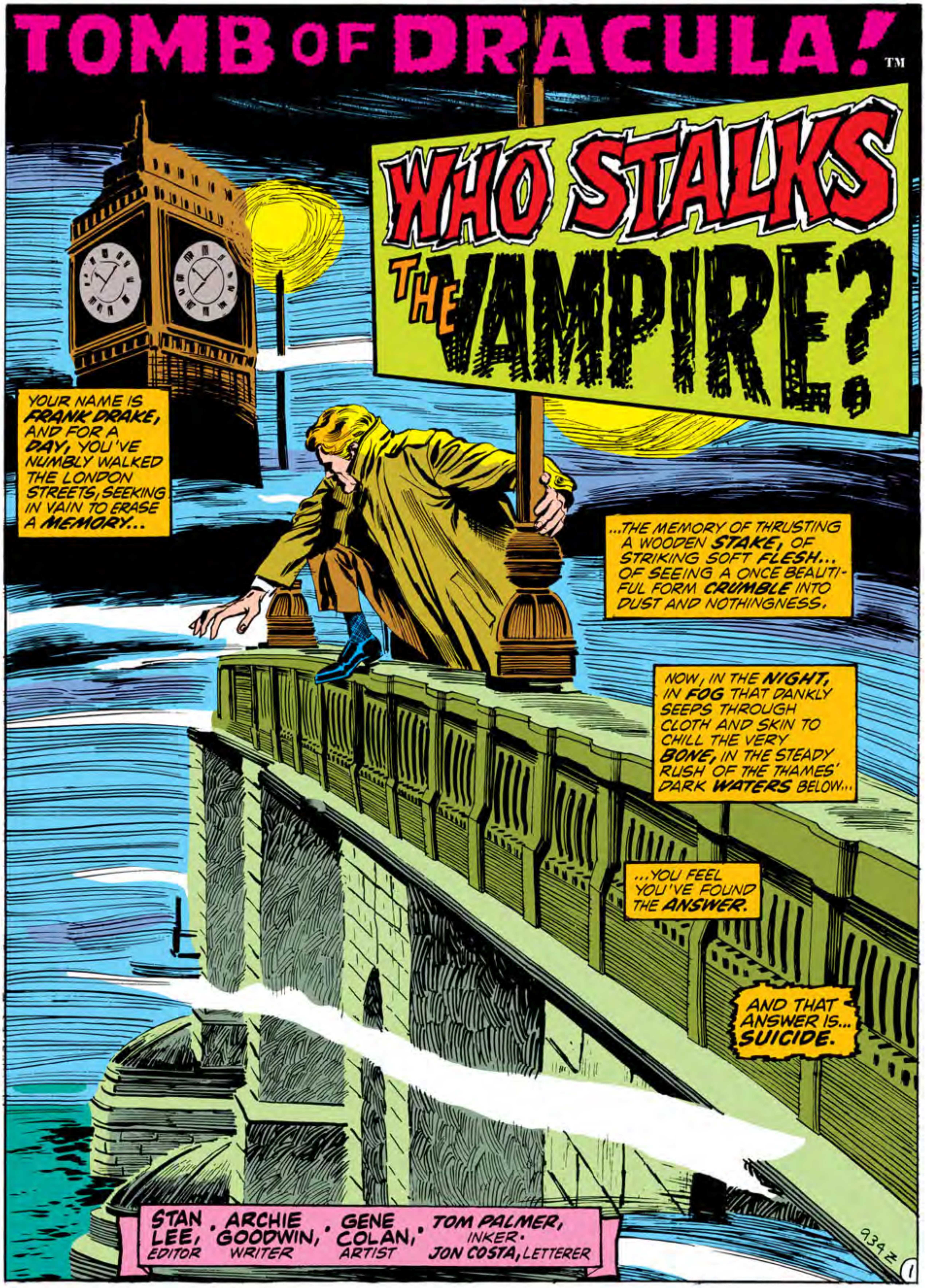
JULY
02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
YOU HELPLESS FOOL!! YOU DARED TRACK ME TO MY LAIR--
--AND HERE, YOU'LL DIE!
MAN INTO BAT-- AT MIDNIGHT!
TO STALK A VAMPIRE!


TOMB OF DRACULA! ™
WHO STALKS THE VAMPIRE?
YOUR NAME IS **FRANK DRAKE,** AND FOR A **DAY,** YOU'VE NUMBLY WALKED THE LONDON STREETS, SEEKING IN VAIN TO ERASE A **MEMORY...**
...THE MEMORY OF THRUSTING A WOODEN **STAKE,** OF STRIKING SOFT **FLESH...** OF SEEING A ONCE BEAUTIFUL FORM **CRUMBLE** INTO DUST AND NOTHINGNESS.
NOW, IN THE **NIGHT,** IN **FOG** THAT DANKLY SEEPS THROUGH CLOTH AND SKIN TO CHILL THE VERY **BONE,** IN THE STEADY RUSH OF THE THAMES' DARK **WATERS** BELOW...
...YOU FEEL YOU'VE FOUND THE **ANSWER.**
AND THAT ANSWER IS... **SUICIDE.**
STAN LEE, EDITOR • ARCHIE GOODWIN, WRITER • GENE COLAN, ARTIST • TOM PALMER, INKER • JON COSTA, LETTERER
934 Z
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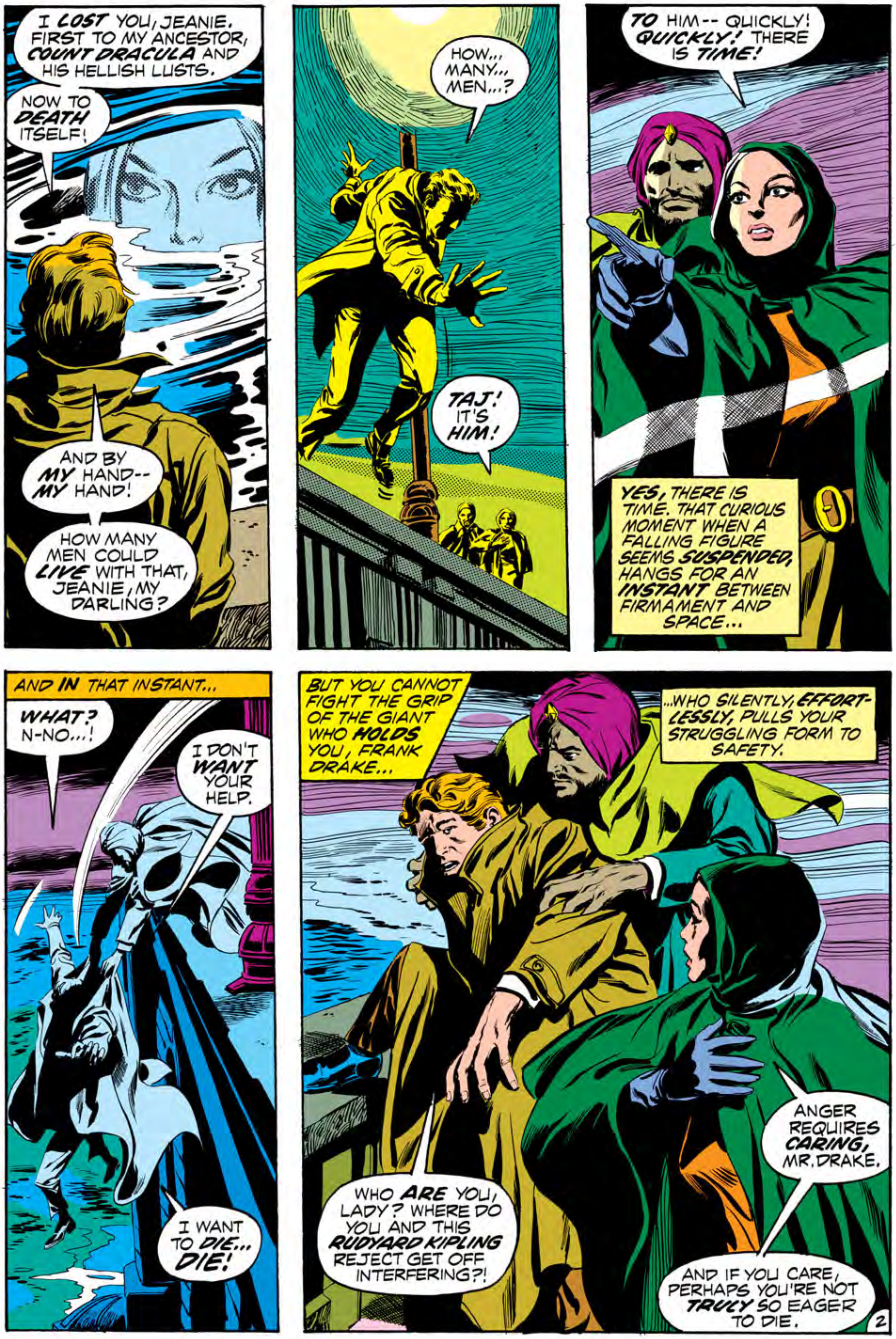
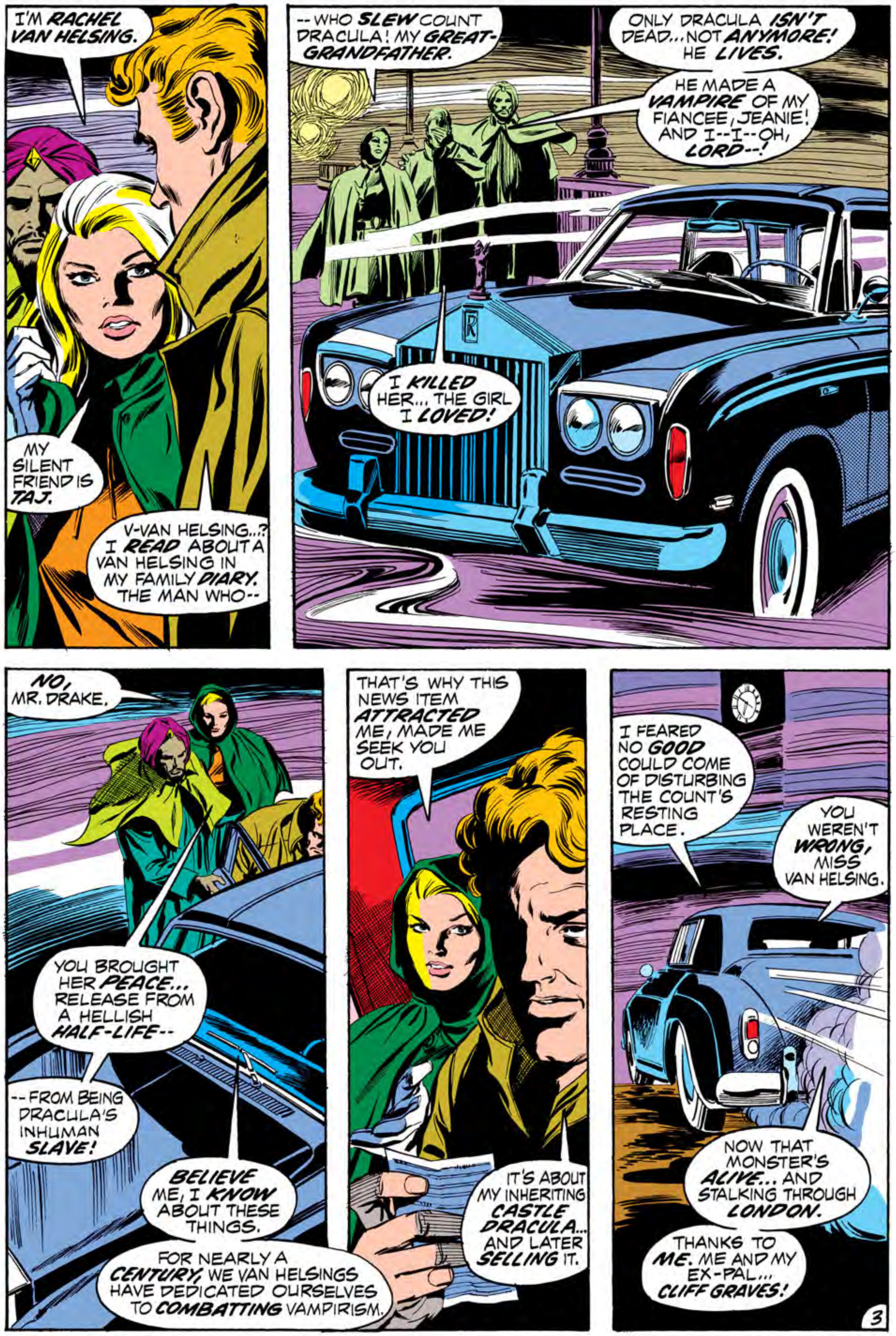
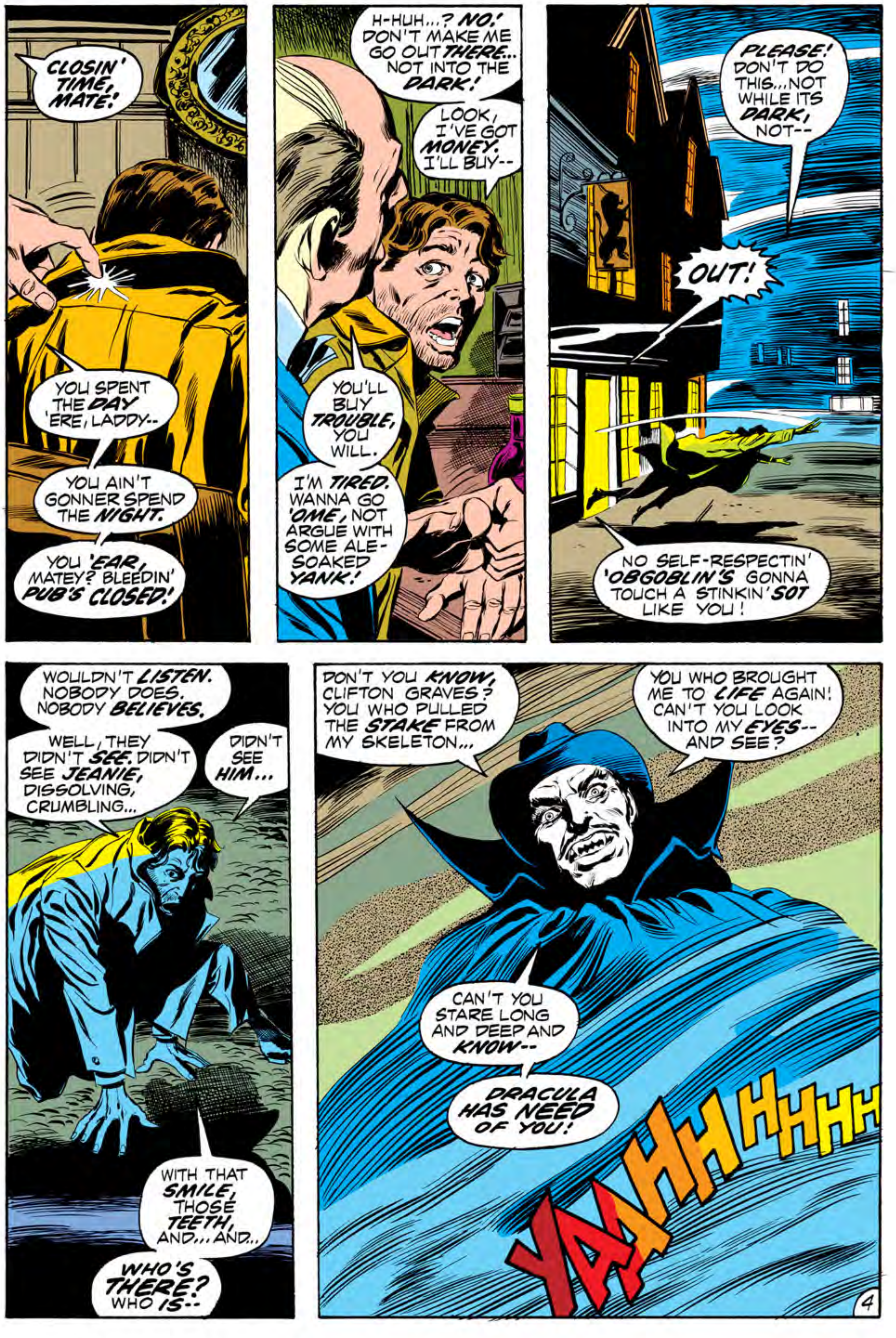
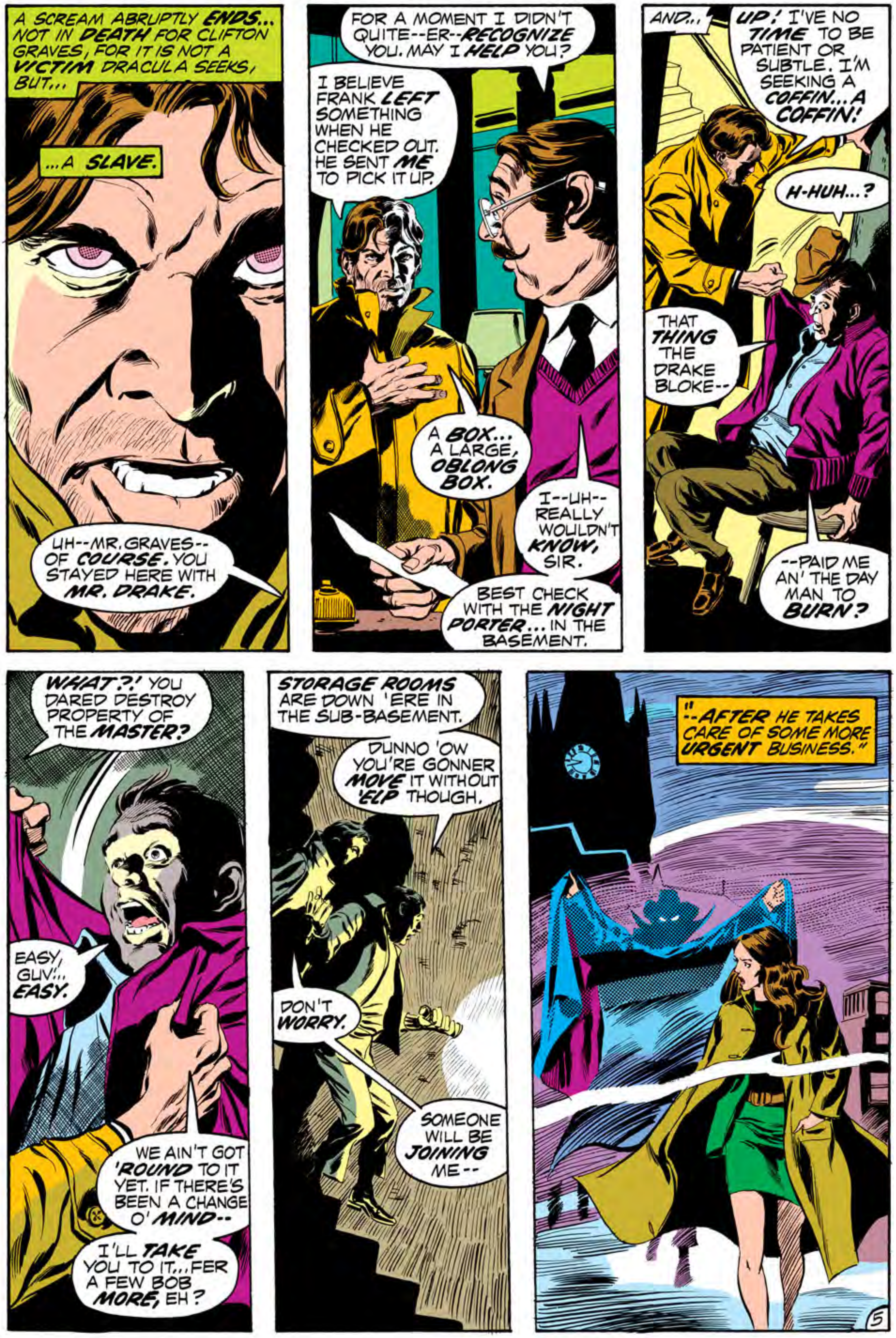
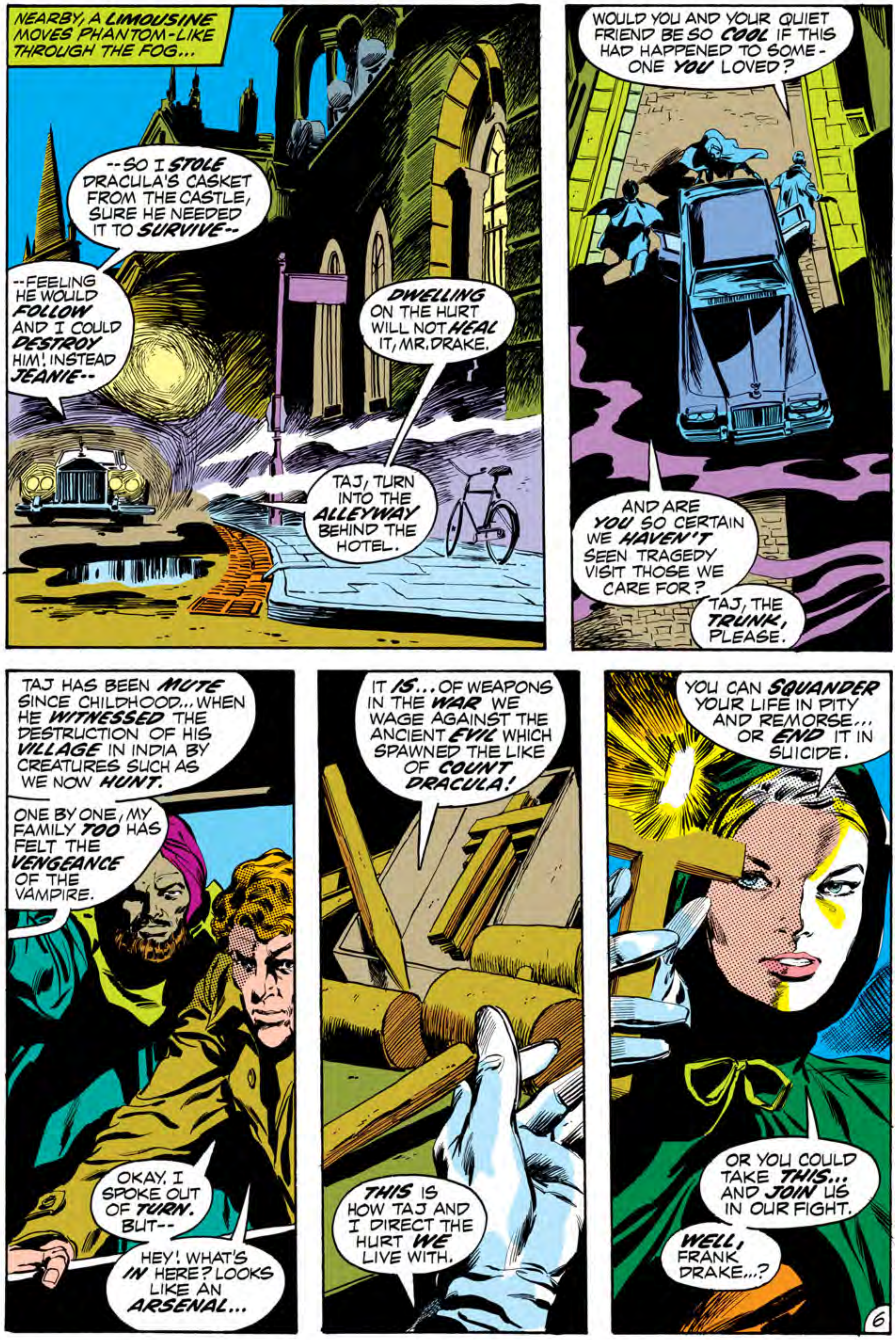
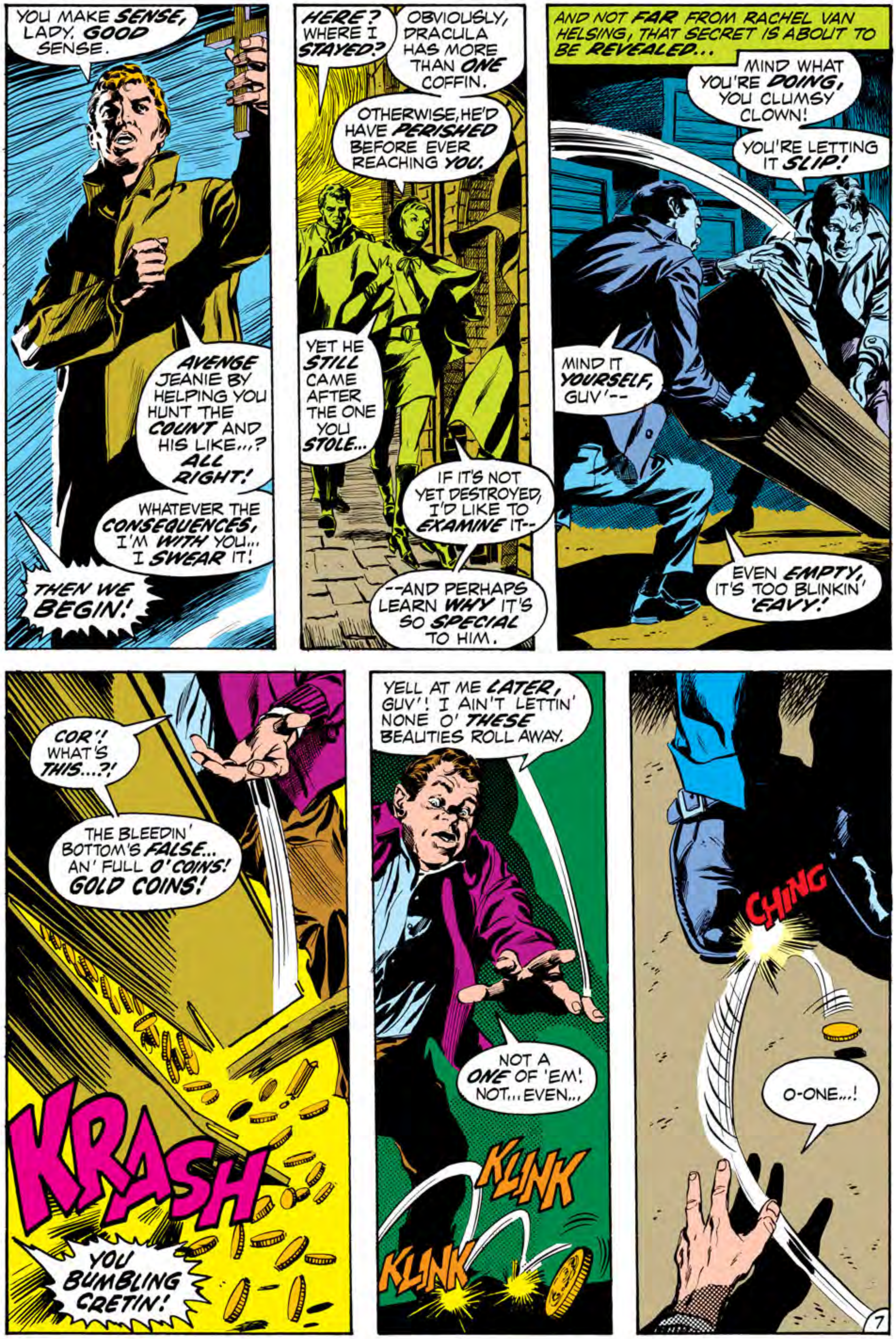

I LOST YOU, JEANIE. FIRST TO MY ANCESTOR, COUNT DRACULA AND HIS HELLISH LUSTS.
NOW TO DEATH ITSELF!
AND BY MY HAND-- MY HAND!
HOW MANY MEN COULD LIVE WITH THAT, JEANIE, MY DARLING?
HOW... MANY... MEN...?
TAJ! IT'S HIM!
TO HIM-- QUICKLY! QUICKLY! THERE IS TIME!
YES, THERE IS TIME. THAT CURIOUS MOMENT WHEN A FALLING FIGURE SEEMS SUSPENDED, HANGS FOR AN INSTANT BETWEEN FIRMAMENT AND SPACE...
AND IN THAT INSTANT...
WHAT? N-NO...!
I DON'T WANT YOUR HELP.
I WANT TO DIE... DIE!
BUT YOU CANNOT FIGHT THE GRIP OF THE GIANT WHO HOLDS YOU, FRANK DRAKE...
...WHO SILENTLY, EFFORTLESSLY, PULLS YOUR STRUGGLING FORM TO SAFETY.
WHO ARE YOU, LADY? WHERE DO YOU AND THIS RUDYARD KIPLING REJECT GET OFF INTERFERING?!
ANGER REQUIRES CARING, MR. DRAKE.
AND IF YOU CARE, PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT TRULY SO EAGER TO DIE.

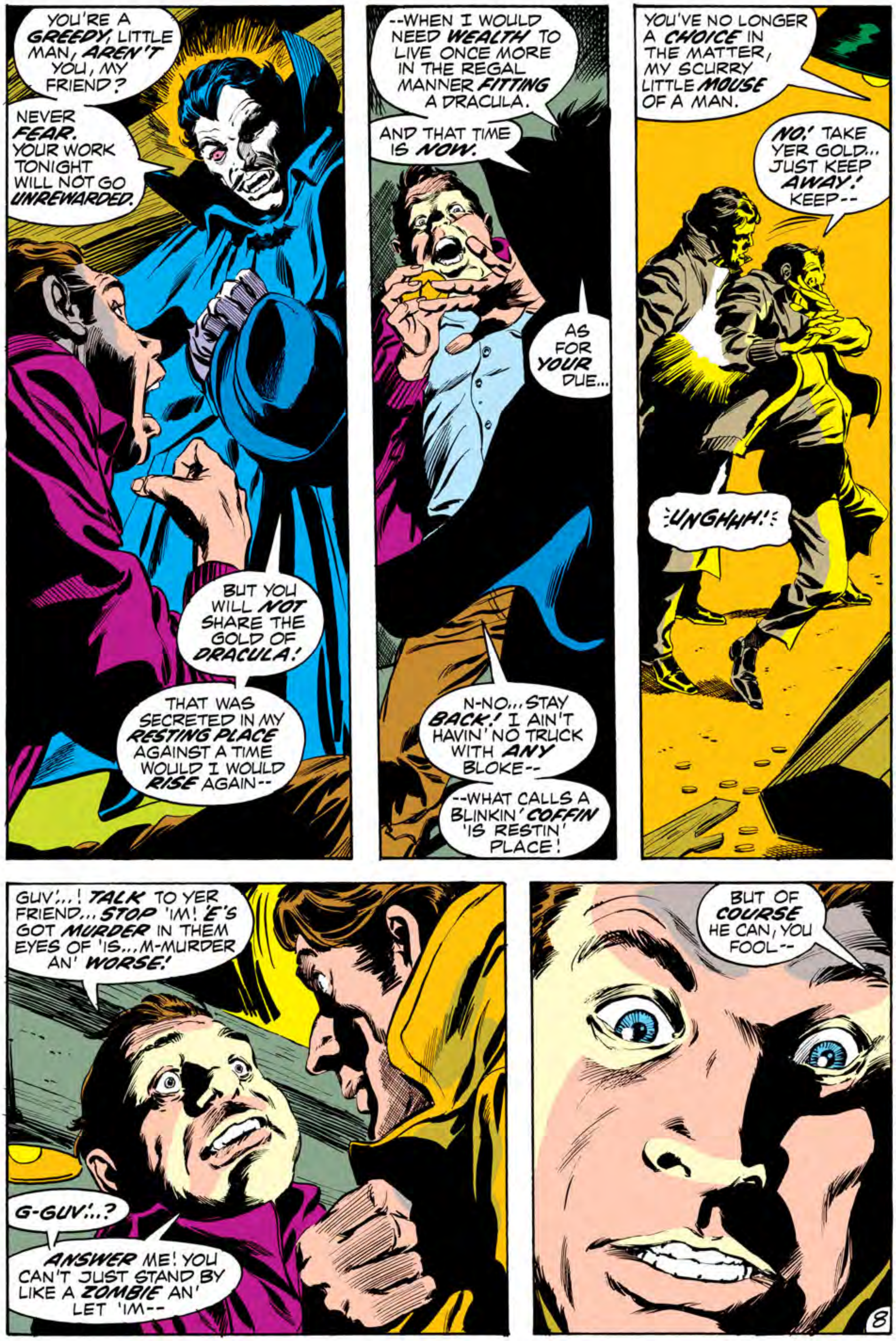

I'M RACHEL VAN HELSING.
MY SILENT FRIEND IS TAJ.
V-VAN HELSING..? I READ ABOUT A VAN HELSING IN MY FAMILY DIARY. THE MAN WHO--
--WHO SLEW COUNT DRACULA! MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER.
ONLY DRACULA ISN'T DEAD...NOT ANYMORE! HE LIVES.
HE MADE A VAMPIRE OF MY FIANCEE, JEANIE! AND I--I--OH, LORD--!
I KILLED HER... THE GIRL I LOVED!
NO, MR. DRAKE.
YOU BROUGHT HER PEACE... RELEASE FROM A HELLISH HALF-LIFE--
--FROM BEING DRACULA'S INHUMAN SLAVE!
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW ABOUT THESE THINGS.
FOR NEARLY A CENTURY, WE VAN HELSINGS HAVE DEDICATED OURSELVES TO COMBATTING VAMPIRISM.
THAT'S WHY THIS NEWS ITEM ATTRACTED ME, MADE ME SEEK YOU OUT.
IT'S ABOUT MY INHERITING CASTLE DRACULA... AND LATER SELLING IT.
I FEARED NO GOOD COULD COME OF DISTURBING THE COUNT'S RESTING PLACE.
YOU WEREN'T WRONG, MISS VAN HELSING.
NOW THAT MONSTER'S ALIVE... AND STALKING THROUGH LONDON.
THANKS TO ME. ME AND MY EX-PAL... CLIFF GRAVES!

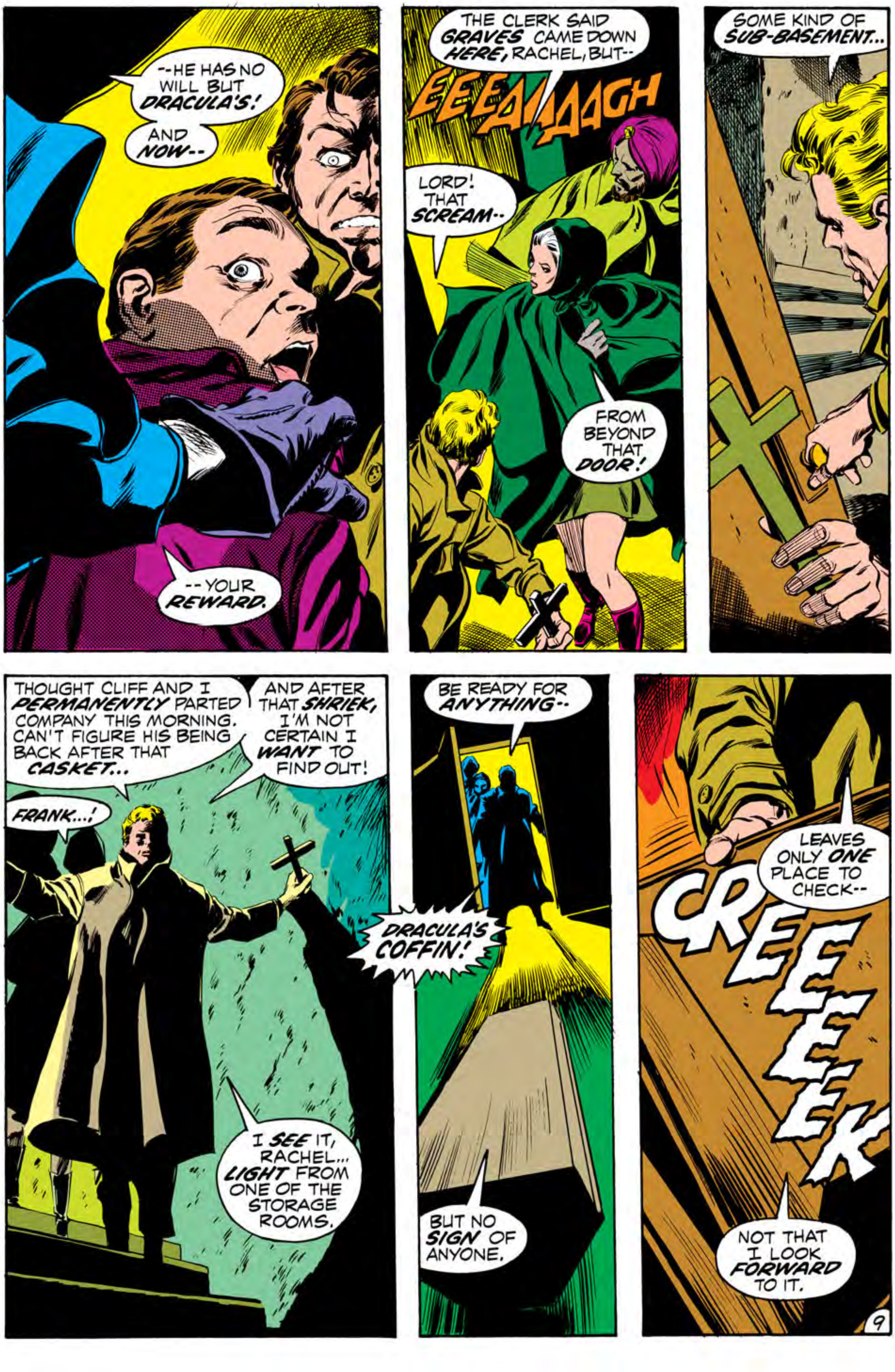

CLOSIN' TIME, MATE!
YOU SPENT THE DAY 'ERE, LADDY--
YOU AIN'T GONNER SPEND THE NIGHT.
YOU 'EAR, MATEY? BLEEDIN' PUB'S CLOSED!
H-HUH...? NO! DON'T MAKE ME GO OUT THERE... NOT INTO THE DARK!
LOOK, I'VE GOT MONEY. I'LL BUY--
YOU'LL BUY TROUBLE, YOU WILL.
I'M TIRED. WANNA GO 'OME, NOT ARGUE WITH SOME ALE-SOAKED YANK!
PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS...NOT WHILE ITS DARK, NOT--
OUT!
NO SELF-RESPECTIN' 'OBGOBLIN'S GONNA TOUCH A STINKIN' SOT LIKE YOU!
WOULDN'T LISTEN. NOBODY DOES. NOBODY BELIEVES.
WELL, THEY DIDN'T SEE. DIDN'T SEE JEANIE, DISSOLVING, CRUMBLING...
DIDN'T SEE HIM...
WITH THAT SMILE, THOSE TEETH, AND... AND...
WHO'S THERE? WHO IS--
DON'T YOU KNOW, CLIFTON GRAVES? YOU WHO PULLED THE STAKE FROM MY SKELETON...
YOU WHO BROUGHT ME TO LIFE AGAIN! CAN'T YOU LOOK INTO MY EYES-- AND SEE?
CAN'T YOU STARE LONG AND DEEP AND KNOW--
DRACULA HAS NEED OF YOU!
YAAHHHHHHH

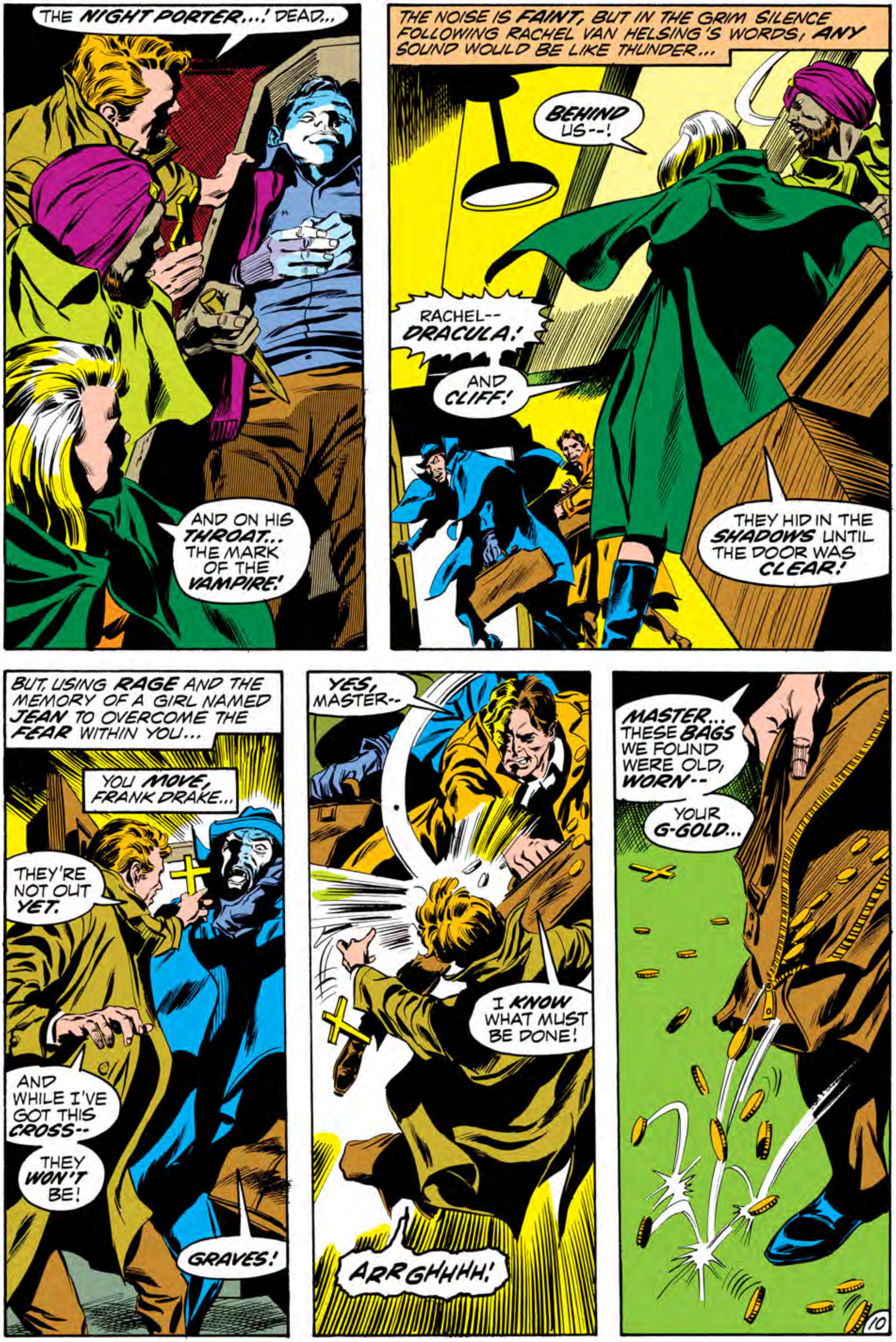

A SCREAM ABRUPTLY ENDS... NOT IN DEATH FOR CLIFTON GRAVES, FOR IT IS NOT A VICTIM DRACULA SEEKS, BUT,,,
...A SLAVE.
UH--MR. GRAVES-- OF COURSE. YOU STAYED HERE WITH MR. DRAKE.
FOR A MOMENT I DIDN'T QUITE--ER--RECOGNIZE YOU. MAY I HELP YOU?
I BELIEVE FRANK LEFT SOMETHING WHEN HE CHECKED OUT. HE SENT ME TO PICK IT UP.
A BOX... A LARGE, OBLONG BOX.
I--UH-- REALLY WOULDN'T KNOW, SIR.
BEST CHECK WITH THE NIGHT PORTER... IN THE BASEMENT.
AND,,,
UP! I'VE NO TIME TO BE PATIENT OR SUBTLE. I'M SEEKING A COFFIN... A COFFIN!
H-HUH...?
THAT THING THE DRAKE BLOKE--
--PAID ME AN' THE DAY MAN TO BURN?
WHAT?! YOU DARED DESTROY PROPERTY OF THE MASTER?
EASY, GUV!,, EASY.
WE AIN'T GOT 'ROUND TO IT YET. IF THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE O' MIND--
I'LL TAKE YOU TO IT,,, FER A FEW BOB MORE, EH?
STORAGE ROOMS ARE DOWN 'ERE IN THE SUB-BASEMENT.
DUNNO 'OW YOU'RE GONNER MOVE IT WITHOUT 'ELP THOUGH.
DON'T WORRY.
SOMEONE WILL BE JOINING ME--
"--AFTER HE TAKES CARE OF SOME MORE URGENT BUSINESS."

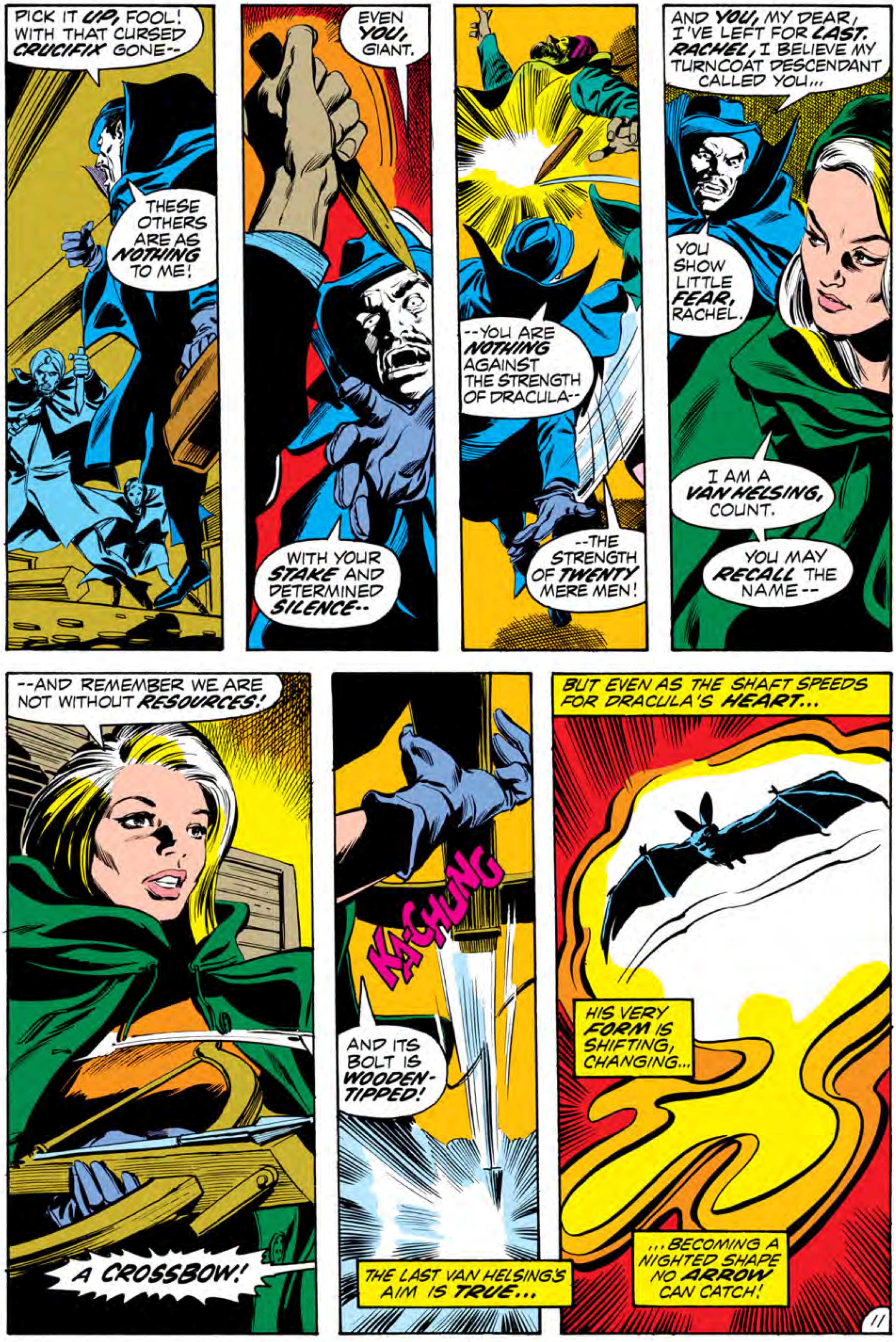

NEARBY, A LIMOUSINE MOVES PHANTOM-LIKE THROUGH THE FOG...
--SO I STOLE DRACULA'S CASKET FROM THE CASTLE, SURE HE NEEDED IT TO SURVIVE--
--FEELING HE WOULD FOLLOW AND I COULD DESTROY HIM! INSTEAD JEANIE--
DWELLING ON THE HURT WILL NOT HEAL IT, MR. DRAKE.
TAJ, TURN INTO THE ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE HOTEL.
WOULD YOU AND YOUR QUIET FRIEND BE SO COOL IF THIS HAD HAPPENED TO SOME-ONE YOU LOVED?
AND ARE YOU SO CERTAIN WE HAVEN'T SEEN TRAGEDY VISIT THOSE WE CARE FOR?
TAJ, THE TRUNK, PLEASE.
TAJ HAS BEEN MUTE SINCE CHILDHOOD... WHEN HE WITNESSED THE DESTRUCTION OF HIS VILLAGE IN INDIA BY CREATURES SUCH AS WE NOW HUNT.
ONE BY ONE, MY FAMILY TOO HAS FELT THE VENGEANCE OF THE VAMPIRE.
OKAY. I SPOKE OUT OF TURN. BUT--
HEY! WHAT'S IN HERE? LOOKS LIKE AN ARSENAL...
IT IS... OF WEAPONS IN THE WAR WE WAGE AGAINST THE ANCIENT EVIL WHICH SPAWNED THE LIKE OF COUNT DRACULA!
THIS IS HOW TAJ AND I DIRECT THE HURT WE LIVE WITH.
YOU CAN SQUANDER YOUR LIFE IN PITY AND REMORSE... OR END IT IN SUICIDE.
OR YOU COULD TAKE THIS... AND JOIN US IN OUR FIGHT.
WELL, FRANK DRAKE...?

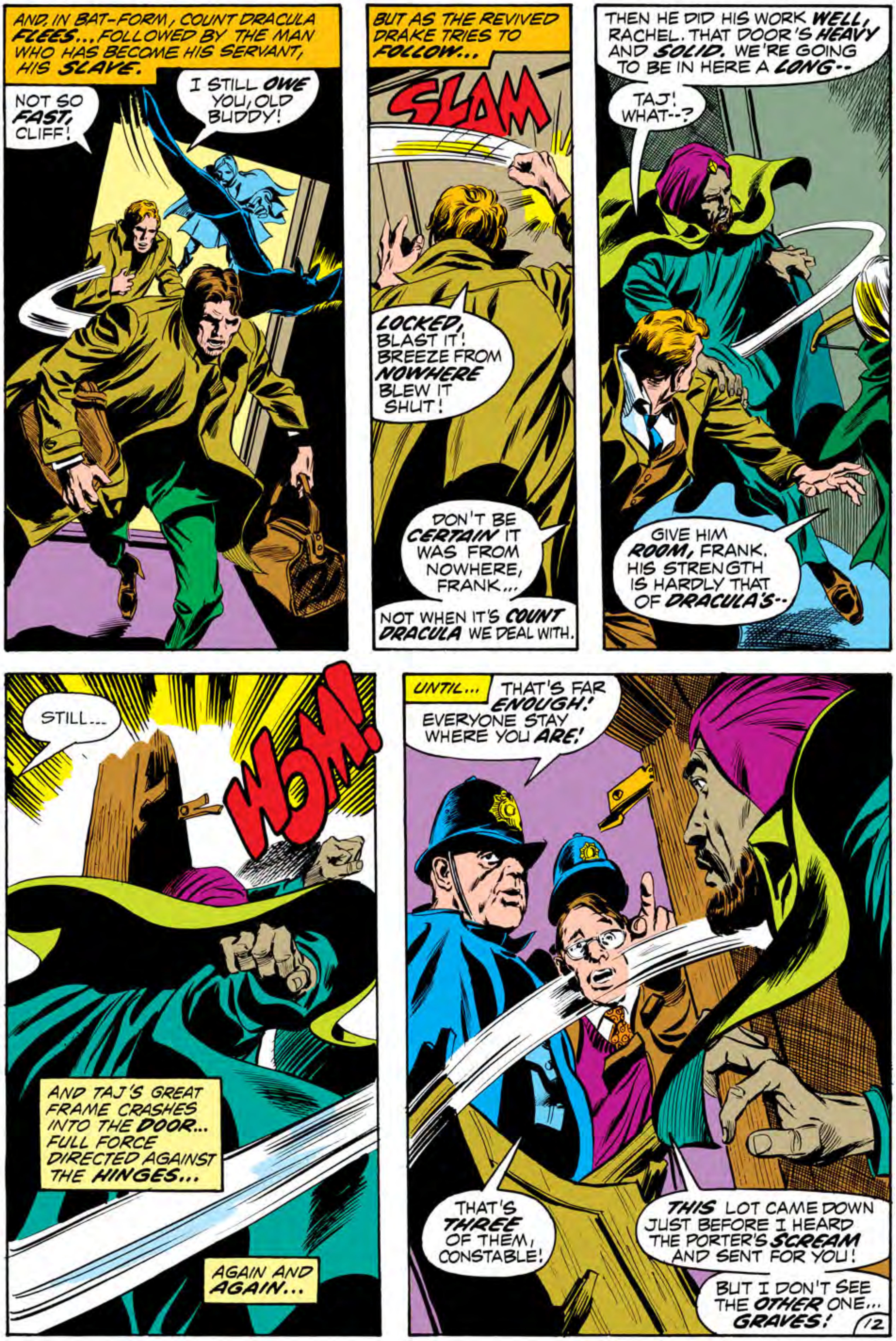

YOU MAKE SENSE, LADY. GOOD SENSE.
AVENGE JEANIE BY HELPING YOU HUNT THE COUNT AND HIS LIKE...? ALL RIGHT!
WHATEVER THE CONSEQUENCES, I'M WITH YOU... I SWEAR IT!
THEN WE BEGIN!
HERE? WHERE I STAYED?
OBVIOUSLY, DRACULA HAS MORE THAN ONE COFFIN.
OTHERWISE, HE'D HAVE PERISHED BEFORE EVER REACHING YOU.
YET HE STILL CAME AFTER THE ONE YOU STOLE...
IF IT'S NOT YET DESTROYED, I'D LIKE TO EXAMINE IT--
--AND PERHAPS LEARN WHY IT'S SO SPECIAL TO HIM.
AND NOT FAR FROM RACHEL VAN HELSING, THAT SECRET IS ABOUT TO BE REVEALED...
MIND WHAT YOU'RE DOING, YOU CLUMSY CLOWN!
YOU'RE LETTING IT SLIP!
MIND IT YOURSELF, GUV'--
EVEN EMPTY, IT'S TOO BLINKIN' 'EAVY!
COR'! WHAT'S THIS...?!
THE BLEEDIN' BOTTOM'S FALSE... AN' FULL O' COINS! GOLD COINS!
KRASH
YOU BUMBLING CRETIN!
YELL AT ME LATER, GUV'! I AIN'T LETTIN' NONE O' THESE BEAUTIES ROLL AWAY.
NOT A ONE OF 'EM! NOT... EVEN...
KLINK
KLINK
CHING
O-ONE...!

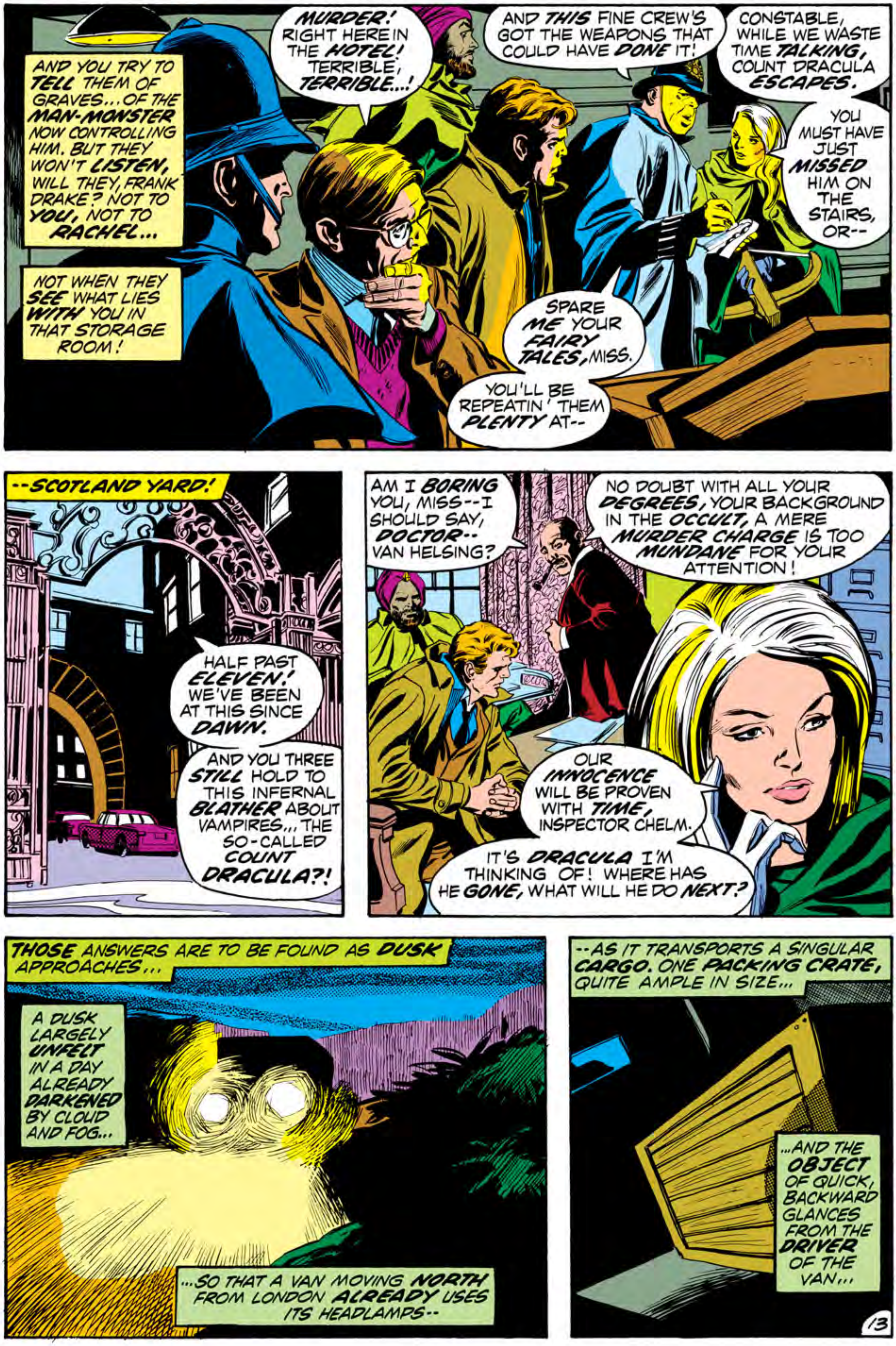

YOU'RE A GREEDY, LITTLE MAN, AREN'T YOU, MY FRIEND?
NEVER FEAR. YOUR WORK TONIGHT WILL NOT GO UNREWARDED.
BUT YOU WILL NOT SHARE THE GOLD OF DRACULA!
THAT WAS SECRETED IN MY RESTING PLACE AGAINST A TIME WOULD I WOULD RISE AGAIN--
--WHEN I WOULD NEED WEALTH TO LIVE ONCE MORE IN THE REGAL MANNER FITTING A DRACULA.
AND THAT TIME IS NOW.
AS FOR YOUR DUE...
N-NO... STAY BACK! I AIN'T HAVIN' NO TRUCK WITH ANY BLOKE--
--WHAT CALLS A BLINKIN' COFFIN 'IS RESTIN' PLACE!
YOU'VE NO LONGER A CHOICE IN THE MATTER, MY SCURRY LITTLE MOUSE OF A MAN.
NO! TAKE YER GOLD... JUST KEEP AWAY! KEEP--
UNGHHH!
GUV'...! TALK TO YER FRIEND... STOP 'IM! 'E'S GOT MURDER IN THEM EYES OF 'IS... M-MURDER AN' WORSE!
G-GUV'...?
ANSWER ME! YOU CAN'T JUST STAND BY LIKE A ZOMBIE AN' LET 'IM--
BUT OF COURSE HE CAN, YOU FOOL--

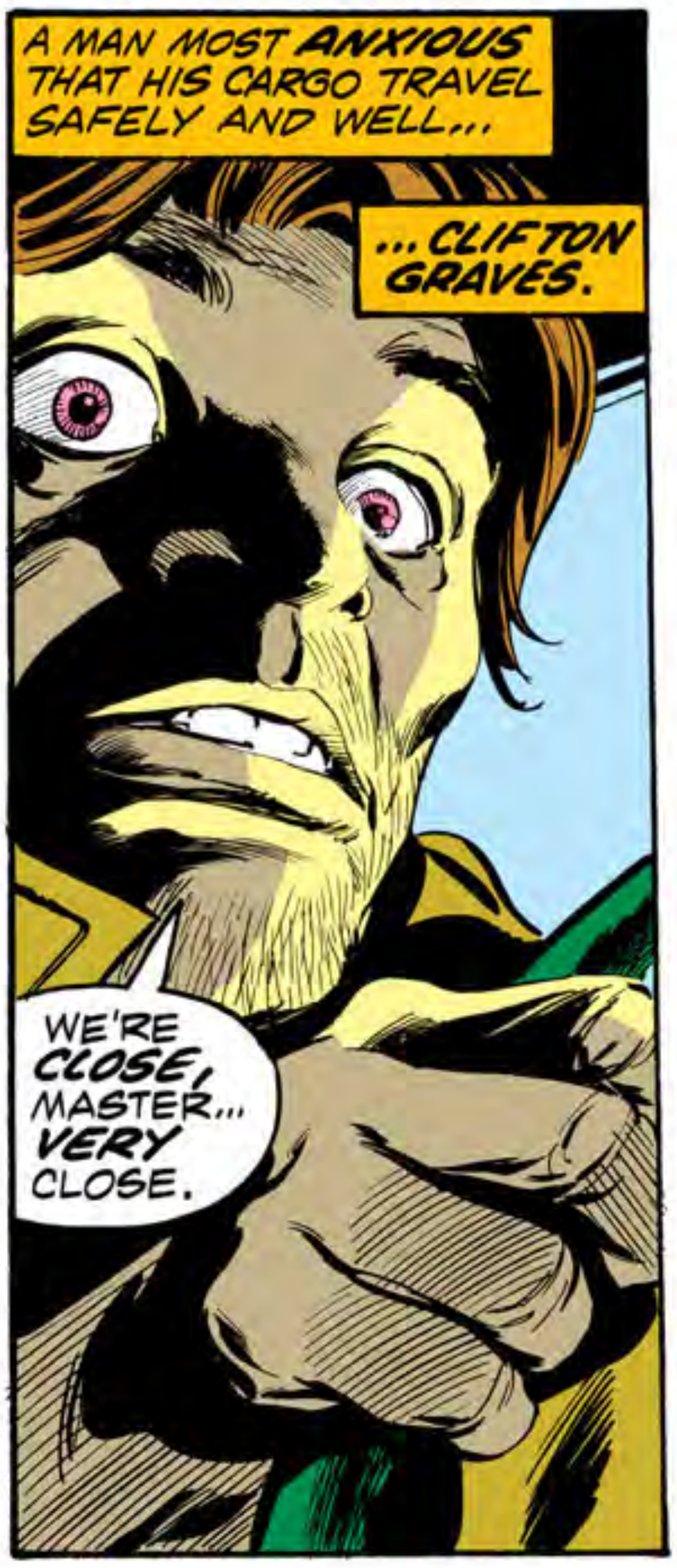

--HE HAS NO WILL BUT DRACULA'S!
AND NOW--
--YOUR REWARD.
THE CLERK SAID GRAVES CAME DOWN HERE, RACHEL, BUT--
EEEAAAAAGH
LORD! THAT SCREAM--
FROM BEYOND THAT DOOR!
SOME KIND OF SUB-BASEMENT...
THOUGHT CLIFF AND I PERMANENTLY PARTED COMPANY THIS MORNING. CAN'T FIGURE HIS BEING BACK AFTER THAT CASKET...
AND AFTER THAT SHRIEK, I'M NOT CERTAIN I WANT TO FIND OUT!
FRANK...!
I SEE IT, RACHEL... LIGHT FROM ONE OF THE STORAGE ROOMS.
BE READY FOR ANYTHING--
DRACULA'S COFFIN!
BUT NO SIGN OF ANYONE.
LEAVES ONLY ONE PLACE TO CHECK--
CREEEEK
NOT THAT I LOOK FORWARD TO IT.

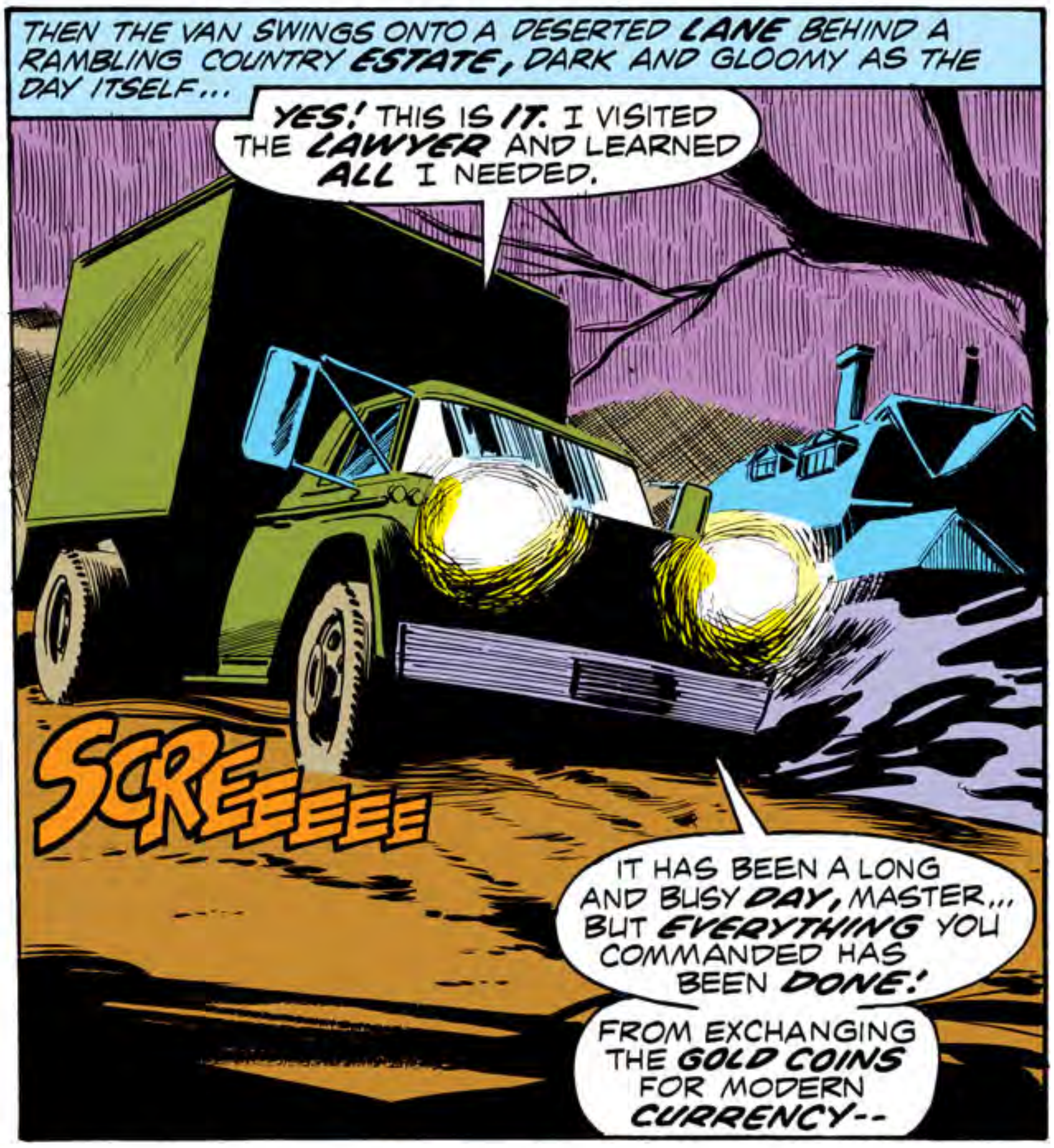

THE NIGHT PORTER...! DEAD...
AND ON HIS THROAT... THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE!
THE NOISE IS FAINT, BUT IN THE GRIM SILENCE FOLLOWING RACHEL VAN HELSING'S WORDS, ANY SOUND WOULD BE LIKE THUNDER...
BEHIND US--!
RACHEL-- DRACULA!
AND CLIFF!
THEY HID IN THE SHADOWS UNTIL THE DOOR WAS CLEAR!
BUT, USING RAGE AND THE MEMORY OF A GIRL NAMED JEAN TO OVERCOME THE FEAR WITHIN YOU...
YOU MOVE, FRANK DRAKE...
THEY'RE NOT OUT YET.
AND WHILE I'VE GOT THIS CROSS--
THEY WON'T BE!
GRAVES!
YES, MASTER--
I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE!
ARRGHHHH!
MASTER... THESE BAGS WE FOUND WERE OLD, WORN--
YOUR G-GOLD...

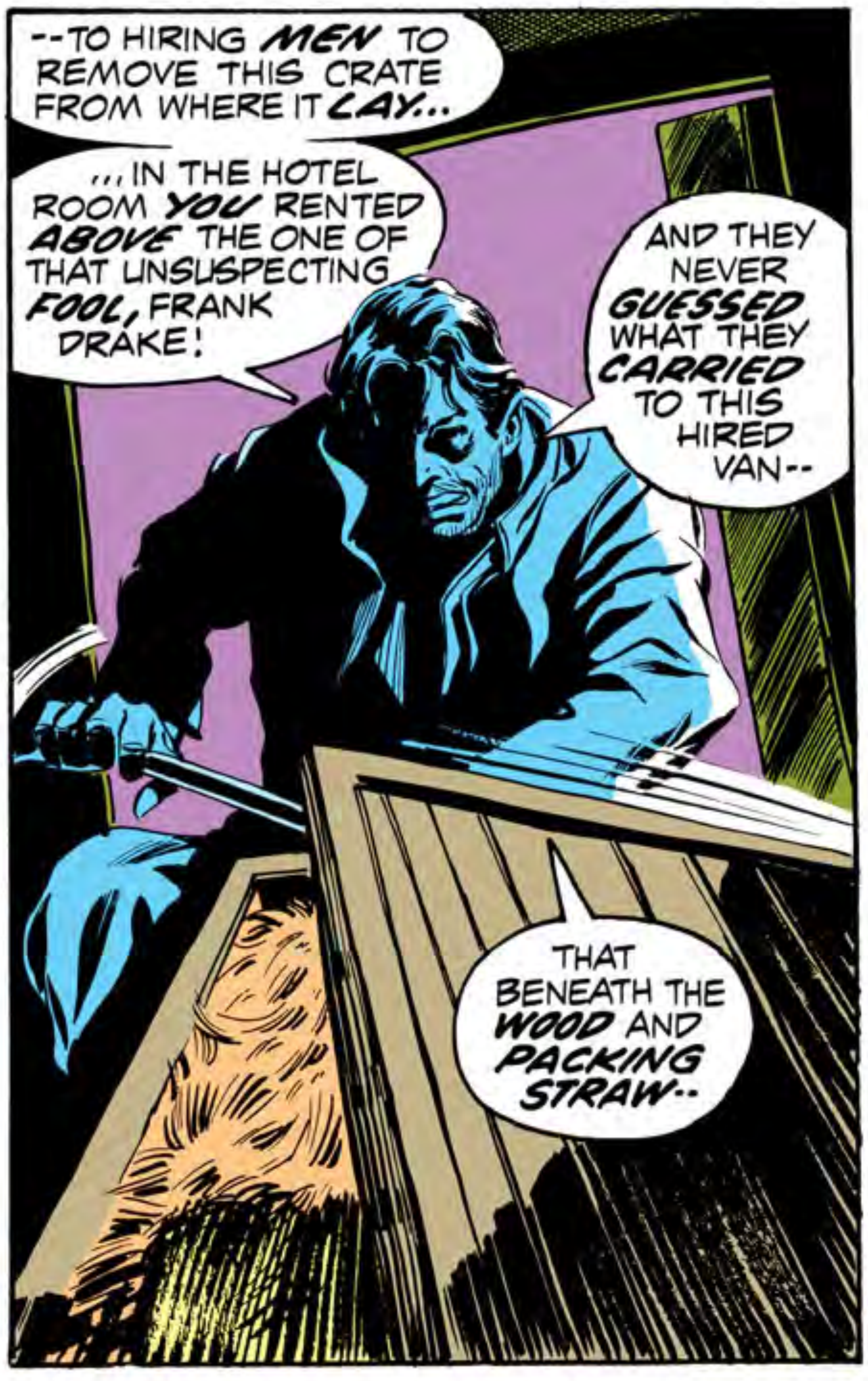

PICK IT UP, FOOL! WITH THAT CURSED CRUCIFIX GONE--
THESE OTHERS ARE AS NOTHING TO ME!
EVEN YOU, GIANT.
WITH YOUR STAKE AND DETERMINED SILENCE--
--YOU ARE NOTHING AGAINST THE STRENGTH OF DRACULA--
--THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MERE MEN!
AND YOU, MY DEAR, I'VE LEFT FOR LAST. RACHEL, I BELIEVE MY TURNCOAT DESCENDANT CALLED YOU...
YOU SHOW LITTLE FEAR, RACHEL.
I AM A VAN HELSING, COUNT.
YOU MAY RECALL THE NAME--
--AND REMEMBER WE ARE NOT WITHOUT RESOURCES!
A CROSSBOW!
KA-CHUNG
AND ITS BOLT IS WOODEN-TIPPED!
THE LAST VAN HELSING'S AIM IS TRUE...
BUT EVEN AS THE SHAFT SPEEDS FOR DRACULA'S HEART...
HIS VERY FORM IS SHIFTING, CHANGING...
...BECOMING A NIGHTED SHAPE NO ARROW CAN CATCH!

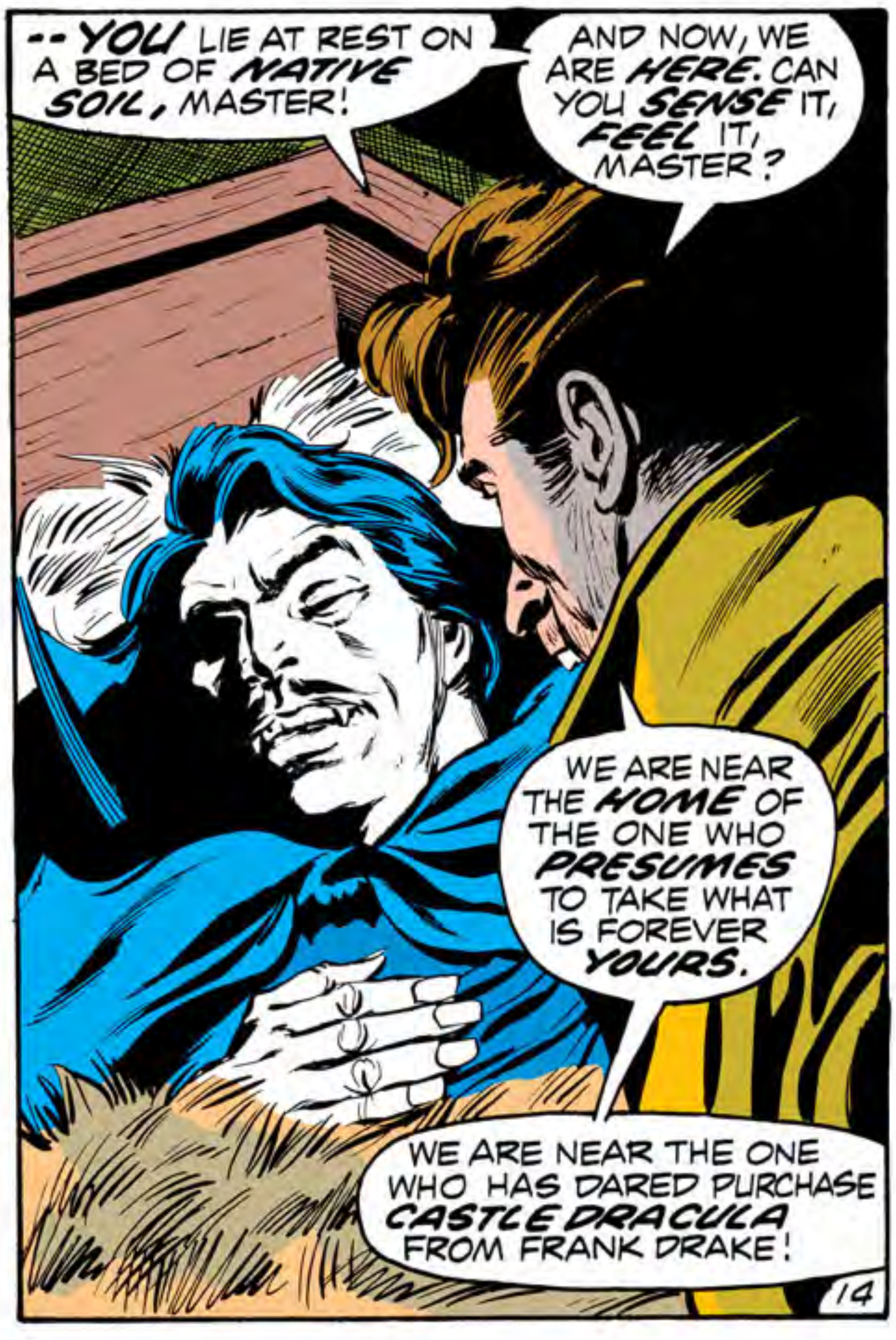

AND, IN BAT-FORM, COUNT DRACULA **FLEES**... FOLLOWED BY THE MAN WHO HAS BECOME HIS SERVANT, HIS **SLAVE.**
NOT SO **FAST,** CLIFF!
I STILL **OWE** YOU, OLD BUDDY!
BUT AS THE REVIVED DRAKE TRIES TO **FOLLOW...**
SLAM
LOCKED, BLAST IT! BREEZE FROM **NOWHERE** BLEW IT SHUT!
DON'T BE **CERTAIN** IT WAS FROM NOWHERE, FRANK...
NOT WHEN IT'S **COUNT DRACULA** WE DEAL WITH.
THEN HE DID HIS WORK **WELL,** RACHEL. THAT DOOR'S **HEAVY** AND **SOLID.** WE'RE GOING TO BE IN HERE A **LONG**--
TAJ! WHAT--?
GIVE HIM **ROOM,** FRANK. HIS STRENGTH IS HARDLY THAT OF **DRACULA'S**--
STILL...
WOM!
AND TAJ'S GREAT FRAME CRASHES INTO THE **DOOR**... FULL FORCE DIRECTED AGAINST THE **HINGES...**
AGAIN AND **AGAIN...**
UNTIL...
THAT'S FAR **ENOUGH!** EVERYONE STAY WHERE YOU **ARE!**
THAT'S **THREE** OF THEM, CONSTABLE!
THIS LOT CAME DOWN JUST BEFORE I HEARD THE PORTER'S **SCREAM** AND SENT FOR YOU!
BUT I DON'T SEE THE **OTHER** ONE... **GRAVES!**

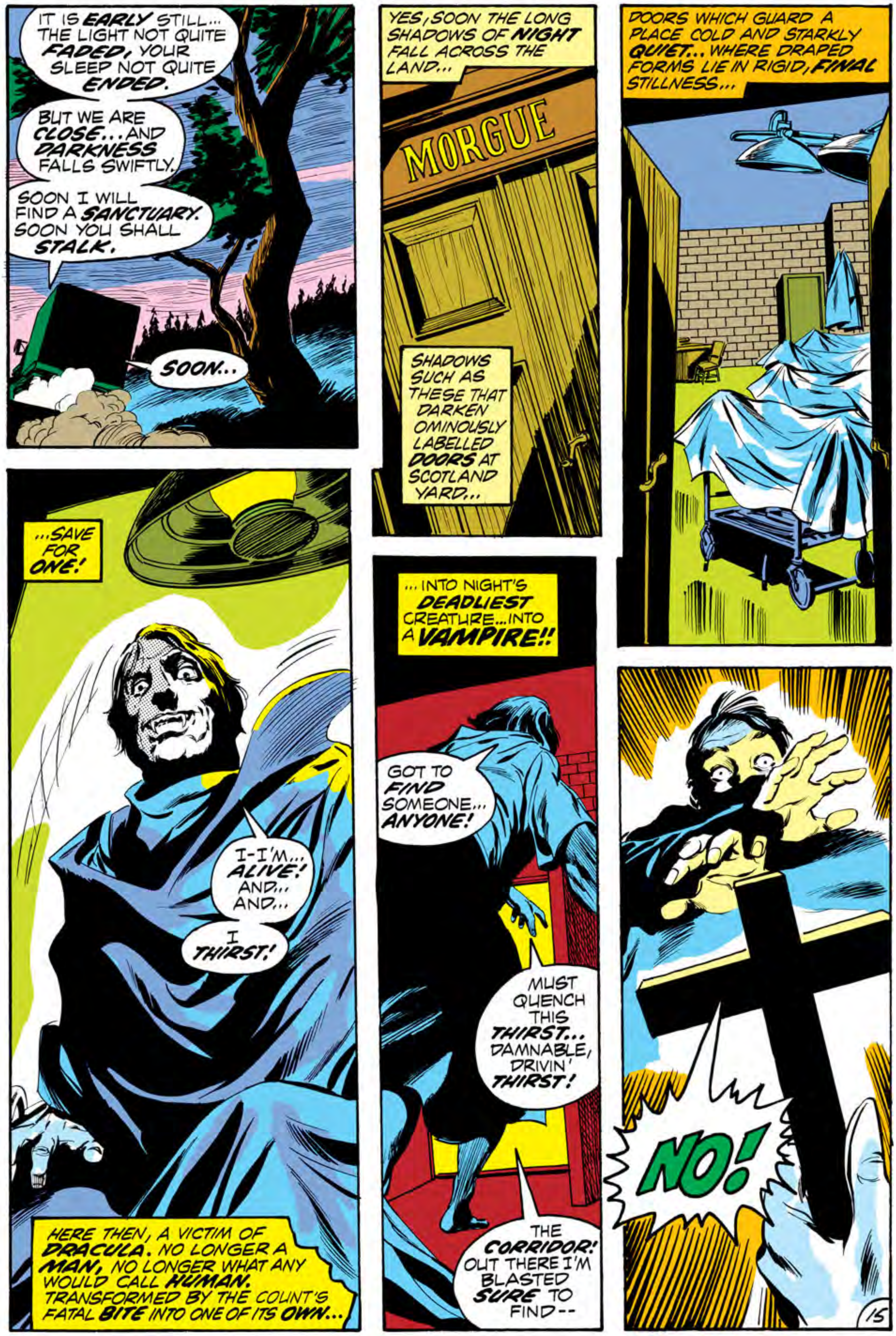

AND YOU TRY TO TELL THEM OF GRAVES... OF THE MAN-MONSTER NOW CONTROLLING HIM. BUT THEY WON'T LISTEN, WILL THEY, FRANK DRAKE? NOT TO YOU, NOT TO RACHEL...
NOT WHEN THEY SEE WHAT LIES WITH YOU IN THAT STORAGE ROOM!
MURDER! RIGHT HERE IN THE HOTEL! TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE...!
AND THIS FINE CREW'S GOT THE WEAPONS THAT COULD HAVE DONE IT!
CONSTABLE, WHILE WE WASTE TIME TALKING, COUNT DRACULA ESCAPES.
YOU MUST HAVE JUST MISSED HIM ON THE STAIRS, OR--
SPARE ME YOUR FAIRY TALES, MISS.
YOU'LL BE REPEATIN' THEM PLENTY AT--
--SCOTLAND YARD!
HALF PAST ELEVEN! WE'VE BEEN AT THIS SINCE DAWN.
AND YOU THREE STILL HOLD TO THIS INFERNAL BLATHER ABOUT VAMPIRES... THE SO-CALLED COUNT DRACULA?!
AM I BORING YOU, MISS--I SHOULD SAY, DOCTOR--VAN HELSING?
NO DOUBT WITH ALL YOUR DEGREES, YOUR BACKGROUND IN THE OCCULT, A MERE MURDER CHARGE IS TOO MUNDANE FOR YOUR ATTENTION!
OUR INNOCENCE WILL BE PROVEN WITH TIME, INSPECTOR CHELM.
IT'S DRACULA I'M THINKING OF! WHERE HAS HE GONE, WHAT WILL HE DO NEXT?
THOSE ANSWERS ARE TO BE FOUND AS DUSK APPROACHES...
A DUSK LARGELY UNFELT IN A DAY ALREADY DARKENED BY CLOUD AND FOG...
...SO THAT A VAN MOVING NORTH FROM LONDON ALREADY USES ITS HEADLAMPS--
--AS IT TRANSPORTS A SINGULAR CARGO. ONE PACKING CRATE, QUITE AMPLE IN SIZE...
...AND THE OBJECT OF QUICK, BACKWARD GLANCES FROM THE DRIVER OF THE VAN...

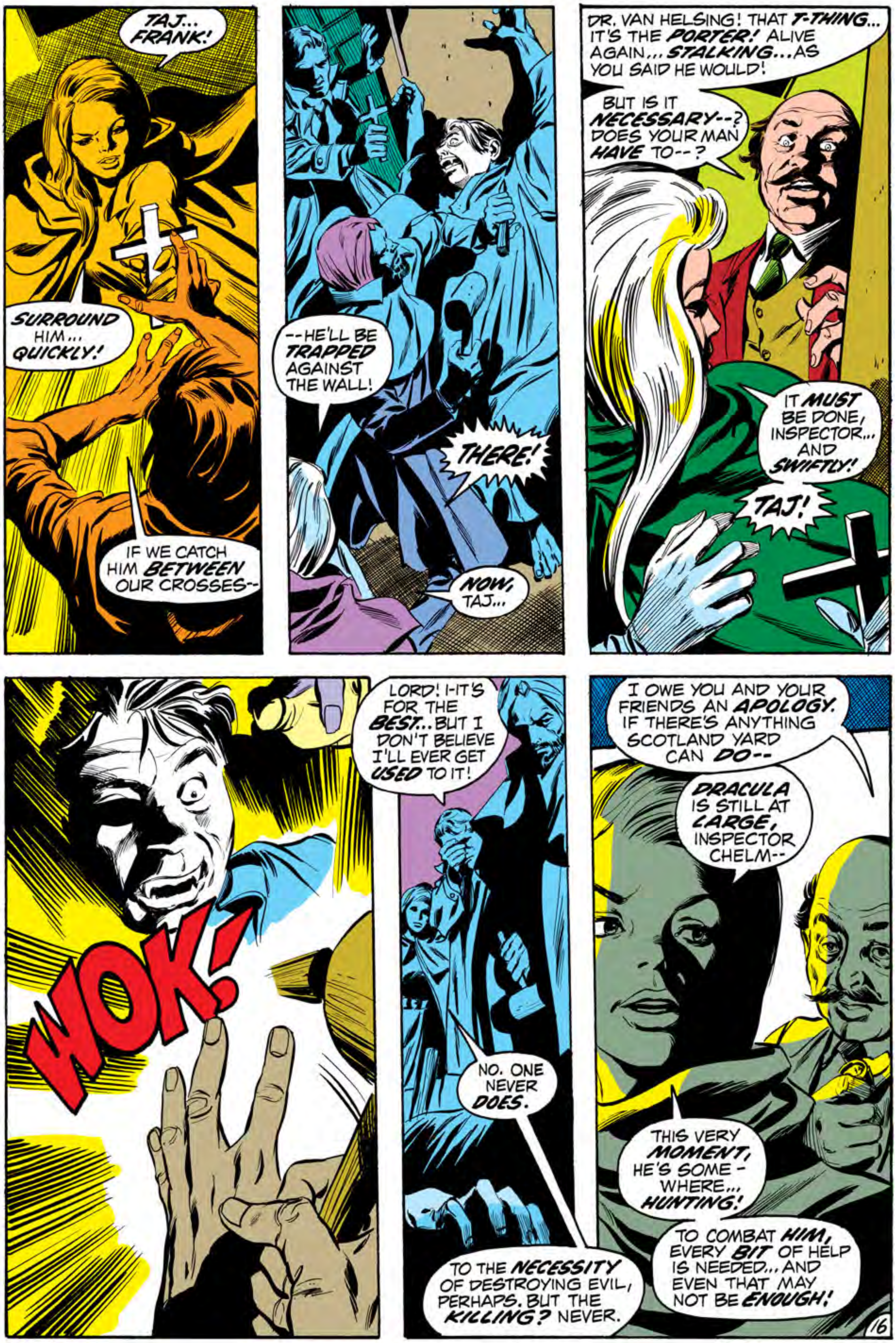

A MAN MOST ANXIOUS THAT HIS CARGO TRAVEL SAFELY AND WELL...
...CLIFTON GRAVES.
WE'RE CLOSE, MASTER... VERY CLOSE.

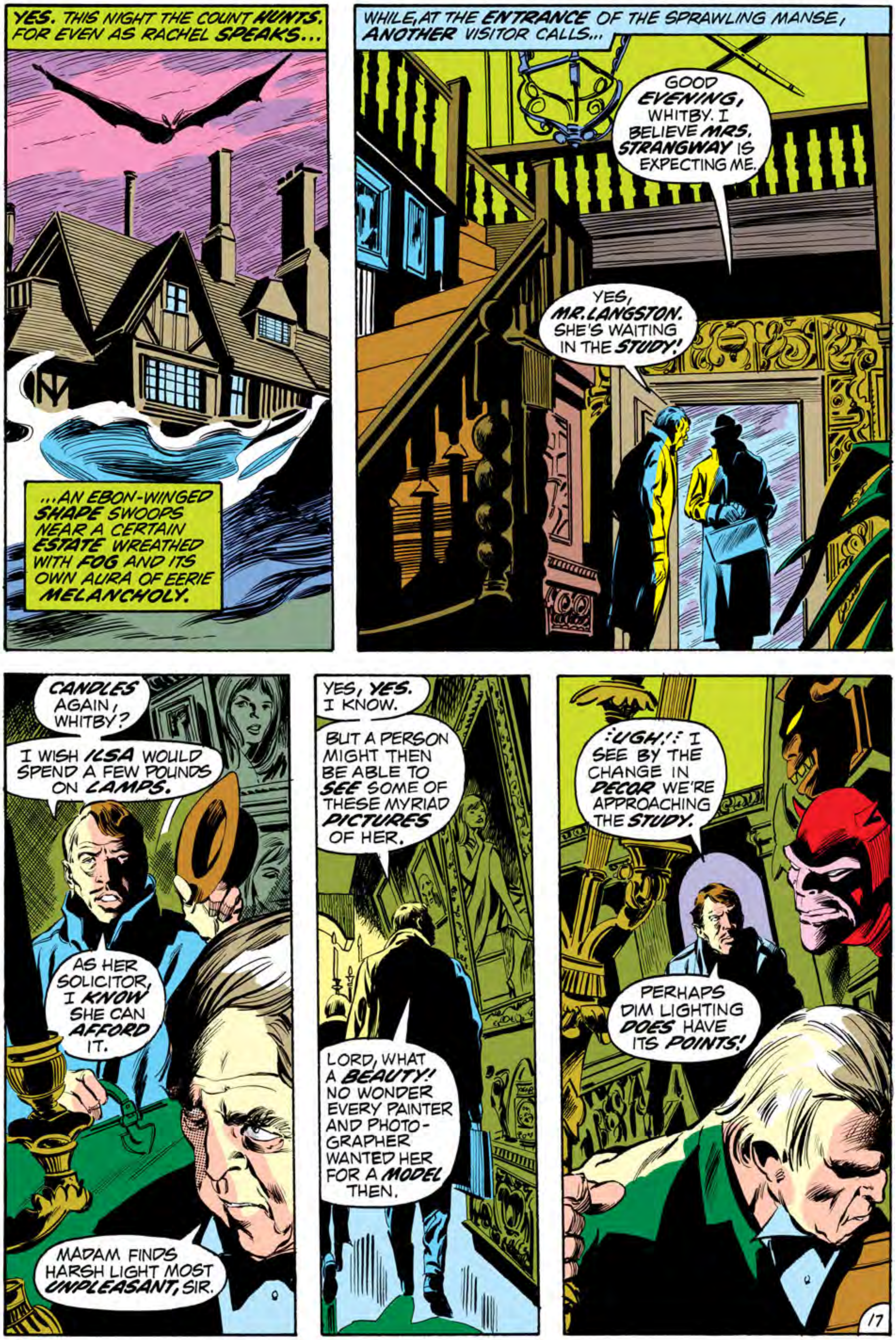

THEN THE VAN SWINGS ONTO A DESERTED LANE BEHIND A RAMBLING COUNTRY ESTATE, DARK AND GLOOMY AS THE DAY ITSELF...
YES! THIS IS IT. I VISITED THE LAWYER AND LEARNED ALL I NEEDED.
SCREEEEEE
IT HAS BEEN A LONG AND BUSY DAY, MASTER... BUT EVERYTHING YOU COMMANDED HAS BEEN DONE!
FROM EXCHANGING THE GOLD COINS FOR MODERN CURRENCY--

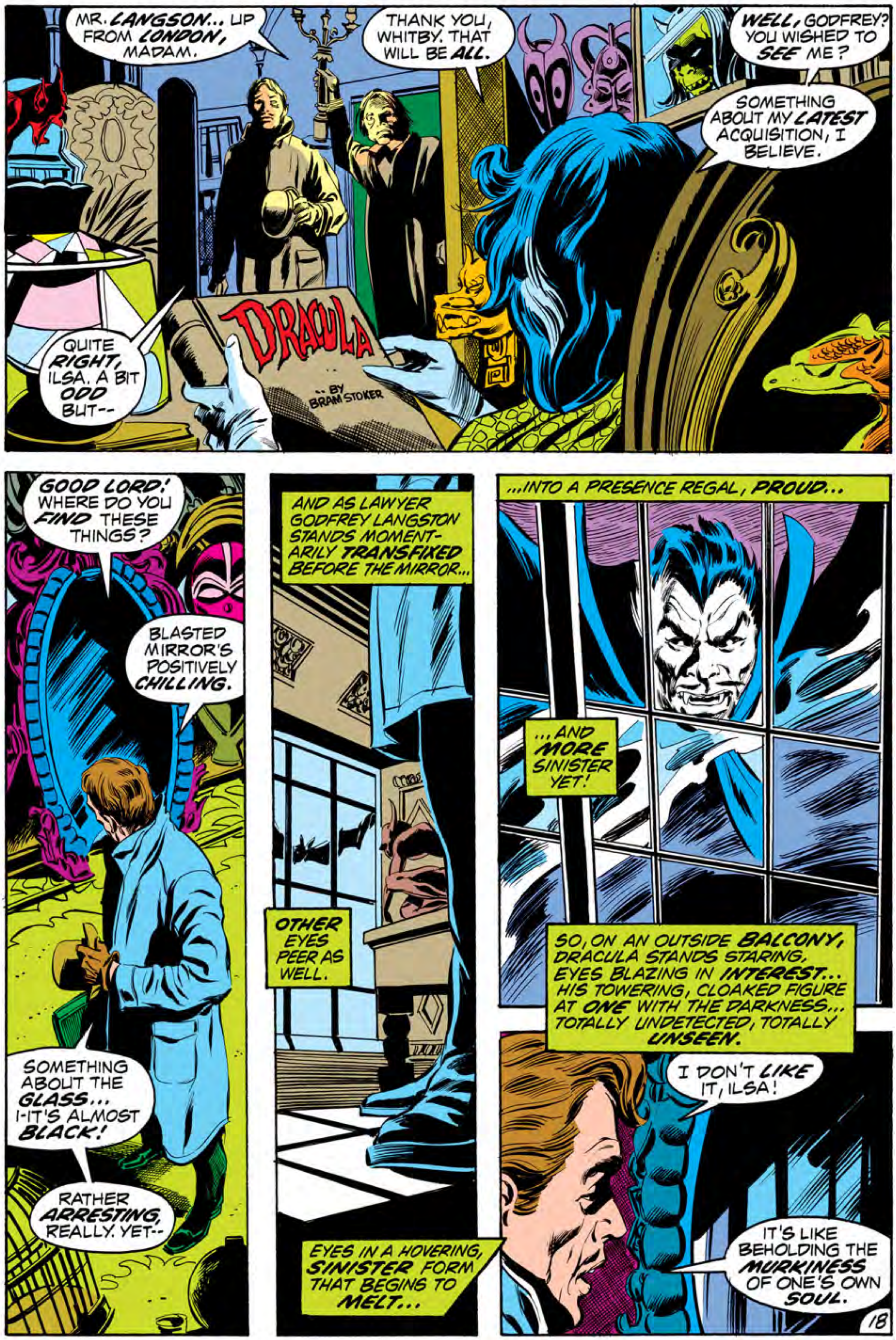

--TO HIRING MEN TO REMOVE THIS CRATE FROM WHERE IT LAY...
...IN THE HOTEL ROOM YOU RENTED ABOVE THE ONE OF THAT UNSUSPECTING FOOL, FRANK DRAKE!
AND THEY NEVER GUESSED WHAT THEY CARRIED TO THIS HIRED VAN--
THAT BENEATH THE WOOD AND PACKING STRAW--

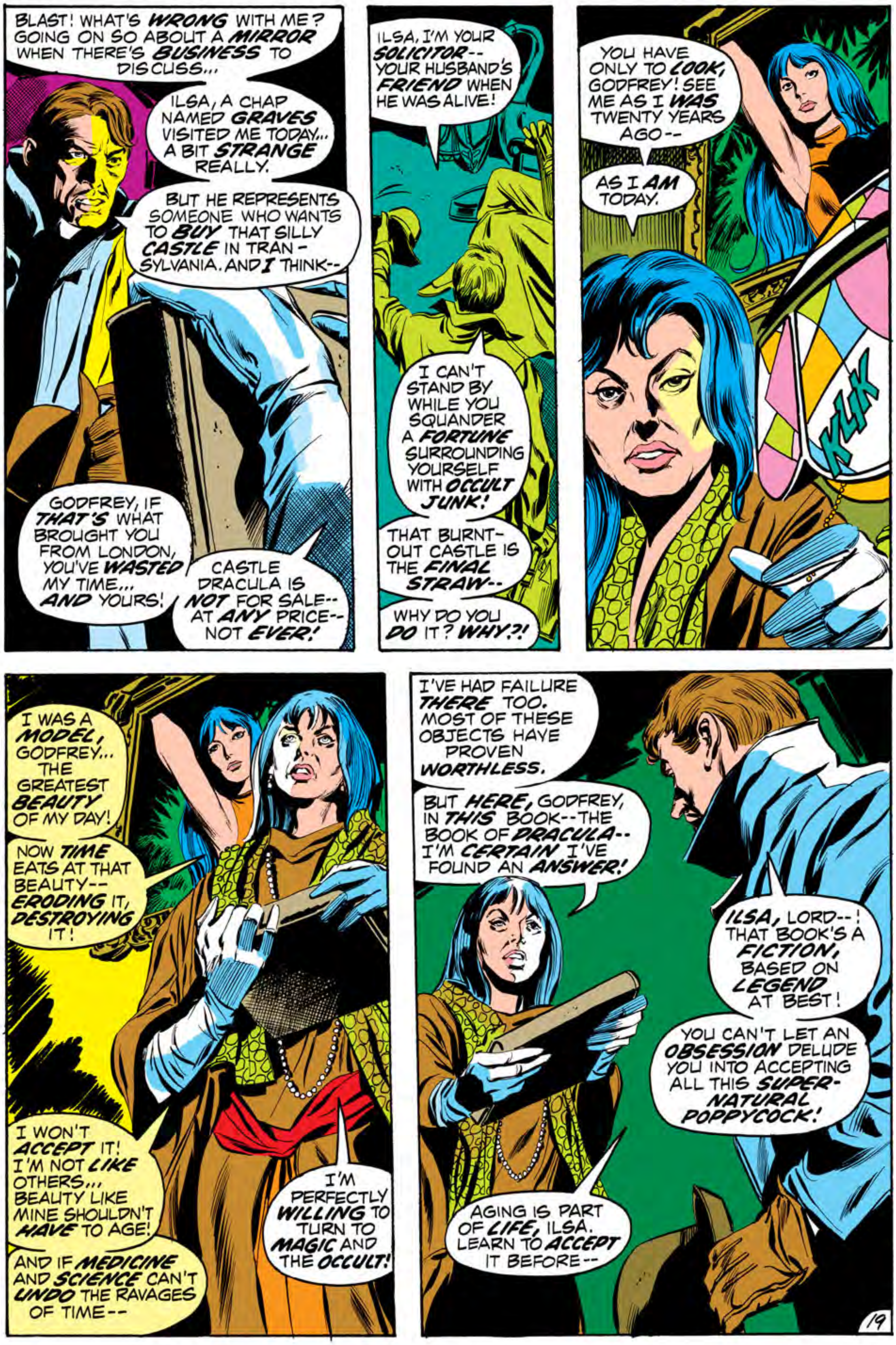

--YOU LIE AT REST ON A BED OF NATIVE SOIL, MASTER!
AND NOW, WE ARE HERE. CAN YOU SENSE IT, FEEL IT, MASTER?
WE ARE NEAR THE HOME OF THE ONE WHO PRESUMES TO TAKE WHAT IS FOREVER YOURS.
WE ARE NEAR THE ONE WHO HAS DARED PURCHASE CASTLE DRACULA FROM FRANK DRAKE!

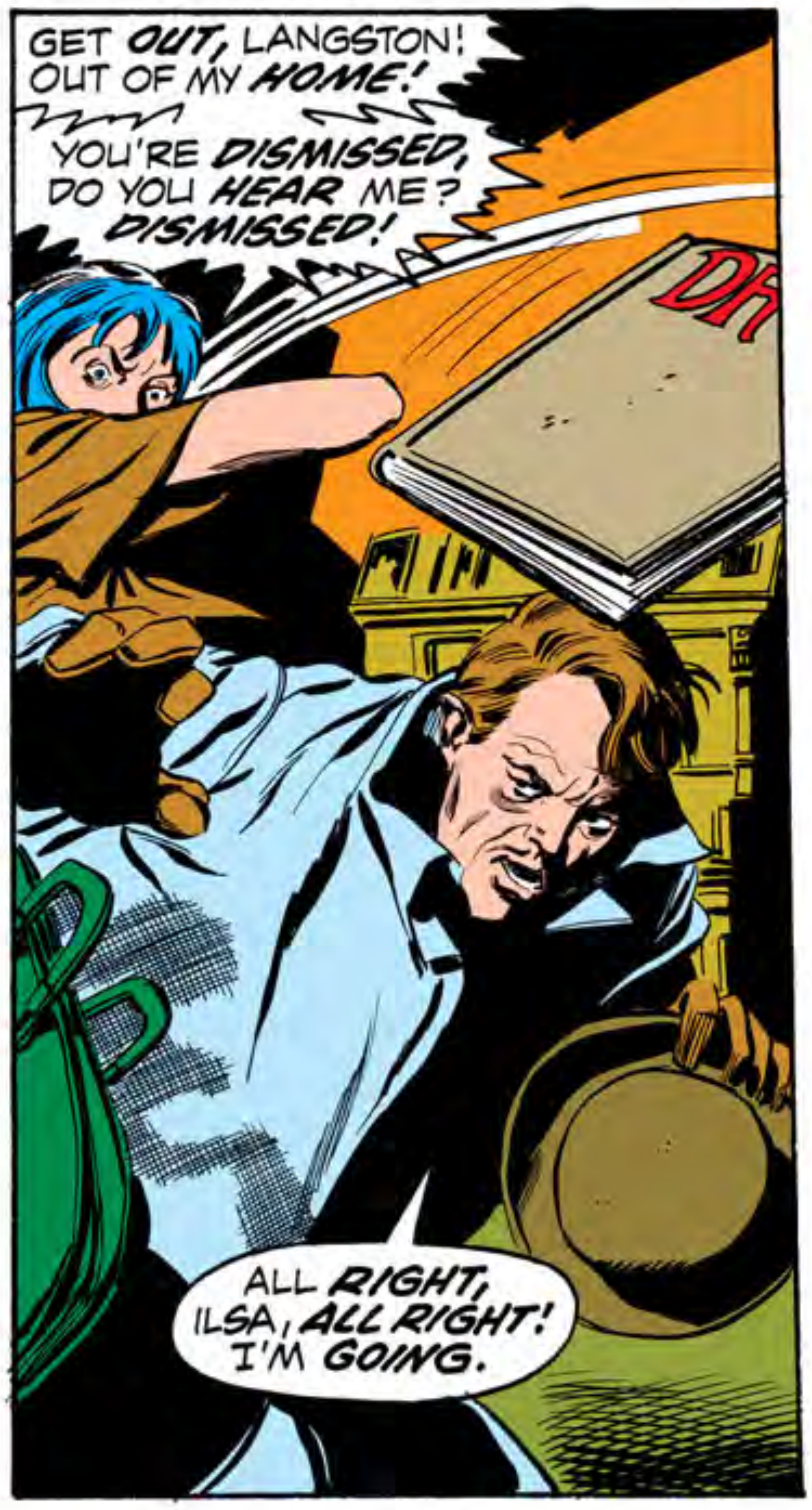

IT IS EARLY STILL... THE LIGHT NOT QUITE FADED, YOUR SLEEP NOT QUITE ENDED.
BUT WE ARE CLOSE... AND DARKNESS FALLS SWIFTLY.
SOON I WILL FIND A SANCTUARY. SOON YOU SHALL STALK.
SOON...
YES, SOON THE LONG SHADOWS OF NIGHT FALL ACROSS THE LAND...
MORGUE
SHADOWS SUCH AS THESE THAT DARKEN OMINOUSLY LABELLED DOORS AT SCOTLAND YARD...
DOORS WHICH GUARD A PLACE COLD AND STARKLY QUIET... WHERE DRAPED FORMS LIE IN RIGID, FINAL STILLNESS...
...SAVE FOR ONE!
I-I'M... ALIVE! AND... AND...
I THIRST!
HERE THEN, A VICTIM OF DRACULA. NO LONGER A MAN, NO LONGER WHAT ANY WOULD CALL HUMAN. TRANSFORMED BY THE COUNT'S FATAL BITE INTO ONE OF ITS OWN...
...INTO NIGHT'S DEADLIEST CREATURE...INTO A VAMPIRE!!
GOT TO FIND SOMEONE... ANYONE!
MUST QUENCH THIS THIRST... DAMNABLE, DRIVIN' THIRST!
THE CORRIDOR! OUT THERE I'M BLASTED SURE TO FIND--
NO!

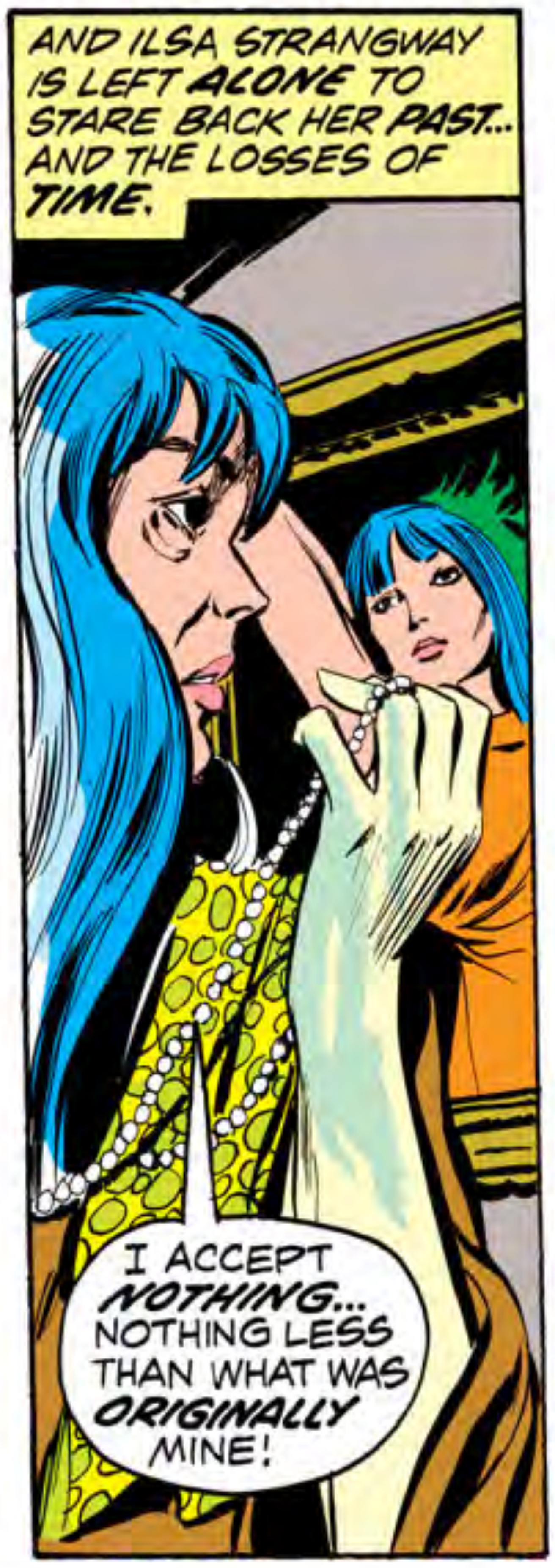

TAJ... FRANK!
SURROUND HIM... QUICKLY!
IF WE CATCH HIM BETWEEN OUR CROSSES--
--HE'LL BE TRAPPED AGAINST THE WALL!
THERE!
NOW, TAJ...
DR. VAN HELSING! THAT T-THING... IT'S THE PORTER! ALIVE AGAIN... STALKING... AS YOU SAID HE WOULD!
BUT IS IT NECESSARY--? DOES YOUR MAN HAVE TO--?
IT MUST BE DONE, INSPECTOR... AND SWIFTLY!
TAJ!
WOK!
LORD! I-IT'S FOR THE BEST.. BUT I DON'T BELIEVE I'LL EVER GET USED TO IT!
NO. ONE NEVER DOES.
TO THE NECESSITY OF DESTROYING EVIL, PERHAPS. BUT THE KILLING? NEVER.
I OWE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS AN APOLOGY. IF THERE'S ANYTHING SCOTLAND YARD CAN DO--
DRACULA IS STILL AT LARGE, INSPECTOR CHELM--
THIS VERY MOMENT, HE'S SOME-WHERE... HUNTING!
TO COMBAT HIM, EVERY BIT OF HELP IS NEEDED... AND EVEN THAT MAY NOT BE ENOUGH!

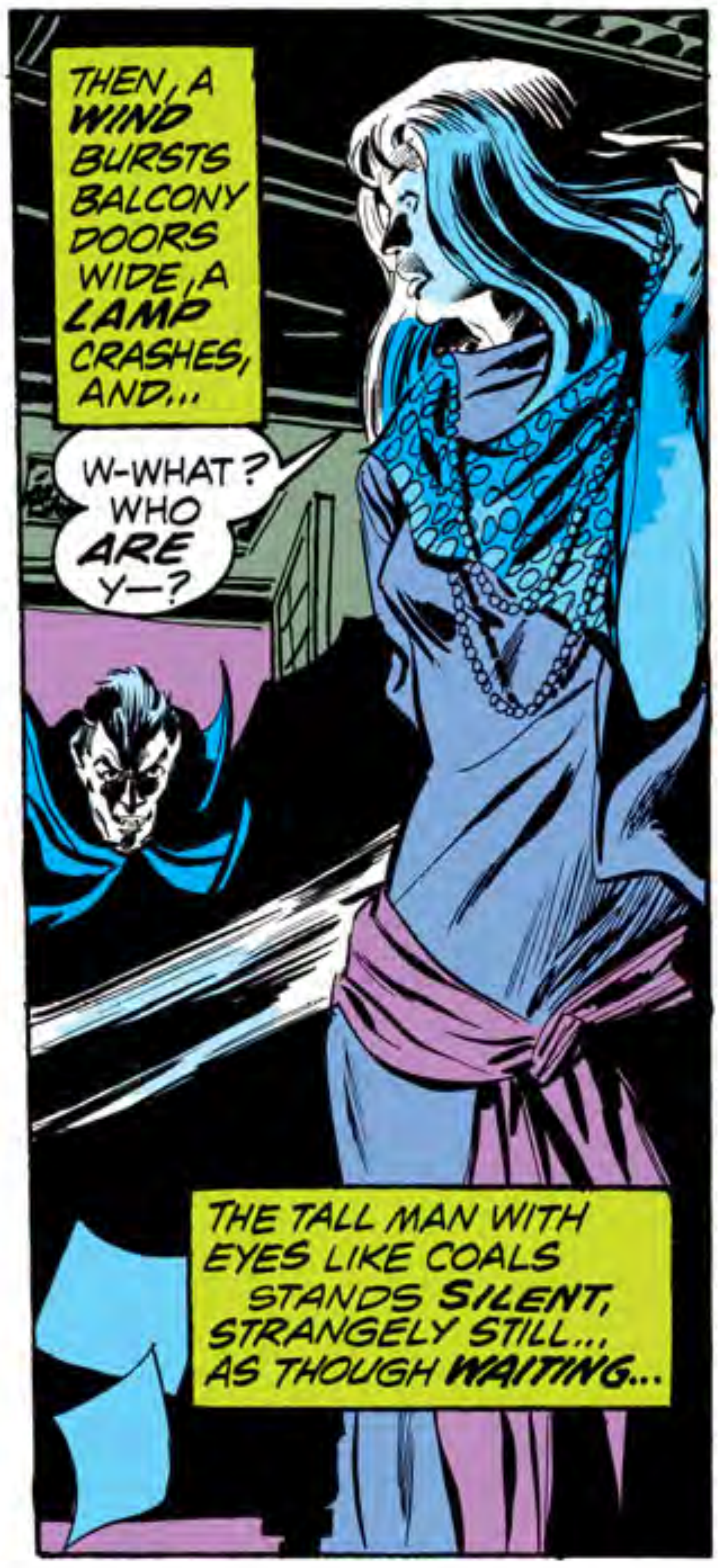

YES. THIS NIGHT THE COUNT HUNTS. FOR EVEN AS RACHEL SPEAKS...
...AN EBON-WINGED SHAPE SWOOPS NEAR A CERTAIN ESTATE WREATHED WITH FOG AND ITS OWN AURA OF EERIE MELANCHOLY.
WHILE, AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SPRAWLING MANSE, ANOTHER VISITOR CALLS...
GOOD EVENING, WHITBY. I BELIEVE MRS. STRANGWAY IS EXPECTING ME.
YES, MR. LANGSTON. SHE'S WAITING IN THE STUDY!
CANDLES AGAIN, WHITBY?
I WISH ILSA WOULD SPEND A FEW POUNDS ON LAMPS.
AS HER SOLICITOR, I KNOW SHE CAN AFFORD IT.
MADAM FINDS HARSH LIGHT MOST UNPLEASANT, SIR.
YES, YES. I KNOW.
BUT A PERSON MIGHT THEN BE ABLE TO SEE SOME OF THESE MYRIAD PICTURES OF HER.
LORD, WHAT A BEAUTY! NO WONDER EVERY PAINTER AND PHOTOGRAPHER WANTED HER FOR A MODEL THEN.
UGH!! I SEE BY THE CHANGE IN DECOR WE'RE APPROACHING THE STUDY.
PERHAPS DIM LIGHTING DOES HAVE ITS POINTS!

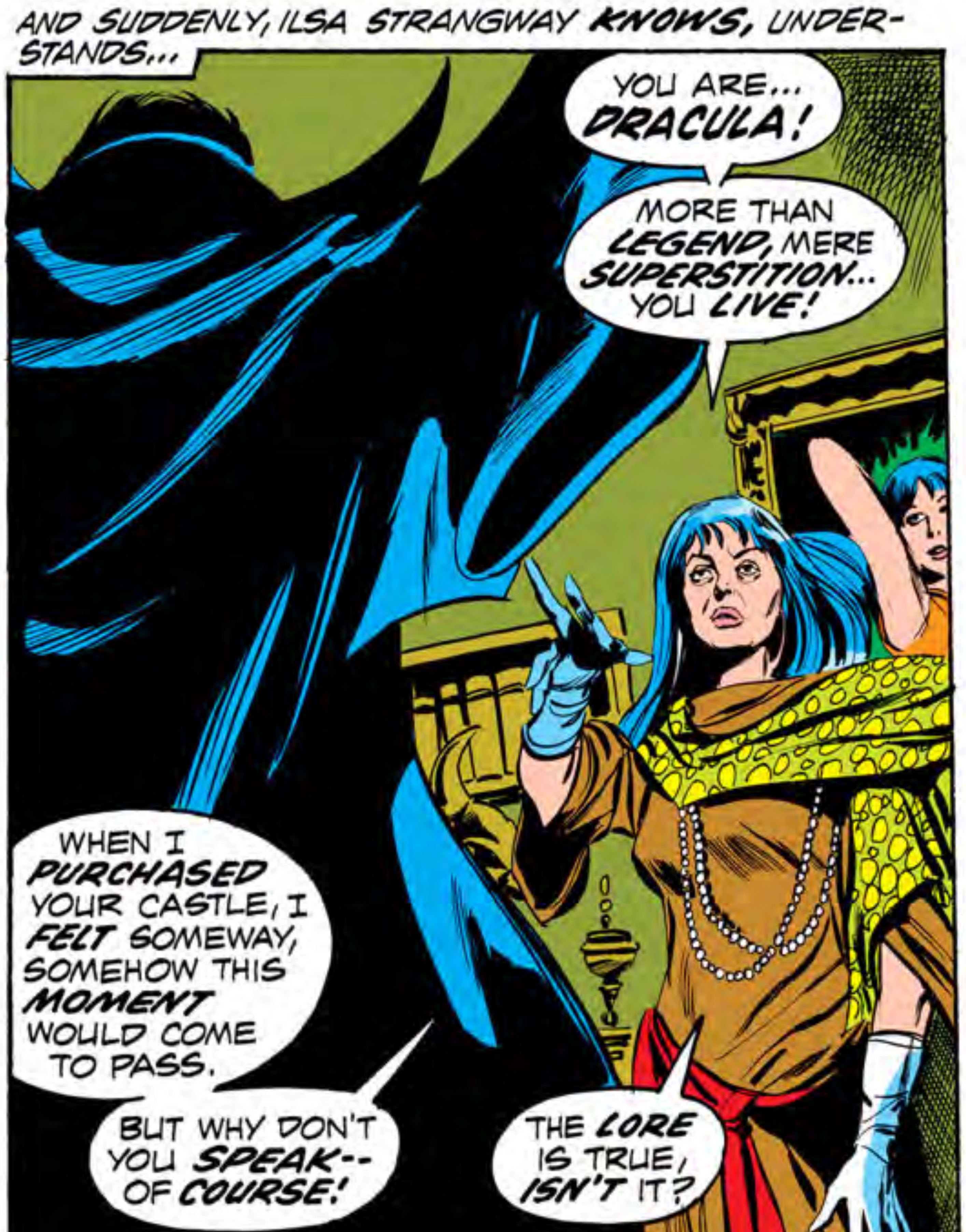

MR. LANGSON... UP FROM LONDON, MADAM.
THANK YOU, WHITBY. THAT WILL BE ALL.
WELL, GODFREY? YOU WISHED TO SEE ME?
SOMETHING ABOUT MY LATEST ACQUISITION, I BELIEVE.
QUITE RIGHT, ILSA. A BIT ODD BUT--
DRACULA
.. BY BRAM STOKER
GOOD LORD! WHERE DO YOU FIND THESE THINGS?
BLASTED MIRROR'S POSITIVELY CHILLING.
SOMETHING ABOUT THE GLASS... I-IT'S ALMOST BLACK!
RATHER ARRESTING, REALLY. YET--
AND AS LAWYER GODFREY LANGSTON STANDS MOMENTARILY TRANSFIXED BEFORE THE MIRROR...
OTHER EYES PEER AS WELL.
EYES IN A HOVERING, SINISTER FORM THAT BEGINS TO MELT...
...INTO A PRESENCE REGAL, PROUD...
..., AND MORE SINISTER YET!
SO, ON AN OUTSIDE BALCONY, DRACULA STANDS STARING, EYES BLAZING IN INTEREST... HIS TOWERING, CLOAKED FIGURE AT ONE WITH THE DARKNESS... TOTALLY UNDETECTED, TOTALLY UNSEEN.
I DON'T LIKE IT, ILSA!
IT'S LIKE BEHOLDING THE MURKINESS OF ONE'S OWN SOUL.

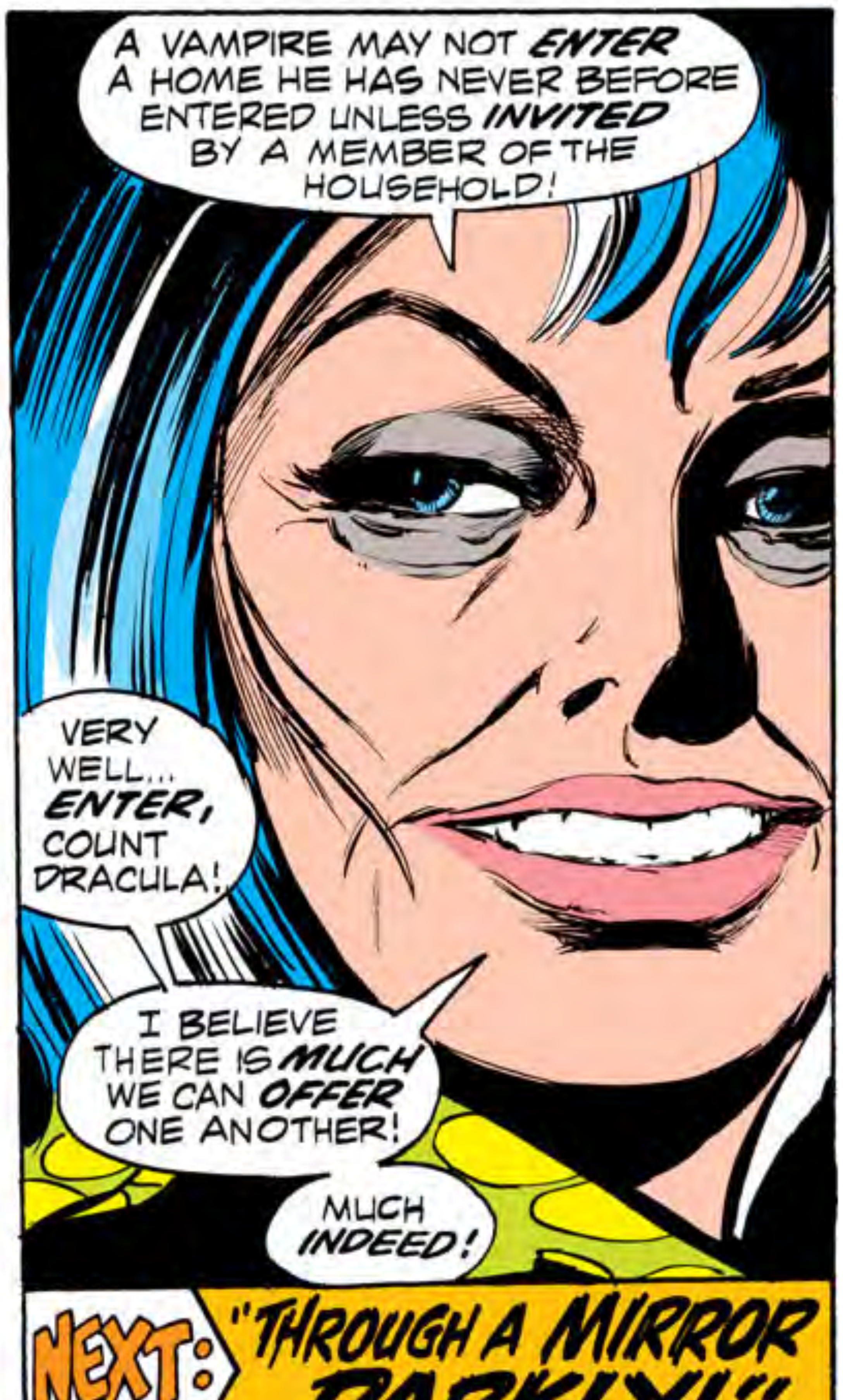

BLAST! WHAT'S **WRONG** WITH ME? GOING ON SO ABOUT A **MIRROR** WHEN THERE'S **BUSINESS** TO DISCUSS...
ILSA, A CHAP NAMED **GRAVES** VISITED ME TODAY... A BIT **STRANGE** REALLY.
BUT HE REPRESENTS SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO **BUY** THAT SILLY **CASTLE** IN TRANSYLVANIA. AND **I** THINK--
GODFREY, IF **THAT'S** WHAT BROUGHT YOU FROM LONDON, YOU'VE **WASTED** MY TIME... **AND** YOURS!
CASTLE DRACULA IS **NOT** FOR SALE-- AT **ANY** PRICE-- NOT **EVER!**
ILSA, I'M YOUR **SOLICITOR**-- YOUR HUSBAND'S **FRIEND** WHEN HE WAS ALIVE!
I CAN'T STAND BY WHILE YOU SQUANDER A **FORTUNE** SURROUNDING YOURSELF WITH **OCCULT JUNK!**
THAT BURNT-OUT CASTLE IS THE **FINAL STRAW**--
WHY DO YOU **DO** IT? **WHY?!**
YOU HAVE ONLY TO **LOOK**, GODFREY! SEE ME AS I **WAS** TWENTY YEARS AGO--
AS I **AM** TODAY.
KLIK
I WAS A **MODEL**, GODFREY... THE GREATEST **BEAUTY** OF MY DAY!
NOW **TIME** EATS AT THAT BEAUTY-- **ERODING** IT, **DESTROYING** IT!
I WON'T **ACCEPT** IT! I'M NOT **LIKE** OTHERS... BEAUTY LIKE MINE SHOULDN'T **HAVE** TO AGE!
AND IF **MEDICINE** AND **SCIENCE** CAN'T **UNDO** THE RAVAGES OF TIME--
I'M PERFECTLY **WILLING** TO TURN TO **MAGIC** AND THE **OCCULT!**
I'VE HAD FAILURE **THERE** TOO. MOST OF THESE OBJECTS HAVE PROVEN **WORTHLESS**.
BUT **HERE**, GODFREY, IN **THIS** BOOK--THE BOOK OF **DRACULA**-- I'M **CERTAIN** I'VE FOUND AN **ANSWER!**
ILSA, LORD--! THAT BOOK'S A **FICTION**, BASED ON **LEGEND** AT BEST!
YOU CAN'T LET AN **OBSESSION** DELUDE YOU INTO ACCEPTING ALL THIS **SUPERNATURAL POPPYCOCK!**
AGING IS PART OF **LIFE**, ILSA. LEARN TO **ACCEPT** IT BEFORE--

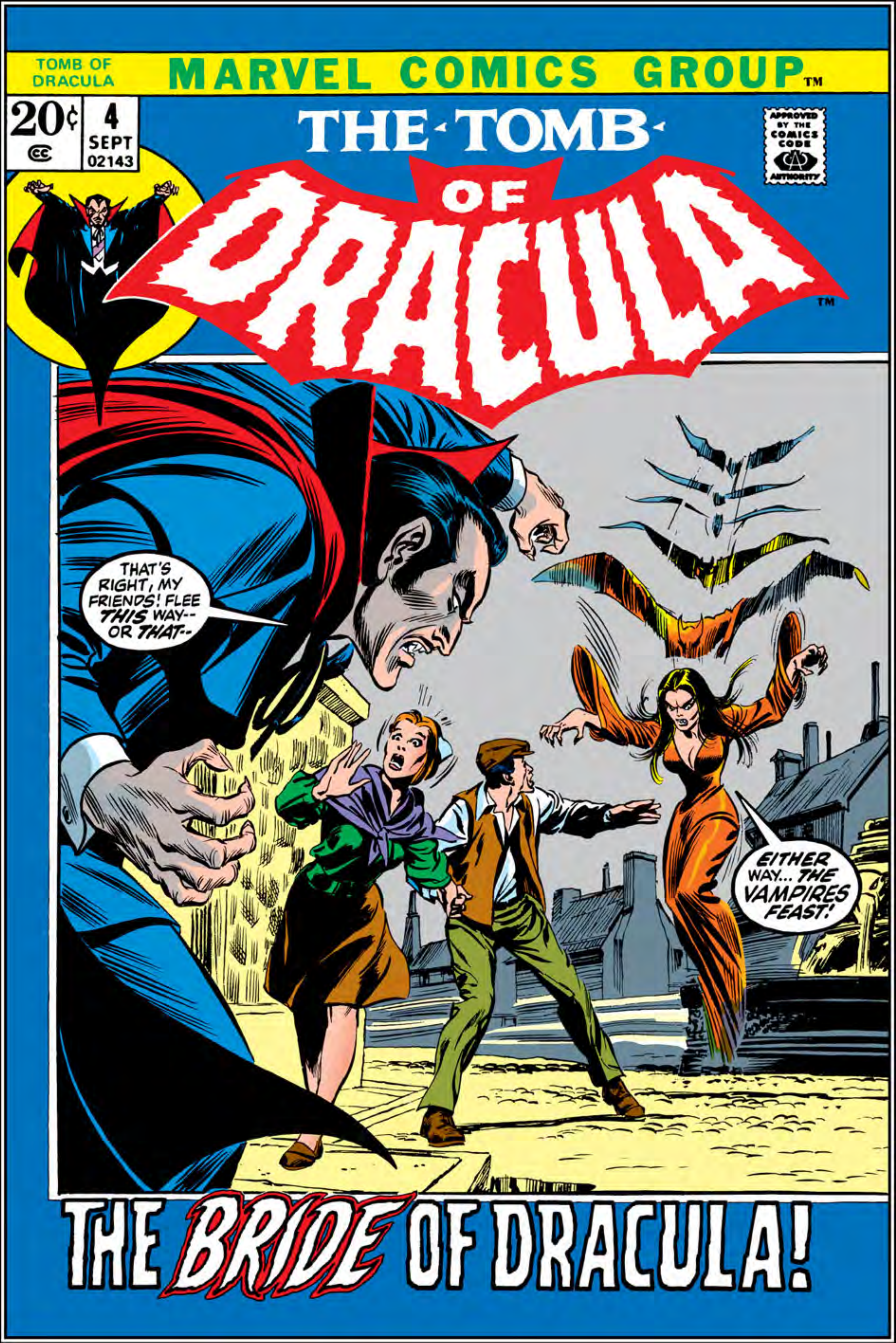

GET OUT, LANGSTON! OUT OF MY HOME!
YOU'RE DISMISSED, DO YOU HEAR ME? DISMISSED!
ALL RIGHT, ILSA, ALL RIGHT! I'M GOING.


AND ILSA STRANGWAY IS LEFT ALONE TO STARE BACK HER PAST... AND THE LOSSES OF TIME.
I ACCEPT NOTHING... NOTHING LESS THAN WHAT WAS ORIGINALLY MINE!


THEN, A WIND BURSTS BALCONY DOORS WIDE, A LAMP CRASHES, AND...
W-WHAT? WHO ARE Y--?
THE TALL MAN WITH EYES LIKE COALS STANDS SILENT, STRANGELY STILL... AS THOUGH WAITING...


AND SUDDENLY, ILSA STRANGWAY KNOWS, UNDERSTANDS...
YOU ARE... DRACULA!
MORE THAN LEGEND, MERE SUPERSTITION... YOU LIVE!
WHEN I PURCHASED YOUR CASTLE, I FELT SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW THIS MOMENT WOULD COME TO PASS.
BUT WHY DON'T YOU SPEAK-- OF COURSE!
THE LORE IS TRUE, ISN'T IT?


A VAMPIRE MAY NOT ENTER A HOME HE HAS NEVER BEFORE ENTERED UNLESS INVITED BY A MEMBER OF THE HOUSEHOLD!
VERY WELL... ENTER, COUNT DRACULA!
I BELIEVE THERE IS MUCH WE CAN OFFER ONE ANOTHER!
MUCH INDEED!
NEXT: "THROUGH A MIRROR DARKLY!"


TOMB OF DRACULA
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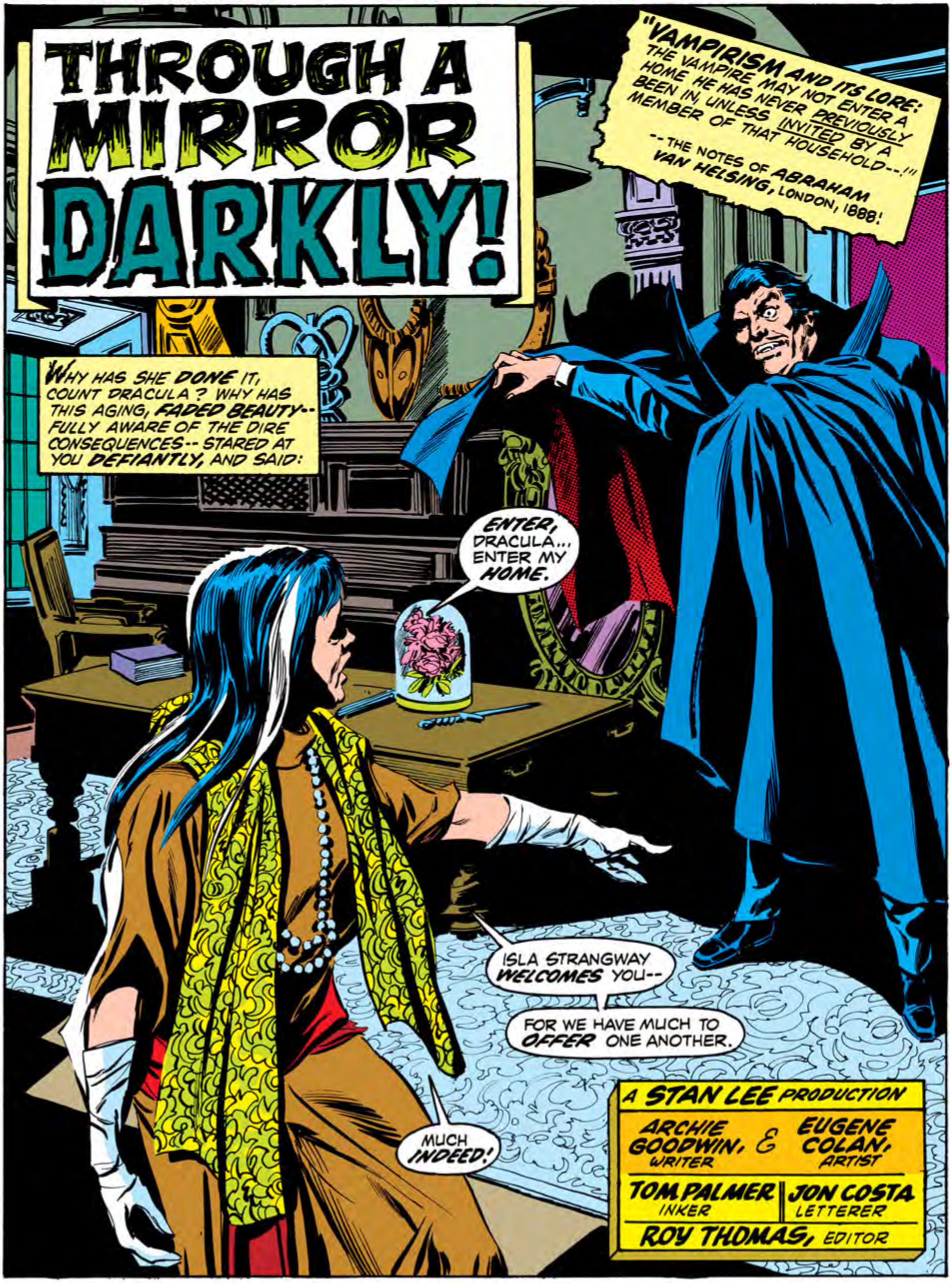
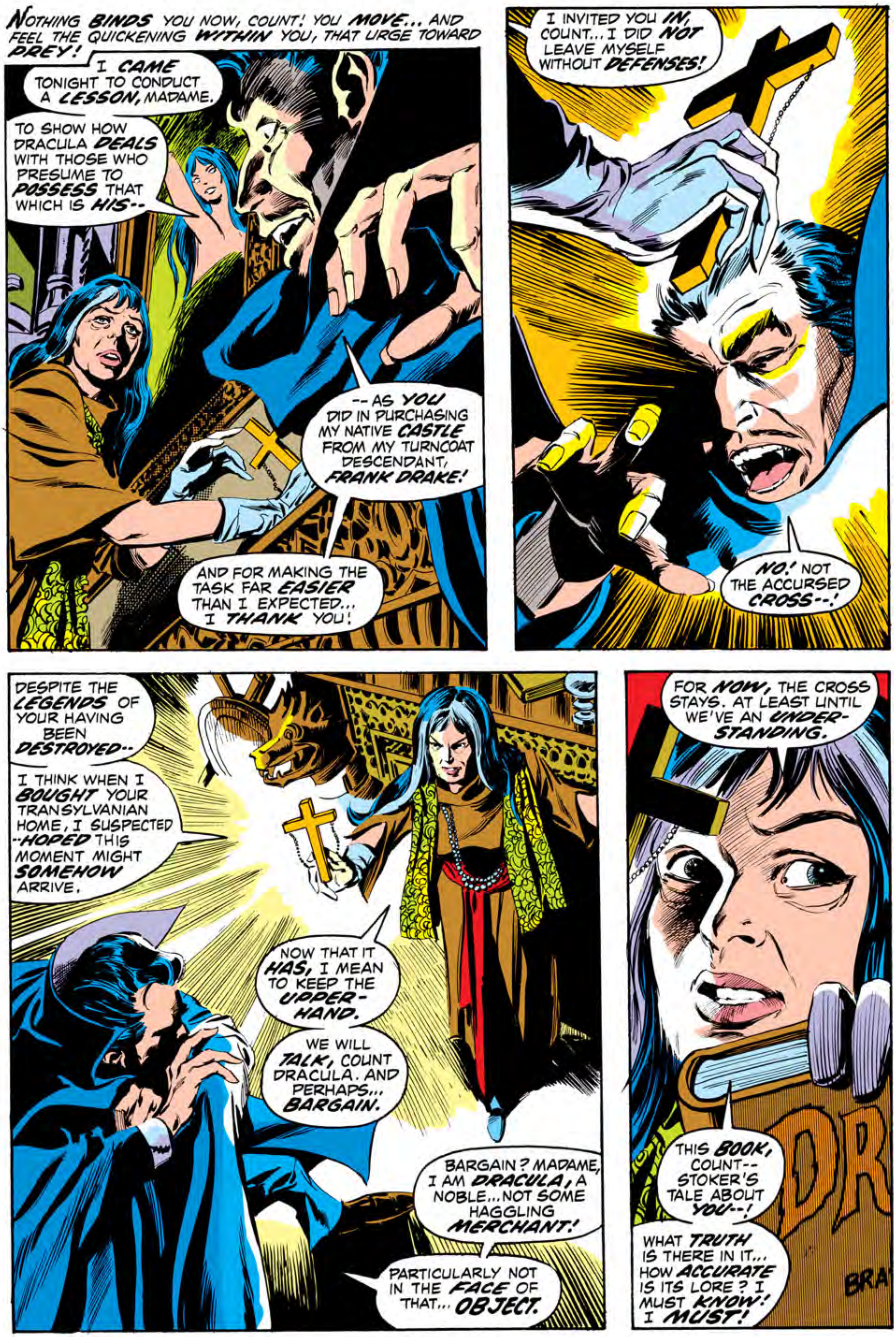
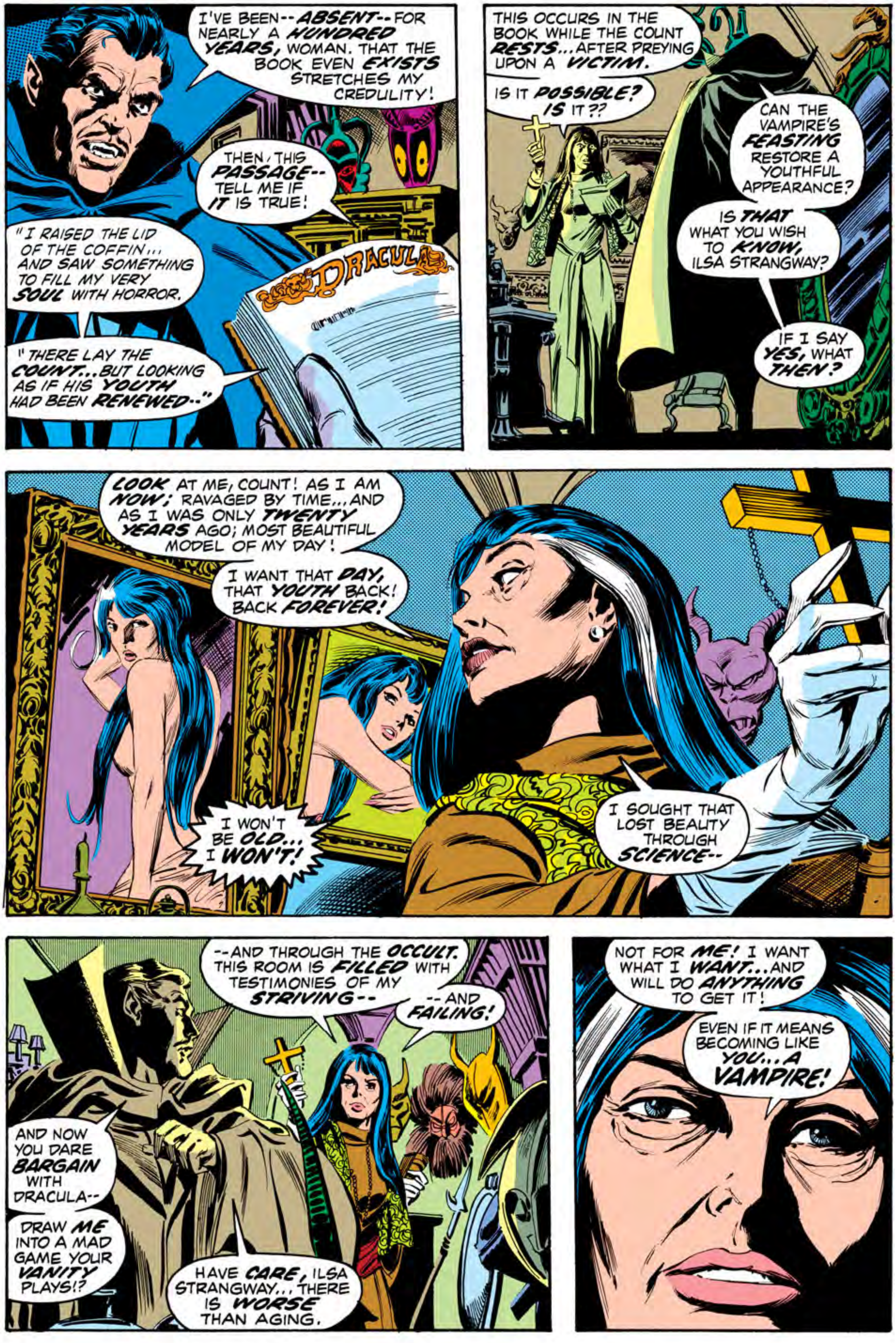
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
THAT'S RIGHT, MY FRIENDS! FLEE *THIS* WAY-- OR *THAT*--
EITHER WAY... *THE VAMPIRES FEAST!*
THE *BRIDE* OF DRACULA!

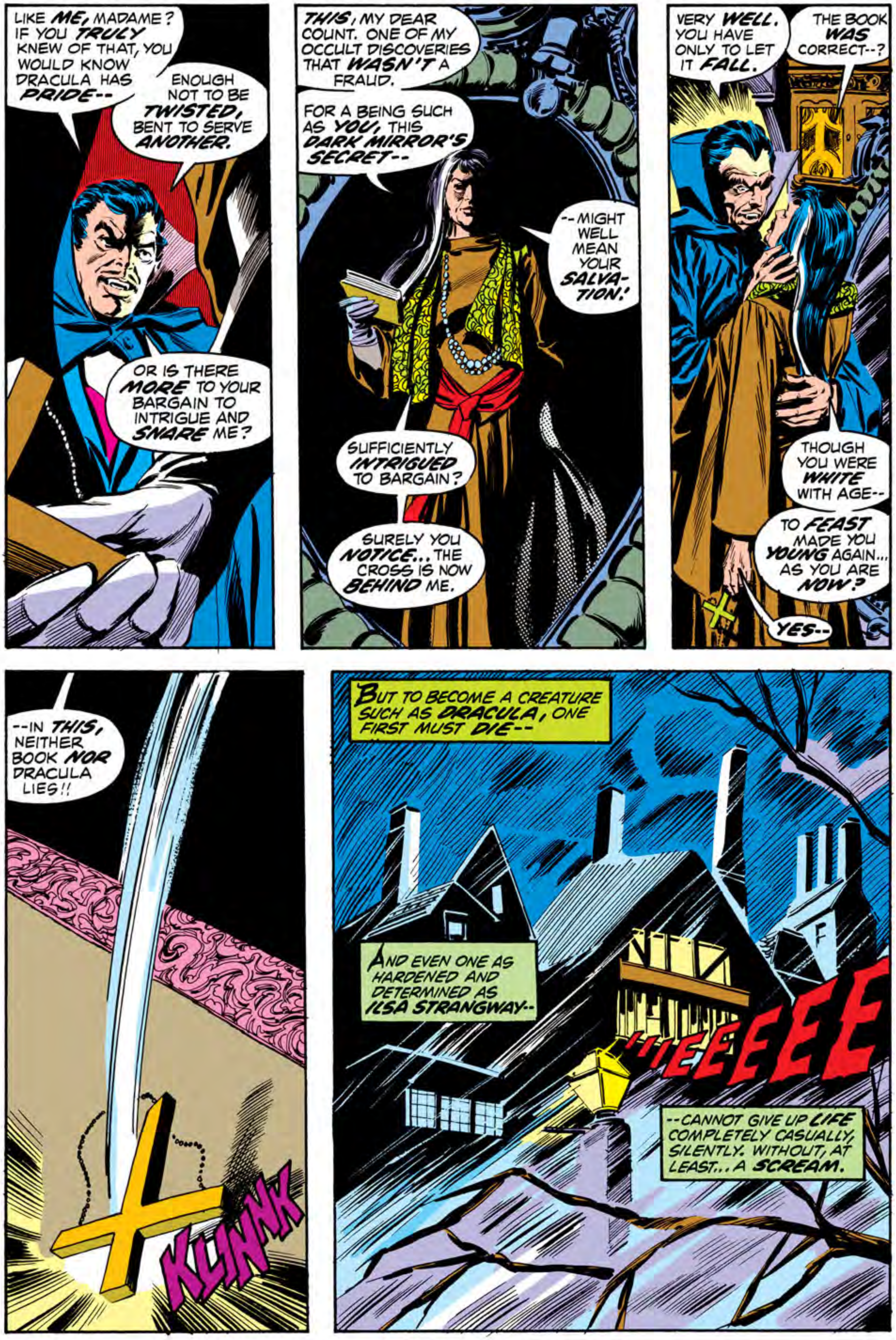
TOMB OF DRACULA!™

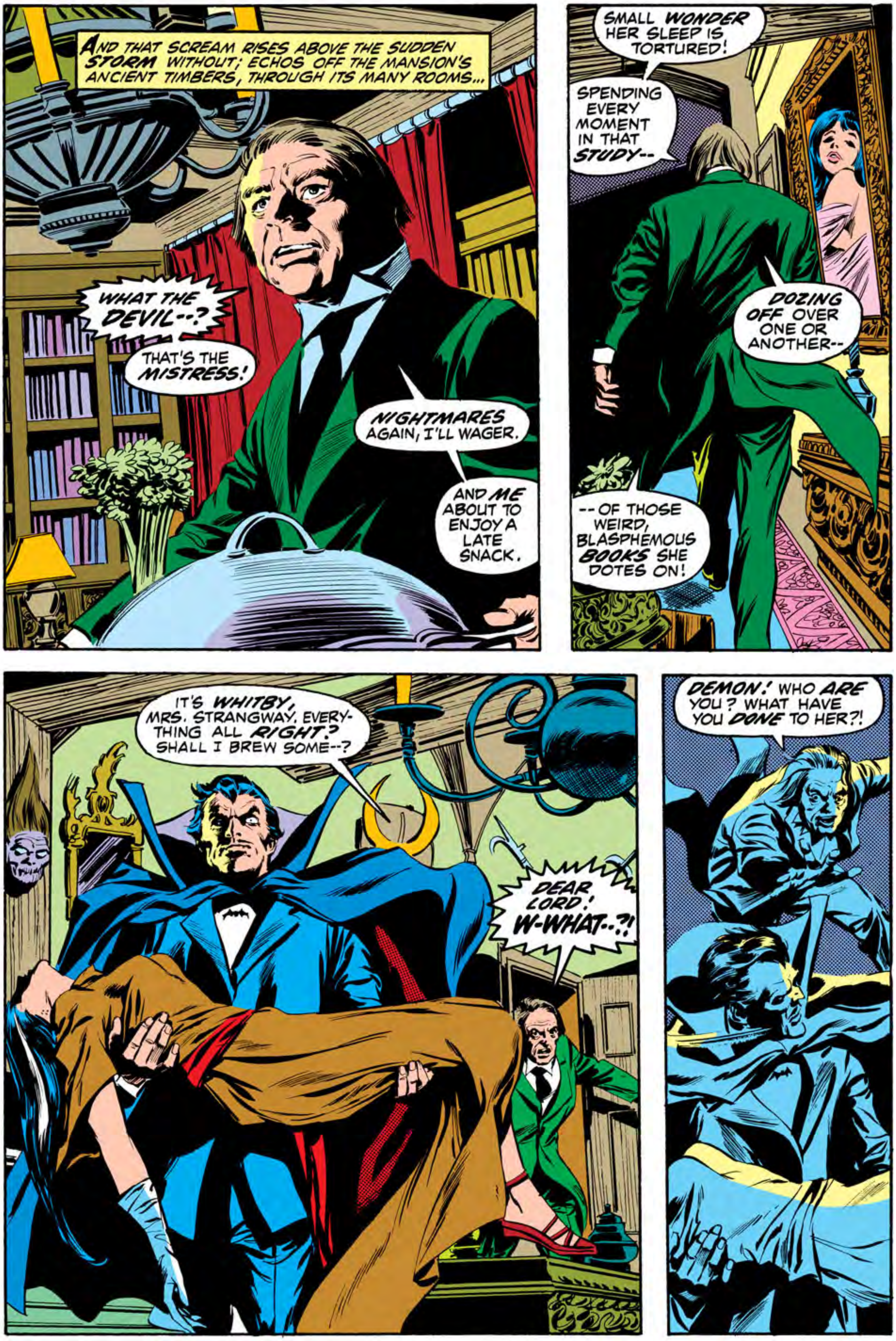
THROUGH A MIRROR DARKLY!

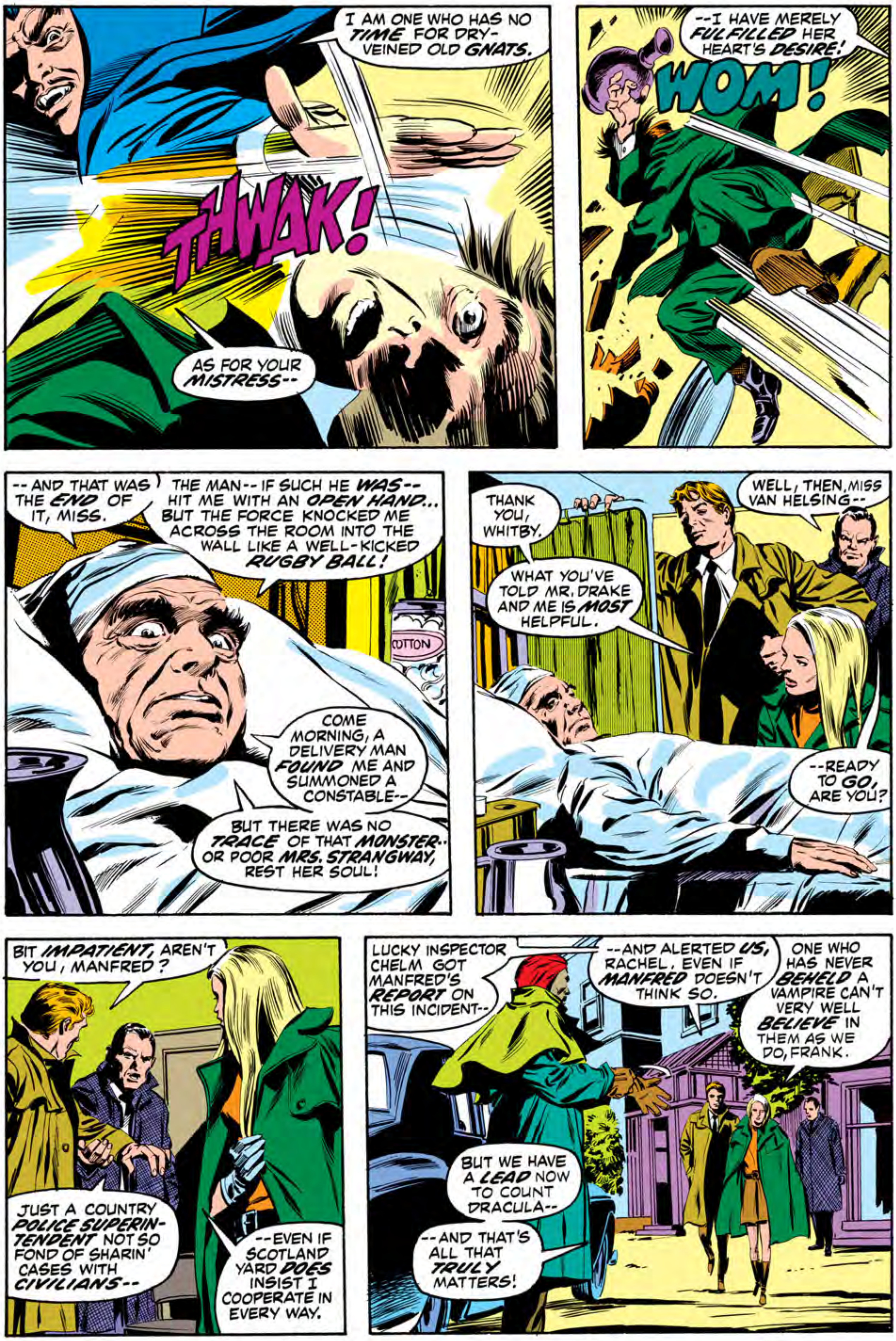

"VAMPIRISM AND ITS LORE: THE VAMPIRE MAY NOT ENTER A HOME HE HAS NEVER PREVIOUSLY BEEN IN, UNLESS INVITED BY A MEMBER OF THAT HOUSEHOLD--."
--THE NOTES OF ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, LONDON, 1888!
WHY HAS SHE DONE IT, COUNT DRACULA? WHY HAS THIS AGING, FADED BEAUTY-- FULLY AWARE OF THE DIRE CONSEQUENCES-- STARED AT YOU DEFIANTLY, AND SAID:
ENTER, DRACULA... ENTER MY HOME.
ISLA STRANGWAY WELCOMES YOU--
FOR WE HAVE MUCH TO OFFER ONE ANOTHER.
MUCH INDEED!
A STAN LEE PRODUCTION
ARCHIE GOODWIN, WRITER & EUGENE COLAN, ARTIST
TOM PALMER INKER
JON COSTA LETTERER
ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

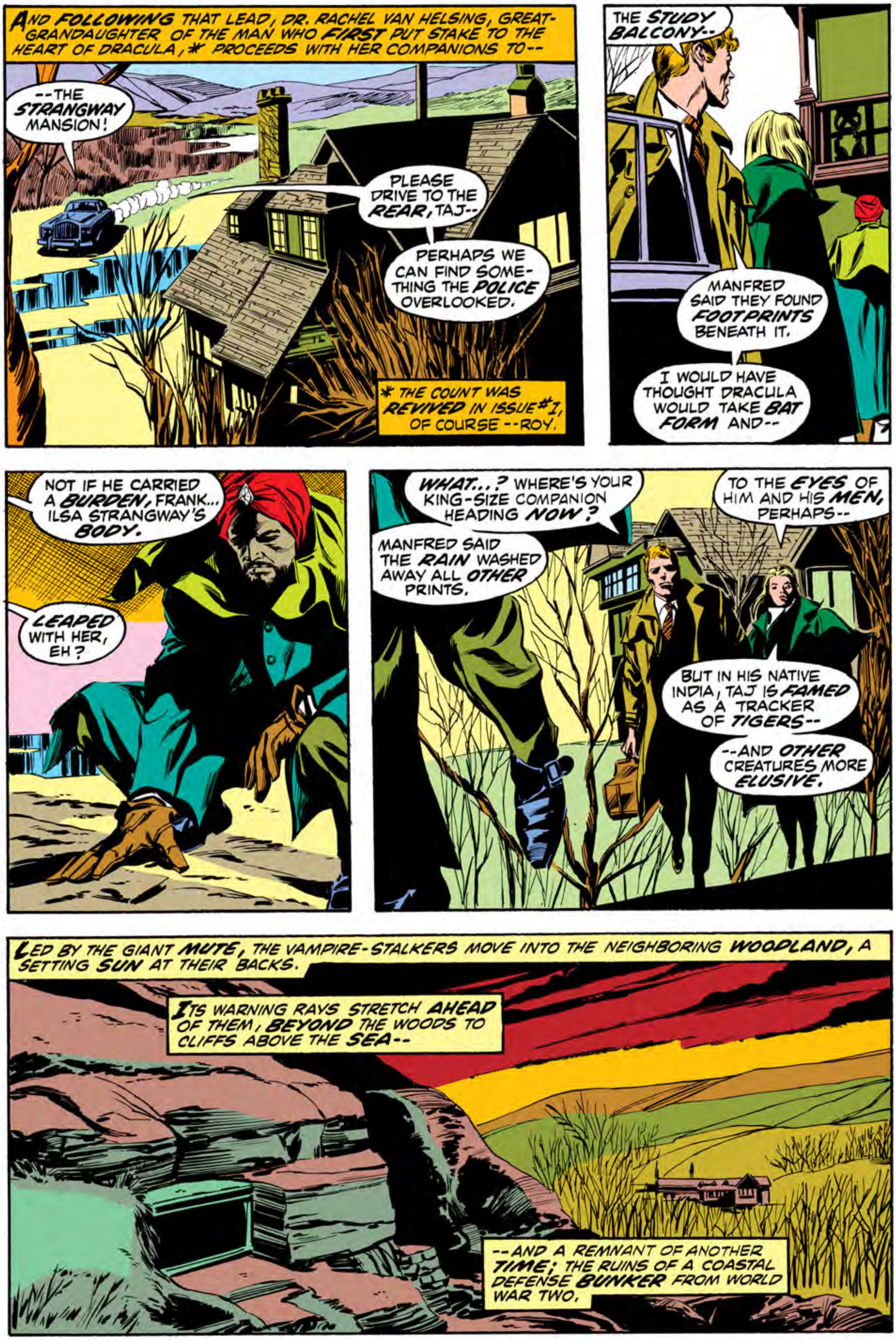

NOTHING BINDS YOU NOW, COUNT! YOU MOVE... AND FEEL THE QUICKENING WITHIN YOU, THAT URGE TOWARD PREY!
I CAME TONIGHT TO CONDUCT A LESSON, MADAME.
TO SHOW HOW DRACULA DEALS WITH THOSE WHO PRESUME TO POSSESS THAT WHICH IS HIS--
--AS YOU DID IN PURCHASING MY NATIVE CASTLE FROM MY TURNCOAT DESCENDANT, FRANK DRAKE!
AND FOR MAKING THE TASK FAR EASIER THAN I EXPECTED... I THANK YOU!
I INVITED YOU IN, COUNT... I DID NOT LEAVE MYSELF WITHOUT DEFENSES!
NO! NOT THE ACCURSED CROSS--!
DESPITE THE LEGENDS OF YOUR HAVING BEEN DESTROYED--
I THINK WHEN I BOUGHT YOUR TRANSYLVANIAN HOME, I SUSPECTED --HOPED THIS MOMENT MIGHT SOMEHOW ARRIVE.
NOW THAT IT HAS, I MEAN TO KEEP THE UPPER-HAND.
WE WILL TALK, COUNT DRACULA. AND PERHAPS... BARGAIN.
BARGAIN? MADAME, I AM DRACULA, A NOBLE... NOT SOME HAGGLING MERCHANT!
PARTICULARLY NOT IN THE FACE OF THAT... OBJECT.
FOR NOW, THE CROSS STAYS. AT LEAST UNTIL WE'VE AN UNDERSTANDING.
THIS BOOK, COUNT-- STOKER'S TALE ABOUT YOU--!
WHAT TRUTH IS THERE IN IT... HOW ACCURATE IS ITS LORE? I MUST KNOW! I MUST!
DR
BRA

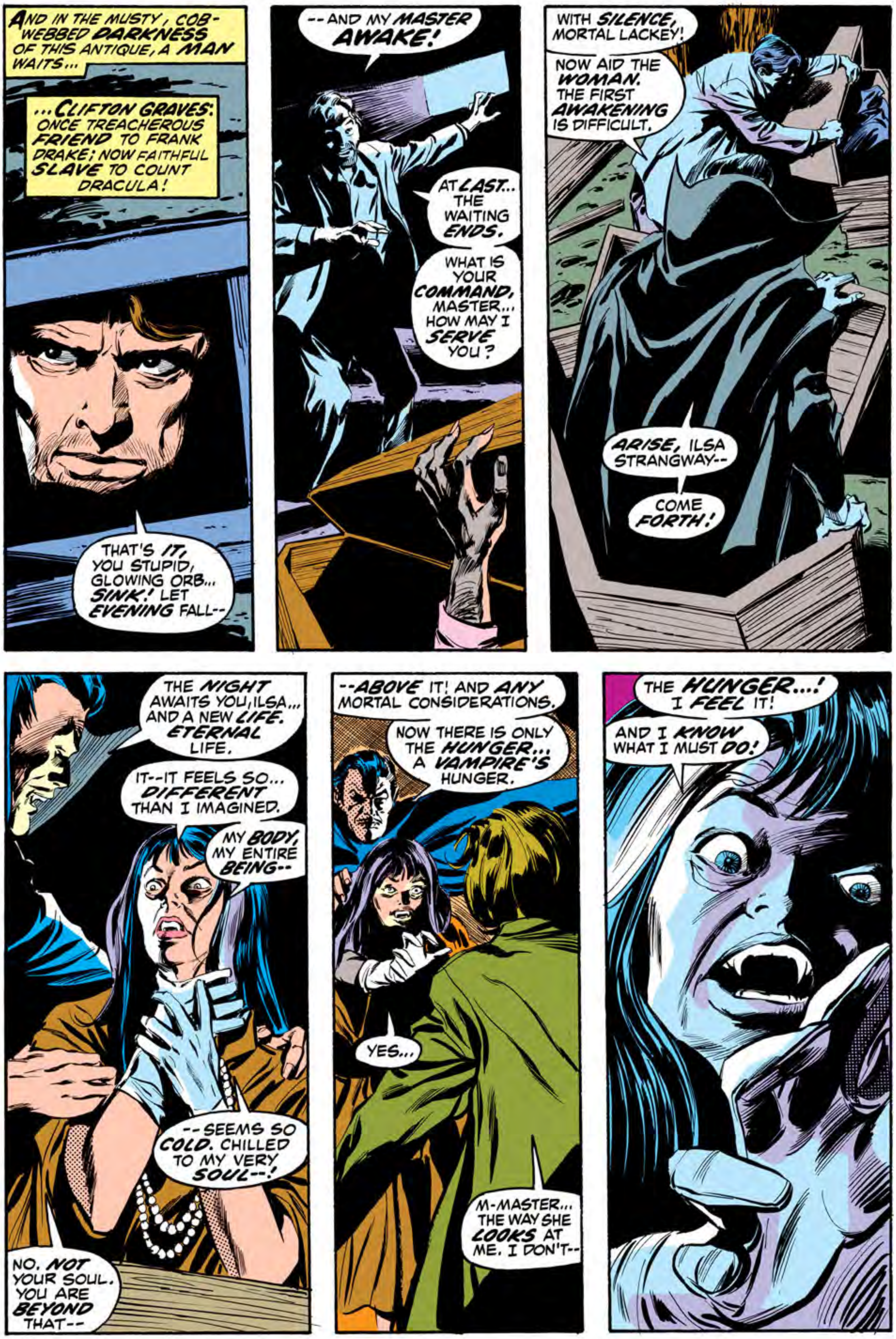

I'VE BEEN--ABSENT--FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS, WOMAN. THAT THE BOOK EVEN EXISTS STRETCHES MY CREDULITY!
THEN, THIS PASSAGE--TELL ME IF IT IS TRUE!
"I RAISED THE LID OF THE COFFIN... AND SAW SOMETHING TO FILL MY VERY SOUL WITH HORROR.
"THERE LAY THE COUNT...BUT LOOKING AS IF HIS YOUTH HAD BEEN RENEWED--"
DRACULA
THIS OCCURS IN THE BOOK WHILE THE COUNT RESTS...AFTER PREYING UPON A VICTIM.
IS IT POSSIBLE? IS IT??
CAN THE VAMPIRE'S FEASTING RESTORE A YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE?
IS THAT WHAT YOU WISH TO KNOW, ILSA STRANGWAY?
IF I SAY YES, WHAT THEN?
LOOK AT ME, COUNT! AS I AM NOW; RAVAGED BY TIME...AND AS I WAS ONLY TWENTY YEARS AGO; MOST BEAUTIFUL MODEL OF MY DAY!
I WANT THAT DAY, THAT YOUTH BACK! BACK FOREVER!
I WON'T BE OLD... I WON'T!
I SOUGHT THAT LOST BEAUTY THROUGH SCIENCE--
--AND THROUGH THE OCCULT. THIS ROOM IS FILLED WITH TESTIMONIES OF MY STRIVING--
--AND FAILING!
AND NOW YOU DARE BARGAIN WITH DRACULA--
DRAW ME INTO A MAD GAME YOUR VANITY PLAYS!?
HAVE CARE, ILSA STRANGWAY... THERE IS WORSE THAN AGING.
NOT FOR ME! I WANT WHAT I WANT...AND WILL DO ANYTHING TO GET IT!
EVEN IF IT MEANS BECOMING LIKE YOU...A VAMPIRE!

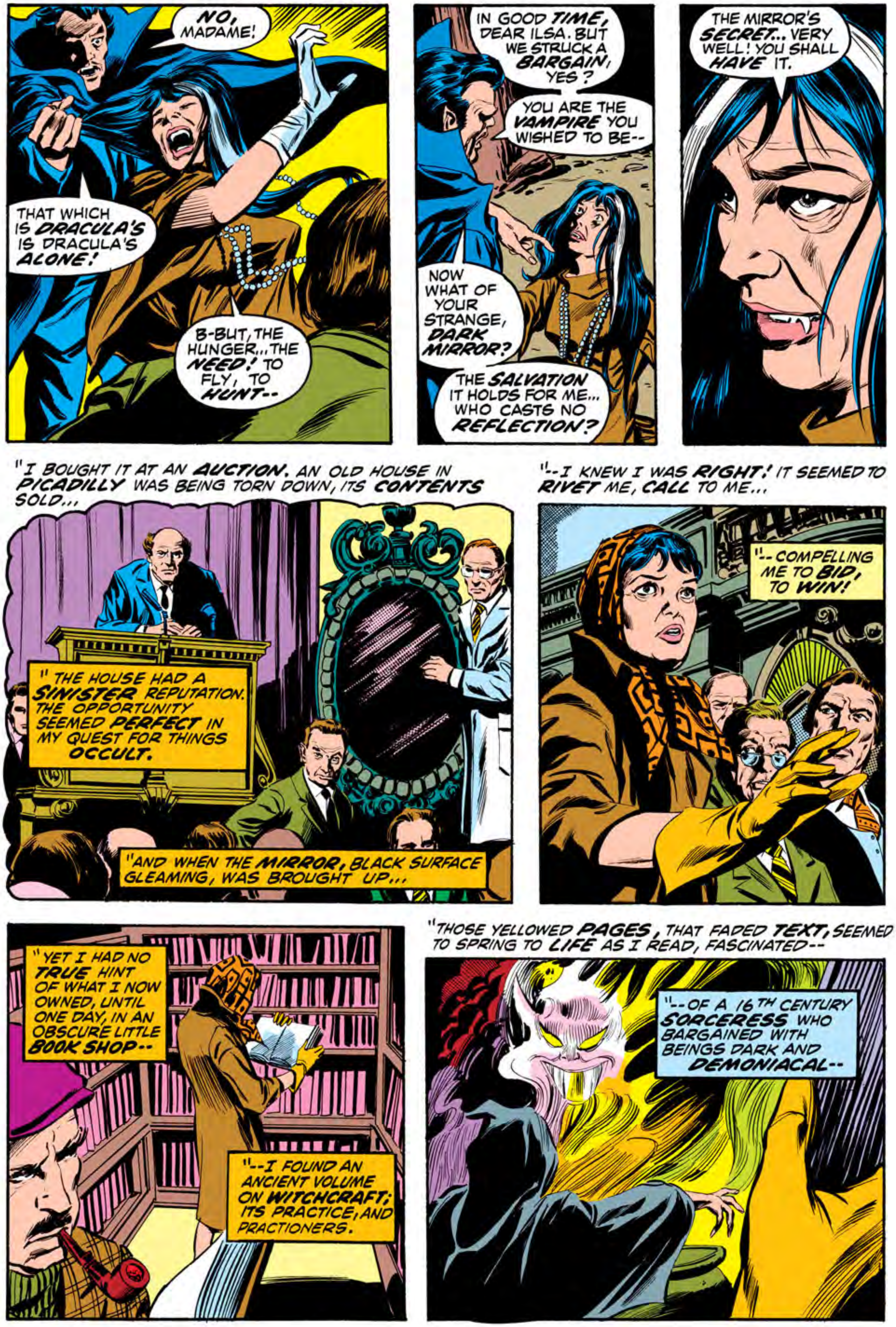

LIKE ME, MADAME? IF YOU TRULY KNEW OF THAT, YOU WOULD KNOW DRACULA HAS PRIDE--
ENOUGH NOT TO BE TWISTED, BENT TO SERVE ANOTHER.
OR IS THERE MORE TO YOUR BARGAIN TO INTRIGUE AND SNARE ME?
THIS, MY DEAR COUNT. ONE OF MY OCCULT DISCOVERIES THAT WASN'T A FRAUD.
FOR A BEING SUCH AS YOU, THIS DARK MIRROR'S SECRET--
--MIGHT WELL MEAN YOUR SALVATION!
SUFFICIENTLY INTRIGUED TO BARGAIN?
SURELY YOU NOTICE... THE CROSS IS NOW BEHIND ME.
VERY WELL. YOU HAVE ONLY TO LET IT FALL.
THE BOOK WAS CORRECT--?
THOUGH YOU WERE WHITE WITH AGE--
TO FEAST MADE YOU YOUNG AGAIN..., AS YOU ARE NOW?
YES--
--IN THIS, NEITHER BOOK NOR DRACULA LIES!!
KLINNK
BUT TO BECOME A CREATURE SUCH AS DRACULA, ONE FIRST MUST DIE--
AND EVEN ONE AS HARDENED AND DETERMINED AS ILSA STRANGWAY--
IIEEEEEE
--CANNOT GIVE UP LIFE COMPLETELY CASUALLY, SILENTLY. WITHOUT, AT LEAST... A SCREAM.

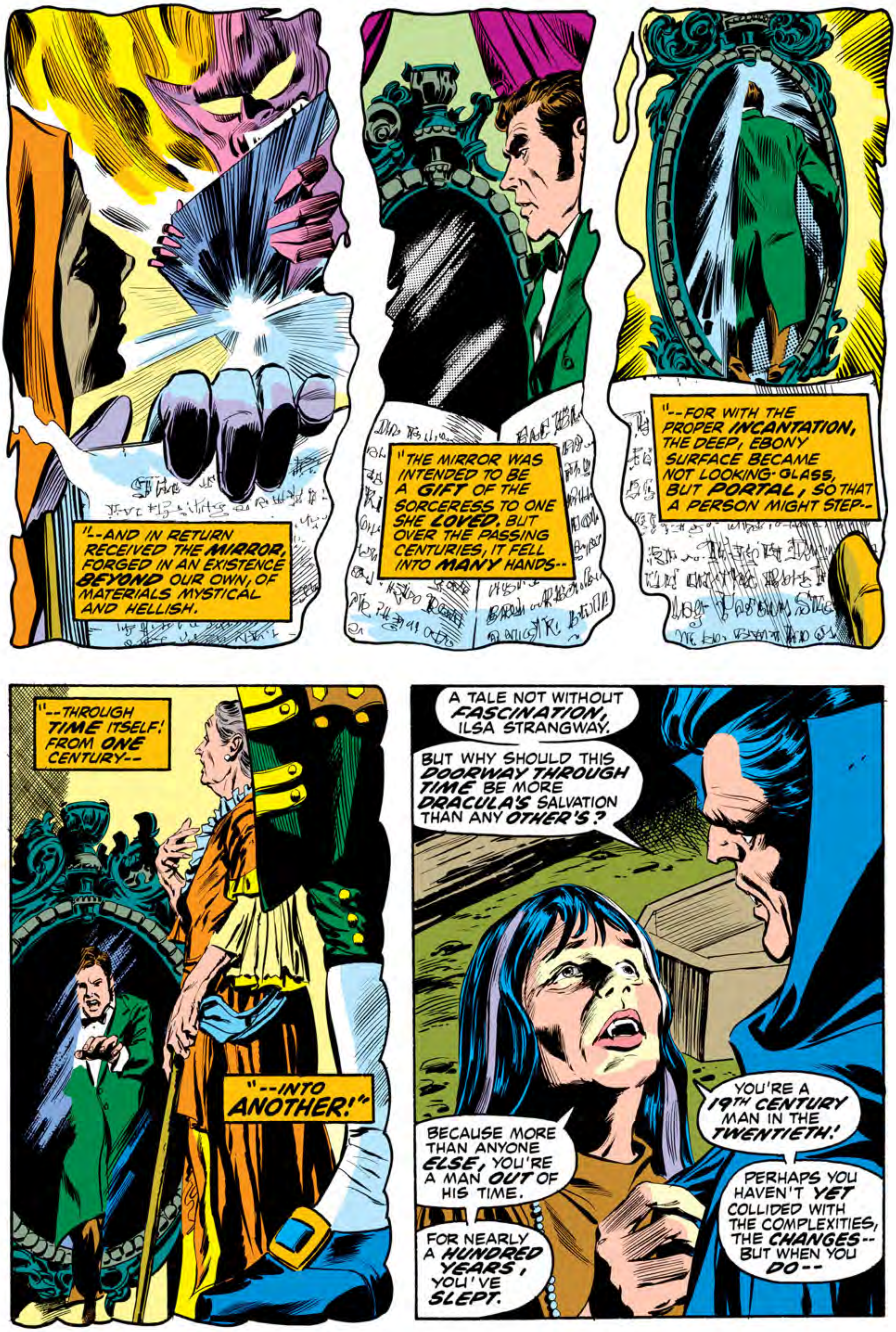

AND THAT SCREAM RISES ABOVE THE SUDDEN STORM WITHOUT; ECHOS OFF THE MANSION'S ANCIENT TIMBERS, THROUGH ITS MANY ROOMS...
WHAT THE DEVIL--?
THAT'S THE MISTRESS!
NIGHTMARES AGAIN, I'LL WAGER.
AND ME ABOUT TO ENJOY A LATE SNACK.
SMALL WONDER HER SLEEP IS TORTURED!
SPENDING EVERY MOMENT IN THAT STUDY--
DOZING OFF OVER ONE OR ANOTHER--
--OF THOSE WEIRD, BLASPHEMOUS BOOKS SHE DOTES ON!
IT'S WHITBY, MRS. STRANGWAY. EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT? SHALL I BREW SOME--?
DEAR LORD! W-WHAT--?!
DEMON! WHO ARE YOU? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER?!

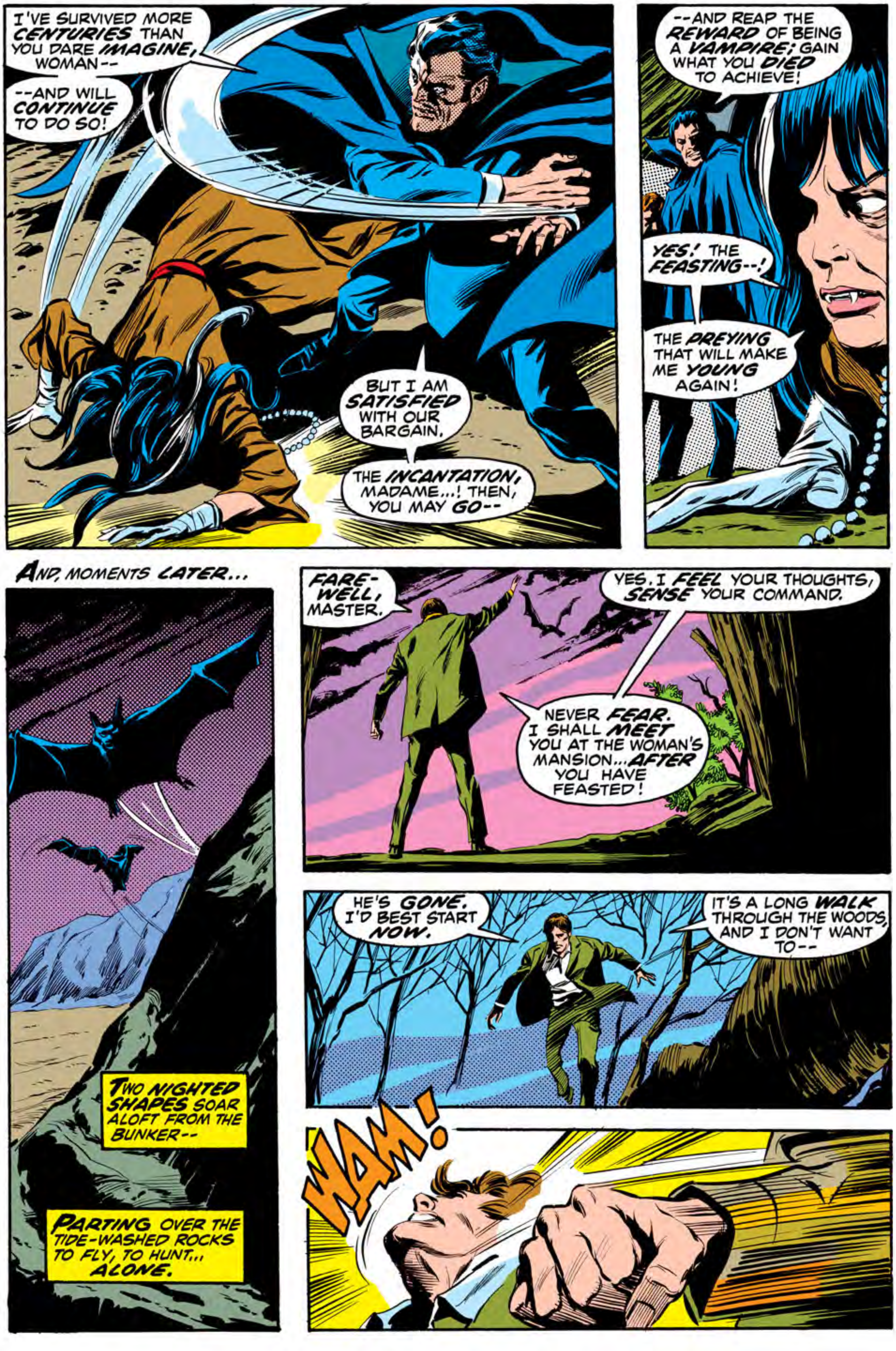

I AM ONE WHO HAS NO *TIME* FOR DRY-VEINED OLD *GNATS.*
THWAK!
AS FOR YOUR *MISTRESS*--
--I HAVE MERELY *FULFILLED* HER HEART'S *DESIRE!*
WOM!
-- AND THAT WAS THE *END* OF IT, MISS.
THE MAN-- IF SUCH HE *WAS*-- HIT ME WITH AN *OPEN HAND...* BUT THE FORCE KNOCKED ME ACROSS THE ROOM INTO THE WALL LIKE A WELL-KICKED *RUGBY BALL!*
COTTON
COME MORNING, A DELIVERY MAN *FOUND* ME AND SUMMONED A CONSTABLE--
BUT THERE WAS NO *TRACE* OF THAT *MONSTER*.. OR POOR *MRS. STRANGWAY,* REST HER SOUL!
THANK YOU, WHITBY.
WHAT YOU'VE TOLD MR. DRAKE AND ME IS *MOST* HELPFUL.
WELL, THEN, MISS VAN HELSING--
--READY TO *GO,* ARE YOU?
BIT *IMPATIENT,* AREN'T YOU, MANFRED?
JUST A COUNTRY *POLICE SUPERINTENDENT* NOT SO FOND OF SHARIN' CASES WITH *CIVILIANS*--
--EVEN IF SCOTLAND YARD *DOES* INSIST I COOPERATE IN EVERY WAY.
LUCKY INSPECTOR CHELM GOT MANFRED'S *REPORT* ON THIS INCIDENT--
--AND ALERTED *US,* RACHEL, EVEN IF *MANFRED* DOESN'T THINK SO.
ONE WHO HAS NEVER *BEHELD* A VAMPIRE CAN'T VERY WELL *BELIEVE* IN THEM AS WE DO, FRANK.
BUT WE HAVE A *LEAD* NOW TO COUNT DRACULA--
--AND THAT'S ALL THAT *TRULY* MATTERS!

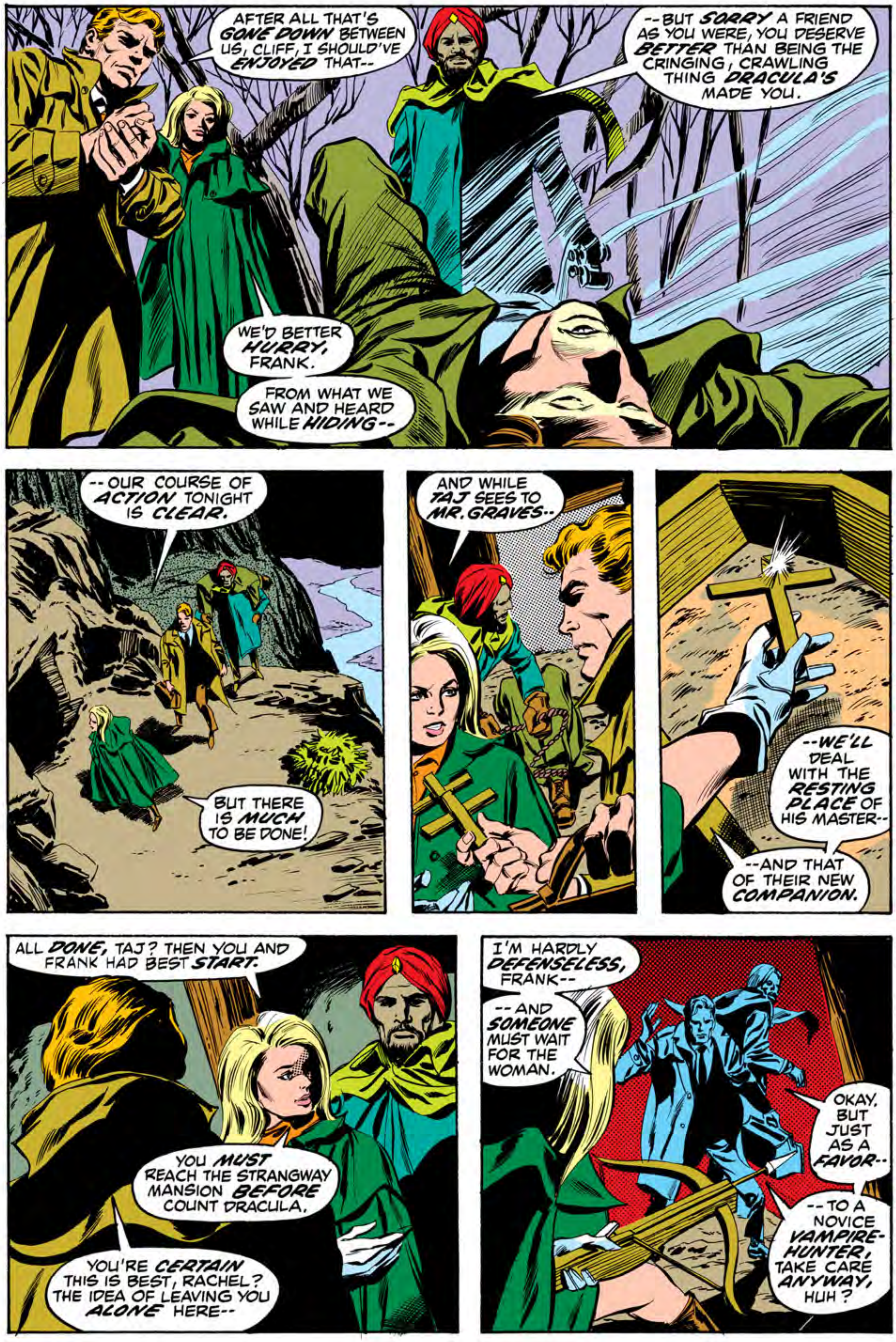

AND FOLLOWING THAT LEAD, DR. RACHEL VAN HELSING, GREAT-GRANDAUGHTER OF THE MAN WHO FIRST PUT STAKE TO THE HEART OF DRACULA,* PROCEEDS WITH HER COMPANIONS TO--
--THE STRANGWAY MANSION!
PLEASE DRIVE TO THE REAR, TAJ--
PERHAPS WE CAN FIND SOMETHING THE POLICE OVERLOOKED.
* THE COUNT WAS REVIVED IN ISSUE #1, OF COURSE--ROY.
THE STUDY BALCONY--
MANFRED SAID THEY FOUND FOOTPRINTS BENEATH IT.
I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT DRACULA WOULD TAKE BAT FORM AND--
NOT IF HE CARRIED A BURDEN, FRANK... ILSA STRANGWAY'S BODY.
LEAPED WITH HER, EH?
WHAT...? WHERE'S YOUR KING-SIZE COMPANION HEADING NOW?
MANFRED SAID THE RAIN WASHED AWAY ALL OTHER PRINTS.
TO THE EYES OF HIM AND HIS MEN, PERHAPS--
BUT IN HIS NATIVE INDIA, TAJ IS FAMED AS A TRACKER OF TIGERS--
--AND OTHER CREATURES MORE ELUSIVE.
LED BY THE GIANT MUTE, THE VAMPIRE-STALKERS MOVE INTO THE NEIGHBORING WOODLAND, A SETTING SUN AT THEIR BACKS.
ITS WARNING RAYS STRETCH AHEAD OF THEM, BEYOND THE WOODS TO CLIFFS ABOVE THE SEA--
--AND A REMNANT OF ANOTHER TIME; THE RUINS OF A COASTAL DEFENSE BUNKER FROM WORLD WAR TWO.

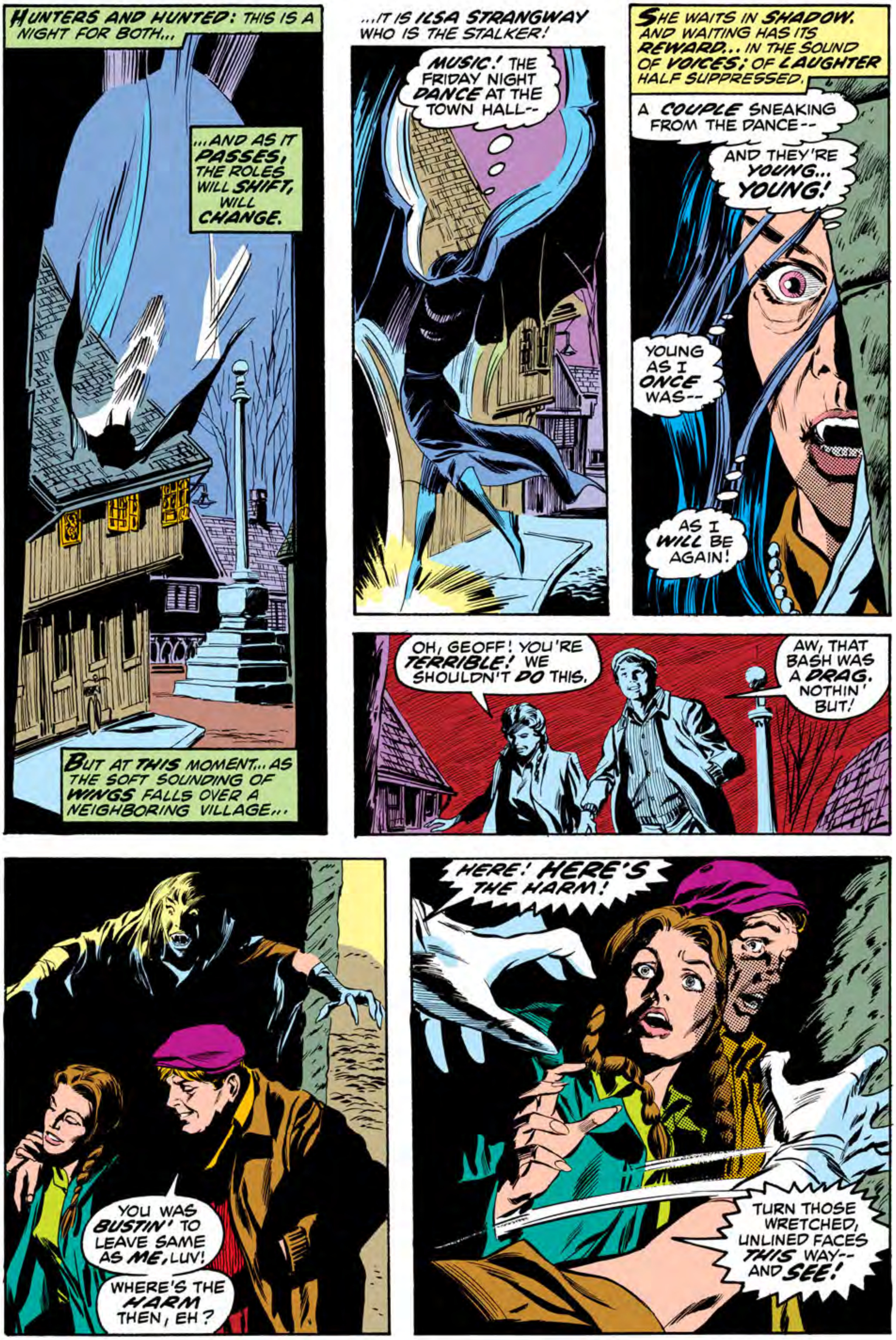

AND IN THE MUSTY, COB-WEBBED DARKNESS OF THIS ANTIQUE, A MAN WAITS...
...CLIFTON GRAVES: ONCE TREACHEROUS FRIEND TO FRANK DRAKE; NOW FAITHFUL SLAVE TO COUNT DRACULA!
THAT'S IT, YOU STUPID, GLOWING ORB... SINK! LET EVENING FALL--
--AND MY MASTER AWAKE!
AT LAST... THE WAITING ENDS.
WHAT IS YOUR COMMAND, MASTER... HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?
WITH SILENCE, MORTAL LACKEY!
NOW AID THE WOMAN. THE FIRST AWAKENING IS DIFFICULT.
ARISE, ILSA STRANGWAY--
COME FORTH!
THE NIGHT AWAITS YOU, ILSA... AND A NEW LIFE. ETERNAL LIFE.
IT--IT FEELS SO... DIFFERENT THAN I IMAGINED.
MY BODY, MY ENTIRE BEING--
--SEEMS SO COLD. CHILLED TO MY VERY SOUL--!
NO. NOT YOUR SOUL. YOU ARE BEYOND THAT--
--ABOVE IT! AND ANY MORTAL CONSIDERATIONS.
NOW THERE IS ONLY THE HUNGER... A VAMPIRE'S HUNGER.
YES...
M-MASTER... THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT ME. I DON'T--
THE HUNGER...! I FEEL IT!
AND I KNOW WHAT I MUST DO!

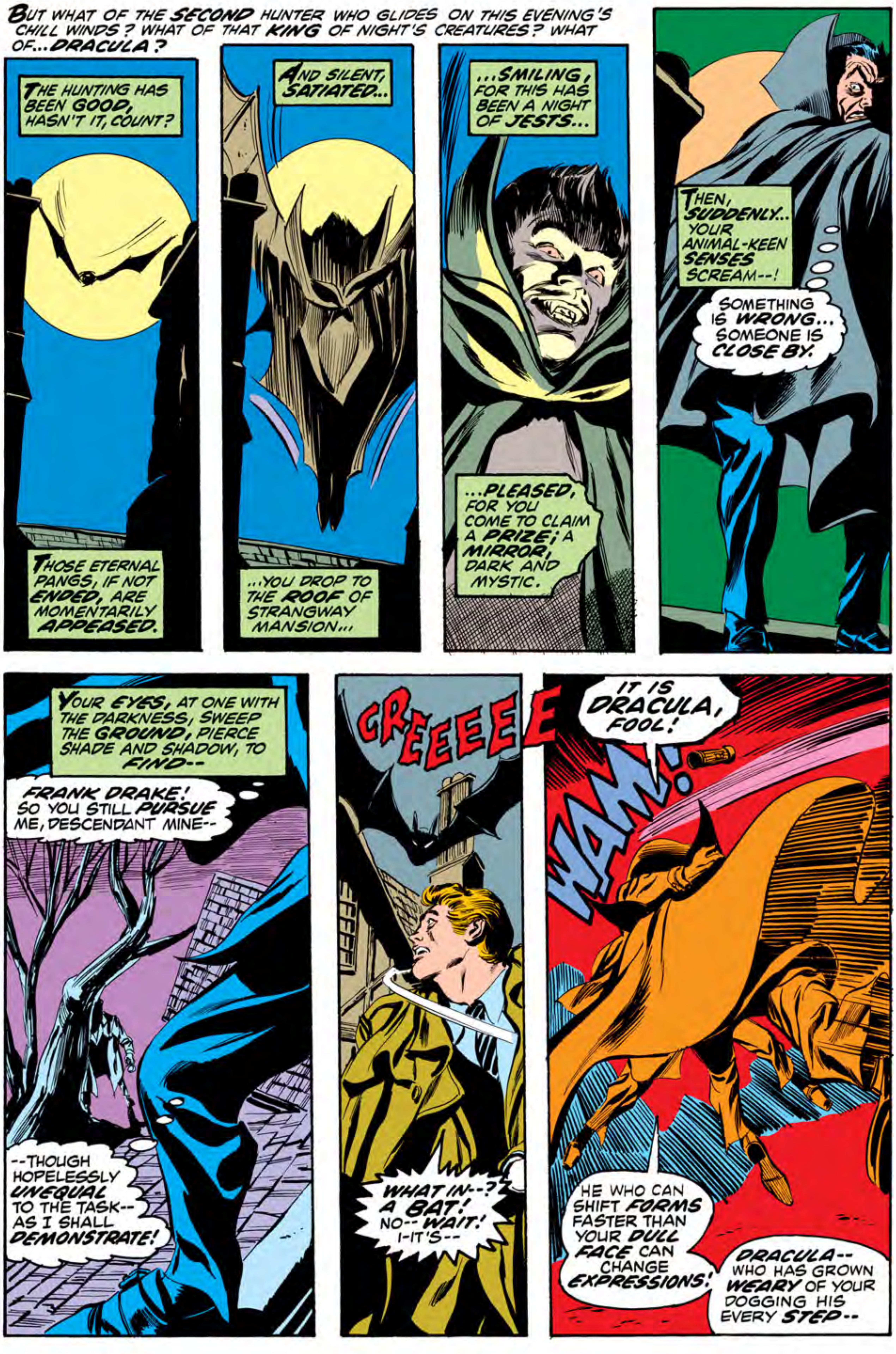

NO, MADAME!
THAT WHICH IS DRACULA'S IS DRACULA'S ALONE!
B-BUT, THE HUNGER... THE NEED! TO FLY, TO HUNT--
IN GOOD TIME, DEAR ILSA. BUT WE STRUCK A BARGAIN, YES?
YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE YOU WISHED TO BE--
NOW WHAT OF YOUR STRANGE, DARK MIRROR?
THE SALVATION IT HOLDS FOR ME... WHO CASTS NO REFLECTION?
THE MIRROR'S SECRET... VERY WELL! YOU SHALL HAVE IT.
"I BOUGHT IT AT AN AUCTION. AN OLD HOUSE IN PICADILLY WAS BEING TORN DOWN, ITS CONTENTS SOLD...
"THE HOUSE HAD A SINISTER REPUTATION. THE OPPORTUNITY SEEMED PERFECT IN MY QUEST FOR THINGS OCCULT.
"AND WHEN THE MIRROR, BLACK SURFACE GLEAMING, WAS BROUGHT UP...
"--I KNEW I WAS RIGHT! IT SEEMED TO RIVET ME, CALL TO ME...
"--COMPELLING ME TO BID, TO WIN!
"YET I HAD NO TRUE HINT OF WHAT I NOW OWNED, UNTIL ONE DAY, IN AN OBSCURE LITTLE BOOK SHOP--
"--I FOUND AN ANCIENT VOLUME ON WITCHCRAFT; ITS PRACTICE, AND PRACTIONERS.
"THOSE YELLOWED PAGES, THAT FADED TEXT, SEEMED TO SPRING TO LIFE AS I READ, FASCINATED--
"--OF A 16TH CENTURY SORCERESS WHO BARGAINED WITH BEINGS DARK AND DEMONIACAL--

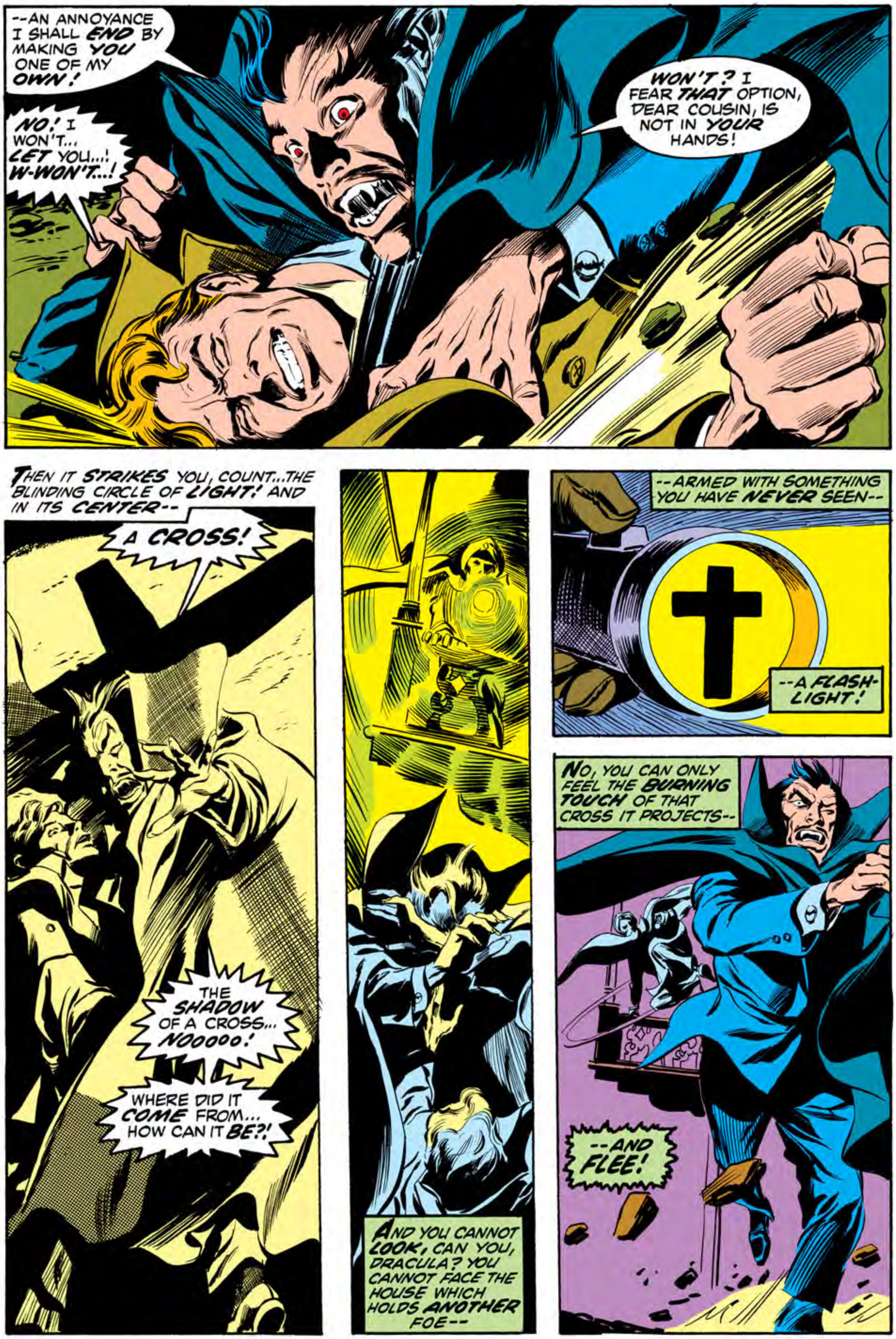

"--AND IN RETURN RECEIVED THE MIRROR, FORGED IN AN EXISTENCE BEYOND OUR OWN, OF MATERIALS MYSTICAL AND HELLISH.
"THE MIRROR WAS INTENDED TO BE A GIFT OF THE SORCERESS TO ONE SHE LOVED. BUT OVER THE PASSING CENTURIES, IT FELL INTO MANY HANDS--
"--FOR WITH THE PROPER INCANTATION, THE DEEP, EBONY SURFACE BECAME NOT LOOKING-GLASS, BUT PORTAL, SO THAT A PERSON MIGHT STEP--
"--THROUGH TIME ITSELF! FROM ONE CENTURY--
"--INTO ANOTHER!"
A TALE NOT WITHOUT FASCINATION, ILSA STRANGWAY.
BUT WHY SHOULD THIS DOORWAY THROUGH TIME BE MORE DRACULA'S SALVATION THAN ANY OTHER'S?
BECAUSE MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE, YOU'RE A MAN OUT OF HIS TIME.
FOR NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS, YOU'VE SLEPT.
YOU'RE A 19TH CENTURY MAN IN THE TWENTIETH!
PERHAPS YOU HAVEN'T YET COLLIDED WITH THE COMPLEXITIES, THE CHANGES-- BUT WHEN YOU DO--

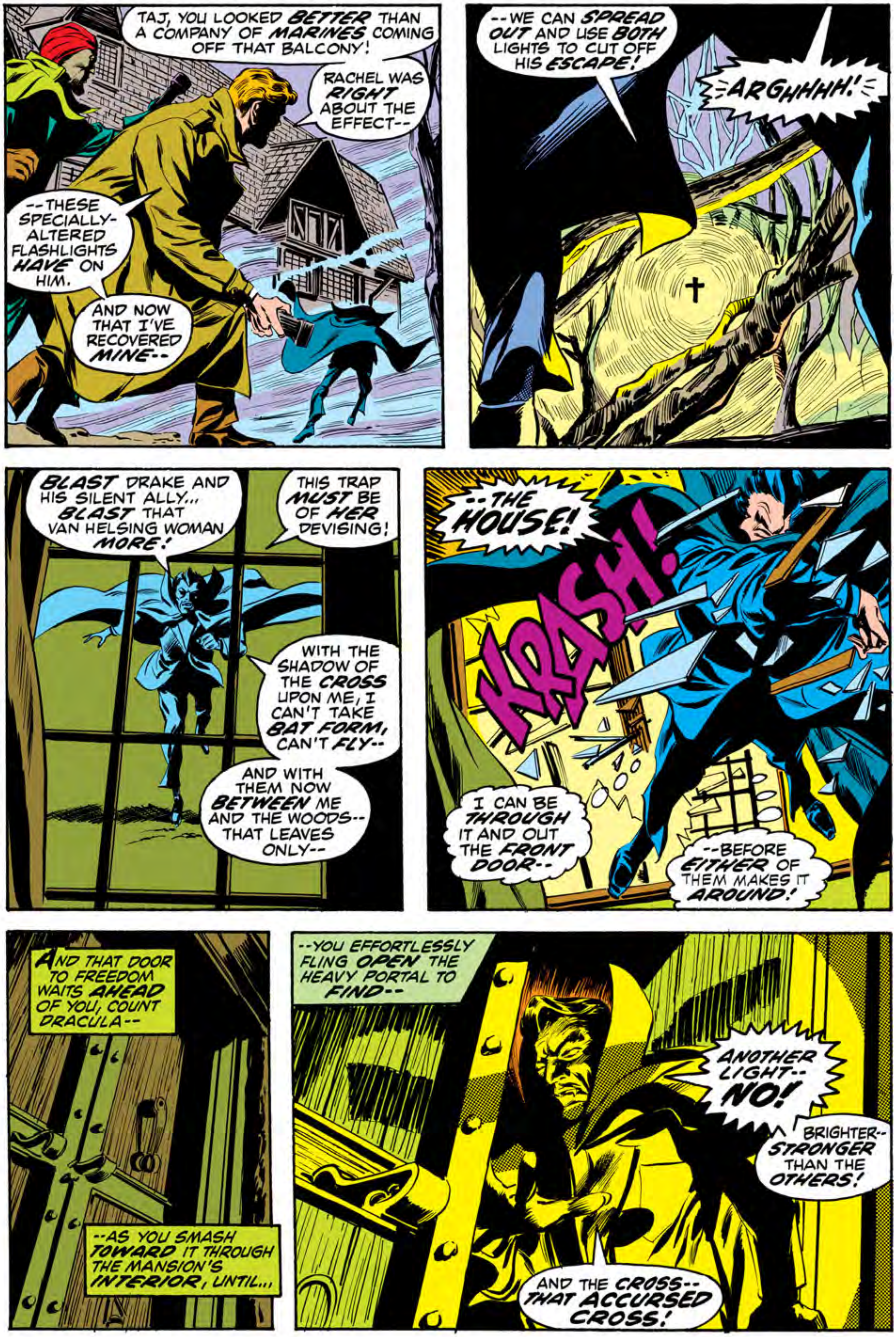

I'VE SURVIVED MORE CENTURIES THAN YOU DARE IMAGINE, WOMAN--
--AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO!
BUT I AM SATISFIED WITH OUR BARGAIN.
THE INCANTATION, MADAME...! THEN, YOU MAY GO--
--AND REAP THE REWARD OF BEING A VAMPIRE; GAIN WHAT YOU DIED TO ACHIEVE!
YES! THE FEASTING--!
THE PREYING THAT WILL MAKE ME YOUNG AGAIN!
AND, MOMENTS LATER...
TWO NIGHTED SHAPES SOAR ALOFT FROM THE BUNKER--
PARTING OVER THE TIDE-WASHED ROCKS TO FLY, TO HUNT... ALONE.
FAREWELL, MASTER.
YES. I FEEL YOUR THOUGHTS, SENSE YOUR COMMAND.
NEVER FEAR. I SHALL MEET YOU AT THE WOMAN'S MANSION... AFTER YOU HAVE FEASTED!
HE'S GONE. I'D BEST START NOW.
IT'S A LONG WALK THROUGH THE WOODS, AND I DON'T WANT TO--
WAM!

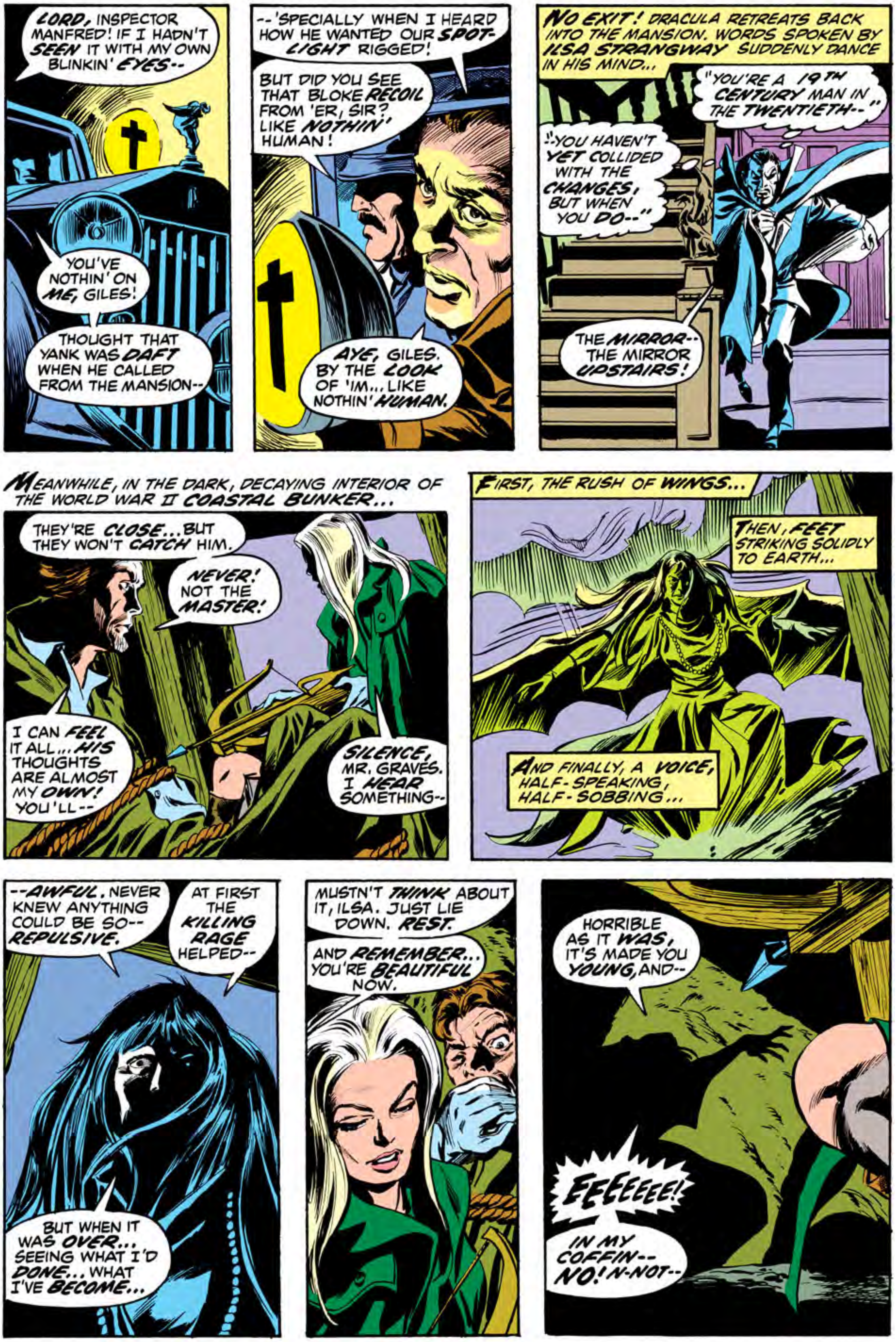

AFTER ALL THAT'S *GONE DOWN* BETWEEN US, CLIFF, I SHOULD'VE *ENJOYED* THAT--
--BUT *SORRY* A FRIEND AS YOU WERE, YOU DESERVE *BETTER* THAN BEING THE CRINGING, CRAWLING THING *DRACULA'S* MADE YOU.
WE'D BETTER *HURRY,* FRANK.
FROM WHAT WE SAW AND HEARD WHILE *HIDING*--
--OUR COURSE OF *ACTION* TONIGHT IS *CLEAR.*
BUT THERE IS *MUCH* TO BE DONE!
AND WHILE *TAJ* SEES TO *MR. GRAVES*--
--*WE'LL* DEAL WITH THE *RESTING PLACE* OF HIS MASTER--
--AND THAT OF THEIR NEW *COMPANION.*
ALL *DONE,* TAJ? THEN YOU AND FRANK HAD BEST *START.*
YOU *MUST* REACH THE STRANGWAY MANSION *BEFORE* COUNT DRACULA.
YOU'RE *CERTAIN* THIS IS BEST, RACHEL? THE IDEA OF LEAVING YOU *ALONE* HERE--
I'M HARDLY *DEFENSELESS,* FRANK--
--AND *SOMEONE* MUST WAIT FOR THE WOMAN.
OKAY, BUT JUST AS A *FAVOR*--
--TO A NOVICE *VAMPIRE-HUNTER,* TAKE CARE *ANYWAY,* HUH?

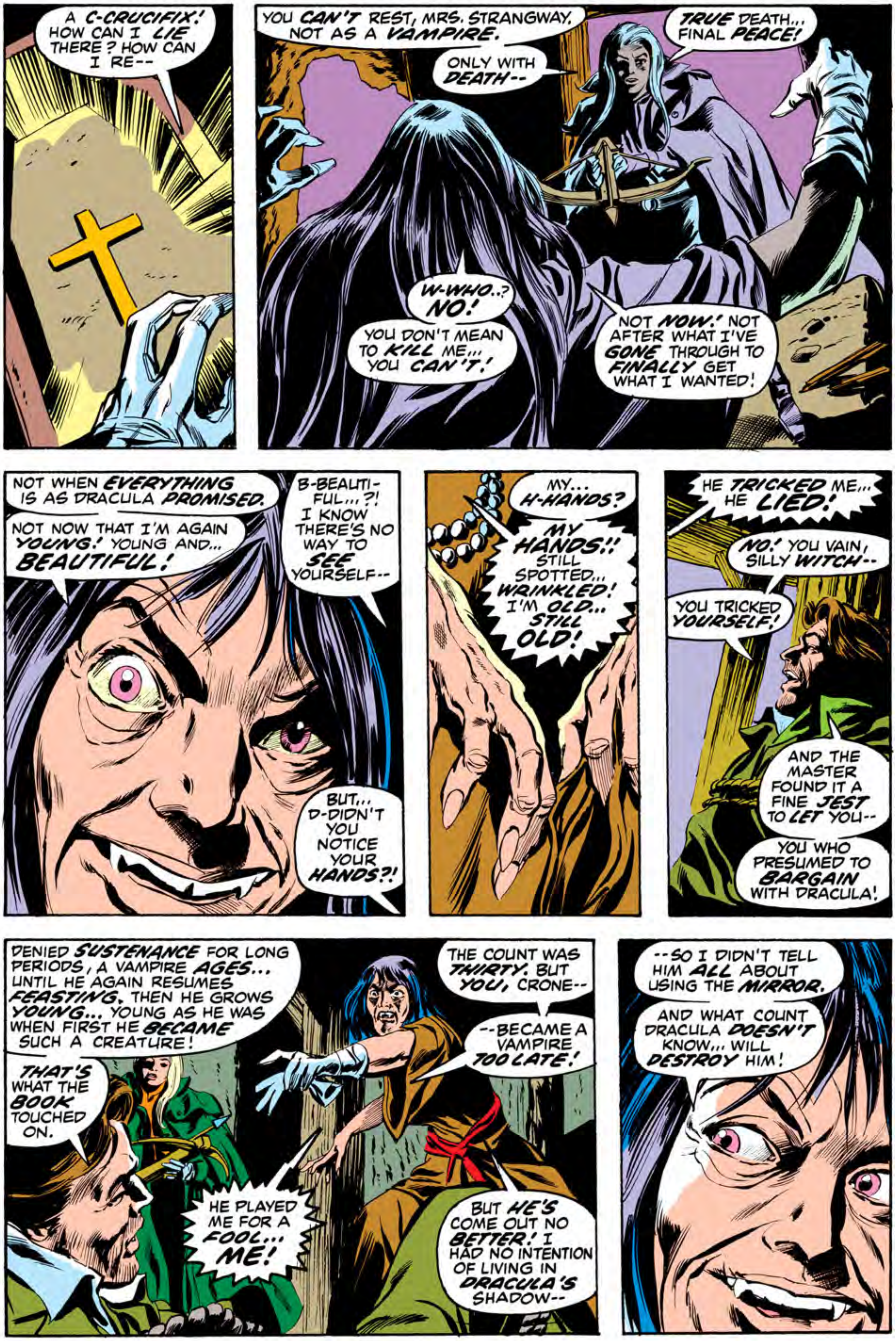

HUNTERS AND HUNTED: THIS IS A NIGHT FOR BOTH...
...AND AS IT PASSES, THE ROLES WILL SHIFT, WILL CHANGE.
BUT AT THIS MOMENT... AS THE SOFT SOUNDING OF WINGS FALLS OVER A NEIGHBORING VILLAGE...
...IT IS ILSA STRANGWAY WHO IS THE STALKER!
MUSIC! THE FRIDAY NIGHT DANCE AT THE TOWN HALL--
SHE WAITS IN SHADOW. AND WAITING HAS ITS REWARD... IN THE SOUND OF VOICES; OF LAUGHTER HALF SUPPRESSED.
A COUPLE SNEAKING FROM THE DANCE--
AND THEY'RE YOUNG... YOUNG!
YOUNG AS I ONCE WAS--
AS I WILL BE AGAIN!
OH, GEOFF! YOU'RE TERRIBLE! WE SHOULDN'T DO THIS.
AW, THAT BASH WAS A DRAG. NOTHIN' BUT!
YOU WAS BUSTIN' TO LEAVE SAME AS ME, LUV!
WHERE'S THE HARM THEN, EH?
HERE! HERE'S THE HARM!
TURN THOSE WRETCHED, UNLINED FACES THIS WAY-- AND SEE!

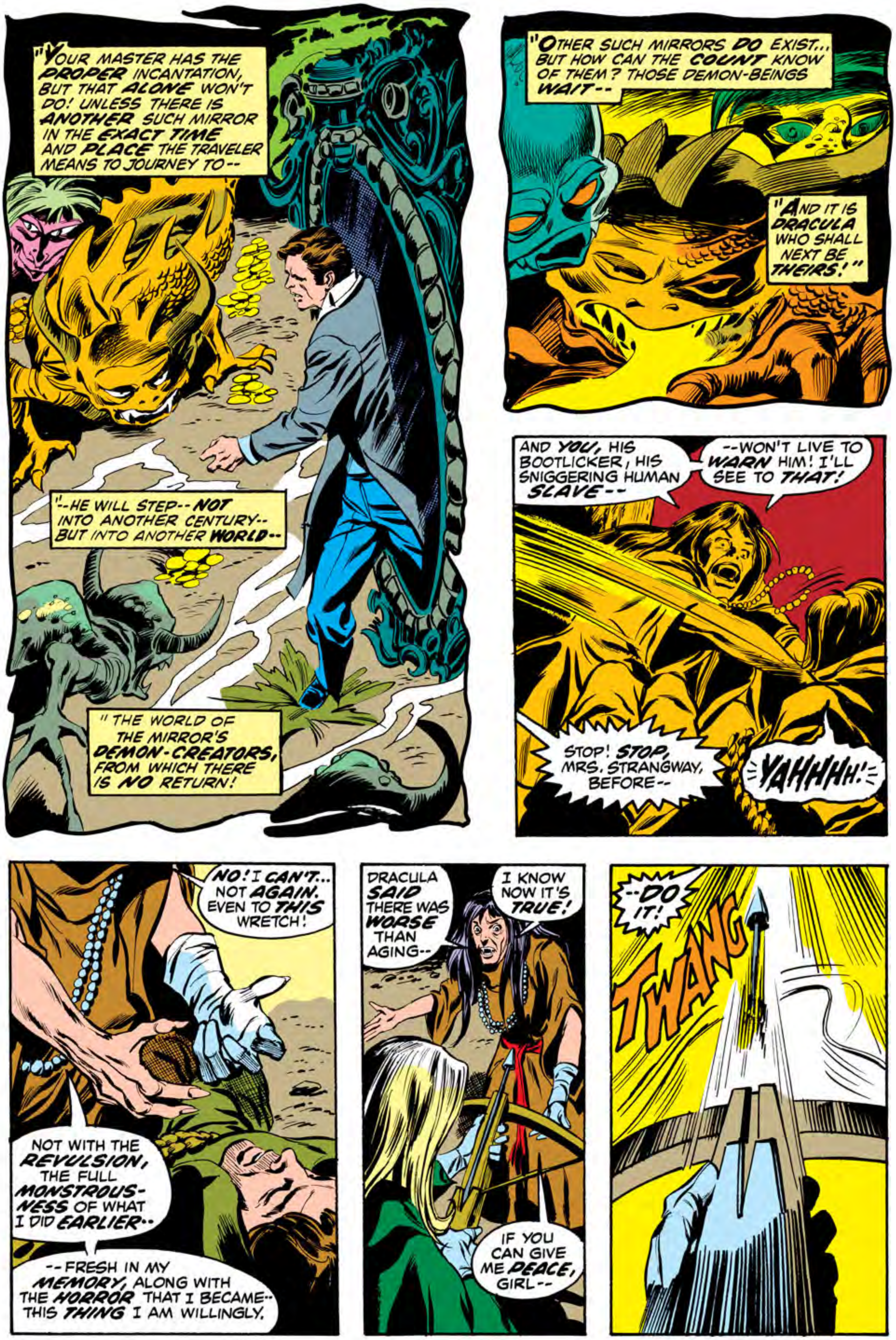

BUT WHAT OF THE SECOND HUNTER WHO GLIDES ON THIS EVENING'S CHILL WINDS? WHAT OF THAT KING OF NIGHT'S CREATURES? WHAT OF... DRACULA?
THE HUNTING HAS BEEN GOOD, HASN'T IT, COUNT?
THOSE ETERNAL PANGS, IF NOT ENDED, ARE MOMENTARILY APPEASED.
AND SILENT, SATIATED...
...YOU DROP TO THE ROOF OF STRANGWAY MANSION...
...SMILING, FOR THIS HAS BEEN A NIGHT OF JESTS...
...PLEASED, FOR YOU COME TO CLAIM A PRIZE; A MIRROR, DARK AND MYSTIC.
THEN, SUDDENLY... YOUR ANIMAL-KEEN SENSES SCREAM--!
SOMETHING IS WRONG... SOMEONE IS CLOSE BY.
YOUR EYES, AT ONE WITH THE DARKNESS, SWEEP THE GROUND, PIERCE SHADE AND SHADOW, TO FIND--
FRANK DRAKE! SO YOU STILL PURSUE ME, DESCENDANT MINE--
--THOUGH HOPELESSLY UNEQUAL TO THE TASK-- AS I SHALL DEMONSTRATE!
CREEEEEE
WHAT IN--? A BAT! NO-- WAIT! I-IT'S--
IT IS DRACULA, FOOL!
WAM!
HE WHO CAN SHIFT FORMS FASTER THAN YOUR DULL FACE CAN CHANGE EXPRESSIONS!
DRACULA-- WHO HAS GROWN WEARY OF YOUR DOGGING HIS EVERY STEP--

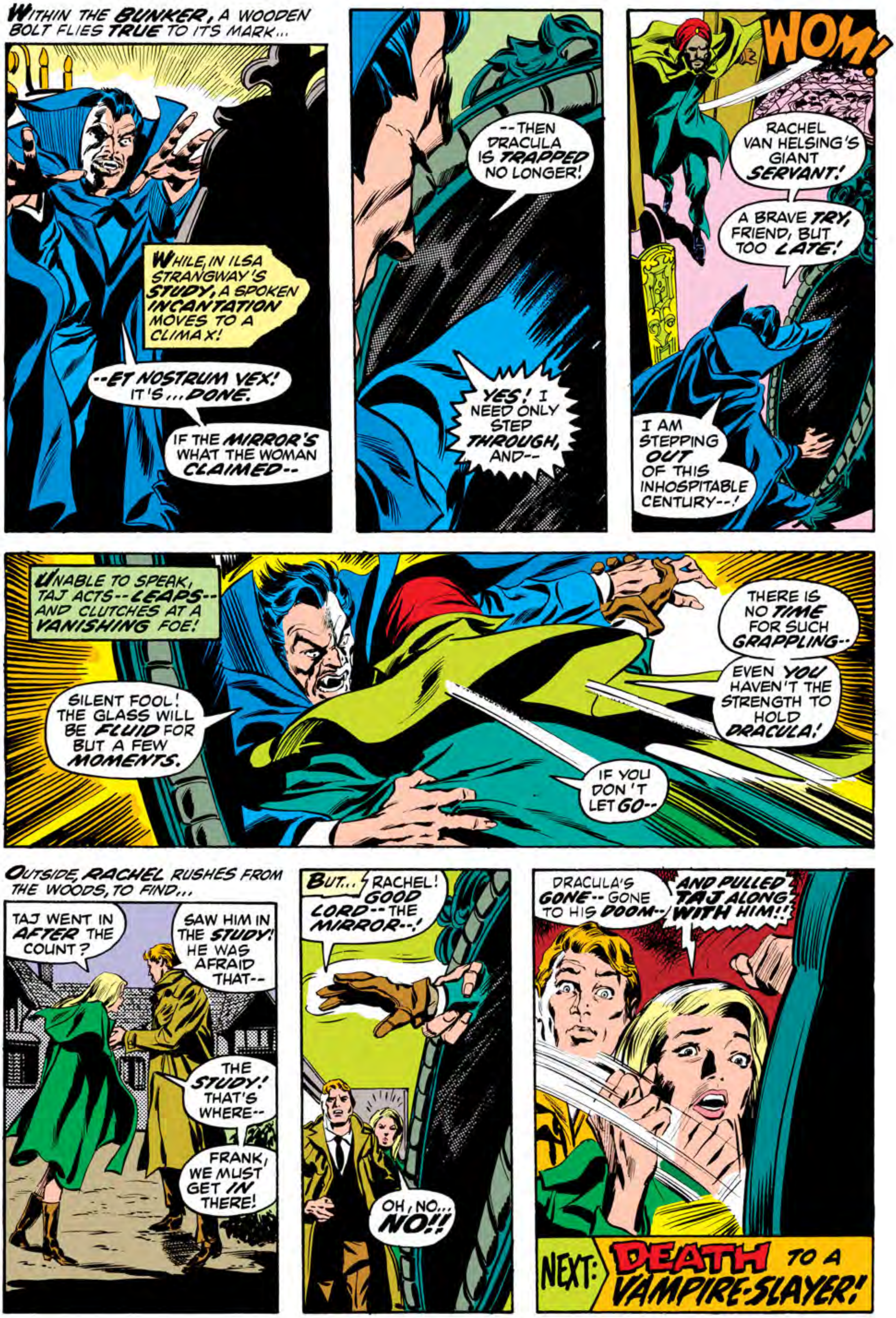

--AN ANNOYANCE I SHALL END BY MAKING YOU ONE OF MY OWN!
NO! I WON'T... LET YOU...! W-WON'T...!
WON'T? I FEAR THAT OPTION, DEAR COUSIN, IS NOT IN YOUR HANDS!
THEN IT STRIKES YOU, COUNT...THE BLINDING CIRCLE OF LIGHT! AND IN ITS CENTER--
A CROSS!
THE SHADOW OF A CROSS... NOOOOO!
WHERE DID IT COME FROM... HOW CAN IT BE?!
AND YOU CANNOT LOOK, CAN YOU, DRACULA? YOU CANNOT FACE THE HOUSE WHICH HOLDS ANOTHER FOE--
--ARMED WITH SOMETHING YOU HAVE NEVER SEEN--
--A FLASH-LIGHT!
NO, YOU CAN ONLY FEEL THE BURNING TOUCH OF THAT CROSS IT PROJECTS--
--AND FLEE!

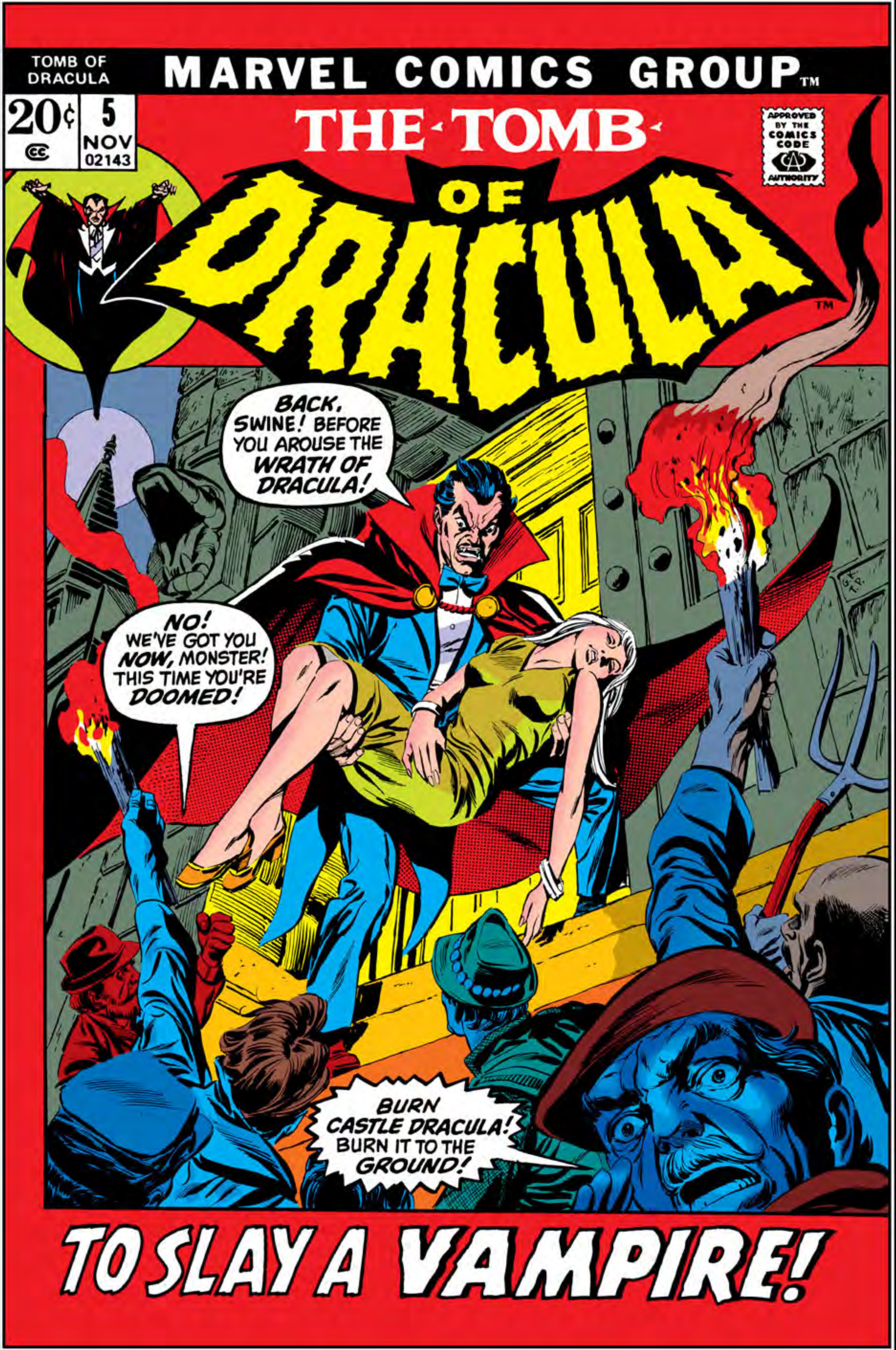

TAJ, YOU LOOKED BETTER THAN A COMPANY OF MARINES COMING OFF THAT BALCONY!
RACHEL WAS RIGHT ABOUT THE EFFECT--
--THESE SPECIALLY-ALTERED FLASHLIGHTS HAVE ON HIM.
AND NOW THAT I'VE RECOVERED MINE--
--WE CAN SPREAD OUT AND USE BOTH LIGHTS TO CUT OFF HIS ESCAPE!
ARGHHHH!
BLAST DRAKE AND HIS SILENT ALLY... BLAST THAT VAN HELSING WOMAN MORE!
THIS TRAP MUST BE OF HER DEVISING!
WITH THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS UPON ME, I CAN'T TAKE BAT FORM, CAN'T FLY--
AND WITH THEM NOW BETWEEN ME AND THE WOODS-- THAT LEAVES ONLY--
--THE HOUSE!
KRASH!
I CAN BE THROUGH IT AND OUT THE FRONT DOOR--
--BEFORE EITHER OF THEM MAKES IT AROUND!
AND THAT DOOR TO FREEDOM WAITS AHEAD OF YOU, COUNT DRACULA--
--AS YOU SMASH TOWARD IT THROUGH THE MANSION'S INTERIOR, UNTIL...
--YOU EFFORTLESSLY FLING OPEN THE HEAVY PORTAL TO FIND--
ANOTHER LIGHT-- NO!
BRIGHTER-- STRONGER THAN THE OTHERS!
AND THE CROSS-- THAT ACCURSED CROSS!


LORD, INSPECTOR MANFRED! IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN BLINKIN' EYES--
YOU'VE NOTHIN' ON ME, GILES!
THOUGHT THAT YANK WAS DAFT WHEN HE CALLED FROM THE MANSION--
--'SPECIALLY WHEN I HEARD HOW HE WANTED OUR SPOTLIGHT RIGGED!
BUT DID YOU SEE THAT BLOKE RECOIL FROM 'ER, SIR? LIKE NOTHIN' HUMAN!
AYE, GILES. BY THE LOOK OF 'IM... LIKE NOTHIN' HUMAN.
NO EXIT! DRACULA RETREATS BACK INTO THE MANSION. WORDS SPOKEN BY ILSA STRANGWAY SUDDENLY DANCE IN HIS MIND...
"YOU'RE A 19TH CENTURY MAN IN THE TWENTIETH--"
"-YOU HAVEN'T YET COLLIDED WITH THE CHANGES, BUT WHEN YOU DO--"
THE MIRROR-- THE MIRROR UPSTAIRS!
MEANWHILE, IN THE DARK, DECAYING INTERIOR OF THE WORLD WAR II COASTAL BUNKER...
THEY'RE CLOSE... BUT THEY WON'T CATCH HIM.
NEVER! NOT THE MASTER!
I CAN FEEL IT ALL... HIS THOUGHTS ARE ALMOST MY OWN! YOU'LL--
SILENCE, MR. GRAVES. I HEAR SOMETHING--
FIRST, THE RUSH OF WINGS...
THEN, FEET STRIKING SOLIDLY TO EARTH...
AND FINALLY, A VOICE, HALF-SPEAKING, HALF-SOBBING...
--AWFUL. NEVER KNEW ANYTHING COULD BE SO--REPULSIVE.
AT FIRST THE KILLING RAGE HELPED--
BUT WHEN IT WAS OVER... SEEING WHAT I'D DONE... WHAT I'VE BECOME...
MUSTN'T THINK ABOUT IT, ILSA. JUST LIE DOWN. REST.
AND REMEMBER... YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL NOW.
HORRIBLE AS IT WAS, IT'S MADE YOU YOUNG, AND--
EEEEEEE!
IN MY COFFIN-- NO! N-NOT--


A C-CRUCIFIX! HOW CAN I LIE THERE? HOW CAN I RE--
YOU CAN'T REST, MRS. STRANGWAY, NOT AS A VAMPIRE.
ONLY WITH DEATH--
TRUE DEATH... FINAL PEACE!
W-WHO..? NO!
YOU DON'T MEAN TO KILL ME... YOU CAN'T!
NOT NOW! NOT AFTER WHAT I'VE GONE THROUGH TO FINALLY GET WHAT I WANTED!
NOT WHEN EVERYTHING IS AS DRACULA PROMISED.
NOT NOW THAT I'M AGAIN YOUNG! YOUNG AND... BEAUTIFUL!
B-BEAUTIFUL...?! I KNOW THERE'S NO WAY TO SEE YOURSELF--
BUT... D-DIDN'T YOU NOTICE YOUR HANDS?!
MY... H-HANDS?
MY HANDS!! STILL SPOTTED... WRINKLED! I'M OLD... STILL OLD!
HE TRICKED ME... HE LIED!
NO! YOU VAIN, SILLY WITCH--
YOU TRICKED YOURSELF!
AND THE MASTER FOUND IT A FINE JEST TO LET YOU--
YOU WHO PRESUMED TO BARGAIN WITH DRACULA!
DENIED SUSTENANCE FOR LONG PERIODS, A VAMPIRE AGES... UNTIL HE AGAIN RESUMES FEASTING. THEN HE GROWS YOUNG... YOUNG AS HE WAS WHEN FIRST HE BECAME SUCH A CREATURE!
THAT'S WHAT THE BOOK TOUCHED ON.
THE COUNT WAS THIRTY. BUT YOU, CRONE--
--BECAME A VAMPIRE TOO LATE!
HE PLAYED ME FOR A FOOL... ME!
BUT HE'S COME OUT NO BETTER! I HAD NO INTENTION OF LIVING IN DRACULA'S SHADOW--
--SO I DIDN'T TELL HIM ALL ABOUT USING THE MIRROR.
AND WHAT COUNT DRACULA DOESN'T KNOW... WILL DESTROY HIM!


"YOUR MASTER HAS THE PROPER INCANTATION, BUT THAT ALONE WON'T DO! UNLESS THERE IS ANOTHER SUCH MIRROR IN THE EXACT TIME AND PLACE THE TRAVELER MEANS TO JOURNEY TO--
"--HE WILL STEP--NOT INTO ANOTHER CENTURY--BUT INTO ANOTHER WORLD--
"THE WORLD OF THE MIRROR'S DEMON-CREATORS, FROM WHICH THERE IS NO RETURN!
"OTHER SUCH MIRRORS DO EXIST... BUT HOW CAN THE COUNT KNOW OF THEM? THOSE DEMON-BEINGS WAIT--
"AND IT IS DRACULA WHO SHALL NEXT BE THEIRS!"
AND YOU, HIS BOOTLICKER, HIS SNIGGERING HUMAN SLAVE--
--WON'T LIVE TO WARN HIM! I'LL SEE TO THAT!
STOP! STOP, MRS. STRANGWAY, BEFORE--
YAHHHH!
NO! I CAN'T... NOT AGAIN. EVEN TO THIS WRETCH!
NOT WITH THE REVULSION, THE FULL MONSTROUSNESS OF WHAT I DID EARLIER--
--FRESH IN MY MEMORY, ALONG WITH THE HORROR THAT I BECAME--THIS THING I AM WILLINGLY.
DRACULA SAID THERE WAS WORSE THAN AGING--
I KNOW NOW IT'S TRUE!
IF YOU CAN GIVE ME PEACE, GIRL--
--DO IT!
TWANG


WITHIN THE BUNKER, A WOODEN BOLT FLIES TRUE TO ITS MARK...
WHILE, IN ILSA STRANGWAY'S STUDY, A SPOKEN INCANTATION MOVES TO A CLIMAX!
--ET NOSTRUM VEX! IT'S... DONE.
IF THE MIRROR'S WHAT THE WOMAN CLAIMED--
--THEN DRACULA IS TRAPPED NO LONGER!
YES! I NEED ONLY STEP THROUGH, AND--
WOM!
RACHEL VAN HELSING'S GIANT SERVANT!
A BRAVE TRY, FRIEND, BUT TOO LATE!
I AM STEPPING OUT OF THIS INHOSPITABLE CENTURY--!
UNABLE TO SPEAK, TAJ ACTS-- LEAPS-- AND CLUTCHES AT A VANISHING FOE!
SILENT FOOL! THE GLASS WILL BE FLUID FOR BUT A FEW MOMENTS.
THERE IS NO TIME FOR SUCH GRAPPLING--
EVEN YOU HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO HOLD DRACULA!
IF YOU DON'T LET GO--
OUTSIDE, RACHEL RUSHES FROM THE WOODS, TO FIND...
TAJ WENT IN AFTER THE COUNT?
SAW HIM IN THE STUDY! HE WAS AFRAID THAT--
THE STUDY! THAT'S WHERE--
FRANK, WE MUST GET IN THERE!
BUT...
RACHEL! GOOD LORD-- THE MIRROR--!
OH, NO... NO!!
DRACULA'S GONE-- GONE TO HIS DOOM--
AND PULLED TAJ ALONG WITH HIM!!
NEXT: DEATH TO A VAMPIRE-SLAYER!


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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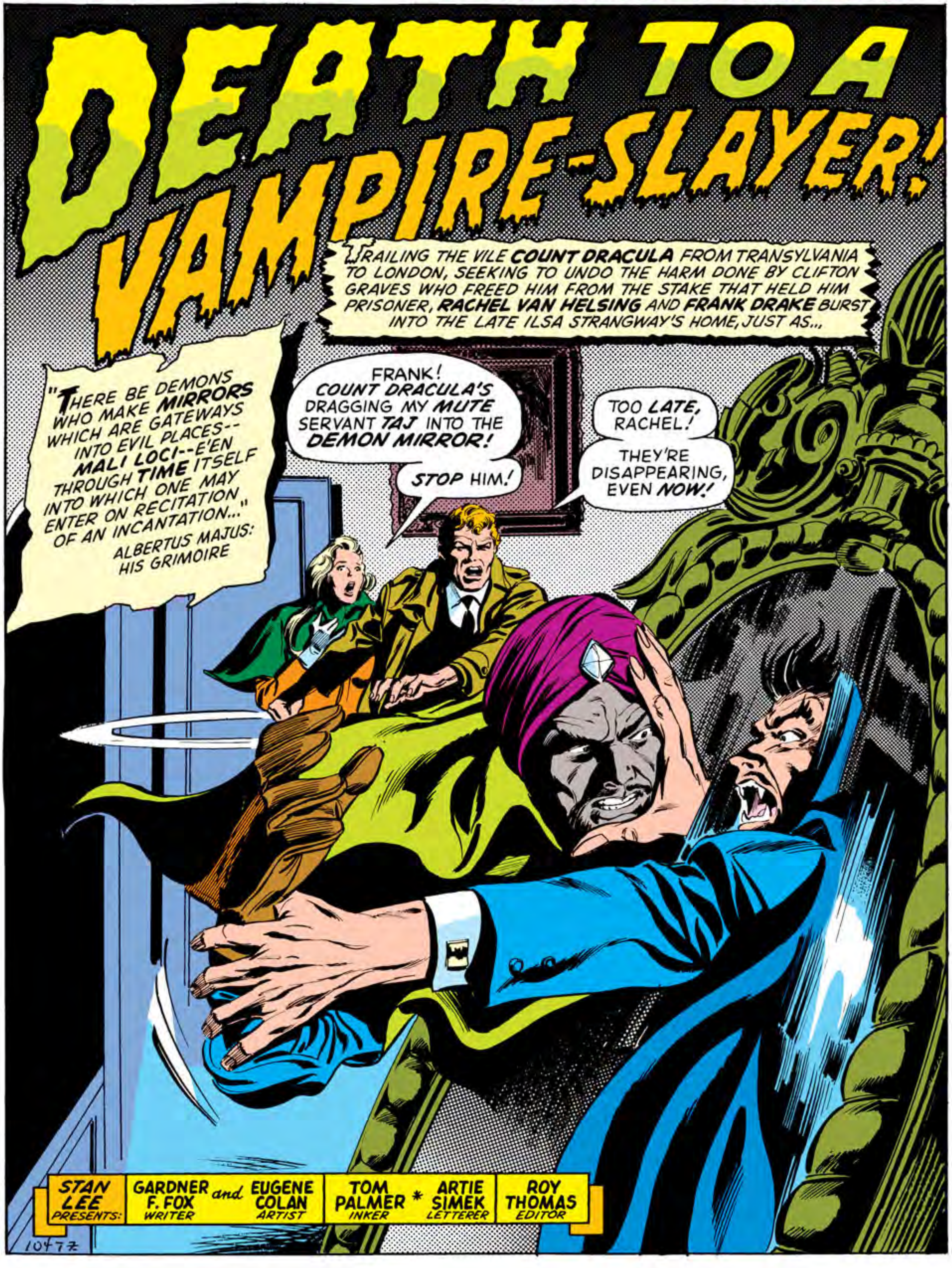
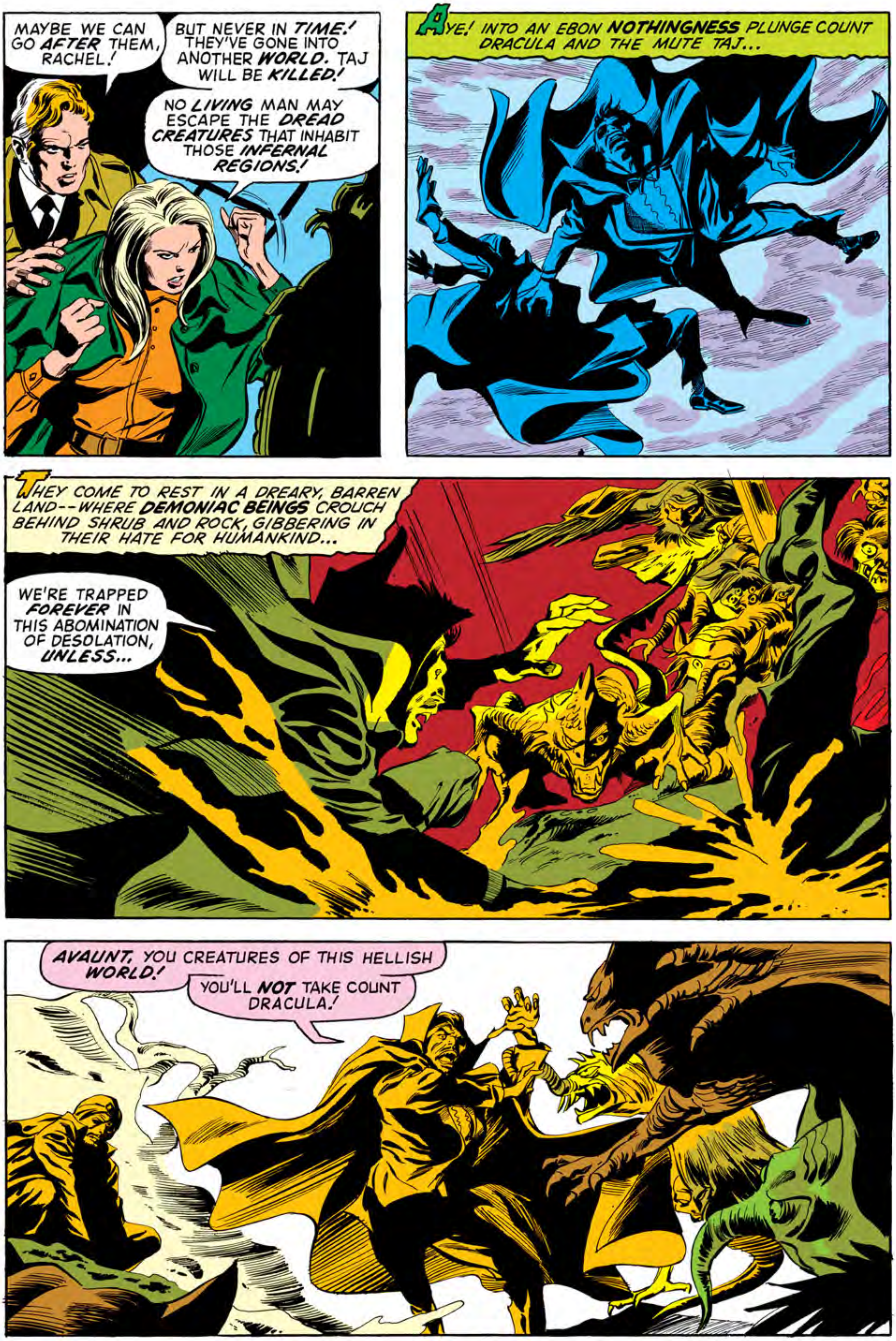
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BACK, SWINE! BEFORE YOU AROUSE THE WRATH OF DRACULA!
NO! WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, MONSTER! THIS TIME YOU'RE DOOMED!
BURN CASTLE DRACULA! BURN IT TO THE GROUND!
TO SLAY A VAMPIRE!

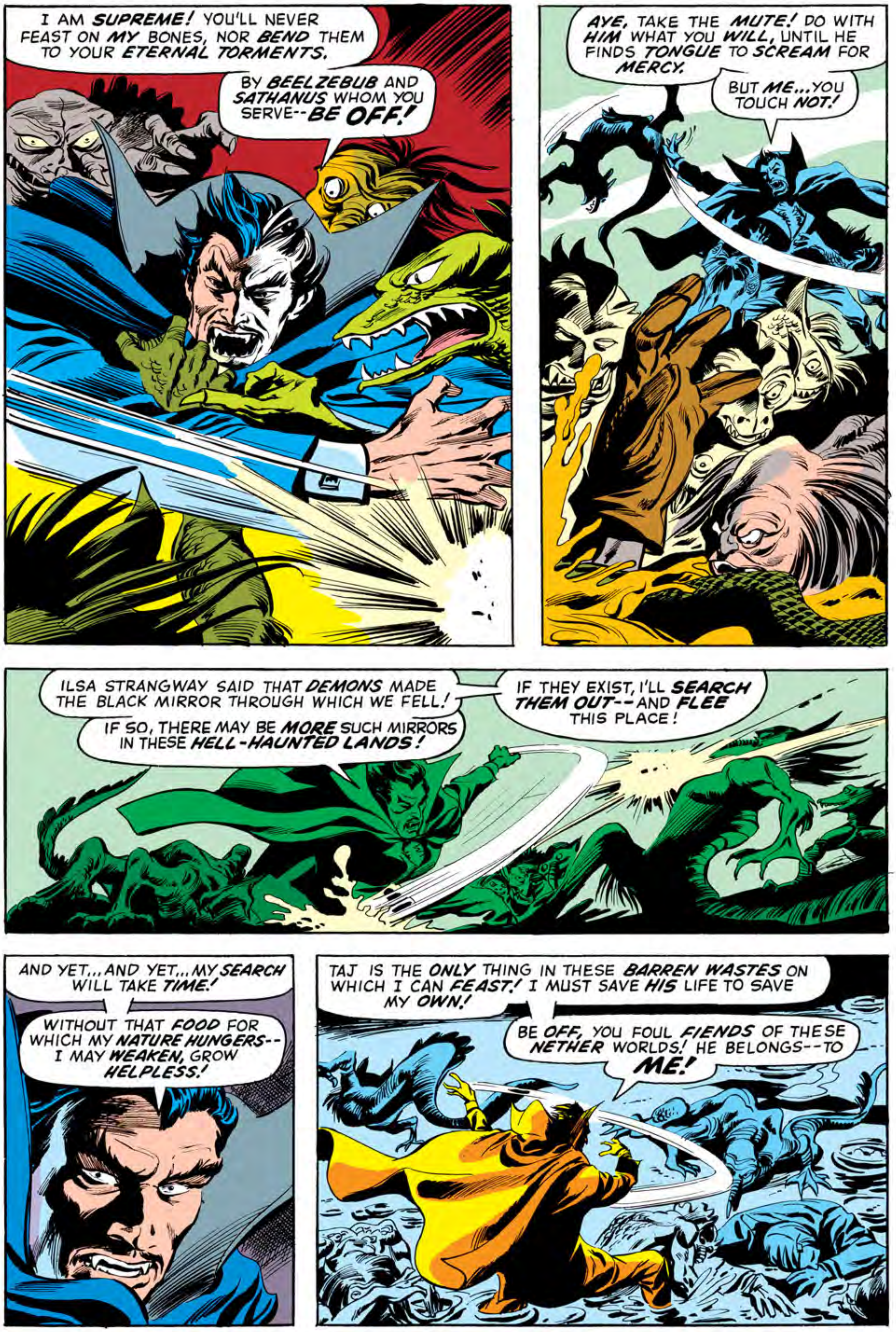
TOMB OF DRACULA!™

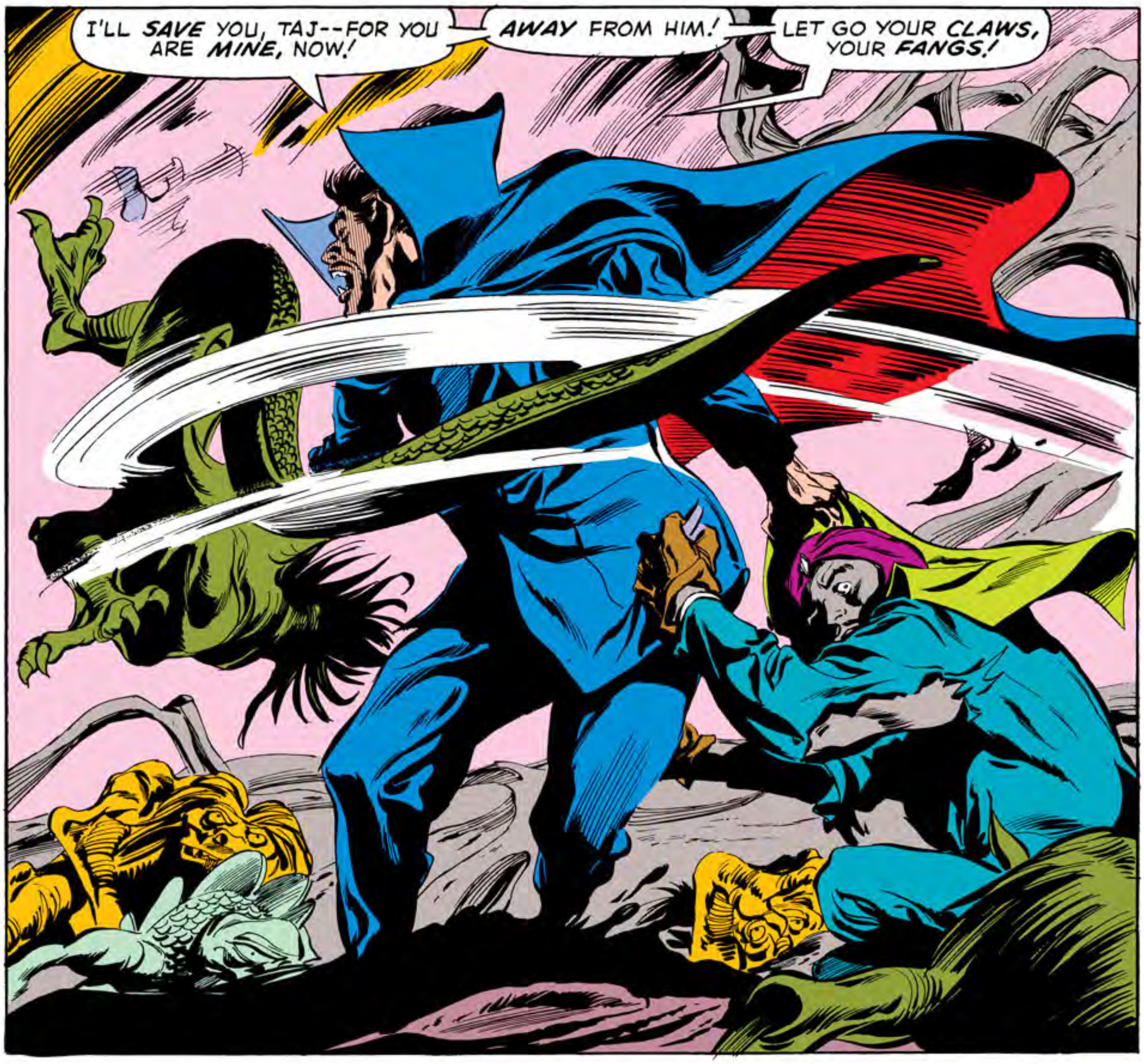


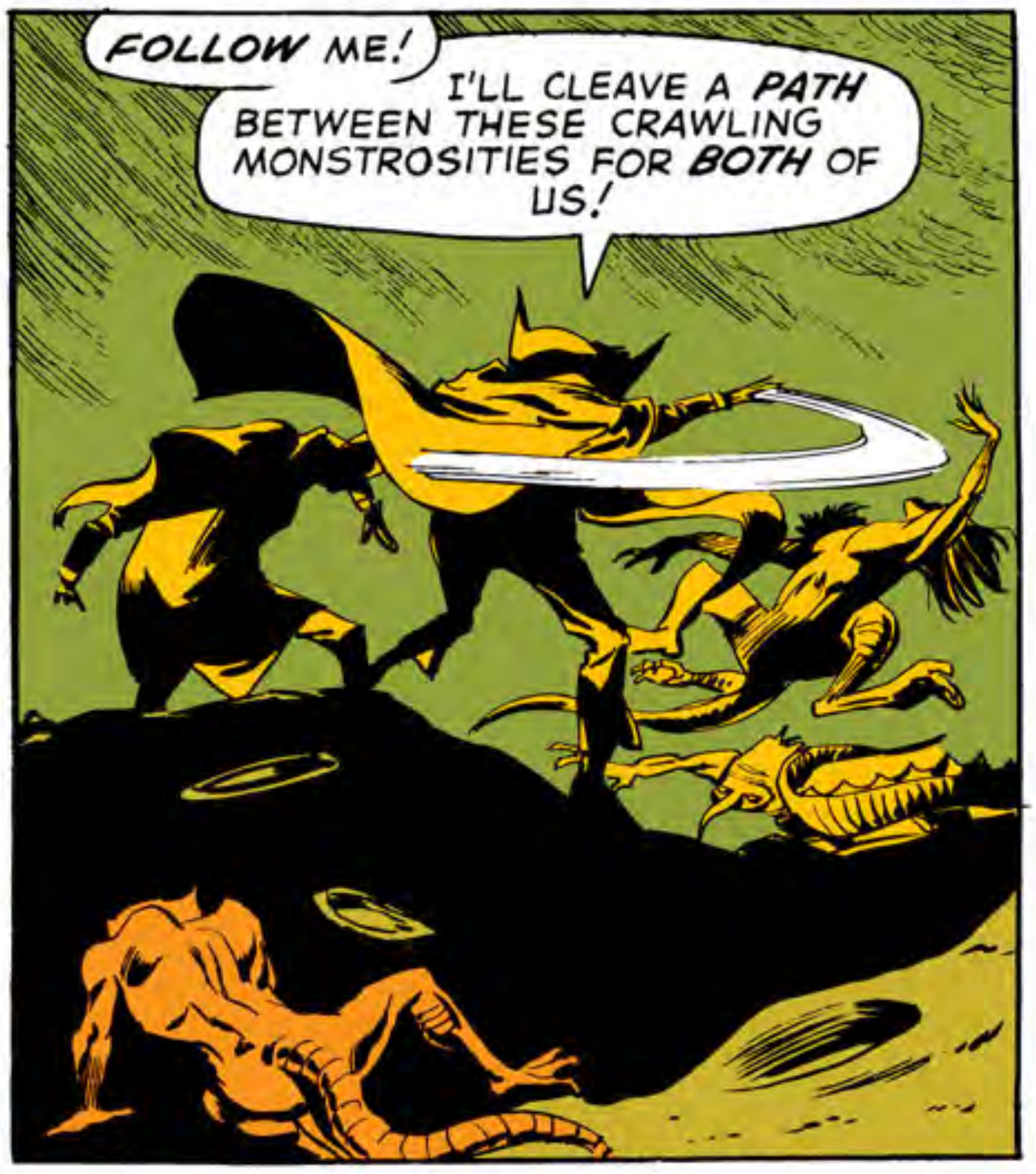
DEATH TO A VAMPIRE-SLAYER!

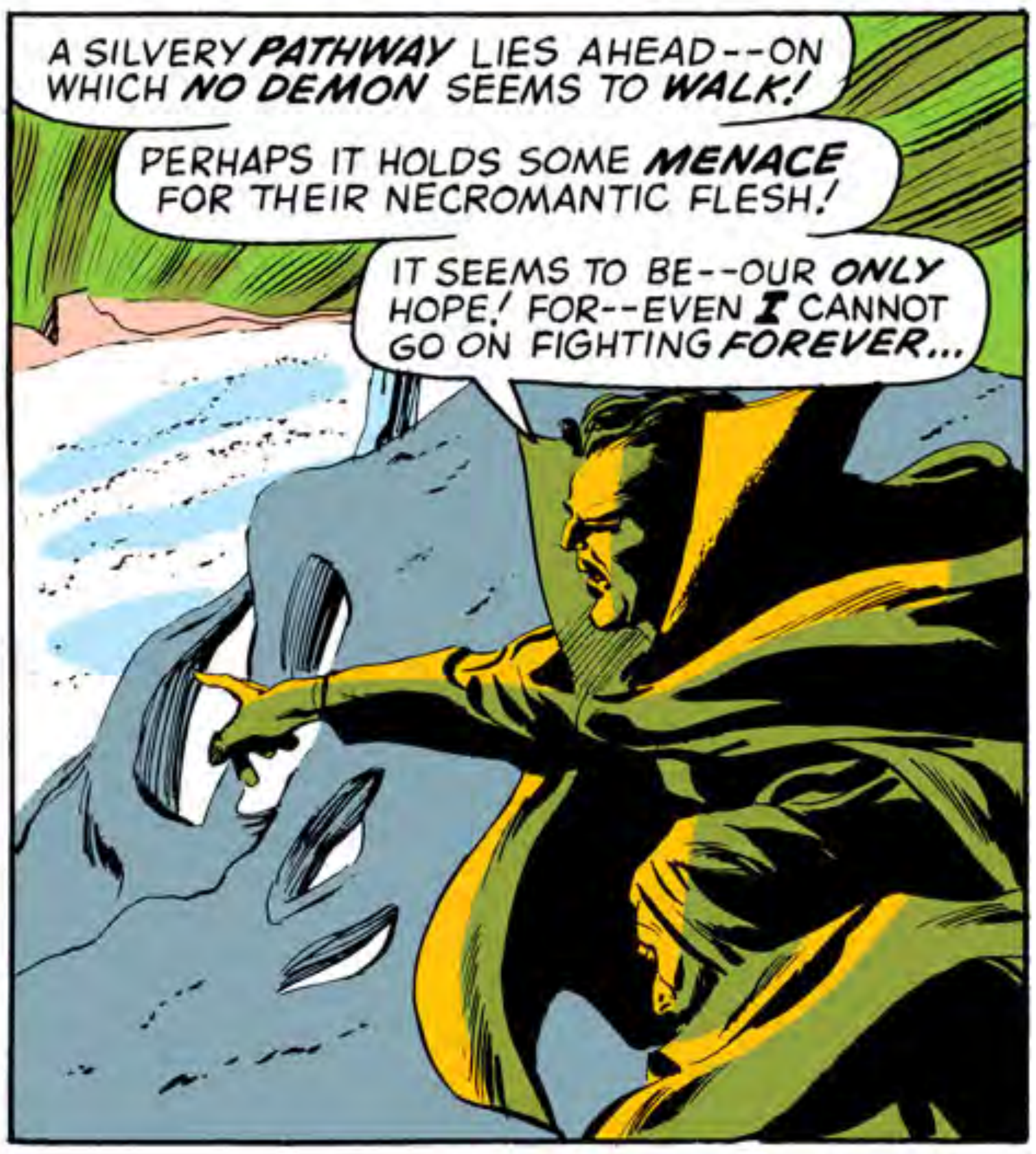
TRAILING THE VILE **COUNT DRACULA** FROM TRANSYLVANIA TO LONDON, SEEKING TO UNDO THE HARM DONE BY CLIFTON GRAVES WHO FREED HIM FROM THE STAKE THAT HELD HIM PRISONER, **RACHEL VAN HELSING** AND **FRANK DRAKE** BURST INTO THE LATE ILSA STRANGWAY'S HOME, JUST AS...
"THERE BE DEMONS WHO MAKE **MIRRORS** WHICH ARE GATEWAYS INTO EVIL PLACES-- **MALI LOCI**--E'EN THROUGH **TIME** ITSELF INTO WHICH ONE MAY ENTER ON RECITATION OF AN INCANTATION..." ALBERTUS MAJUS: HIS GRIMOIRE
FRANK! **COUNT DRACULA'S** DRAGGING MY **MUTE** SERVANT **TAJ** INTO THE **DEMON MIRROR!**
STOP HIM!
TOO **LATE,** RACHEL!
THEY'RE DISAPPEARING, EVEN **NOW!**
STAN LEE PRESENTS: GARDNER F. FOX *WRITER* and EUGENE COLAN *ARTIST* TOM PALMER *INKER* * ARTIE SIMEK *LETTERER* ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*
10477

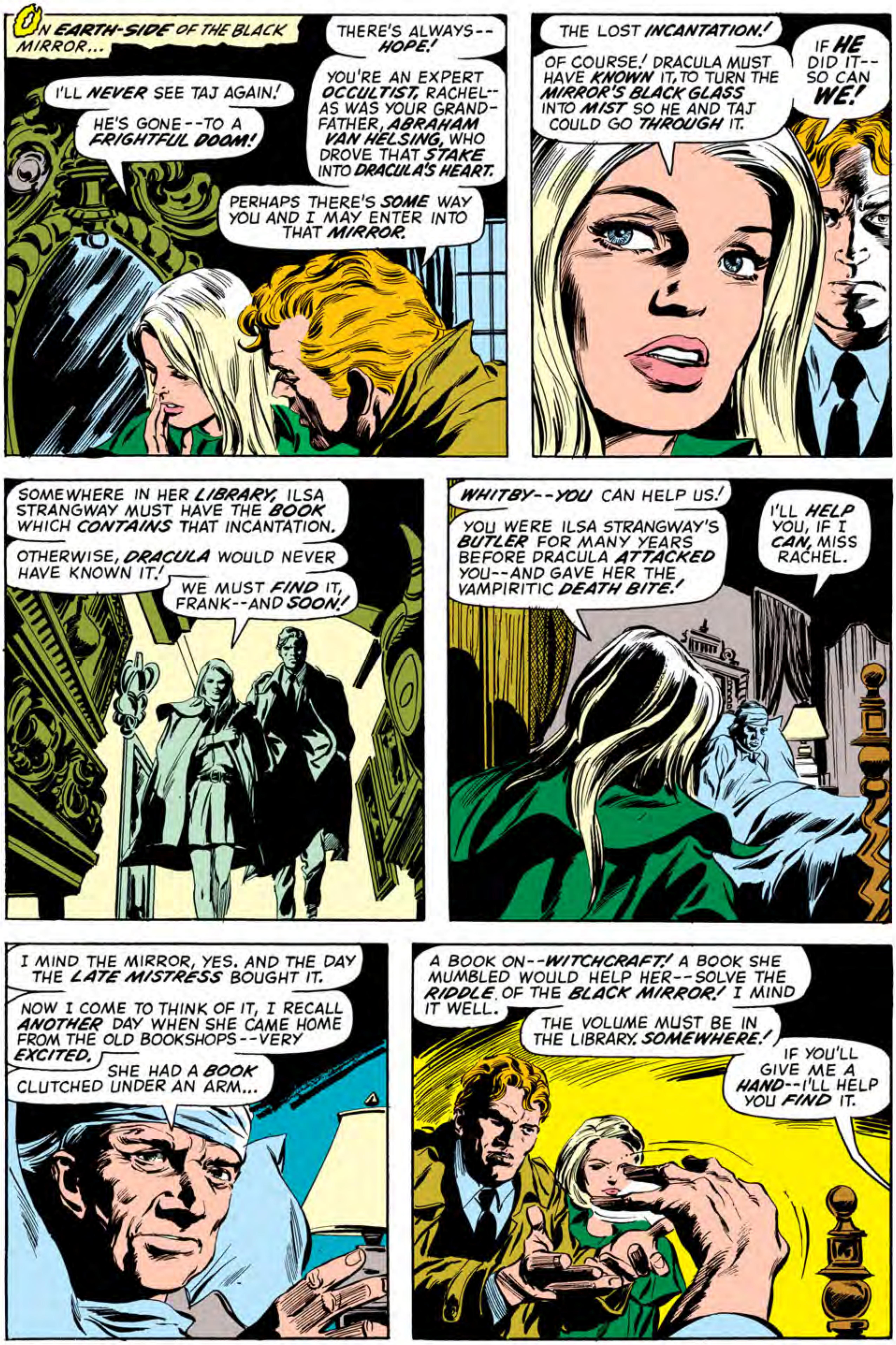

MAYBE WE CAN GO *AFTER* THEM, RACHEL.!
BUT NEVER IN *TIME!* THEY'VE GONE INTO ANOTHER *WORLD.* TAJ WILL BE *KILLED!*
NO *LIVING* MAN MAY ESCAPE THE *DREAD CREATURES* THAT INHABIT THOSE *INFERNAL REGIONS!*
AYE! INTO AN EBON **NOTHINGNESS** PLUNGE COUNT DRACULA AND THE MUTE TAJ...
THEY COME TO REST IN A DREARY, BARREN LAND--WHERE **DEMONIAC BEINGS** CROUCH BEHIND SHRUB AND ROCK, GIBBERING IN THEIR HATE FOR HUMANKIND...
WE'RE TRAPPED *FOREVER* IN THIS ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION, *UNLESS...*
AVAUNT, YOU CREATURES OF THIS HELLISH *WORLD!*
YOU'LL *NOT* TAKE COUNT DRACULA!

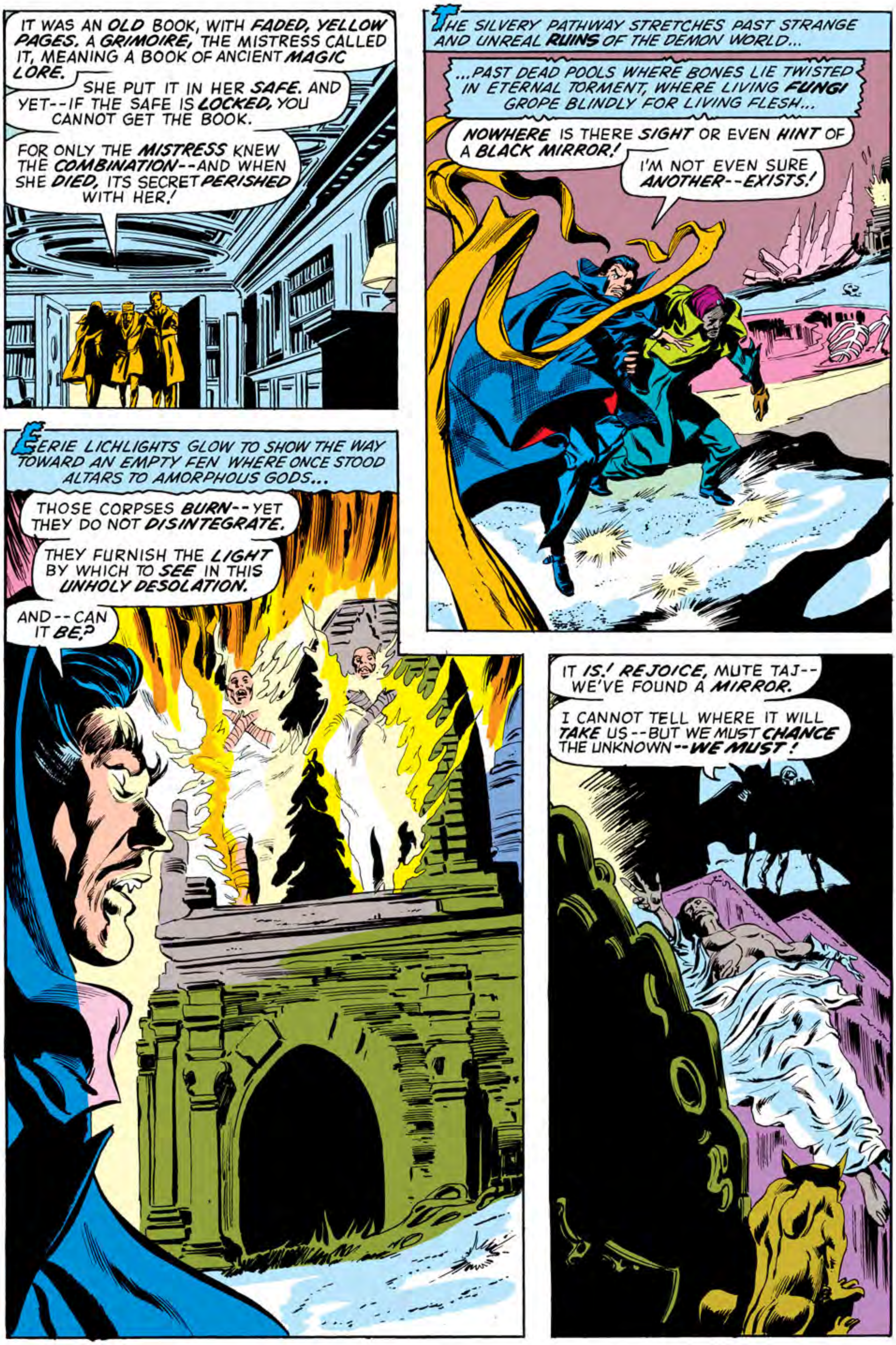

I AM **SUPREME!** YOU'LL NEVER FEAST ON **MY** BONES, NOR **BEND** THEM TO YOUR **ETERNAL TORMENTS.**
BY **BEELZEBUB** AND **SATHANUS** WHOM YOU SERVE--**BE OFF!**
AYE, TAKE THE **MUTE!** DO WITH **HIM** WHAT YOU **WILL,** UNTIL HE FINDS **TONGUE** TO **SCREAM** FOR **MERCY.**
BUT **ME...**YOU TOUCH **NOT!**
ILSA STRANGWAY SAID THAT **DEMONS** MADE THE BLACK MIRROR THROUGH WHICH WE FELL!
IF SO, THERE MAY BE **MORE** SUCH MIRRORS IN THESE **HELL-HAUNTED LANDS!**
IF THEY EXIST, I'LL **SEARCH THEM OUT--**AND **FLEE** THIS PLACE!
AND YET... AND YET... MY **SEARCH** WILL TAKE **TIME!**
WITHOUT THAT **FOOD** FOR WHICH MY **NATURE HUNGERS--** I MAY **WEAKEN,** GROW **HELPLESS!**
TAJ IS THE **ONLY** THING IN THESE **BARREN WASTES** ON WHICH I CAN **FEAST!** I MUST SAVE **HIS** LIFE TO SAVE MY **OWN!**
BE **OFF,** YOU FOUL **FIENDS** OF THESE **NETHER** WORLDS! HE BELONGS--TO **ME!**

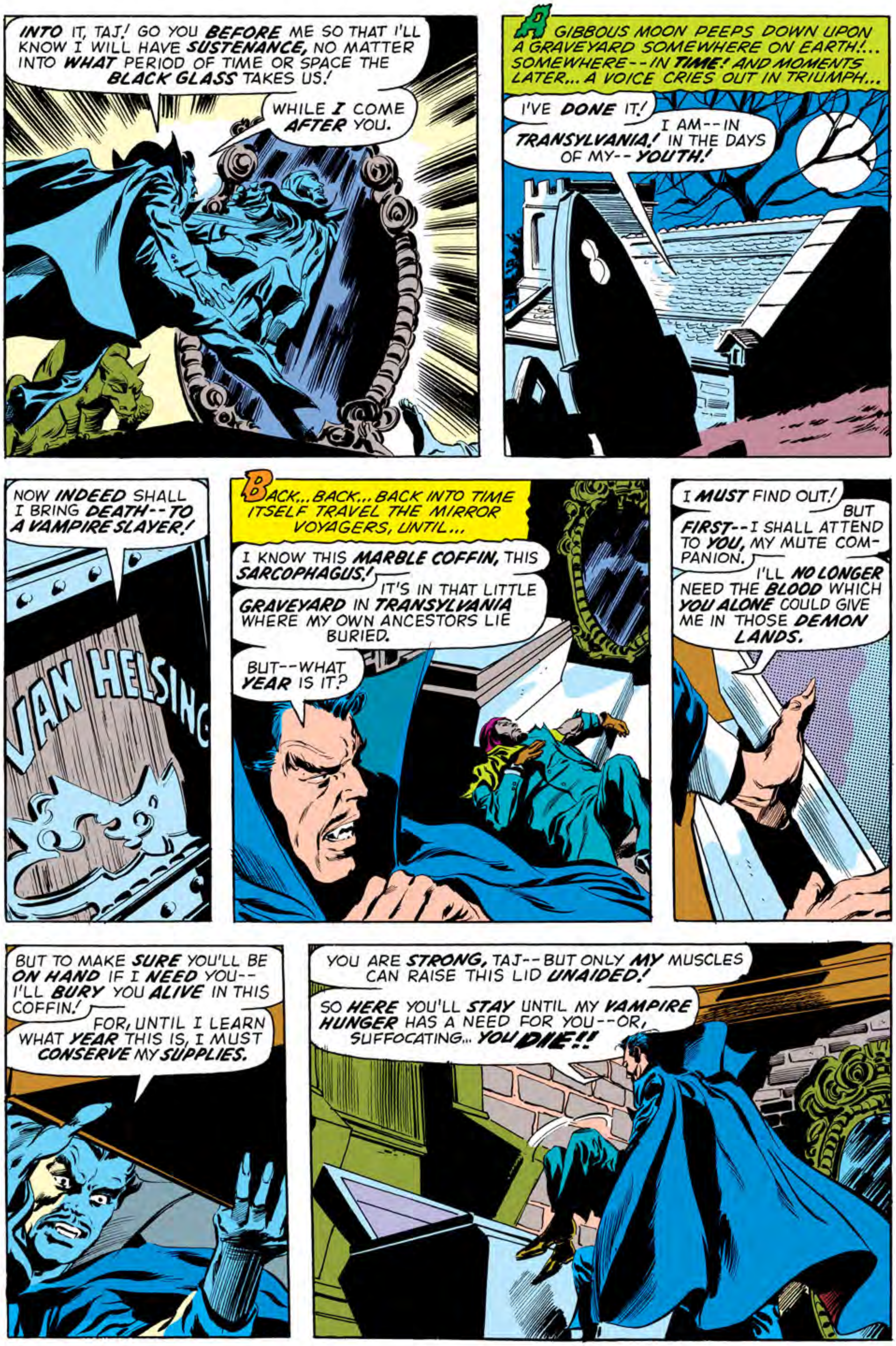

I'LL SAVE YOU, TAJ--FOR YOU ARE MINE, NOW!
AWAY FROM HIM!
LET GO YOUR CLAWS, YOUR FANGS!

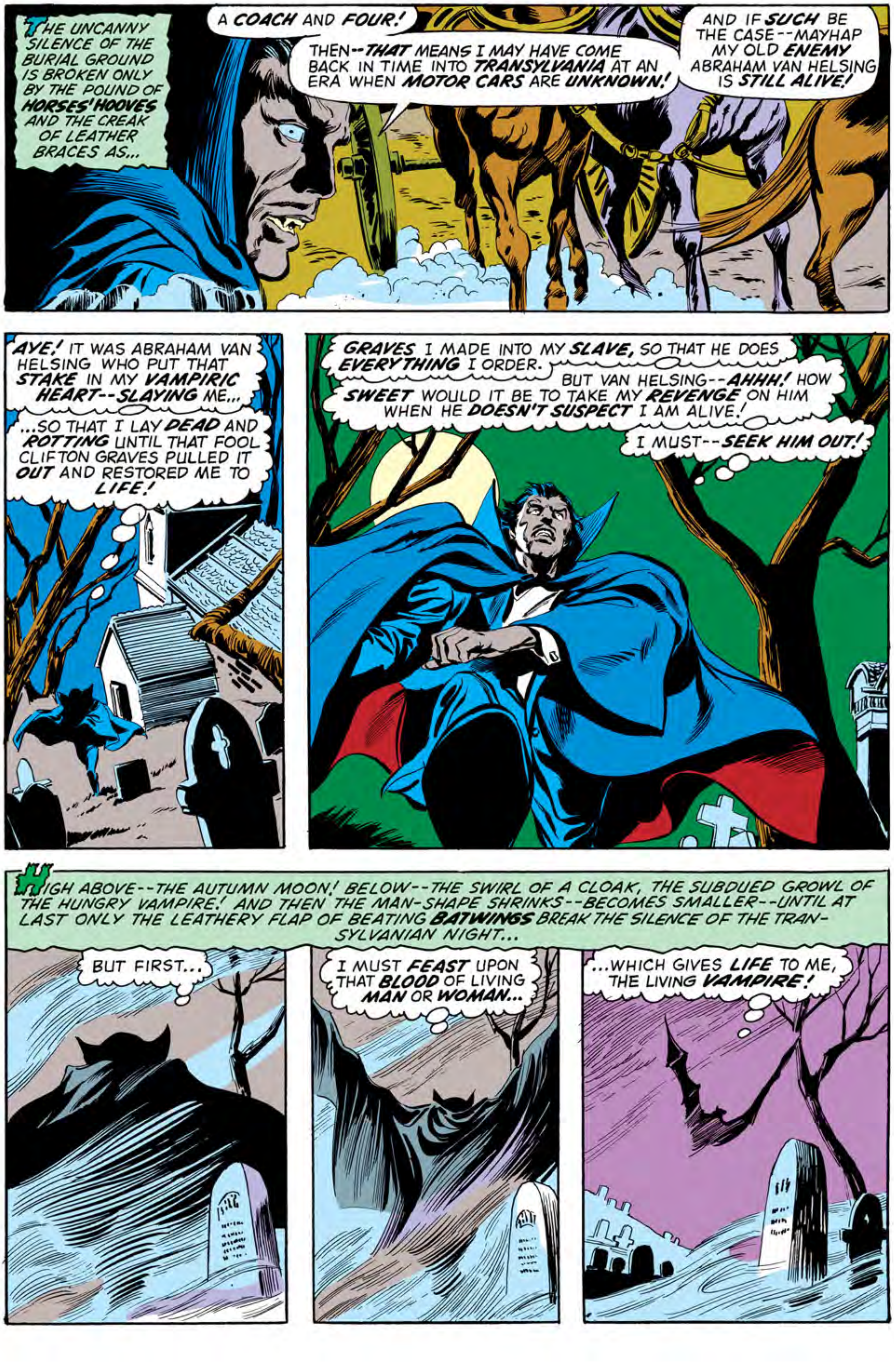

FOLLOW ME!
I'LL CLEAVE A PATH BETWEEN THESE CRAWLING MONSTROSITIES FOR BOTH OF US!

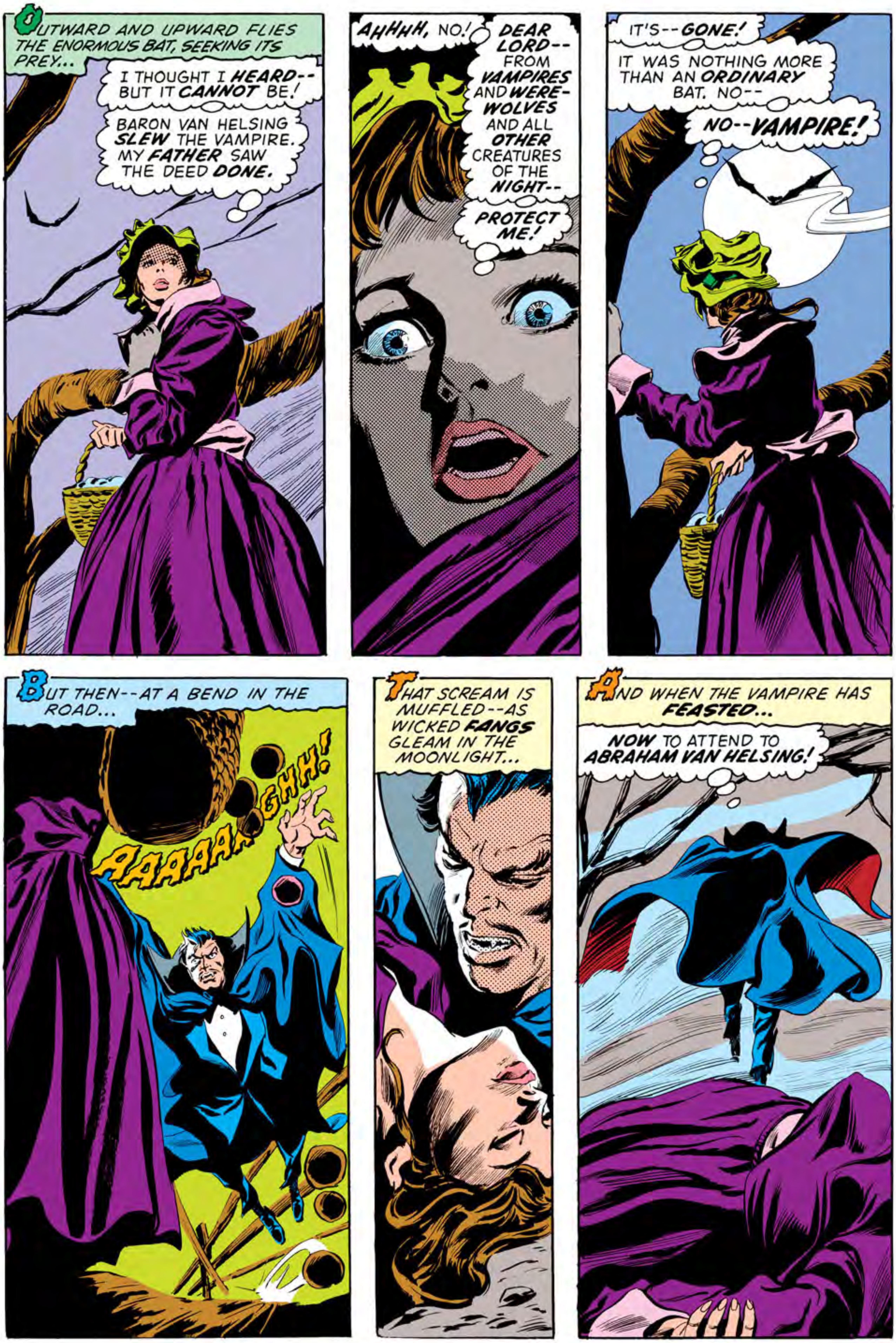

A SILVERY PATHWAY LIES AHEAD--ON WHICH NO DEMON SEEMS TO WALK!
PERHAPS IT HOLDS SOME MENACE FOR THEIR NECROMANTIC FLESH!
IT SEEMS TO BE--OUR ONLY HOPE! FOR--EVEN I CANNOT GO ON FIGHTING FOREVER...

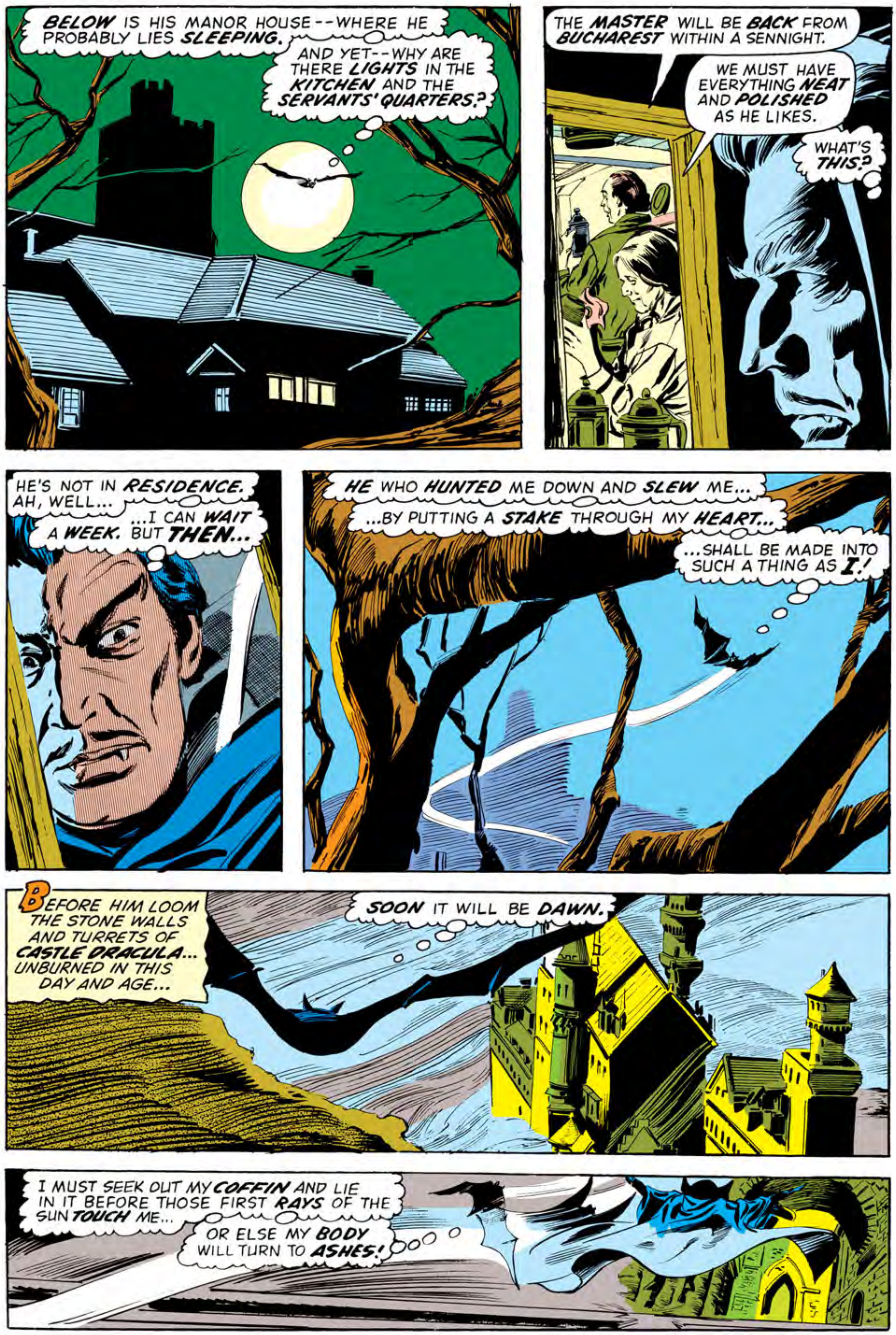

ON EARTH-SIDE OF THE BLACK MIRROR...
I'LL NEVER SEE TAJ AGAIN!
HE'S GONE--TO A FRIGHTFUL DOOM!
THERE'S ALWAYS--HOPE!
YOU'RE AN EXPERT OCCULTIST, RACHEL--AS WAS YOUR GRANDFATHER, ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, WHO DROVE THAT STAKE INTO DRACULA'S HEART.
PERHAPS THERE'S SOME WAY YOU AND I MAY ENTER INTO THAT MIRROR.
THE LOST INCANTATION!
OF COURSE! DRACULA MUST HAVE KNOWN IT, TO TURN THE MIRROR'S BLACK GLASS INTO MIST SO HE AND TAJ COULD GO THROUGH IT.
IF HE DID IT--SO CAN WE!
SOMEWHERE IN HER LIBRARY, ILSA STRANGWAY MUST HAVE THE BOOK WHICH CONTAINS THAT INCANTATION.
OTHERWISE, DRACULA WOULD NEVER HAVE KNOWN IT!
WE MUST FIND IT, FRANK--AND SOON!
WHITBY--YOU CAN HELP US!
YOU WERE ILSA STRANGWAY'S BUTLER FOR MANY YEARS BEFORE DRACULA ATTACKED YOU--AND GAVE HER THE VAMPIRITIC DEATH BITE!
I'LL HELP YOU, IF I CAN, MISS RACHEL.
I MIND THE MIRROR, YES. AND THE DAY THE LATE MISTRESS BOUGHT IT.
NOW I COME TO THINK OF IT, I RECALL ANOTHER DAY WHEN SHE CAME HOME FROM THE OLD BOOKSHOPS--VERY EXCITED.
SHE HAD A BOOK CLUTCHED UNDER AN ARM...
A BOOK ON--WITCHCRAFT! A BOOK SHE MUMBLED WOULD HELP HER--SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF THE BLACK MIRROR! I MIND IT WELL.
THE VOLUME MUST BE IN THE LIBRARY. SOMEWHERE!
IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A HAND--I'LL HELP YOU FIND IT.

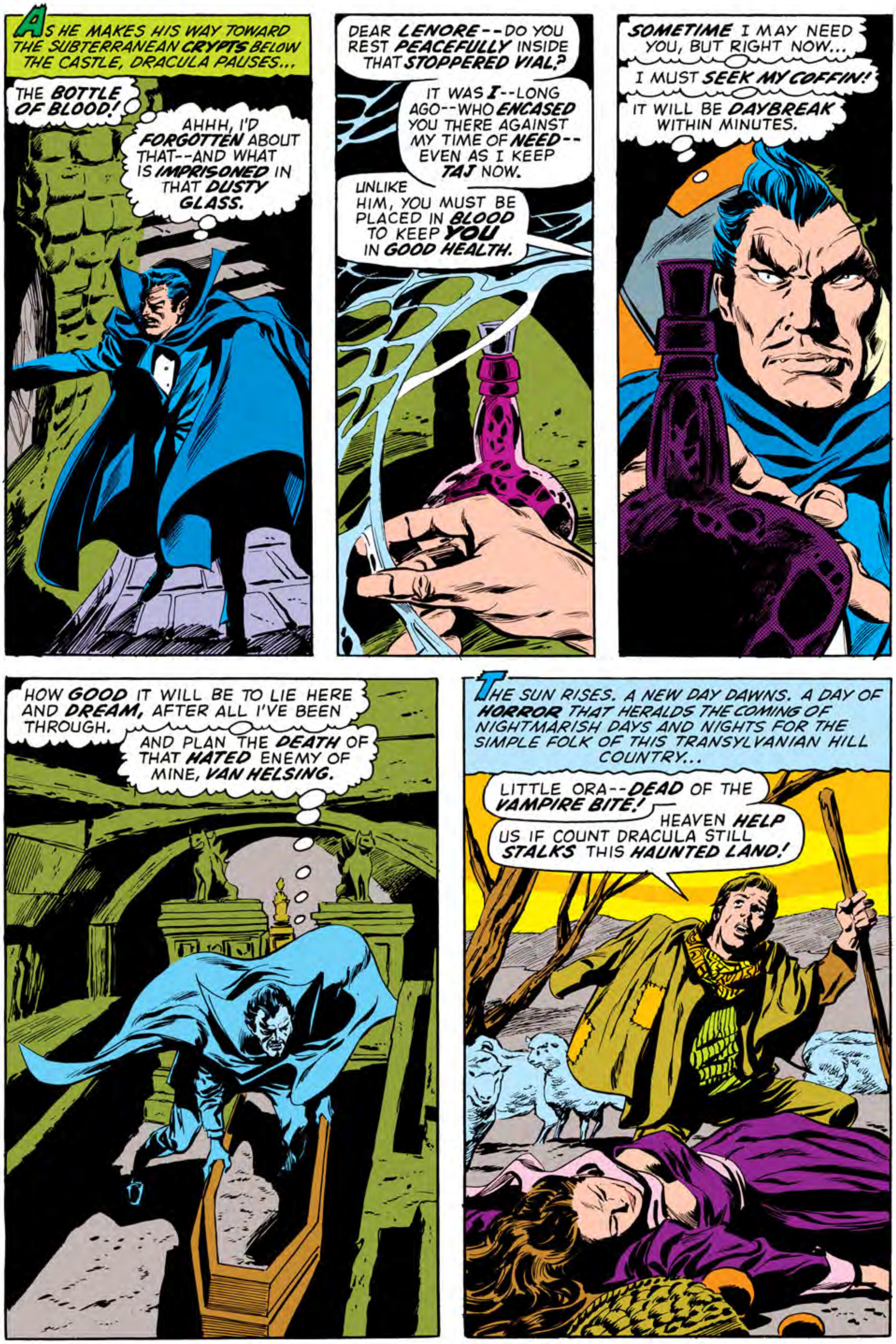

IT WAS AN OLD BOOK, WITH FADED, YELLOW PAGES. A GRIMOIRE, THE MISTRESS CALLED IT, MEANING A BOOK OF ANCIENT MAGIC LORE.
SHE PUT IT IN HER SAFE. AND YET--IF THE SAFE IS LOCKED, YOU CANNOT GET THE BOOK.
FOR ONLY THE MISTRESS KNEW THE COMBINATION--AND WHEN SHE DIED, ITS SECRET PERISHED WITH HER!
THE SILVERY PATHWAY STRETCHES PAST STRANGE AND UNREAL RUINS OF THE DEMON WORLD...
...PAST DEAD POOLS WHERE BONES LIE TWISTED IN ETERNAL TORMENT, WHERE LIVING FUNGI GROPE BLINDLY FOR LIVING FLESH...
NOWHERE IS THERE SIGHT OR EVEN HINT OF A BLACK MIRROR!
I'M NOT EVEN SURE ANOTHER--EXISTS!
EERIE LICHLIGHTS GLOW TO SHOW THE WAY TOWARD AN EMPTY FEN WHERE ONCE STOOD ALTARS TO AMORPHOUS GODS...
THOSE CORPSES BURN--YET THEY DO NOT DISINTEGRATE.
THEY FURNISH THE LIGHT BY WHICH TO SEE IN THIS UNHOLY DESOLATION.
AND--CAN IT BE?
IT IS! REJOICE, MUTE TAJ--WE'VE FOUND A MIRROR.
I CANNOT TELL WHERE IT WILL TAKE US--BUT WE MUST CHANCE THE UNKNOWN--WE MUST!

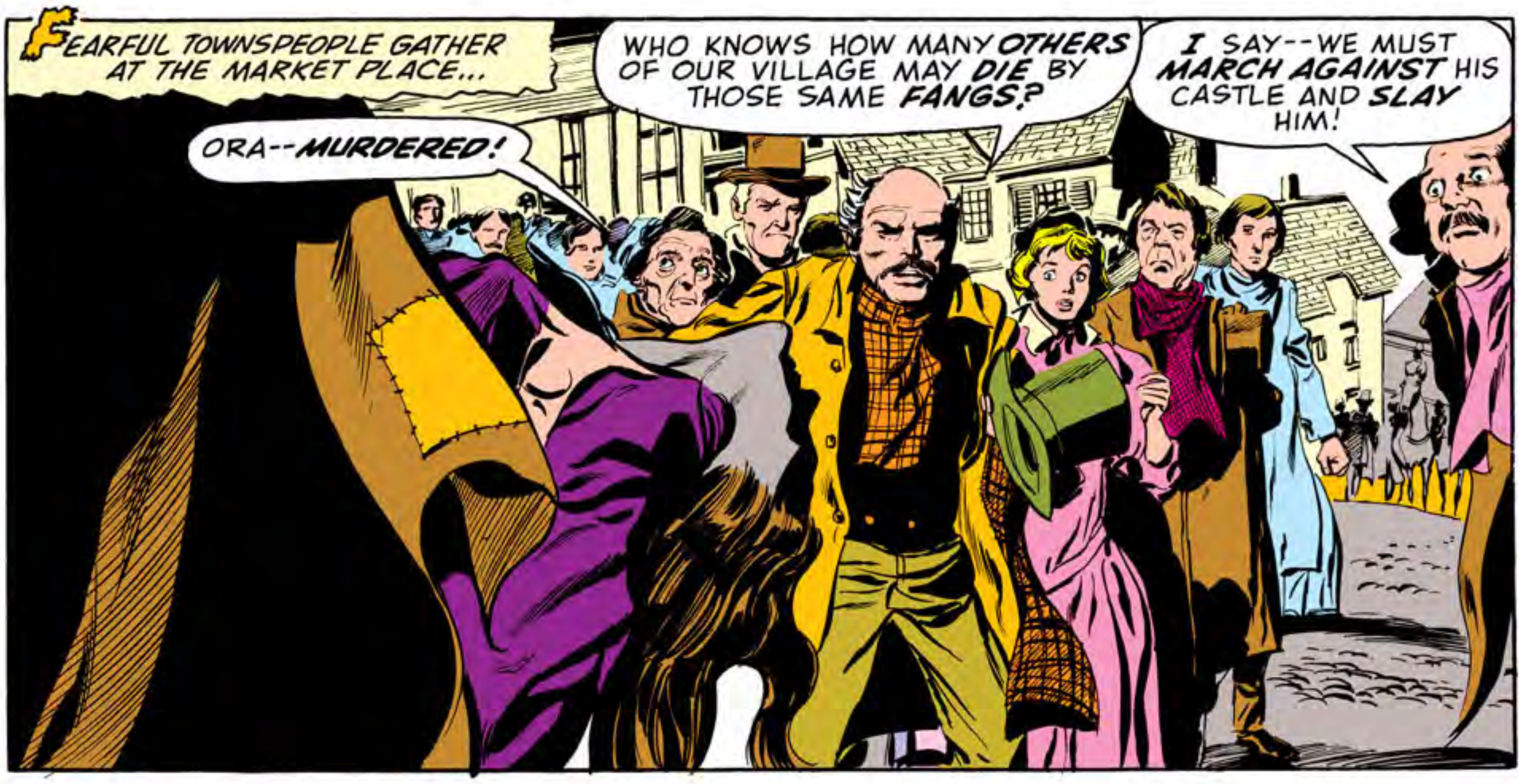

INTO IT, TAJ! GO YOU BEFORE ME SO THAT I'LL KNOW I WILL HAVE SUSTENANCE, NO MATTER INTO WHAT PERIOD OF TIME OR SPACE THE BLACK GLASS TAKES US!
WHILE I COME AFTER YOU.
A GIBBOUS MOON PEEPS DOWN UPON A GRAVEYARD SOMEWHERE ON EARTH!... SOMEWHERE--IN TIME! AND MOMENTS LATER... A VOICE CRIES OUT IN TRIUMPH...
I'VE DONE IT!
I AM--IN TRANSYLVANIA! IN THE DAYS OF MY--YOUTH!
NOW INDEED SHALL I BRING DEATH--TO A VAMPIRE SLAYER!
VAN HELSING
BACK... BACK... BACK INTO TIME ITSELF TRAVEL THE MIRROR VOYAGERS, UNTIL...
I KNOW THIS MARBLE COFFIN, THIS SARCOPHAGUS!
IT'S IN THAT LITTLE GRAVEYARD IN TRANSYLVANIA WHERE MY OWN ANCESTORS LIE BURIED.
BUT--WHAT YEAR IS IT?
I MUST FIND OUT!
BUT FIRST--I SHALL ATTEND TO YOU, MY MUTE COMPANION.
I'LL NO LONGER NEED THE BLOOD WHICH YOU ALONE COULD GIVE ME IN THOSE DEMON LANDS.
BUT TO MAKE SURE YOU'LL BE ON HAND IF I NEED YOU--I'LL BURY YOU ALIVE IN THIS COFFIN!
FOR, UNTIL I LEARN WHAT YEAR THIS IS, I MUST CONSERVE MY SUPPLIES.
YOU ARE STRONG, TAJ--BUT ONLY MY MUSCLES CAN RAISE THIS LID UNAIDED!
SO HERE YOU'LL STAY UNTIL MY VAMPIRE HUNGER HAS A NEED FOR YOU--OR, SUFFOCATING... YOU DIE!!

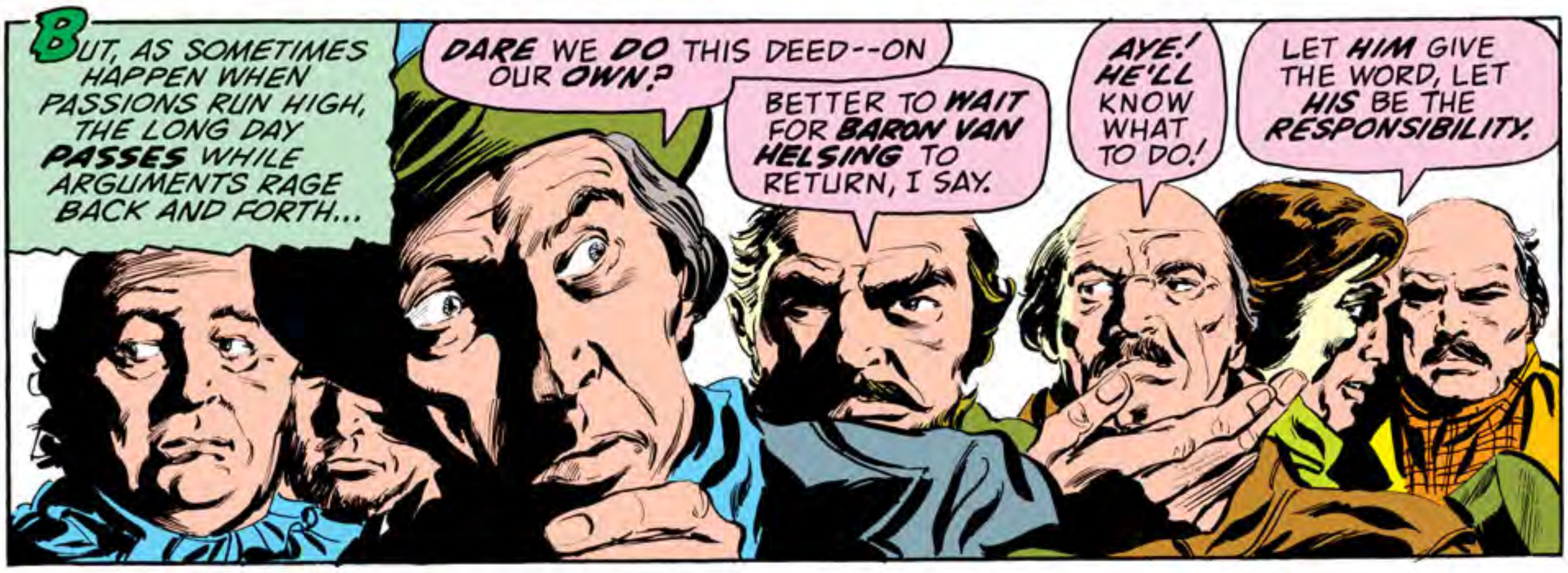

THE UNCANNY SILENCE OF THE BURIAL GROUND IS BROKEN ONLY BY THE POUND OF HORSES' HOOVES AND THE CREAK OF LEATHER BRACES AS...
A COACH AND FOUR!
THEN--THAT MEANS I MAY HAVE COME BACK IN TIME INTO TRANSYLVANIA AT AN ERA WHEN MOTOR CARS ARE UNKNOWN!
AND IF SUCH BE THE CASE--MAYHAP MY OLD ENEMY ABRAHAM VAN HELSING IS STILL ALIVE!
AYE! IT WAS ABRAHAM VAN HELSING WHO PUT THAT STAKE IN MY VAMPIRIC HEART--SLAYING ME...
...SO THAT I LAY DEAD AND ROTTING UNTIL THAT FOOL CLIFTON GRAVES PULLED IT OUT AND RESTORED ME TO LIFE!
GRAVES I MADE INTO MY SLAVE, SO THAT HE DOES EVERYTHING I ORDER.
BUT VAN HELSING--AHHH! HOW SWEET WOULD IT BE TO TAKE MY REVENGE ON HIM WHEN HE DOESN'T SUSPECT I AM ALIVE!
I MUST--SEEK HIM OUT!
HIGH ABOVE--THE AUTUMN MOON! BELOW--THE SWIRL OF A CLOAK, THE SUBDUED GROWL OF THE HUNGRY VAMPIRE! AND THEN THE MAN-SHAPE SHRINKS--BECOMES SMALLER--UNTIL AT LAST ONLY THE LEATHERY FLAP OF BEATING BATWINGS BREAK THE SILENCE OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN NIGHT...
BUT FIRST...
I MUST FEAST UPON THAT BLOOD OF LIVING MAN OR WOMAN...
...WHICH GIVES LIFE TO ME, THE LIVING VAMPIRE!

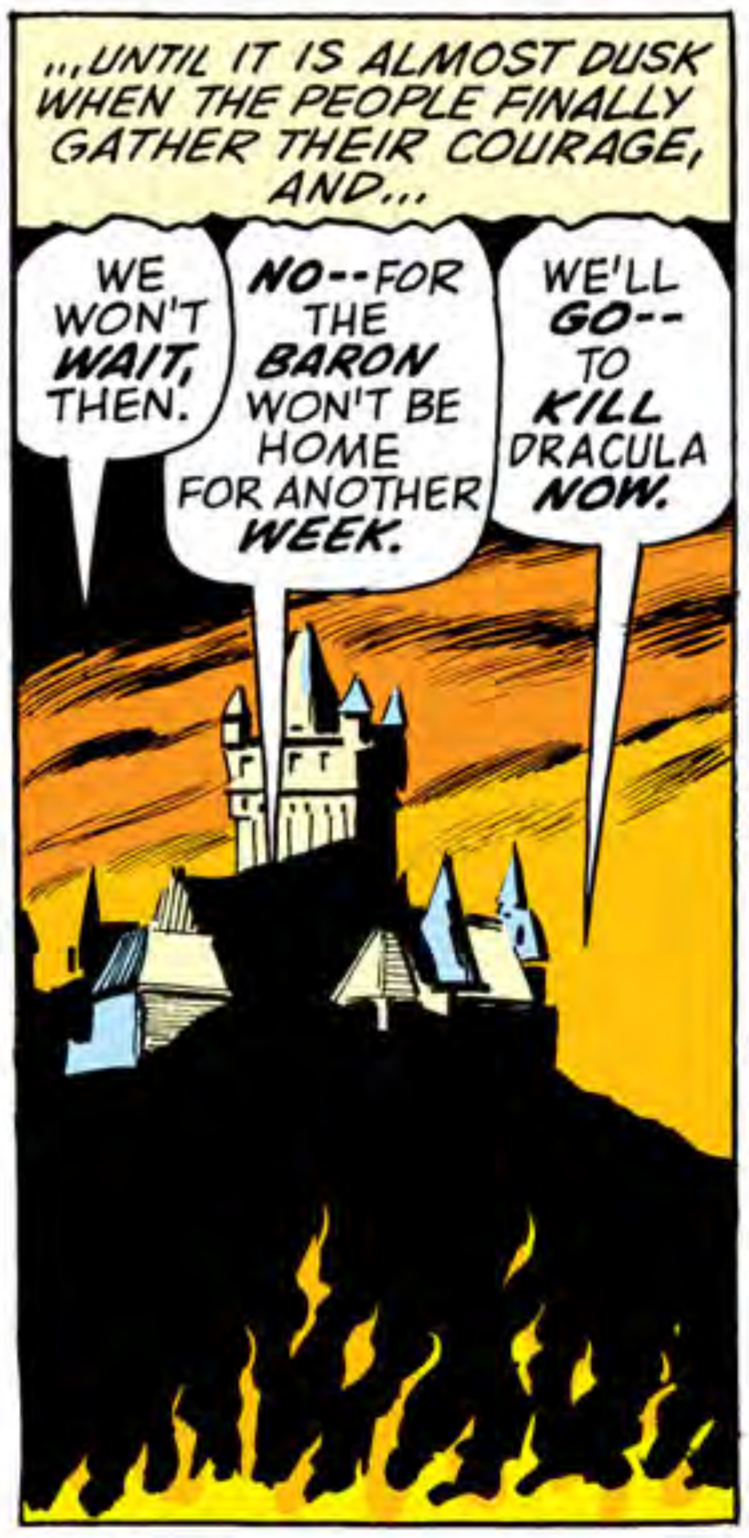

OUTWARD AND UPWARD FLIES THE ENORMOUS BAT, SEEKING ITS PREY...
I THOUGHT I HEARD-- BUT IT CANNOT BE!
BARON VAN HELSING SLEW THE VAMPIRE. MY FATHER SAW THE DEED DONE.
AHHHH, NO!
DEAR LORD-- FROM VAMPIRES AND WEREWOLVES AND ALL OTHER CREATURES OF THE NIGHT--
PROTECT ME!
IT'S--GONE!
IT WAS NOTHING MORE THAN AN ORDINARY BAT. NO--
NO--VAMPIRE!
BUT THEN--AT A BEND IN THE ROAD...
AAAAAAGHH!
THAT SCREAM IS MUFFLED--AS WICKED FANGS GLEAM IN THE MOONLIGHT...
AND WHEN THE VAMPIRE HAS FEASTED...
NOW TO ATTEND TO ABRAHAM VAN HELSING!

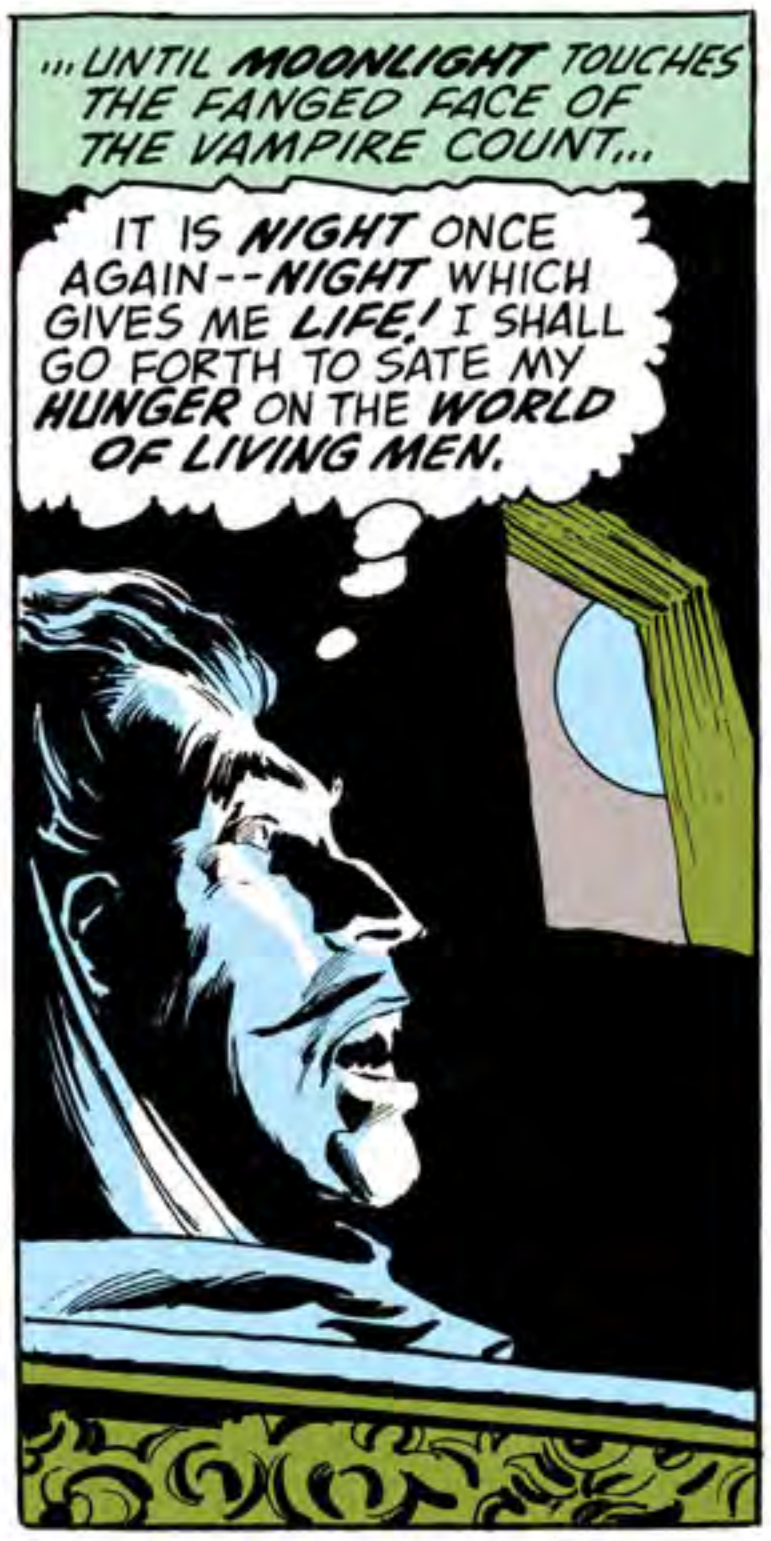

BELOW IS HIS MANOR HOUSE--WHERE HE PROBABLY LIES SLEEPING.
AND YET--WHY ARE THERE LIGHTS IN THE KITCHEN AND THE SERVANTS' QUARTERS?
THE MASTER WILL BE BACK FROM BUCHAREST WITHIN A SENNIGHT.
WE MUST HAVE EVERYTHING NEAT AND POLISHED AS HE LIKES.
WHAT'S THIS?
HE'S NOT IN RESIDENCE. AH, WELL...
...I CAN WAIT A WEEK. BUT THEN...
HE WHO HUNTED ME DOWN AND SLEW ME...
...BY PUTTING A STAKE THROUGH MY HEART...
...SHALL BE MADE INTO SUCH A THING AS I!
BEFORE HIM LOOM THE STONE WALLS AND TURRETS OF CASTLE DRACULA... UNBURNED IN THIS DAY AND AGE...
SOON IT WILL BE DAWN.
I MUST SEEK OUT MY COFFIN AND LIE IN IT BEFORE THOSE FIRST RAYS OF THE SUN TOUCH ME...
OR ELSE MY BODY WILL TURN TO ASHES!

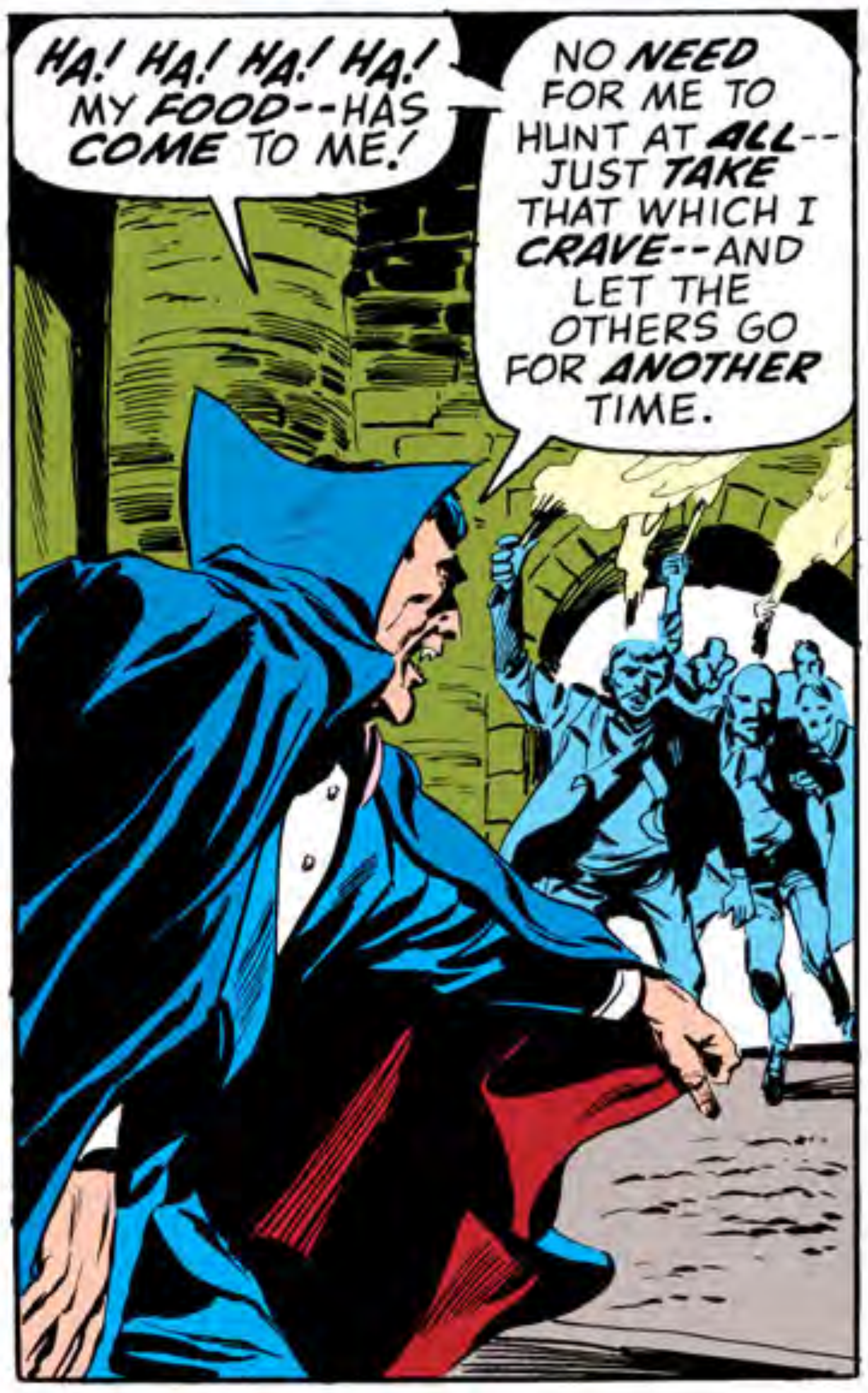

AS HE MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD THE SUBTERRANEAN CRYPTS BELOW THE CASTLE, DRACULA PAUSES...
THE BOTTLE OF BLOOD!
AHHH, I'D FORGOTTEN ABOUT THAT--AND WHAT IS IMPRISONED IN THAT DUSTY GLASS.
DEAR LENORE--DO YOU REST PEACEFULLY INSIDE THAT STOPPERED VIAL?
IT WAS I--LONG AGO--WHO ENCASED YOU THERE AGAINST MY TIME OF NEED--EVEN AS I KEEP TAJ NOW.
UNLIKE HIM, YOU MUST BE PLACED IN BLOOD TO KEEP YOU IN GOOD HEALTH.
SOMETIME I MAY NEED YOU, BUT RIGHT NOW...
I MUST SEEK MY COFFIN!
IT WILL BE DAYBREAK WITHIN MINUTES.
HOW GOOD IT WILL BE TO LIE HERE AND DREAM, AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH.
AND PLAN THE DEATH OF THAT HATED ENEMY OF MINE, VAN HELSING.
THE SUN RISES. A NEW DAY DAWNS. A DAY OF HORROR THAT HERALDS THE COMING OF NIGHTMARISH DAYS AND NIGHTS FOR THE SIMPLE FOLK OF THIS TRANSYLVANIAN HILL COUNTRY...
LITTLE ORA--DEAD OF THE VAMPIRE BITE!
HEAVEN HELP US IF COUNT DRACULA STILL STALKS THIS HAUNTED LAND!

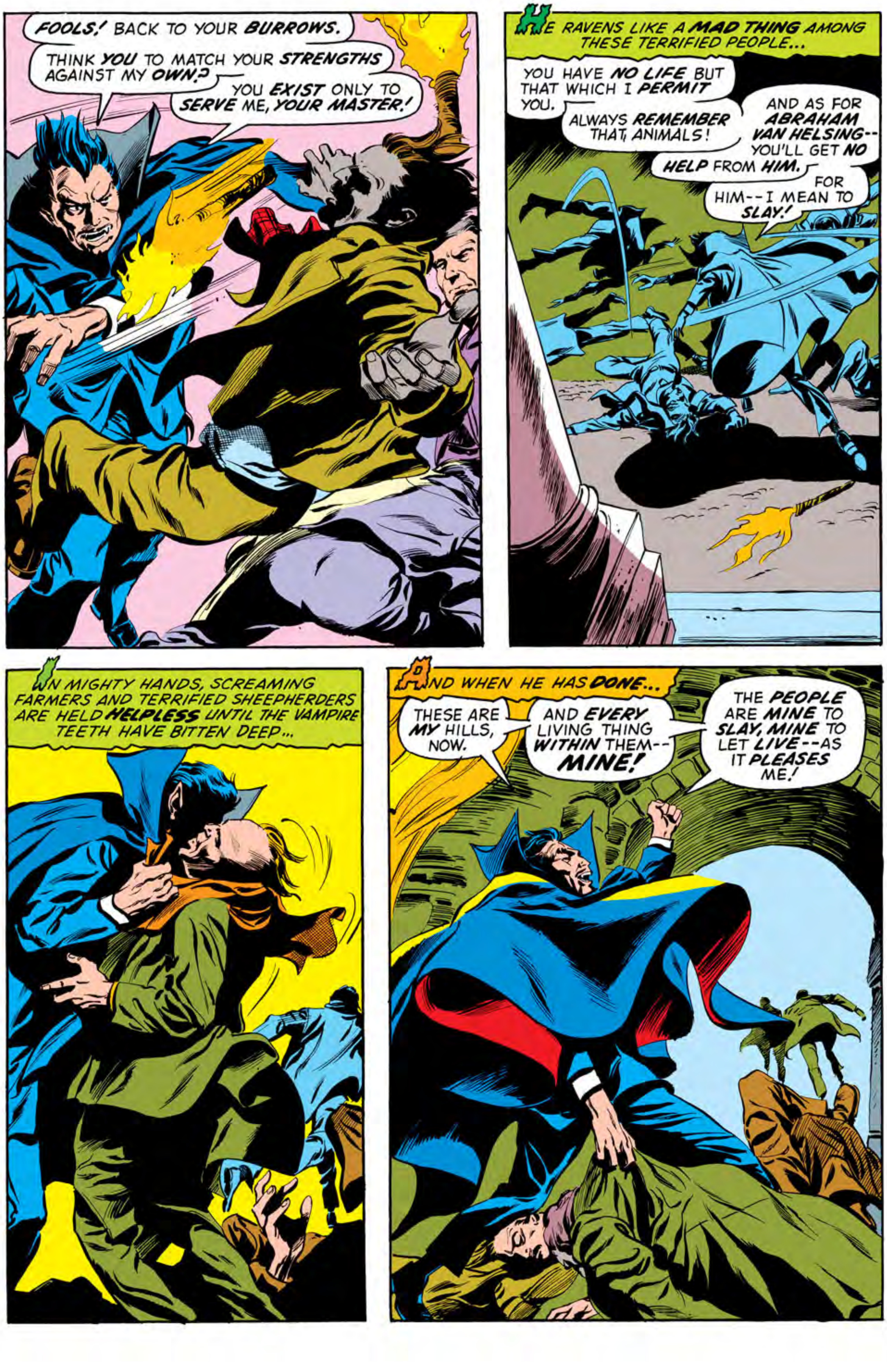

FEARFUL TOWNSPEOPLE GATHER AT THE MARKET PLACE...
ORA--MURDERED!
WHO KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS OF OUR VILLAGE MAY DIE BY THOSE SAME FANGS?
I SAY--WE MUST MARCH AGAINST HIS CASTLE AND SLAY HIM!

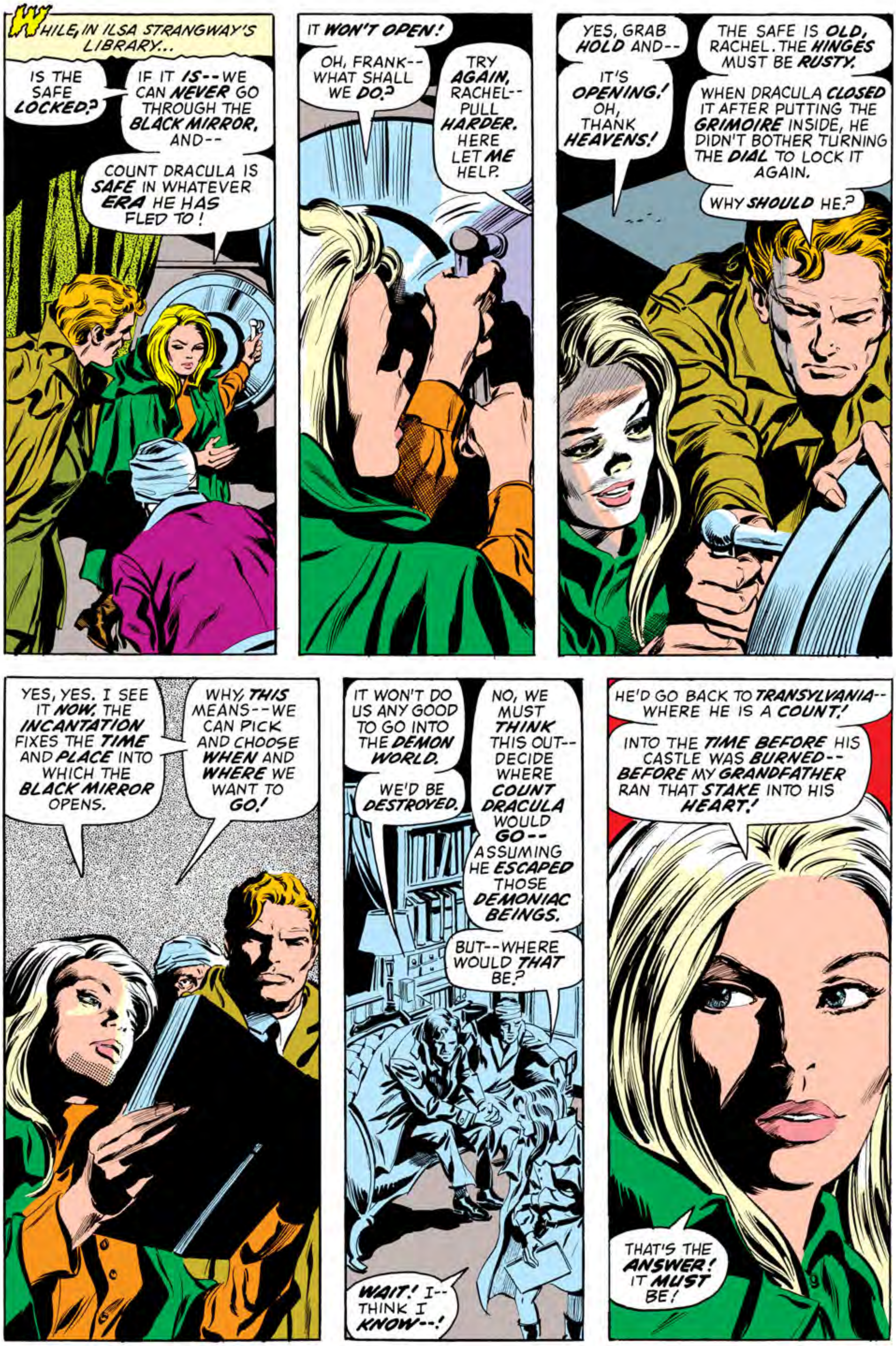

BUT, AS SOMETIMES HAPPEN WHEN PASSIONS RUN HIGH, THE LONG DAY PASSES WHILE ARGUMENTS RAGE BACK AND FORTH...
DARE WE DO THIS DEED--ON OUR OWN?
BETTER TO WAIT FOR BARON VAN HELSING TO RETURN, I SAY.
AYE! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LET HIM GIVE THE WORD, LET HIS BE THE RESPONSIBILITY.

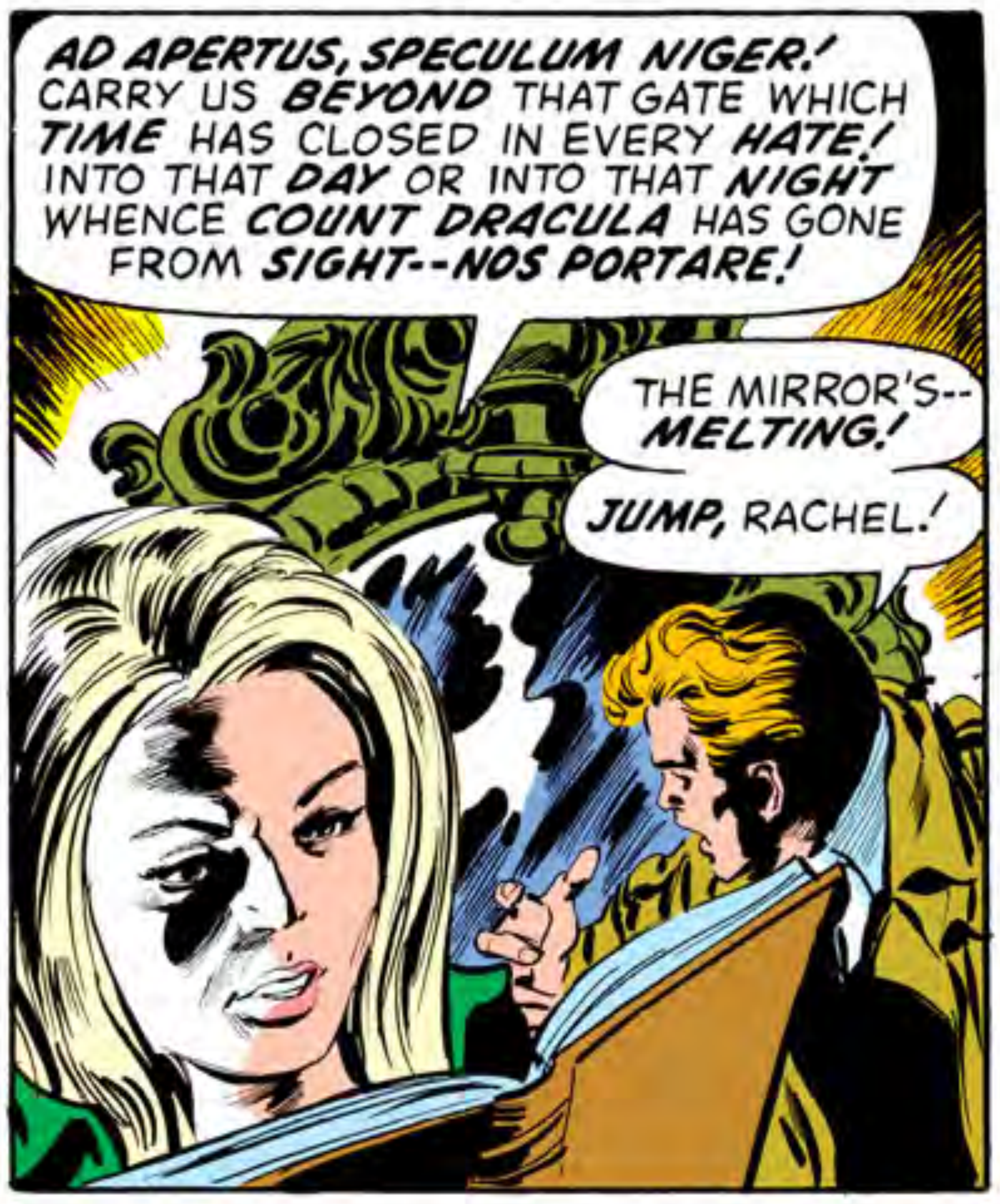

...UNTIL IT IS ALMOST DUSK WHEN THE PEOPLE FINALLY GATHER THEIR COURAGE, AND...
WE WON'T WAIT, THEN.
NO--FOR THE BARON WON'T BE HOME FOR ANOTHER WEEK.
WE'LL GO--TO KILL DRACULA NOW.

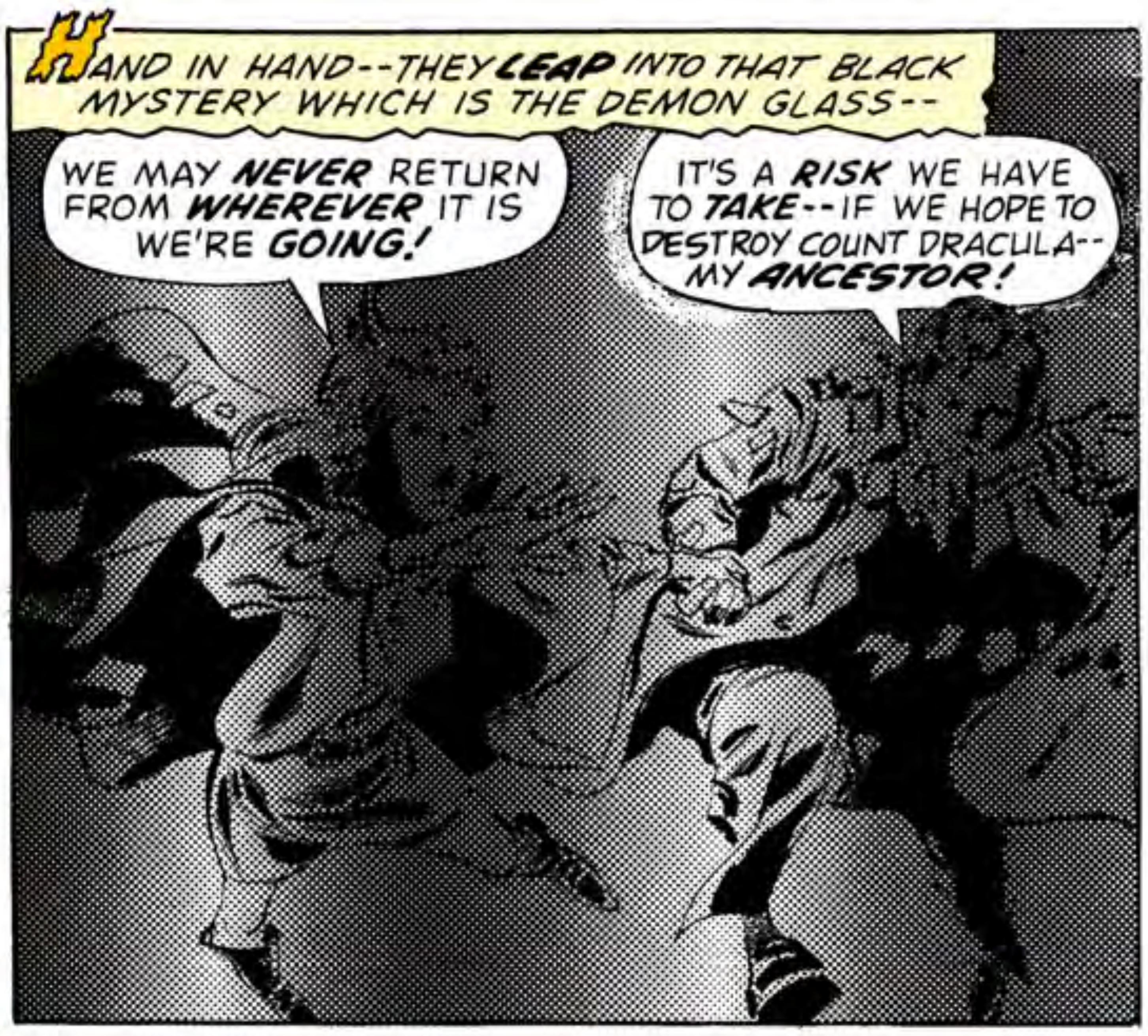

...UNTIL MOONLIGHT TOUCHES THE FANGED FACE OF THE VAMPIRE COUNT...
IT IS NIGHT ONCE AGAIN--NIGHT WHICH GIVES ME LIFE! I SHALL GO FORTH TO SATE MY HUNGER ON THE WORLD OF LIVING MEN.

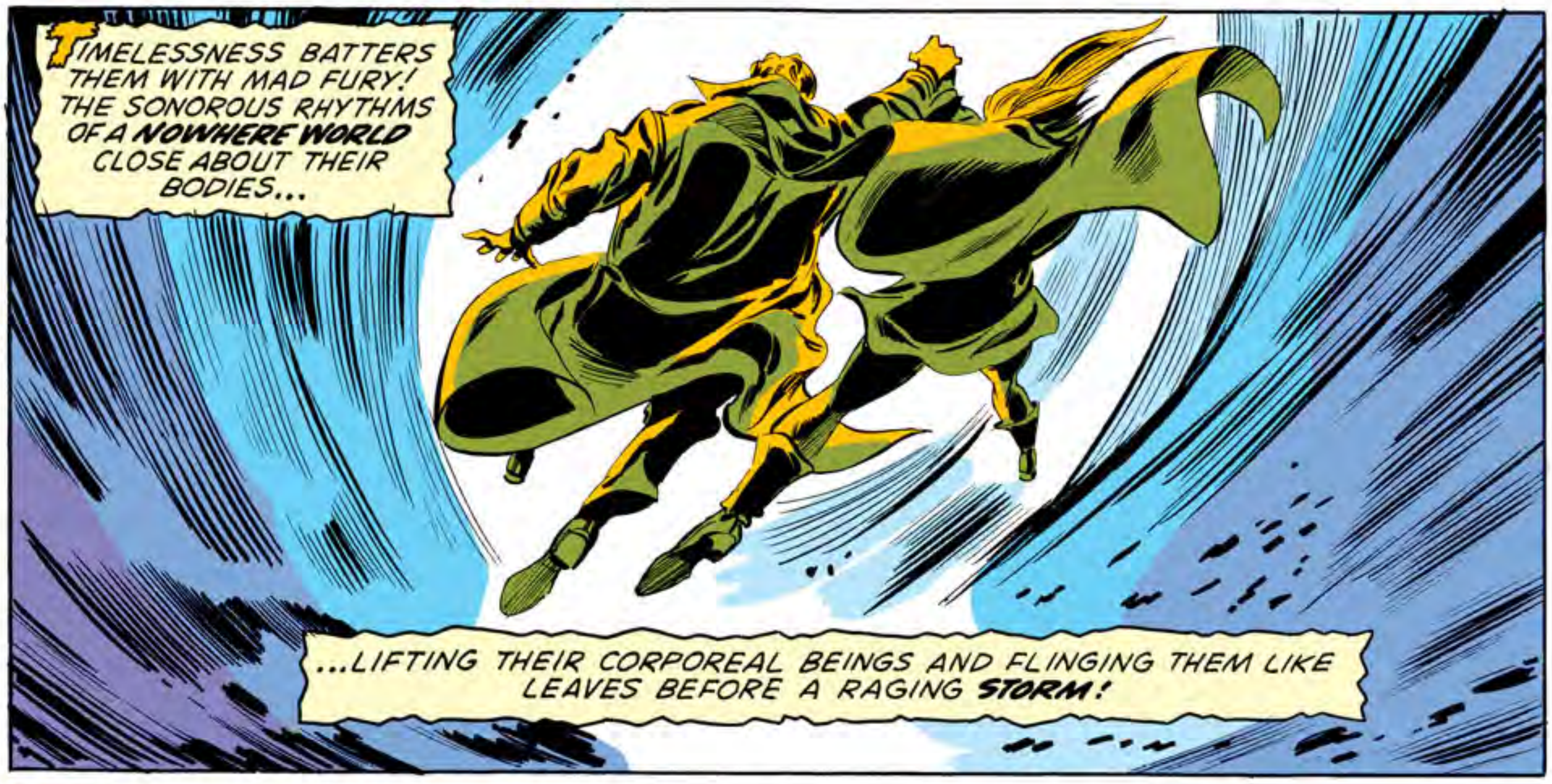

HA! HA! HA! HA! MY FOOD--HAS COME TO ME!
NO NEED FOR ME TO HUNT AT ALL--JUST TAKE THAT WHICH I CRAVE--AND LET THE OTHERS GO FOR ANOTHER TIME.

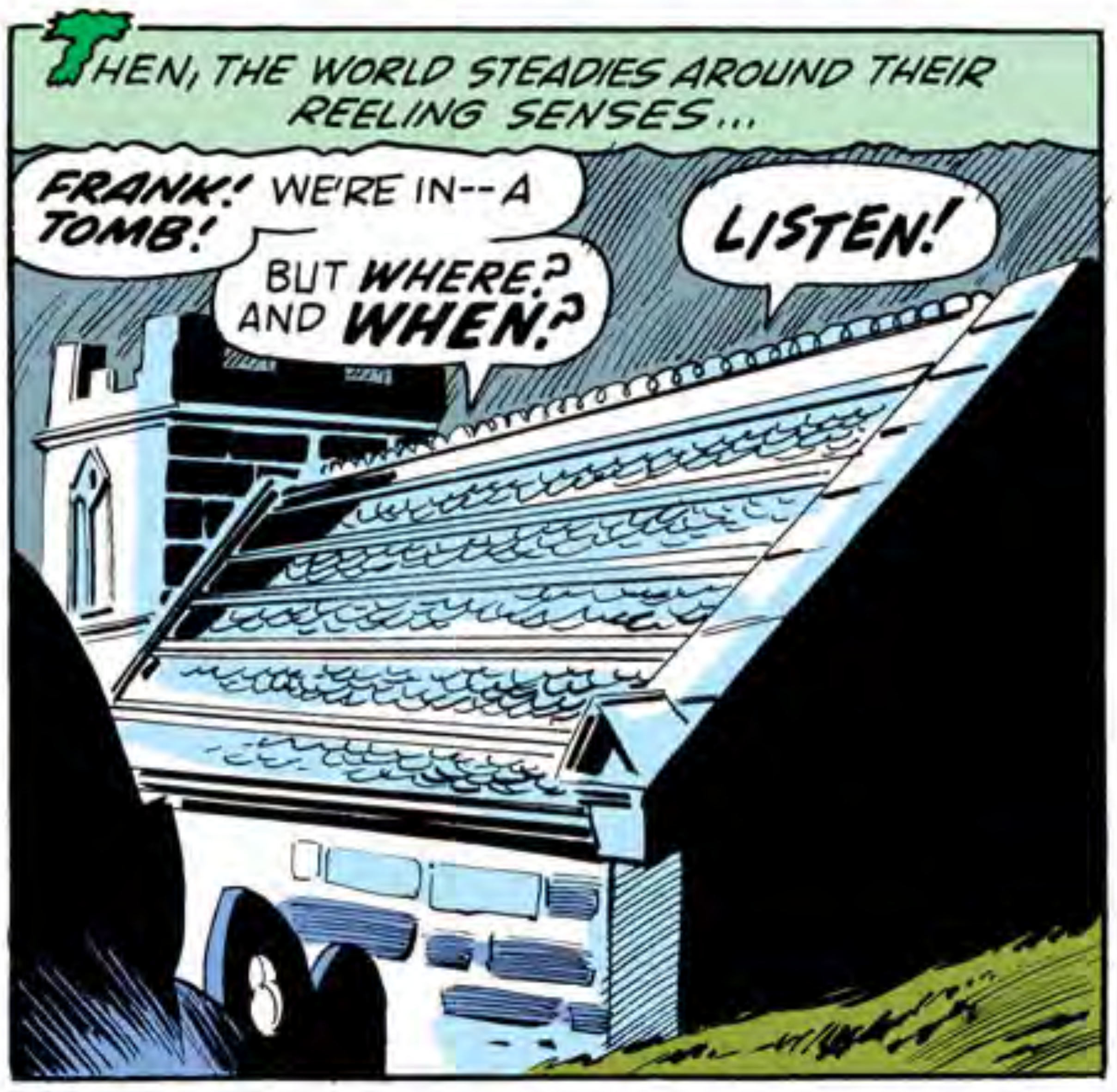

FOOLS! BACK TO YOUR BURROWS.
THINK YOU TO MATCH YOUR STRENGTHS AGAINST MY OWN?
YOU EXIST ONLY TO SERVE ME, YOUR MASTER!
HE RAVENS LIKE A MAD THING AMONG THESE TERRIFIED PEOPLE...
YOU HAVE NO LIFE BUT THAT WHICH I PERMIT YOU.
ALWAYS REMEMBER THAT, ANIMALS!
AND AS FOR ABRAHAM VAN HELSING-- YOU'LL GET NO HELP FROM HIM.
FOR HIM--I MEAN TO SLAY!
IN MIGHTY HANDS, SCREAMING FARMERS AND TERRIFIED SHEEPHERDERS ARE HELD HELPLESS UNTIL THE VAMPIRE TEETH HAVE BITTEN DEEP...
AND WHEN HE HAS DONE...
THESE ARE MY HILLS, NOW.
AND EVERY LIVING THING WITHIN THEM-- MINE!
THE PEOPLE ARE MINE TO SLAY, MINE TO LET LIVE--AS IT PLEASES ME!

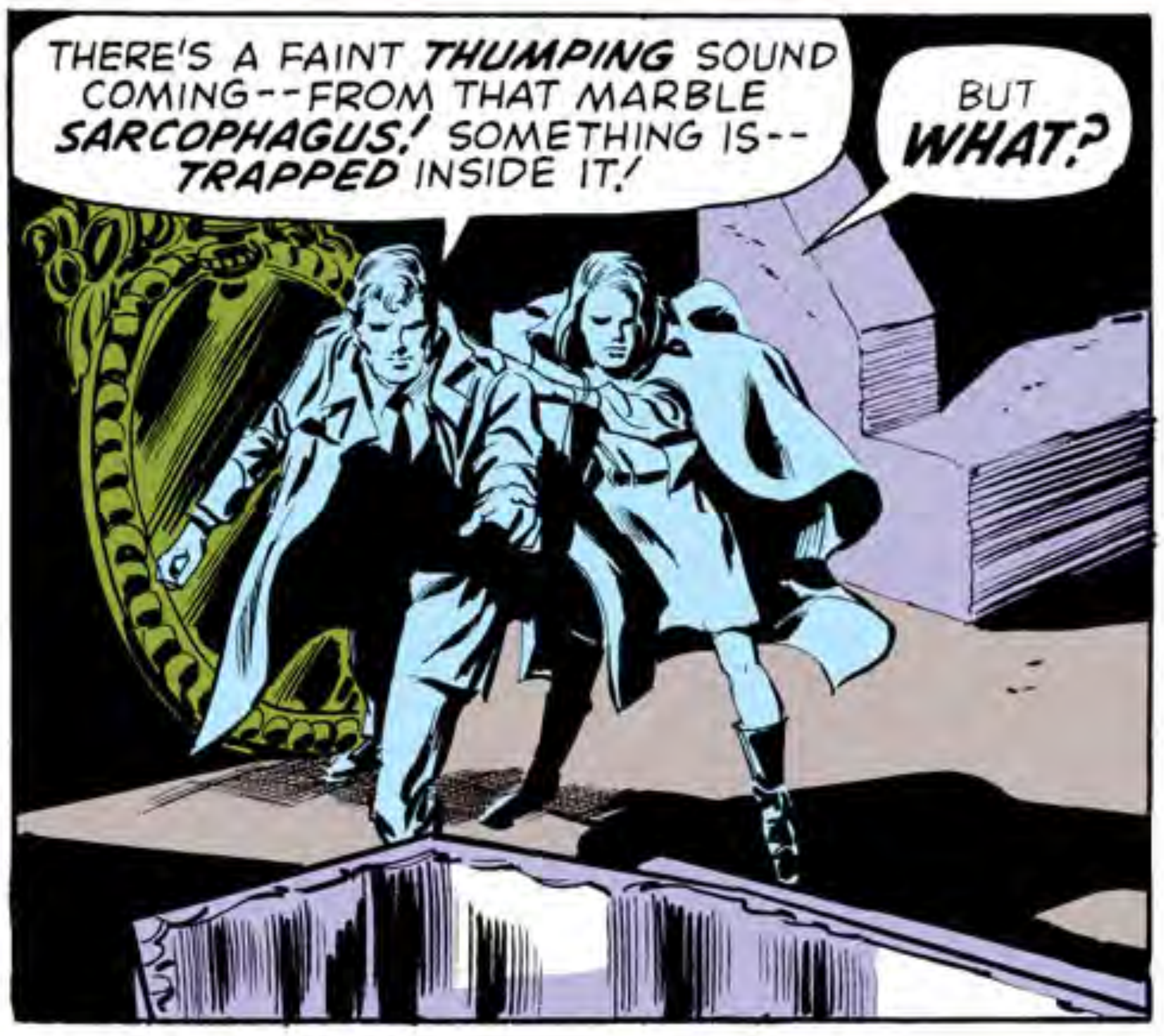

WHILE, IN ILSA STRANGWAY'S LIBRARY...
IS THE SAFE LOCKED?
IF IT IS--WE CAN NEVER GO THROUGH THE BLACK MIRROR, AND--
COUNT DRACULA IS SAFE IN WHATEVER ERA HE HAS FLED TO!
IT WON'T OPEN!
OH, FRANK--WHAT SHALL WE DO?
TRY AGAIN, RACHEL--PULL HARDER. HERE LET ME HELP.
YES, GRAB HOLD AND--
IT'S OPENING! OH, THANK HEAVENS!
THE SAFE IS OLD, RACHEL. THE HINGES MUST BE RUSTY.
WHEN DRACULA CLOSED IT AFTER PUTTING THE GRIMOIRE INSIDE, HE DIDN'T BOTHER TURNING THE DIAL TO LOCK IT AGAIN.
WHY SHOULD HE?
YES, YES. I SEE IT NOW. THE INCANTATION FIXES THE TIME AND PLACE INTO WHICH THE BLACK MIRROR OPENS.
WHY, THIS MEANS--WE CAN PICK AND CHOOSE WHEN AND WHERE WE WANT TO GO!
IT WON'T DO US ANY GOOD TO GO INTO THE DEMON WORLD.
WE'D BE DESTROYED.
NO, WE MUST THINK THIS OUT--DECIDE WHERE COUNT DRACULA WOULD GO--ASSUMING HE ESCAPED THOSE DEMONIAC BEINGS.
BUT--WHERE WOULD THAT BE?
WAIT! I--THINK I KNOW--!
HE'D GO BACK TO TRANSYLVANIA--WHERE HE IS A COUNT!
INTO THE TIME BEFORE HIS CASTLE WAS BURNED--BEFORE MY GRANDFATHER RAN THAT STAKE INTO HIS HEART!
THAT'S THE ANSWER! IT MUST BE!

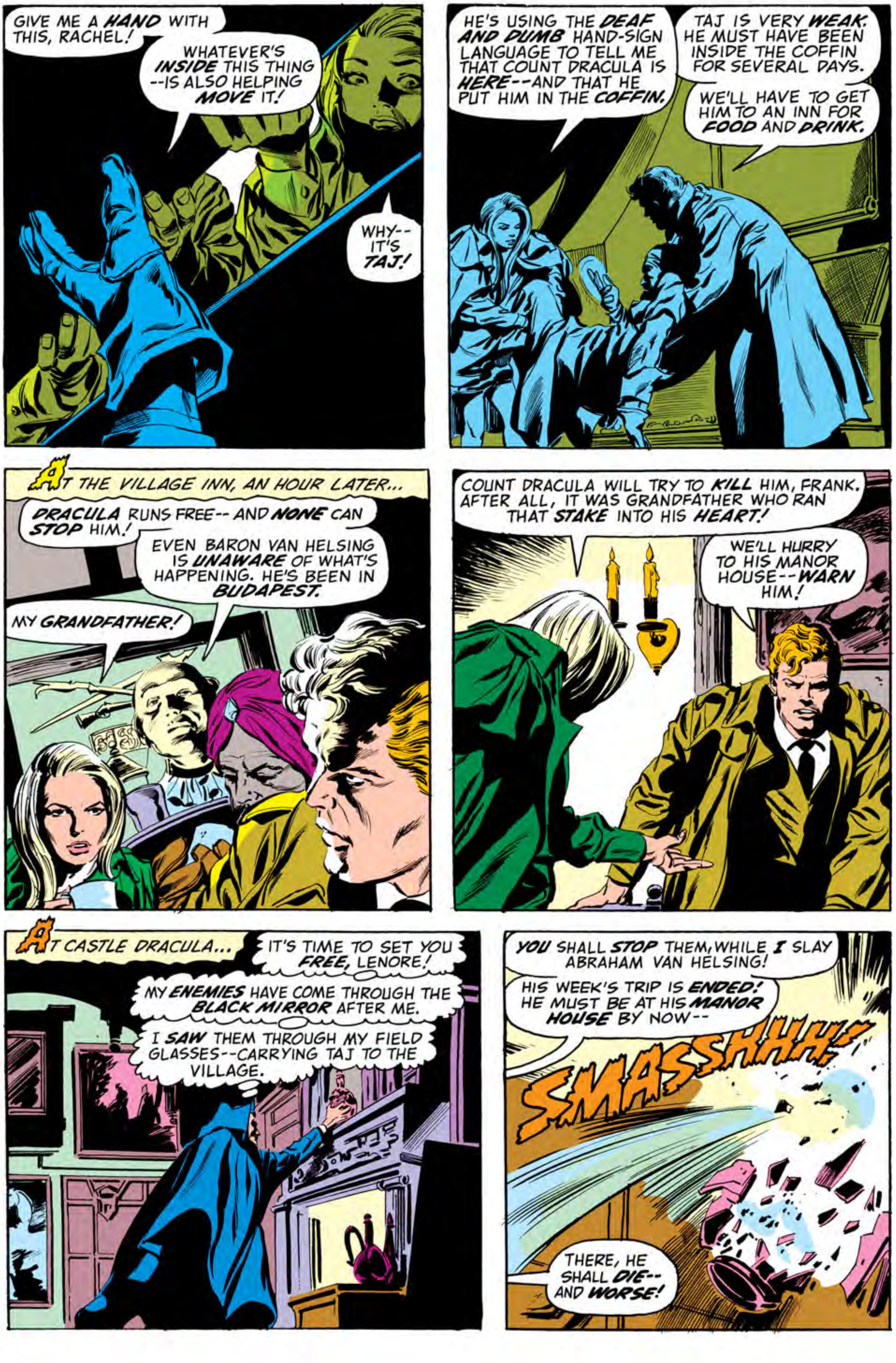

AD APERTUS, SPECULUM NIGER! CARRY US BEYOND THAT GATE WHICH TIME HAS CLOSED IN EVERY HATE! INTO THAT DAY OR INTO THAT NIGHT WHENCE COUNT DRACULA HAS GONE FROM SIGHT--NOS PORTARE!
THE MIRROR'S--MELTING!
JUMP, RACHEL!

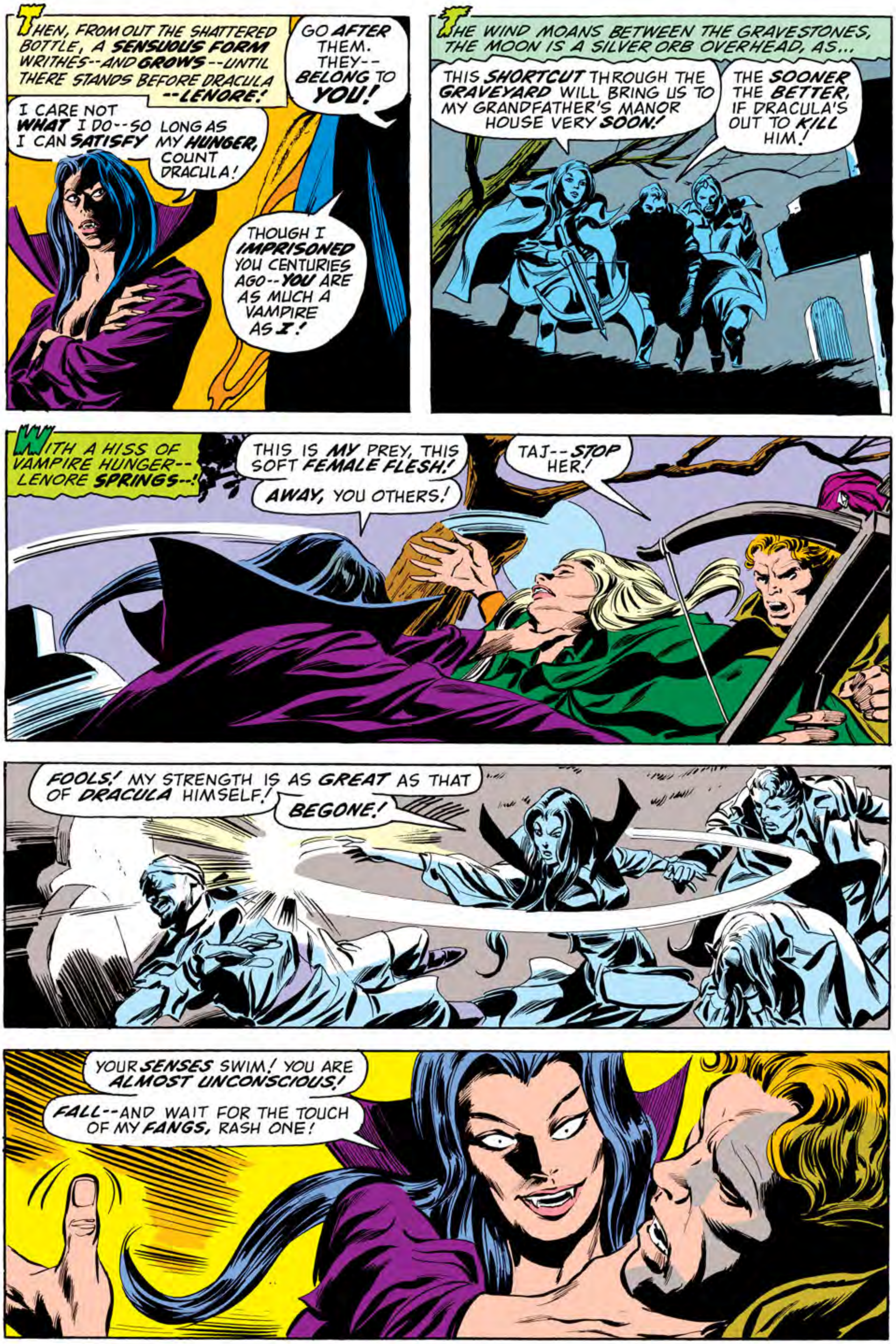

HAND IN HAND--THEY LEAP INTO THAT BLACK MYSTERY WHICH IS THE DEMON GLASS--
WE MAY NEVER RETURN FROM WHEREVER IT IS WE'RE GOING!
IT'S A RISK WE HAVE TO TAKE--IF WE HOPE TO DESTROY COUNT DRACULA--MY ANCESTOR!

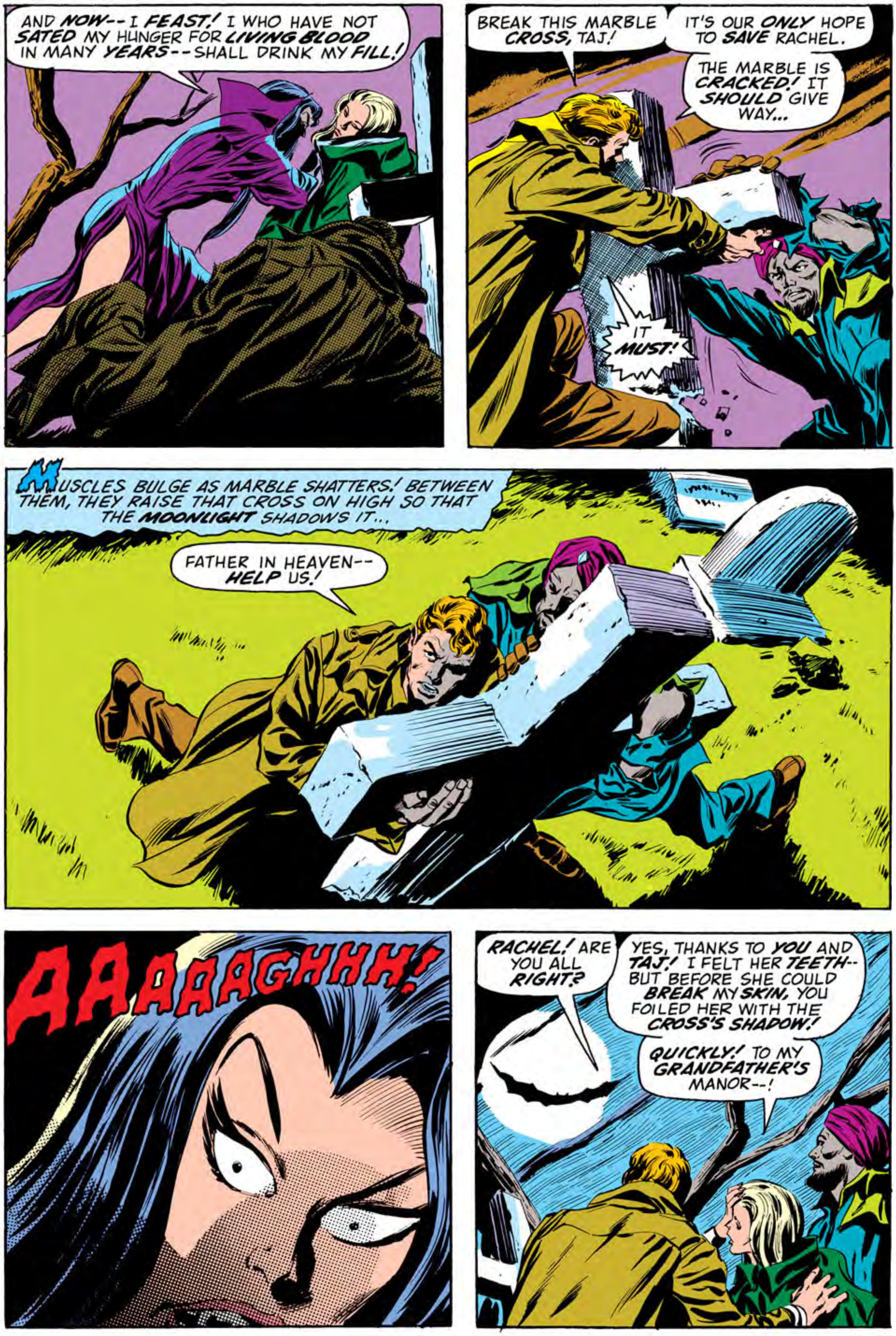

TIMELESSNESS BATTERS THEM WITH MAD FURY! THE SONOROUS RHYTHMS OF A NOWHERE WORLD CLOSE ABOUT THEIR BODIES...
...LIFTING THEIR CORPOREAL BEINGS AND FLINGING THEM LIKE LEAVES BEFORE A RAGING STORM!

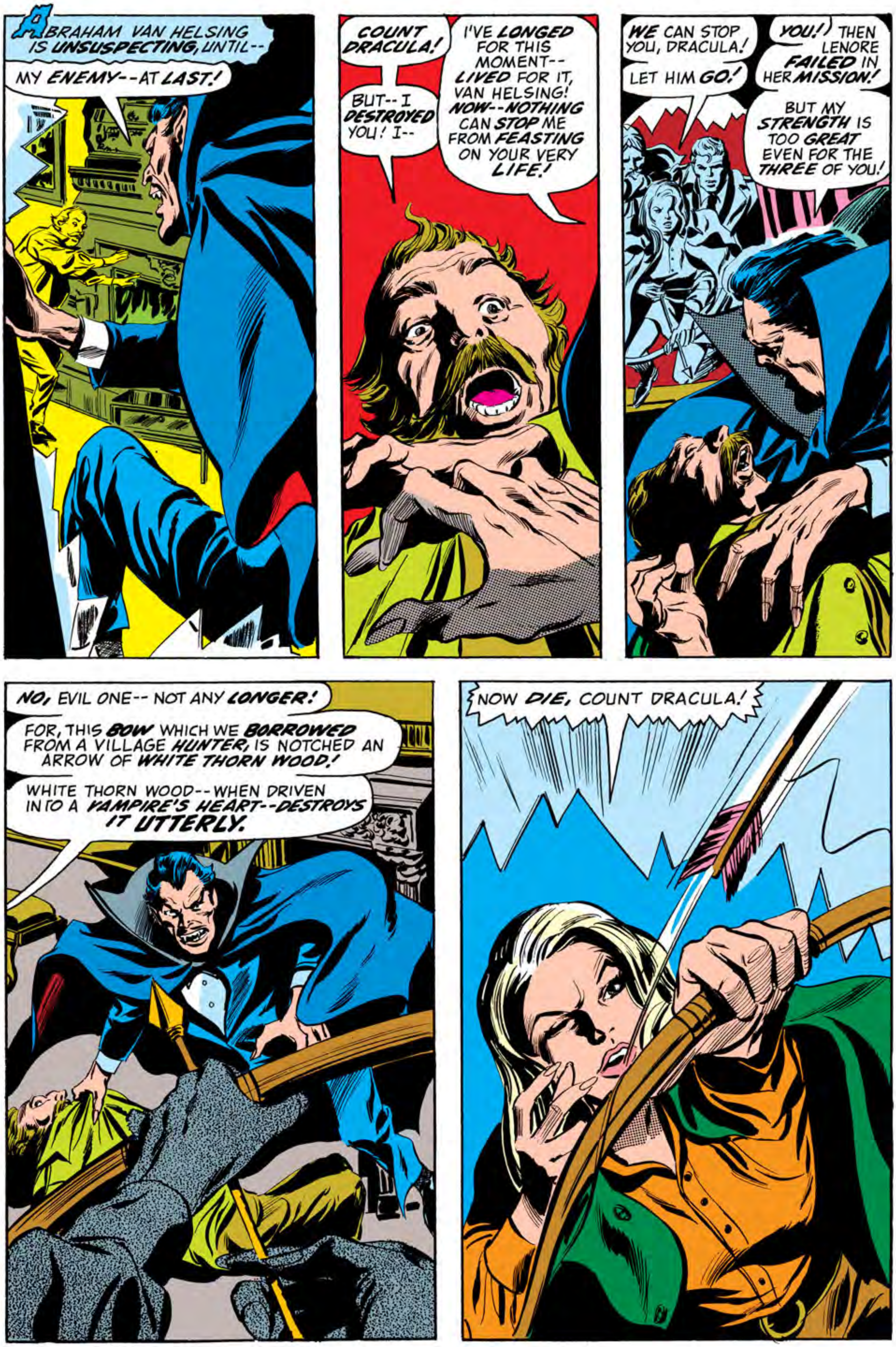

THEN, THE WORLD STEADIES AROUND THEIR REELING SENSES...
FRANK! WE'RE IN--A TOMB!
BUT WHERE? AND WHEN?
LISTEN!

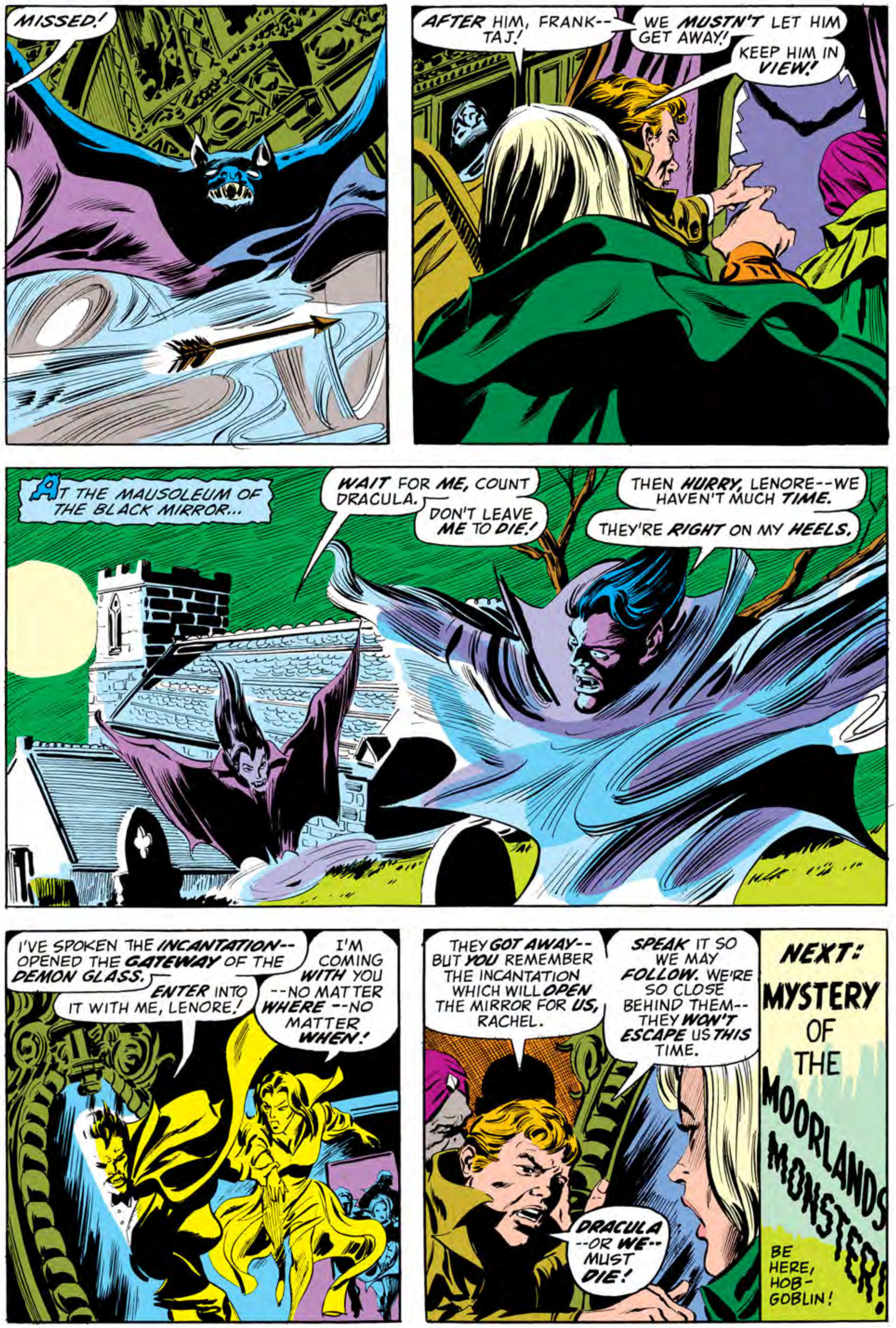

THERE'S A FAINT THUMPING SOUND COMING--FROM THAT MARBLE SARCOPHAGUS! SOMETHING IS--TRAPPED INSIDE IT!
BUT WHAT?

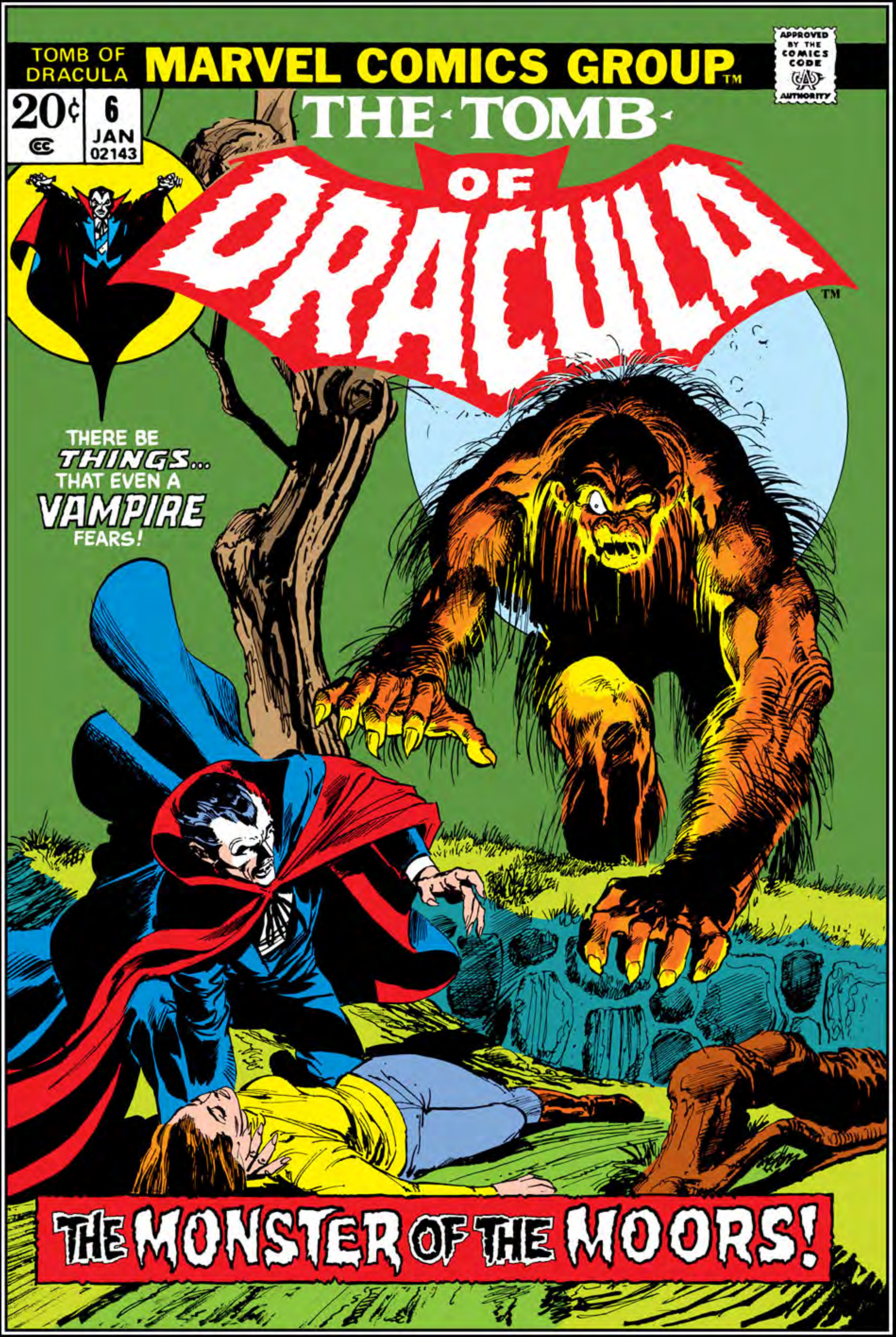

GIVE ME A **HAND** WITH THIS, RACHEL.!
WHATEVER'S **INSIDE** THIS THING --IS ALSO HELPING **MOVE** IT.!
WHY-- IT'S **TAJ!**
HE'S USING THE **DEAF AND DUMB** HAND-SIGN LANGUAGE TO TELL ME THAT COUNT DRACULA IS **HERE**--AND THAT HE PUT HIM IN THE **COFFIN.**
TAJ IS VERY **WEAK.** HE MUST HAVE BEEN INSIDE THE COFFIN FOR SEVERAL DAYS.
WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM TO AN INN FOR **FOOD** AND **DRINK.**
AT THE VILLAGE INN, AN HOUR LATER...
DRACULA RUNS FREE-- AND **NONE** CAN **STOP** HIM.!
EVEN BARON VAN HELSING IS **UNAWARE** OF WHAT'S HAPPENING. HE'S BEEN IN **BUDAPEST.**
MY **GRANDFATHER!**
COUNT DRACULA WILL TRY TO **KILL** HIM, FRANK. AFTER ALL, IT WAS GRANDFATHER WHO RAN THAT **STAKE** INTO HIS **HEART!**
WE'LL HURRY TO HIS MANOR HOUSE--**WARN** HIM.!
AT CASTLE DRACULA...
IT'S TIME TO SET YOU **FREE,** LENORE!
MY **ENEMIES** HAVE COME THROUGH THE **BLACK MIRROR** AFTER ME.
I **SAW** THEM THROUGH MY FIELD GLASSES--CARRYING TAJ TO THE VILLAGE.
YOU SHALL **STOP** THEM, WHILE **I** SLAY ABRAHAM VAN HELSING!
HIS WEEK'S TRIP IS **ENDED!** HE MUST BE AT HIS **MANOR HOUSE** BY NOW--
SMASSHHH!
THERE, HE SHALL **DIE**-- AND **WORSE!**


THEN, FROM OUT THE SHATTERED BOTTLE, A SENSUOUS FORM WRITHES--AND GROWS--UNTIL THERE STANDS BEFORE DRACULA --LENORE!
I CARE NOT WHAT I DO--SO LONG AS I CAN SATISFY MY HUNGER, COUNT DRACULA!
GO AFTER THEM. THEY--BELONG TO YOU!
THOUGH I IMPRISONED YOU CENTURIES AGO--YOU ARE AS MUCH A VAMPIRE AS I!
THE WIND MOANS BETWEEN THE GRAVESTONES, THE MOON IS A SILVER ORB OVERHEAD, AS...
THIS SHORTCUT THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD WILL BRING US TO MY GRANDFATHER'S MANOR HOUSE VERY SOON!
THE SOONER THE BETTER, IF DRACULA'S OUT TO KILL HIM!
WITH A HISS OF VAMPIRE HUNGER--LENORE SPRINGS--!
THIS IS MY PREY, THIS SOFT FEMALE FLESH!
AWAY, YOU OTHERS!
TAJ--STOP HER!
FOOLS! MY STRENGTH IS AS GREAT AS THAT OF DRACULA HIMSELF!
BEGONE!
YOUR SENSES SWIM! YOU ARE ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS!
FALL--AND WAIT FOR THE TOUCH OF MY FANGS, RASH ONE!


AND NOW-- I FEAST! I WHO HAVE NOT SATED MY HUNGER FOR LIVING BLOOD IN MANY YEARS-- SHALL DRINK MY FILL!
BREAK THIS MARBLE CROSS, TAJ!
IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE TO SAVE RACHEL.
THE MARBLE IS CRACKED! IT SHOULD GIVE WAY...
IT MUST!
MUSCLES BULGE AS MARBLE SHATTERS! BETWEEN THEM, THEY RAISE THAT CROSS ON HIGH SO THAT THE MOONLIGHT SHADOWS IT...
FATHER IN HEAVEN-- HELP US!
AAAAAGHHH!
RACHEL! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, THANKS TO YOU AND TAJ! I FELT HER TEETH-- BUT BEFORE SHE COULD BREAK MY SKIN, YOU FOILED HER WITH THE CROSS'S SHADOW!
QUICKLY! TO MY GRANDFATHER'S MANOR--!


ABRAHAM VAN HELSING IS UNSUSPECTING, UNTIL--
MY ENEMY--AT LAST!
COUNT DRACULA!
BUT--I DESTROYED YOU! I--
I'VE LONGED FOR THIS MOMENT-- LIVED FOR IT, VAN HELSING! NOW--NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM FEASTING ON YOUR VERY LIFE!
WE CAN STOP YOU, DRACULA!
LET HIM GO!
YOU! THEN LENORE FAILED IN HER MISSION!
BUT MY STRENGTH IS TOO GREAT EVEN FOR THE THREE OF YOU!
NO, EVIL ONE-- NOT ANY LONGER!
FOR, THIS BOW WHICH WE BORROWED FROM A VILLAGE HUNTER, IS NOTCHED AN ARROW OF WHITE THORN WOOD!
WHITE THORN WOOD--WHEN DRIVEN INTO A VAMPIRE'S HEART--DESTROYS IT UTTERLY.
NOW DIE, COUNT DRACULA!


MISSED!
AFTER HIM, FRANK--TAJ!
WE MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
KEEP HIM IN VIEW!
AT THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE BLACK MIRROR...
WAIT FOR ME, COUNT DRACULA.
DON'T LEAVE ME TO DIE!
THEN HURRY, LENORE--WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.
THEY'RE RIGHT ON MY HEELS.
I'VE SPOKEN THE INCANTATION--OPENED THE GATEWAY OF THE DEMON GLASS.
ENTER INTO IT WITH ME, LENORE!
I'M COMING WITH YOU --NO MATTER WHERE --NO MATTER WHEN!
THEY GOT AWAY--BUT YOU REMEMBER THE INCANTATION WHICH WILL OPEN THE MIRROR FOR US, RACHEL.
SPEAK IT SO WE MAY FOLLOW. WE'RE SO CLOSE BEHIND THEM--THEY WON'T ESCAPE US THIS TIME.
DRACULA --OR WE--MUST DIE!
NEXT:
MYSTERY OF THE MOORLANDS MONSTER!
BE HERE, HOB-GOBLIN!


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
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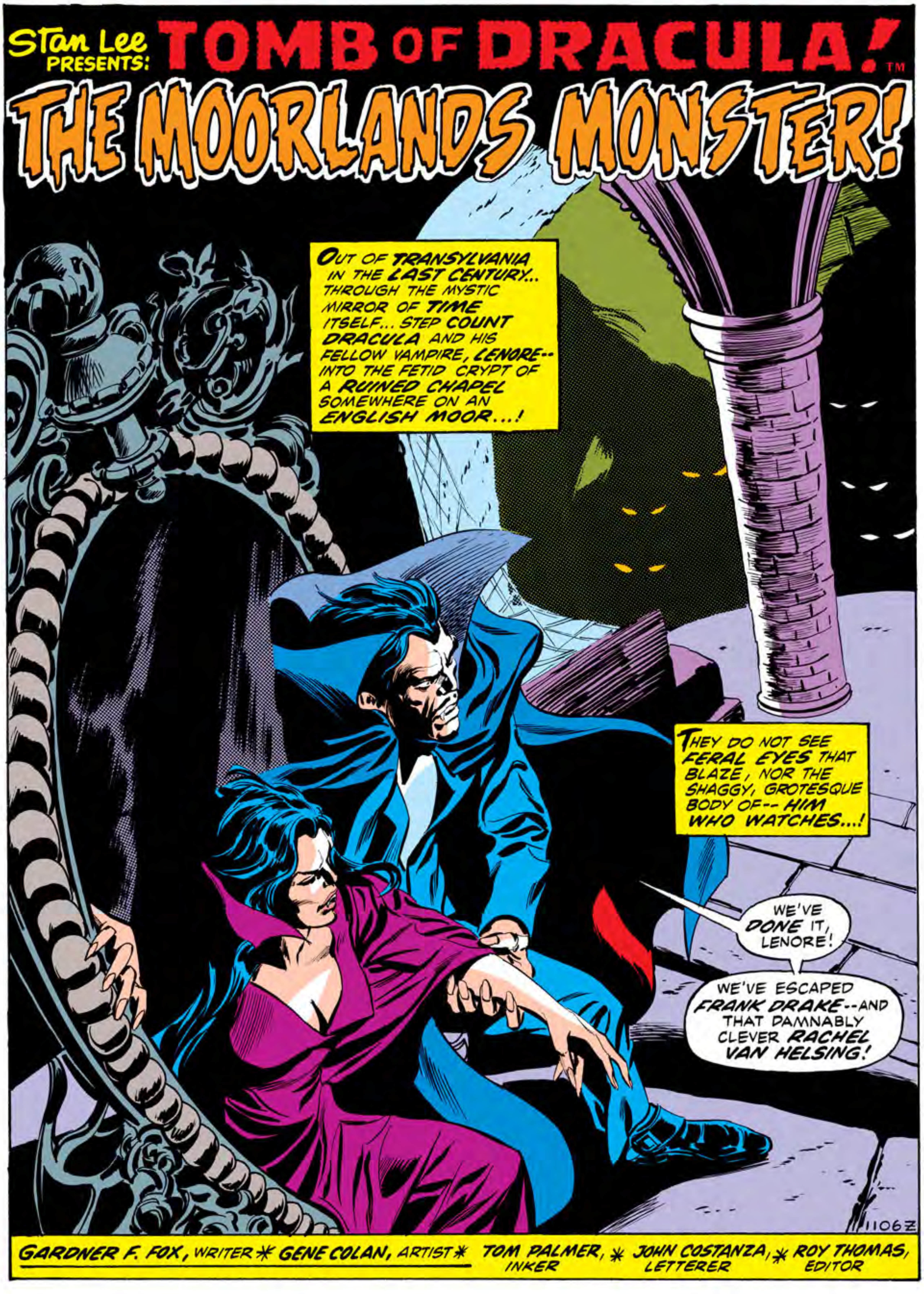
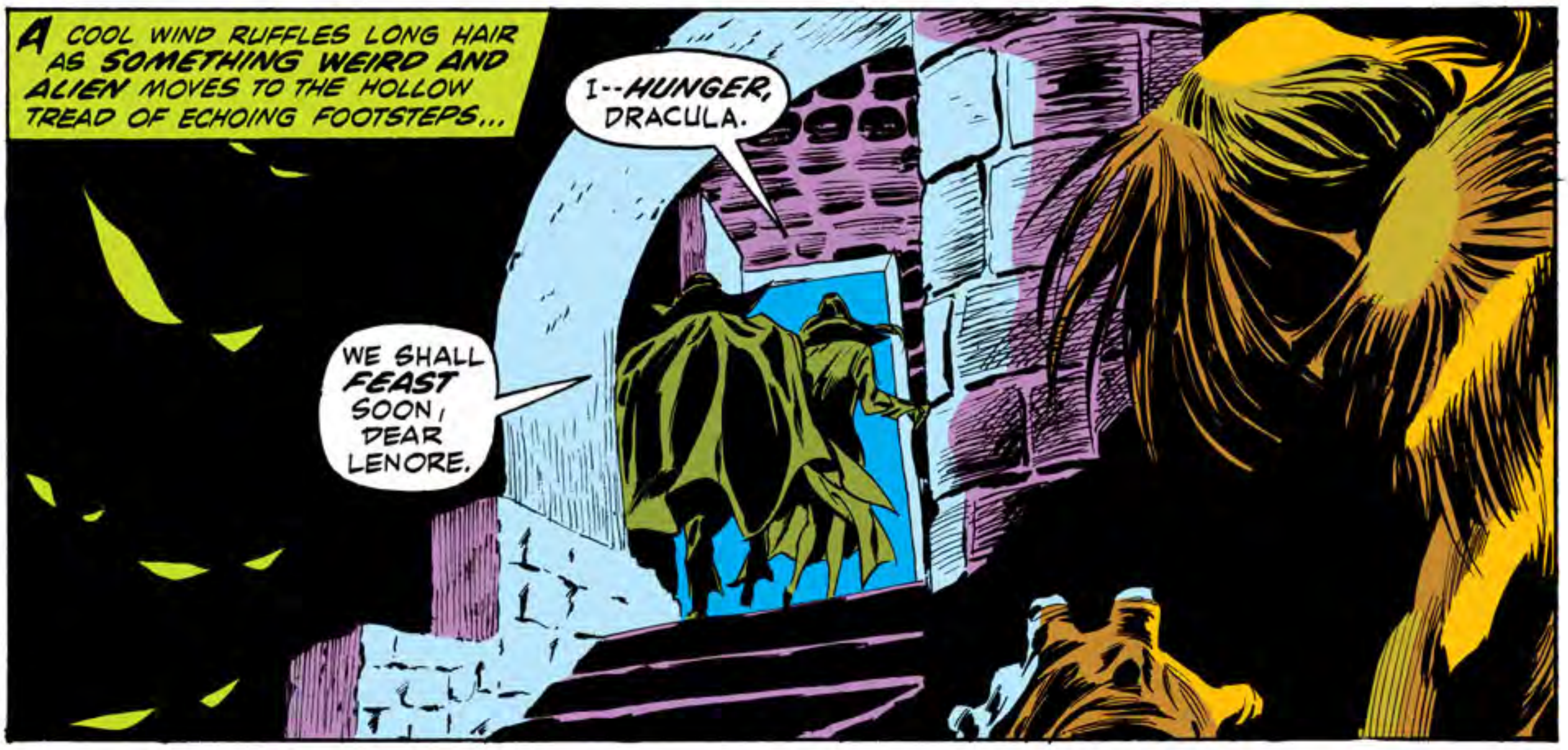
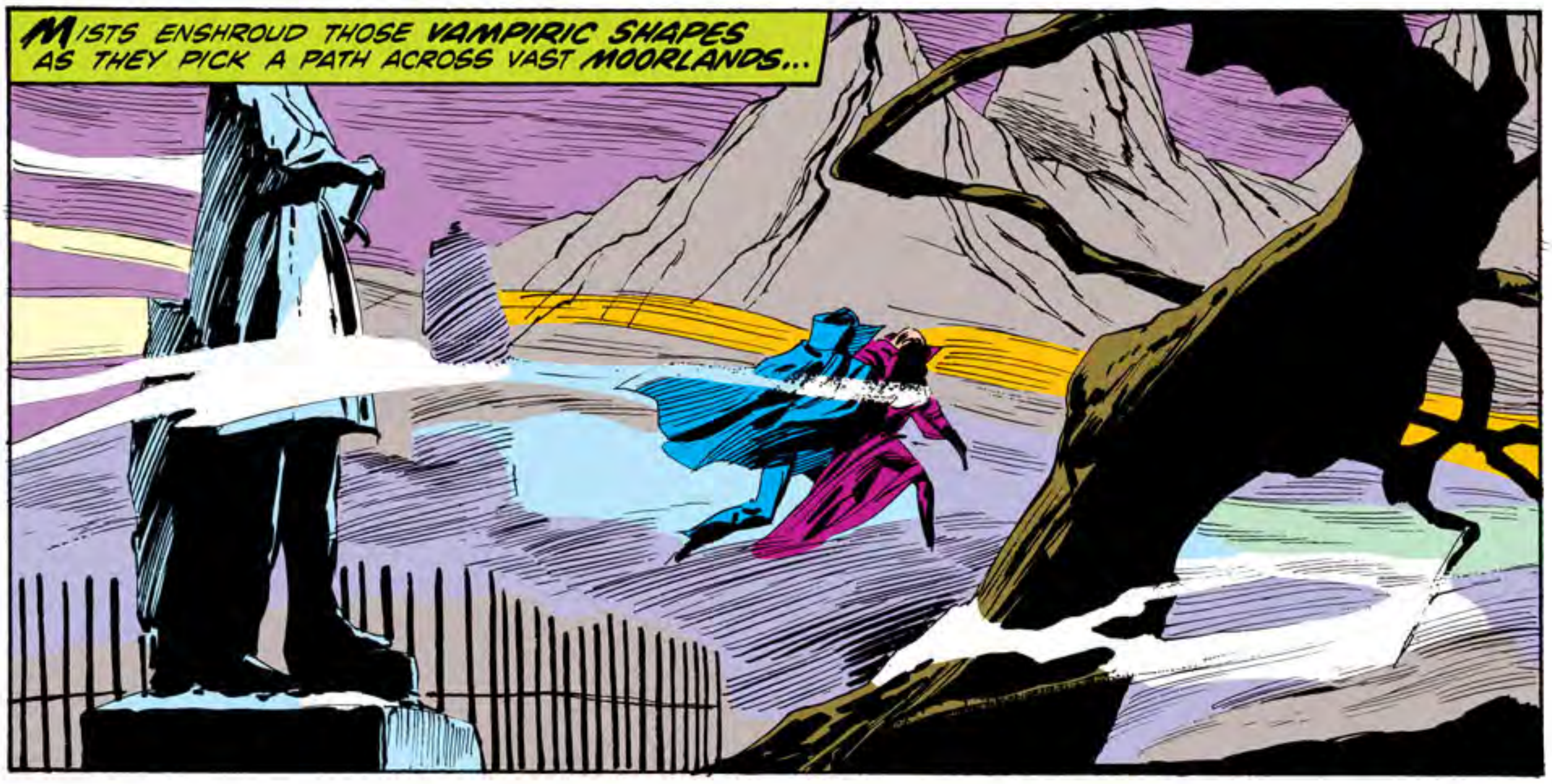
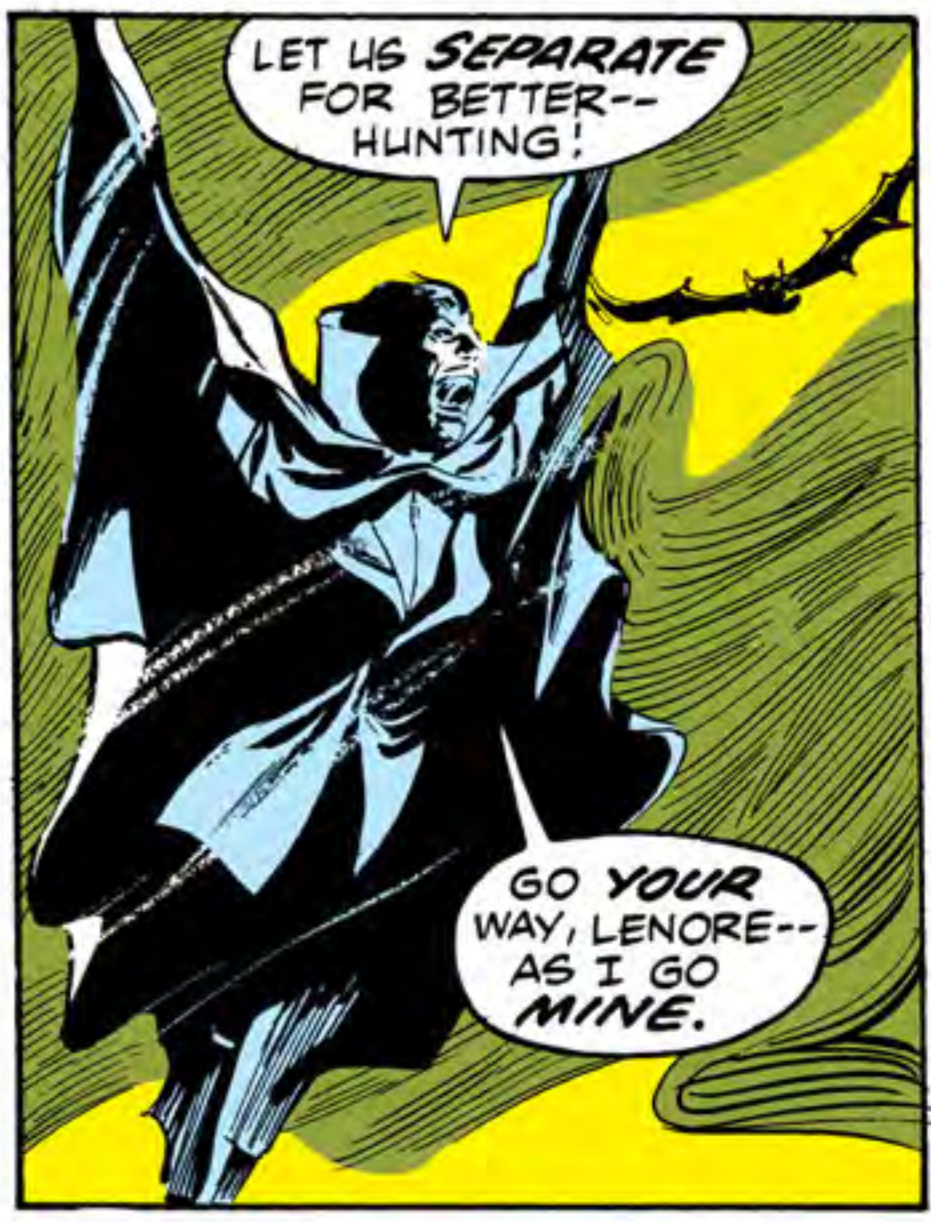
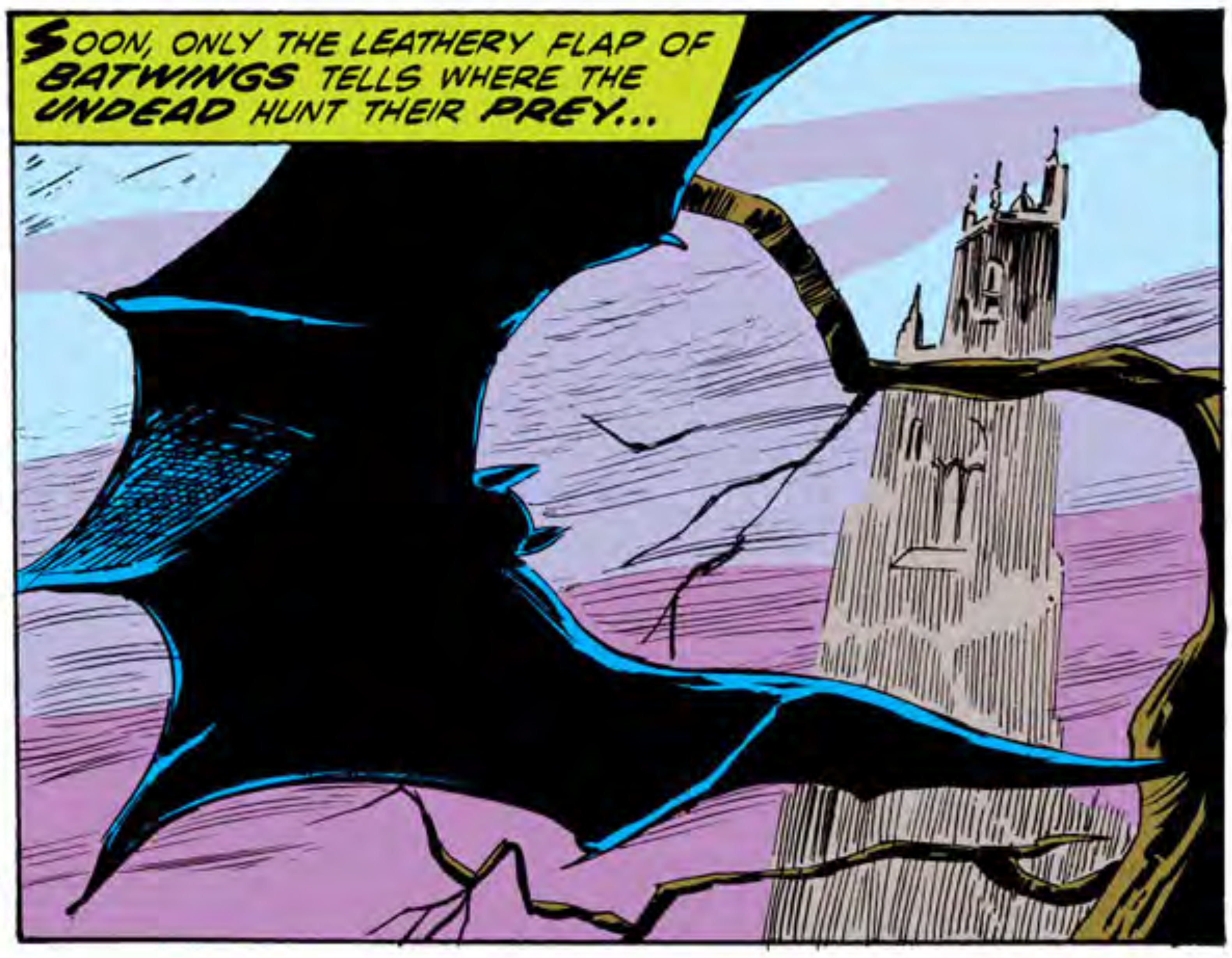
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
THERE BE THINGS... THAT EVEN A VAMPIRE FEARS!
THE MONSTER OF THE MOORS!

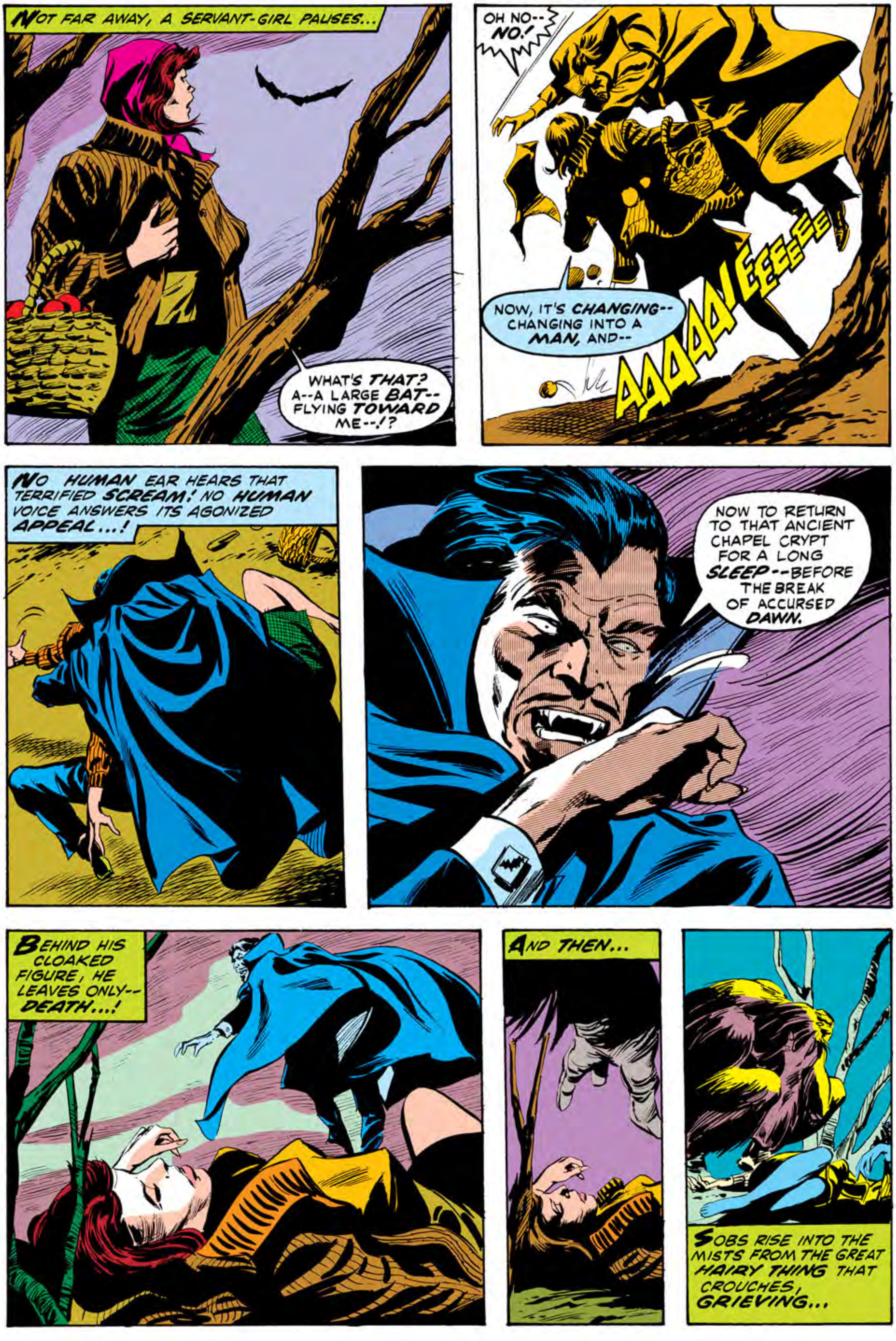

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™
THE MOORLANDS MONSTER!
OUT OF TRANSYLVANIA IN THE LAST CENTURY... THROUGH THE MYSTIC MIRROR OF TIME ITSELF... STEP COUNT DRACULA AND HIS FELLOW VAMPIRE, LENORE-- INTO THE FETID CRYPT OF A RUINED CHAPEL SOMEWHERE ON AN ENGLISH MOOR...!
THEY DO NOT SEE FERAL EYES THAT BLAZE, NOR THE SHAGGY, GROTESQUE BODY OF-- HIM WHO WATCHES...!
WE'VE DONE IT, LENORE!
WE'VE ESCAPED FRANK DRAKE--AND THAT DAMNABLY CLEVER RACHEL VAN HELSING!
1106Z
GARDNER F. FOX, WRITER * GENE COLAN, ARTIST * TOM PALMER, INKER * JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER * ROY THOMAS, EDITOR

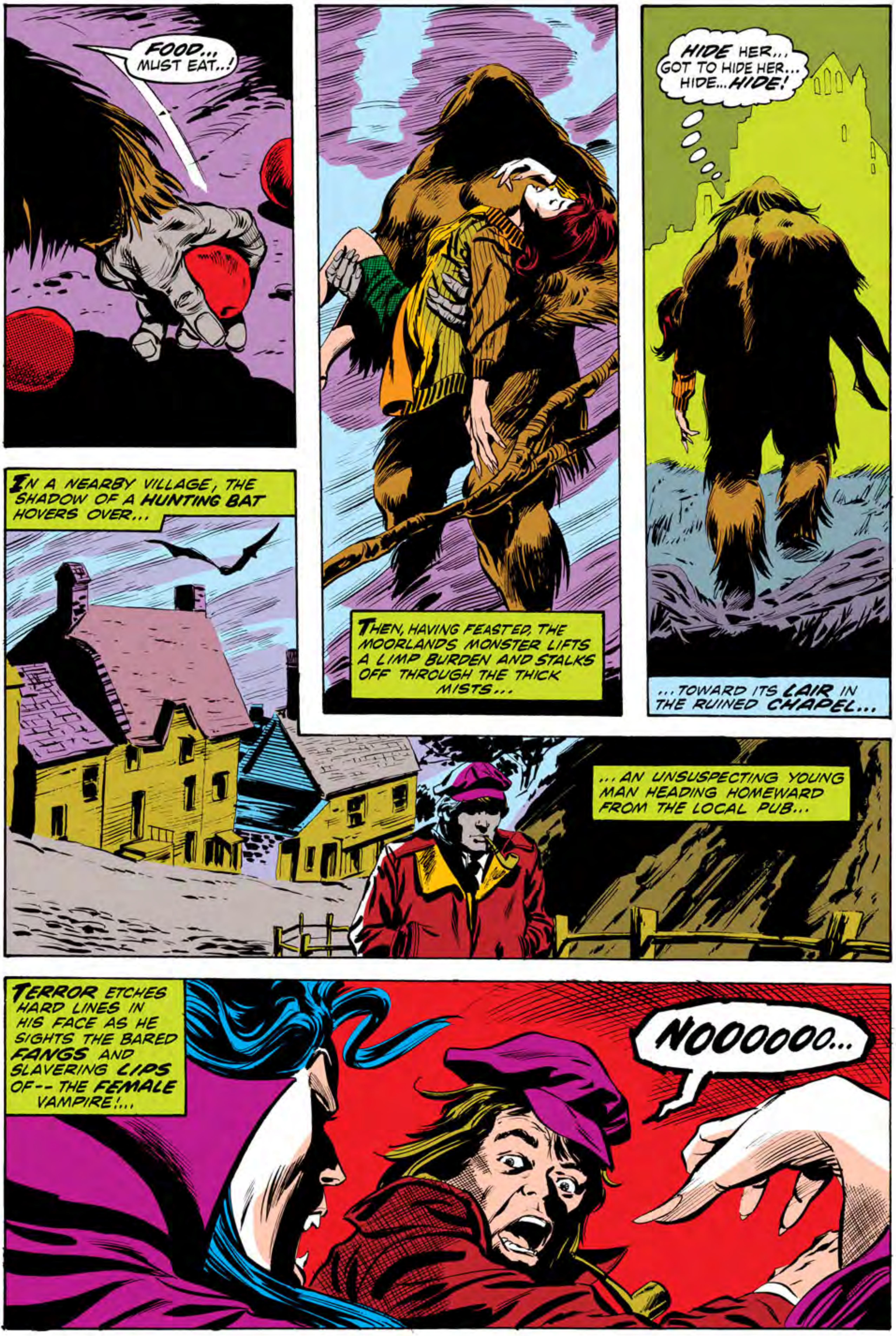

A COOL WIND RUFFLES LONG HAIR AS SOMETHING WEIRD AND ALIEN MOVES TO THE HOLLOW TREAD OF ECHOING FOOTSTEPS...
I--HUNGER, DRACULA.
WE SHALL FEAST SOON, DEAR LENORE.

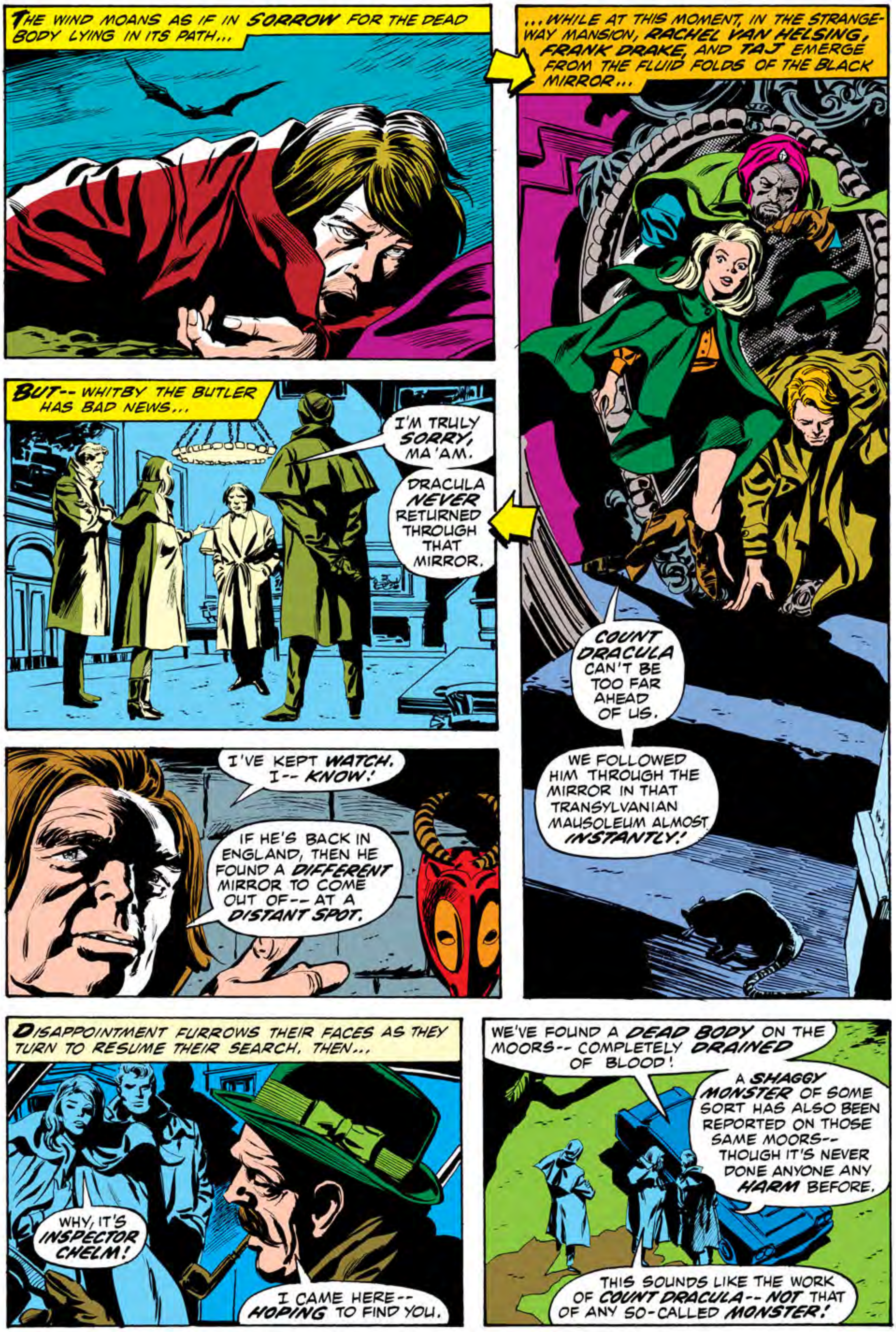

MISTS ENSHROUD THOSE VAMPIRIC SHAPES AS THEY PICK A PATH ACROSS VAST MOORLANDS...

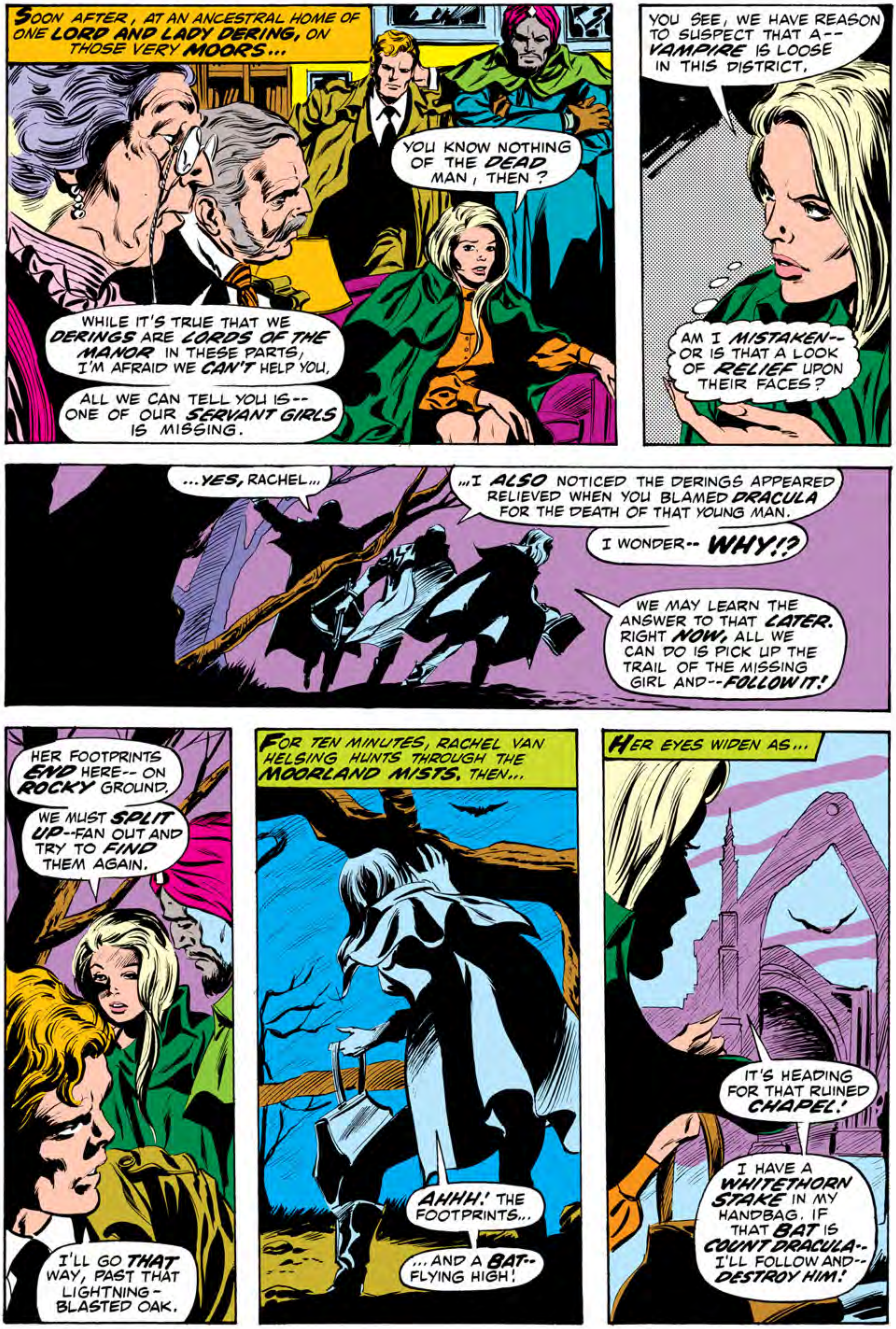

LET US SEPARATE FOR BETTER--HUNTING!
GO YOUR WAY, LENORE--AS I GO MINE.

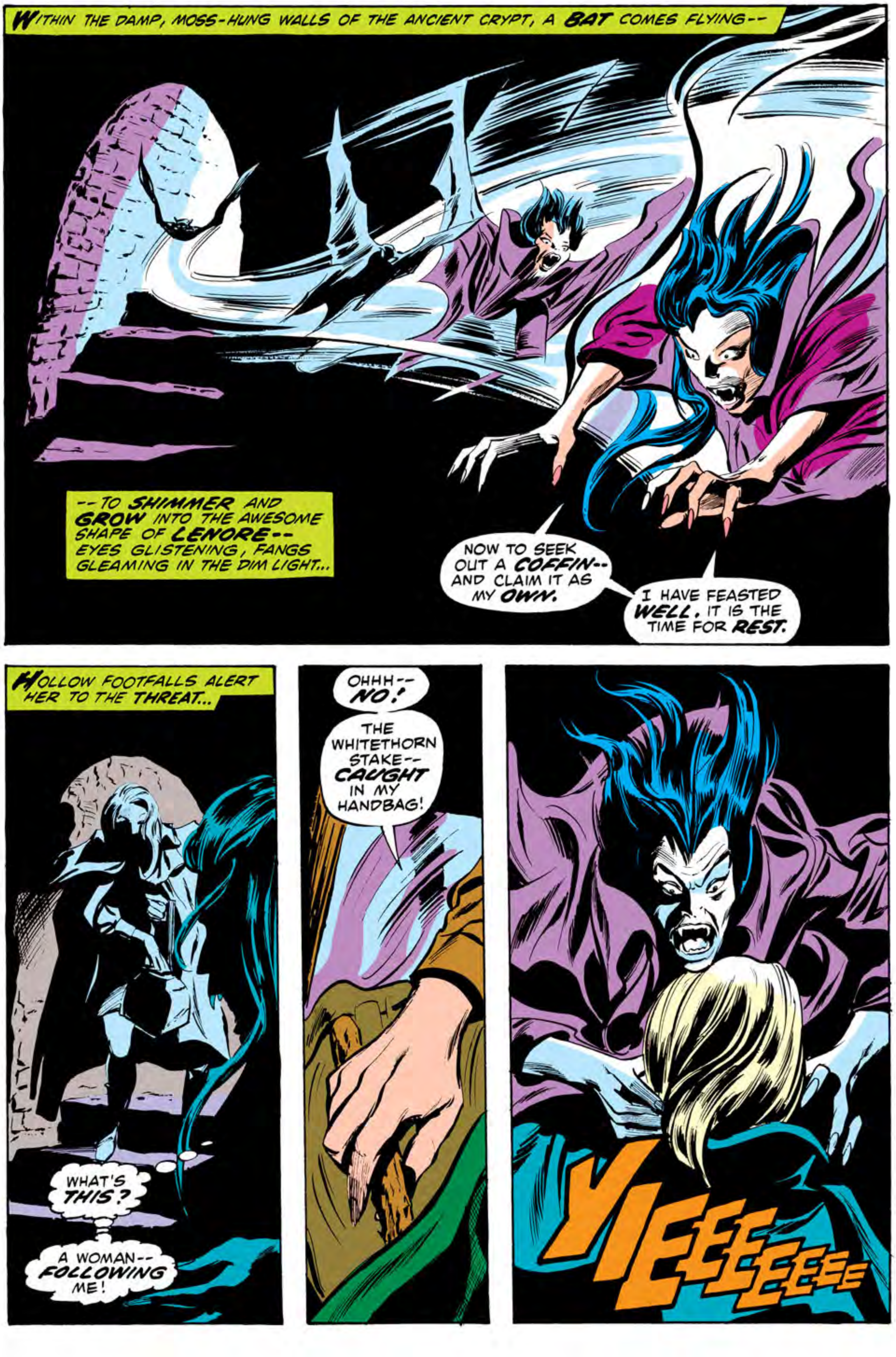

SOON, ONLY THE LEATHERY FLAP OF BATWINGS TELLS WHERE THE UNDEAD HUNT THEIR PREY...

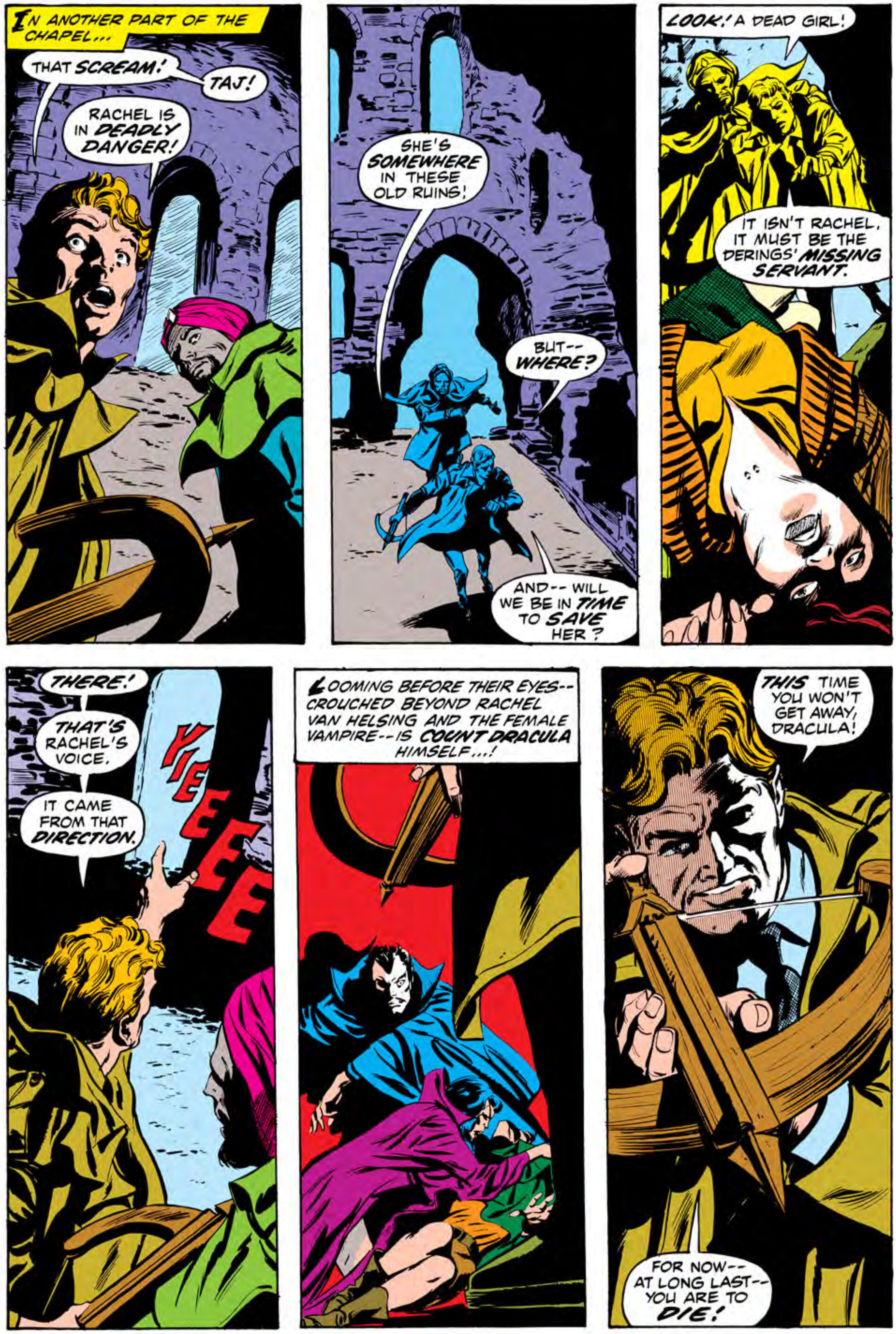

NOT FAR AWAY, A SERVANT-GIRL PAUSES...
WHAT'S THAT? A--A LARGE BAT--FLYING TOWARD ME--!?
OH NO--NO.!
NOW, IT'S CHANGING--CHANGING INTO A MAN, AND--
AAAAAIEEEEE
NO HUMAN EAR HEARS THAT TERRIFIED SCREAM.! NO HUMAN VOICE ANSWERS ITS AGONIZED APPEAL...!
NOW TO RETURN TO THAT ANCIENT CHAPEL CRYPT FOR A LONG SLEEP--BEFORE THE BREAK OF ACCURSED DAWN.
BEHIND HIS CLOAKED FIGURE, HE LEAVES ONLY--DEATH...!
AND THEN...
SOBS RISE INTO THE MISTS FROM THE GREAT HAIRY THING THAT CROUCHES, GRIEVING...

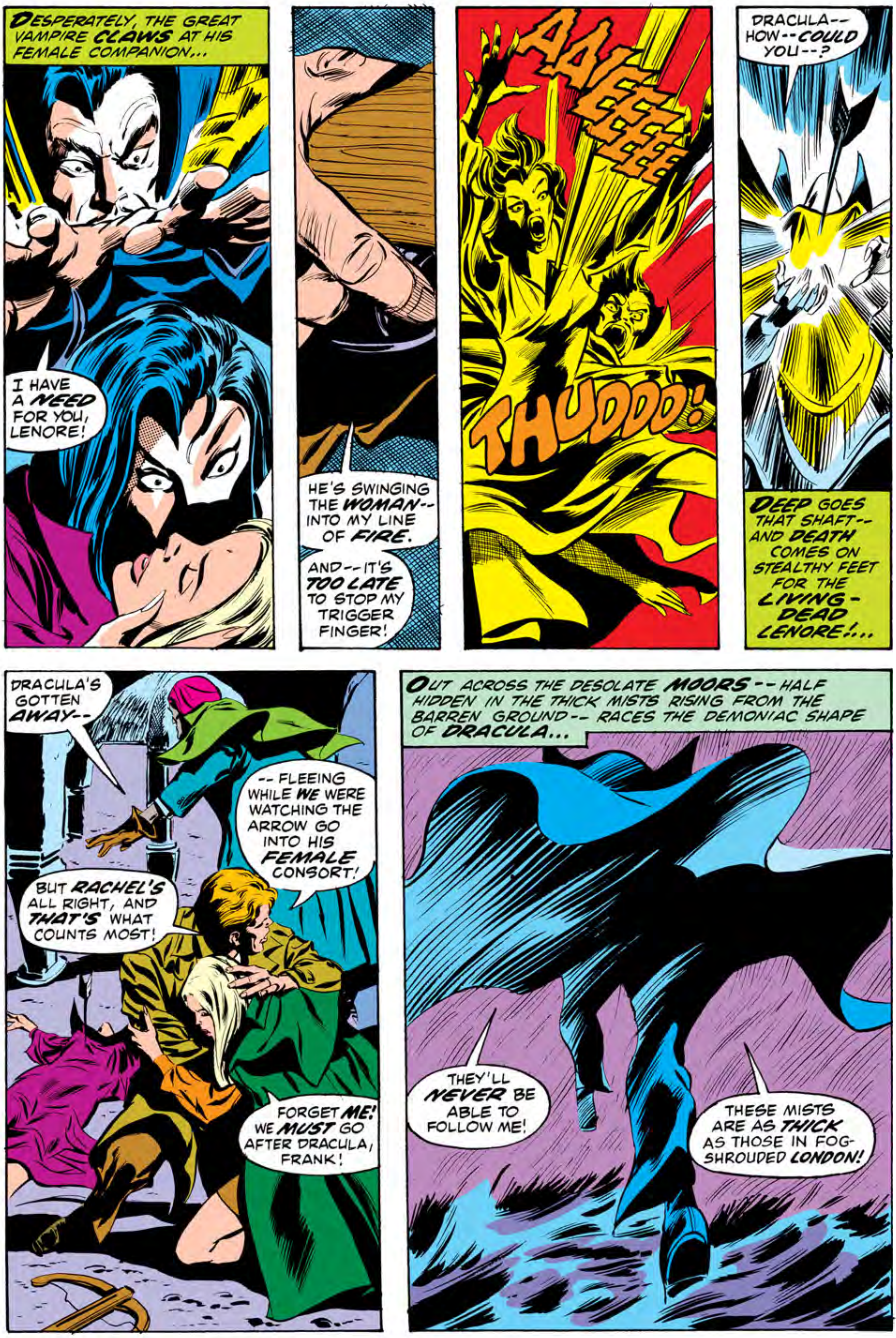

FOOD... MUST EAT...!
THEN, HAVING FEASTED, THE MOORLANDS MONSTER LIFTS A LIMP BURDEN AND STALKS OFF THROUGH THE THICK MISTS...
HIDE HER... GOT TO HIDE HER... HIDE...HIDE!
...TOWARD ITS LAIR IN THE RUINED CHAPEL...
IN A NEARBY VILLAGE, THE SHADOW OF A HUNTING BAT HOVERS OVER...
...AN UNSUSPECTING YOUNG MAN HEADING HOMEWARD FROM THE LOCAL PUB...
TERROR ETCHES HARD LINES IN HIS FACE AS HE SIGHTS THE BARED FANGS AND SLAVERING LIPS OF-- THE FEMALE VAMPIRE!...
NOOOOOO...

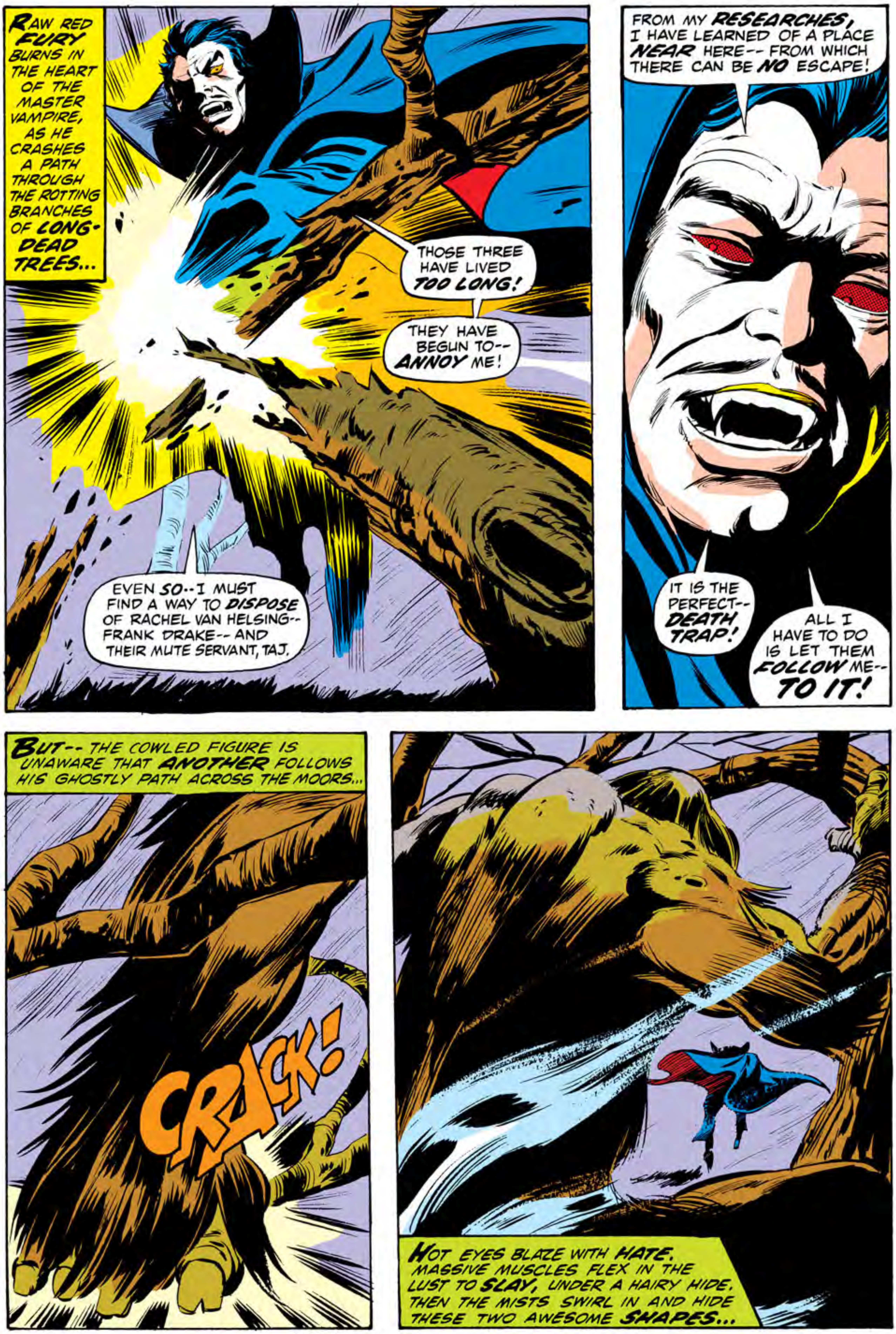

THE WIND MOANS AS IF IN SORROW FOR THE DEAD BODY LYING IN ITS PATH...
...WHILE AT THIS MOMENT, IN THE STRANGEWAY MANSION, RACHEL VAN HELSING, FRANK DRAKE, AND TAJ EMERGE FROM THE FLUID FOLDS OF THE BLACK MIRROR...
COUNT DRACULA CAN'T BE TOO FAR AHEAD OF US.
WE FOLLOWED HIM THROUGH THE MIRROR IN THAT TRANSYLVANIAN MAUSOLEUM ALMOST INSTANTLY!
BUT-- WHITBY THE BUTLER HAS BAD NEWS...
I'M TRULY SORRY, MA'AM.
DRACULA NEVER RETURNED THROUGH THAT MIRROR.
I'VE KEPT WATCH. I-- KNOW!
IF HE'S BACK IN ENGLAND, THEN HE FOUND A DIFFERENT MIRROR TO COME OUT OF-- AT A DISTANT SPOT.
DISAPPOINTMENT FURROWS THEIR FACES AS THEY TURN TO RESUME THEIR SEARCH. THEN...
WHY, IT'S INSPECTOR CHELM!
I CAME HERE-- HOPING TO FIND YOU.
WE'VE FOUND A DEAD BODY ON THE MOORS-- COMPLETELY DRAINED OF BLOOD!
A SHAGGY MONSTER OF SOME SORT HAS ALSO BEEN REPORTED ON THOSE SAME MOORS-- THOUGH IT'S NEVER DONE ANYONE ANY HARM BEFORE.
THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE WORK OF COUNT DRACULA-- NOT THAT OF ANY SO-CALLED MONSTER!

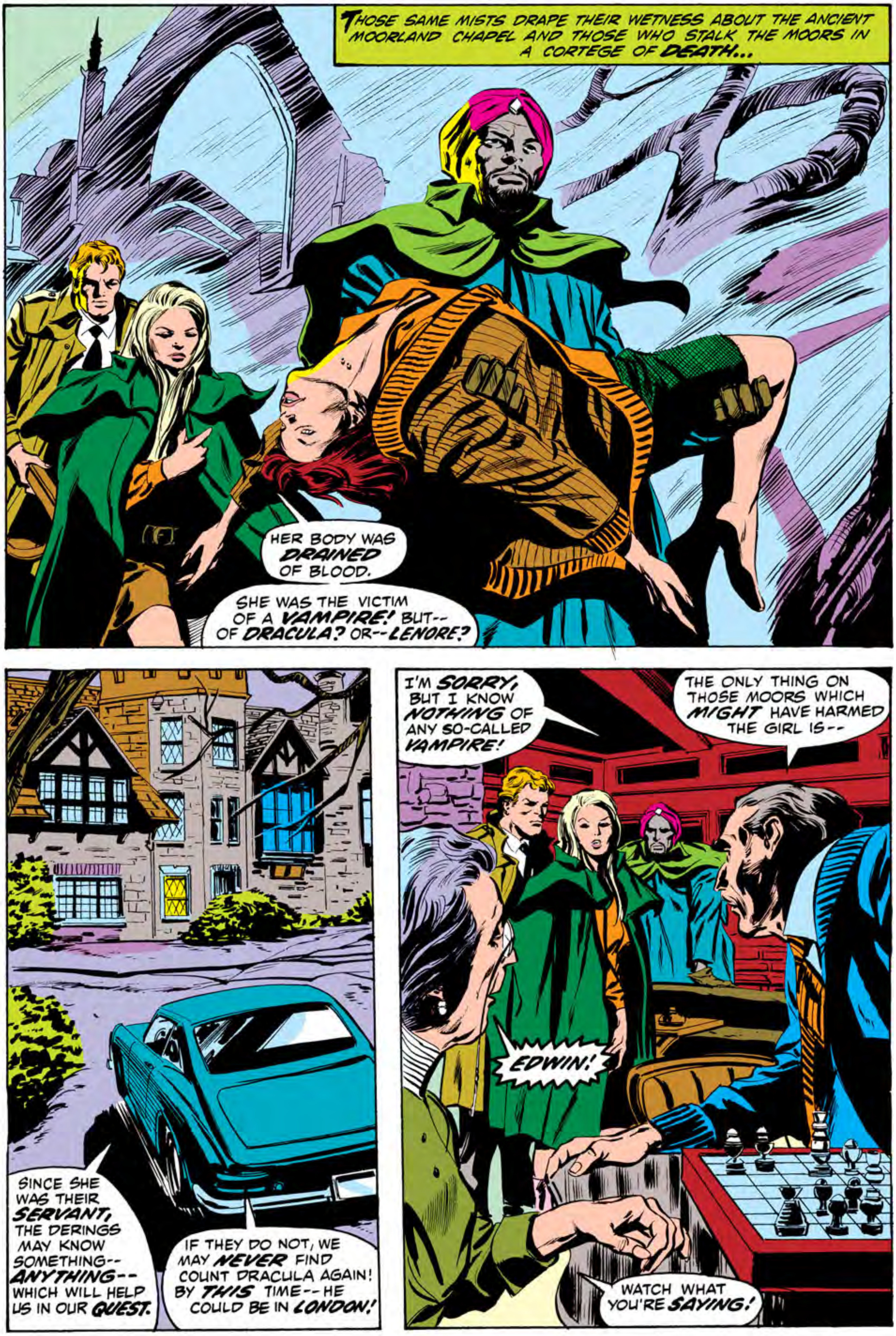

SOON AFTER, AT AN ANCESTRAL HOME OF ONE LORD AND LADY DERING, ON THOSE VERY MOORS...
YOU KNOW NOTHING OF THE DEAD MAN, THEN?
WHILE IT'S TRUE THAT WE DERINGS ARE LORDS OF THE MANOR IN THESE PARTS, I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T HELP YOU.
ALL WE CAN TELL YOU IS-- ONE OF OUR SERVANT GIRLS IS MISSING.
YOU SEE, WE HAVE REASON TO SUSPECT THAT A-- VAMPIRE IS LOOSE IN THIS DISTRICT.
AM I MISTAKEN-- OR IS THAT A LOOK OF RELIEF UPON THEIR FACES?
...YES, RACHEL...
...I ALSO NOTICED THE DERINGS APPEARED RELIEVED WHEN YOU BLAMED DRACULA FOR THE DEATH OF THAT YOUNG MAN.
I WONDER-- WHY!?
WE MAY LEARN THE ANSWER TO THAT LATER. RIGHT NOW, ALL WE CAN DO IS PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE MISSING GIRL AND--FOLLOW IT!
HER FOOTPRINTS END HERE-- ON ROCKY GROUND.
WE MUST SPLIT UP--FAN OUT AND TRY TO FIND THEM AGAIN.
I'LL GO THAT WAY, PAST THAT LIGHTNING-BLASTED OAK.
FOR TEN MINUTES, RACHEL VAN HELSING HUNTS THROUGH THE MOORLAND MISTS. THEN...
AHHH! THE FOOTPRINTS...
...AND A BAT-- FLYING HIGH!
HER EYES WIDEN AS...
IT'S HEADING FOR THAT RUINED CHAPEL!
I HAVE A WHITETHORN STAKE IN MY HANDBAG. IF THAT BAT IS COUNT DRACULA-- I'LL FOLLOW AND-- DESTROY HIM!

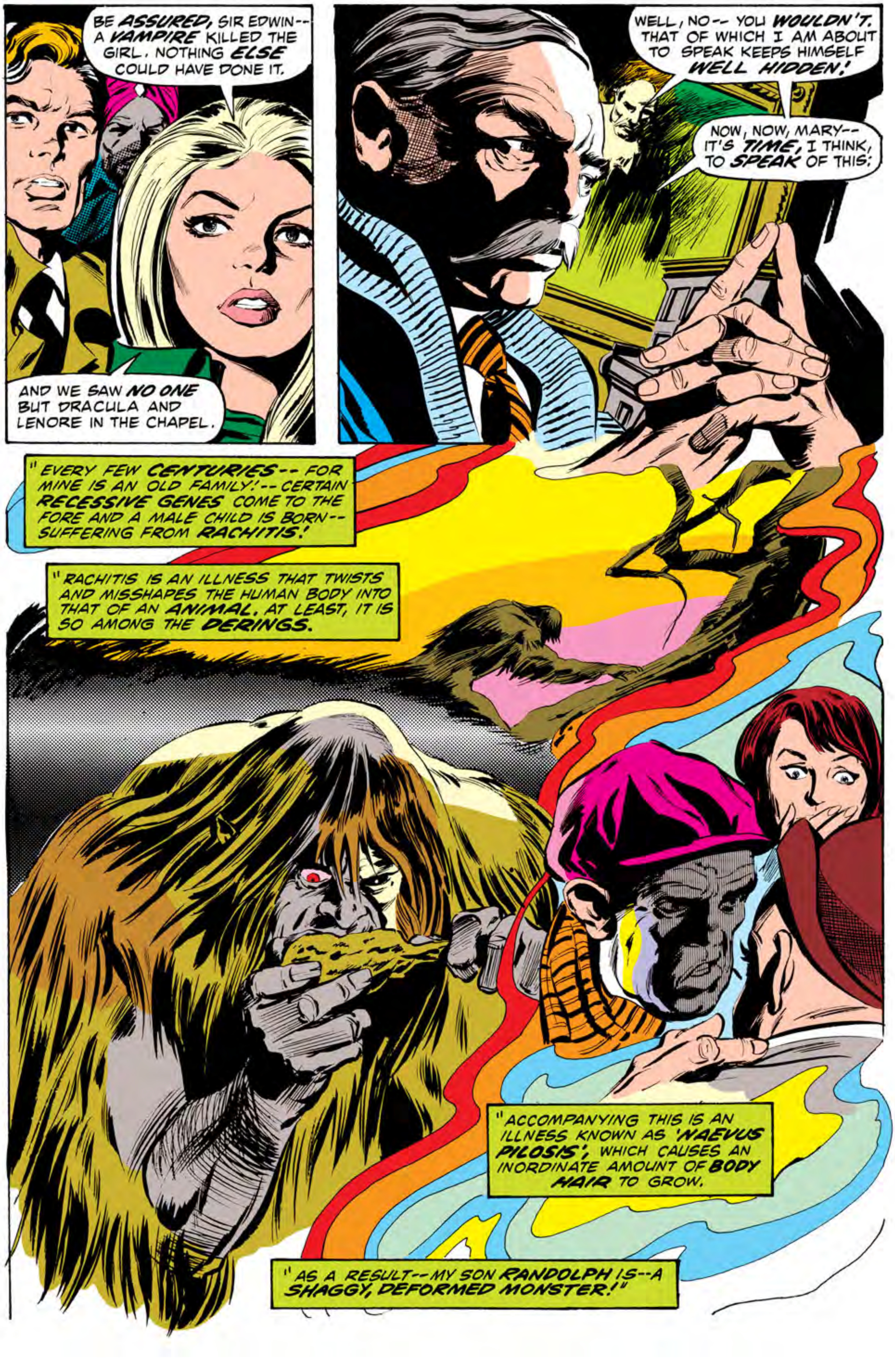

WITHIN THE DAMP, MOSS-HUNG WALLS OF THE ANCIENT CRYPT, A BAT COMES FLYING--
--TO SHIMMER AND GROW INTO THE AWESOME SHAPE OF LENORE-- EYES GLISTENING, FANGS GLEAMING IN THE DIM LIGHT...
I HAVE FEASTED WELL. IT IS THE TIME FOR REST.
NOW TO SEEK OUT A COFFIN-- AND CLAIM IT AS MY OWN.
HOLLOW FOOTFALLS ALERT HER TO THE THREAT...
WHAT'S THIS?
A WOMAN-- FOLLOWING ME!
OHHH-- NO!
THE WHITETHORN STAKE-- CAUGHT IN MY HANDBAG!
YIEEEEEEE

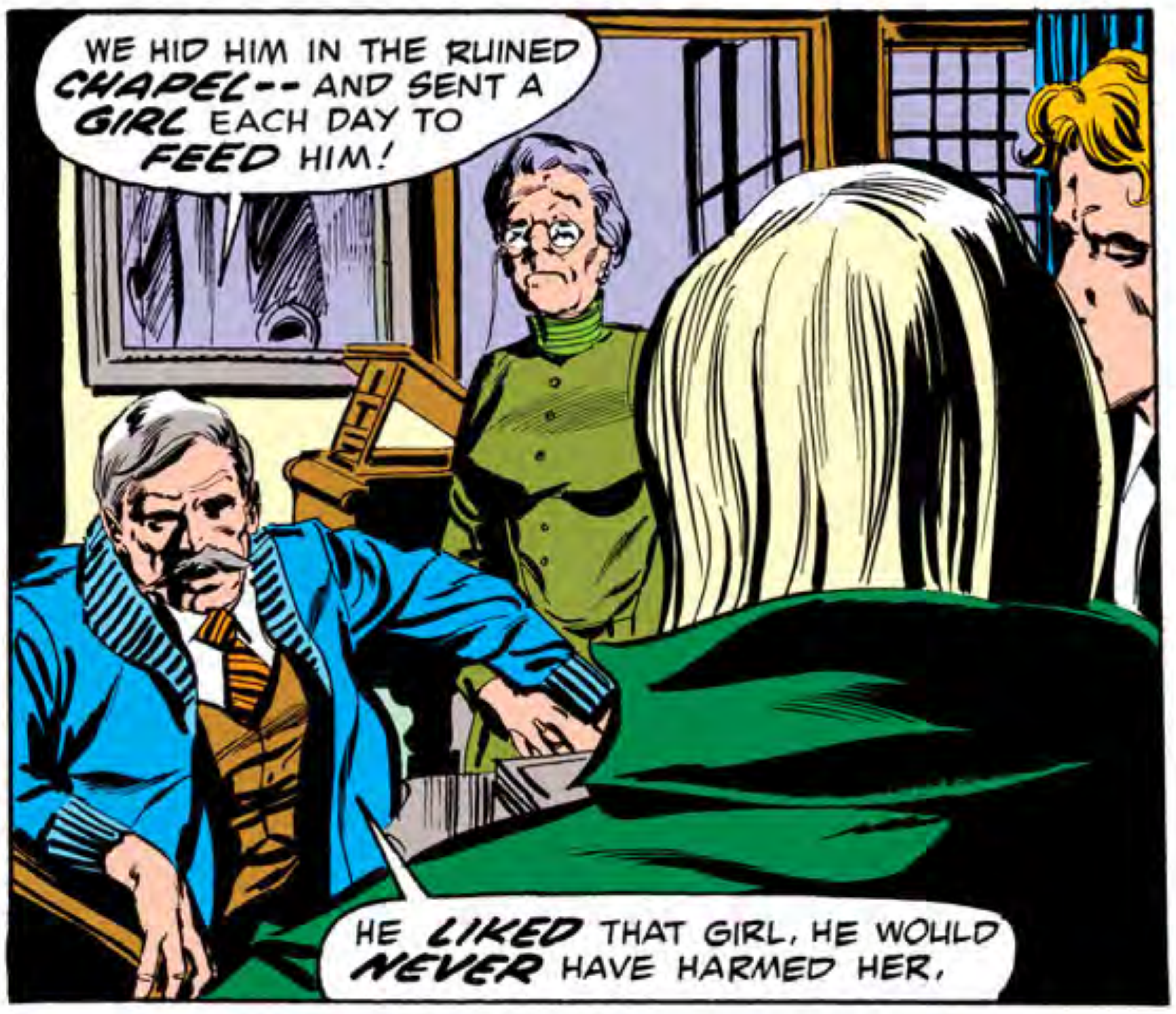

IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CHAPEL...
THAT SCREAM!
TAJ!
RACHEL IS IN DEADLY DANGER!
SHE'S SOMEWHERE IN THESE OLD RUINS!
BUT-- WHERE?
AND-- WILL WE BE IN TIME TO SAVE HER?
LOOK! A DEAD GIRL!
IT ISN'T RACHEL, IT MUST BE THE DERINGS' MISSING SERVANT.
THERE!
THAT'S RACHEL'S VOICE.
IT CAME FROM THAT DIRECTION.
YIEEEE
LOOMING BEFORE THEIR EYES-- CROUCHED BEYOND RACHEL VAN HELSING AND THE FEMALE VAMPIRE--IS COUNT DRACULA HIMSELF...!
THIS TIME YOU WON'T GET AWAY, DRACULA!
FOR NOW-- AT LONG LAST-- YOU ARE TO DIE!

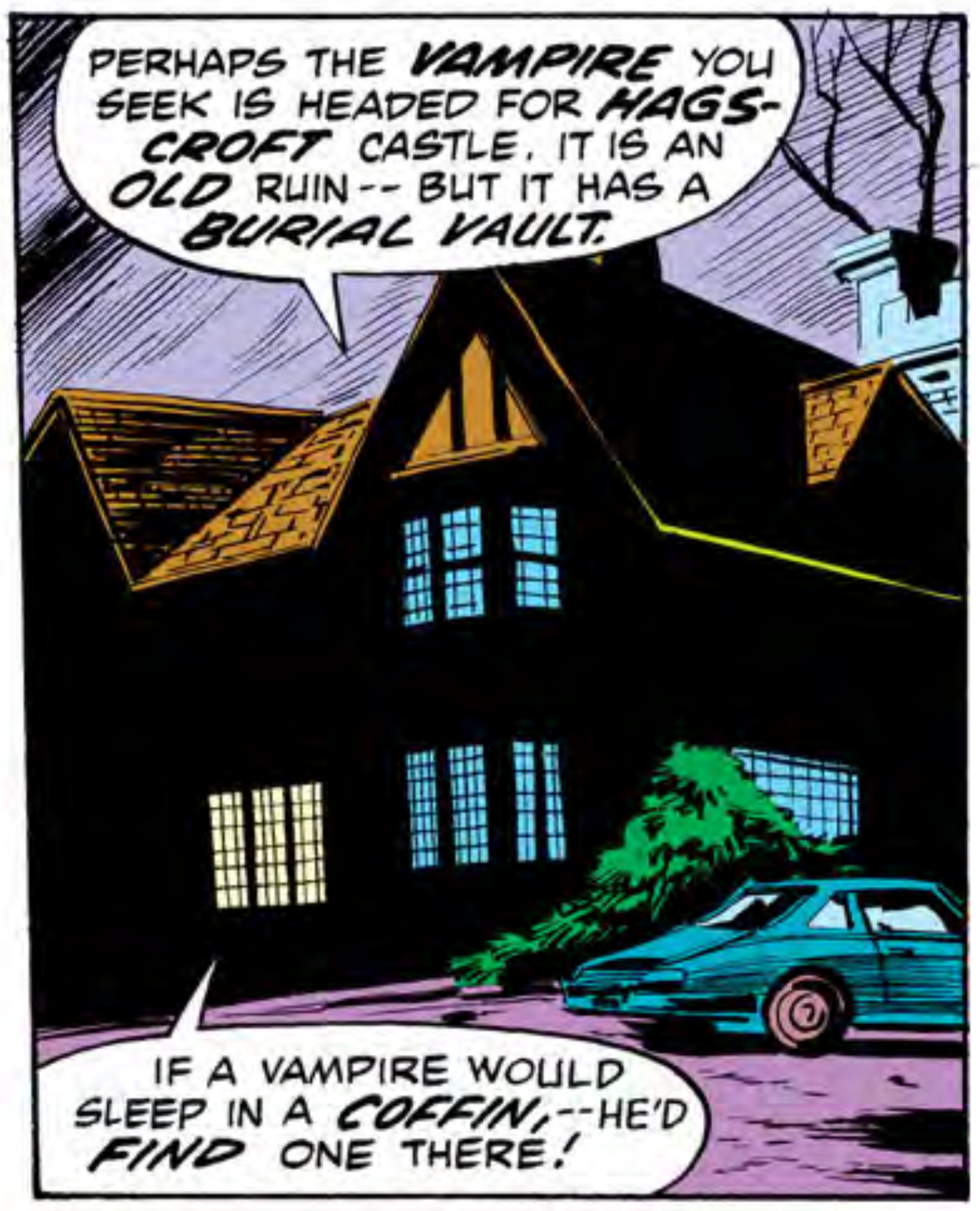

DESPERATELY, THE GREAT VAMPIRE CLAWS AT HIS FEMALE COMPANION...
I HAVE A NEED FOR YOU, LENORE!
HE'S SWINGING THE WOMAN-- INTO MY LINE OF FIRE.
AND--IT'S TOO LATE TO STOP MY TRIGGER FINGER!
AAIEEEEEE
THUDDD!
DRACULA-- HOW--COULD YOU--?
DEEP GOES THAT SHAFT-- AND DEATH COMES ON STEALTHY FEET FOR THE LIVING-DEAD LENORE!...
DRACULA'S GOTTEN AWAY--
--FLEEING WHILE WE WERE WATCHING THE ARROW GO INTO HIS FEMALE CONSORT!
BUT RACHEL'S ALL RIGHT, AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS MOST!
FORGET ME! WE MUST GO AFTER DRACULA, FRANK!
OUT ACROSS THE DESOLATE MOORS--HALF HIDDEN IN THE THICK MISTS RISING FROM THE BARREN GROUND--RACES THE DEMONIAC SHAPE OF DRACULA...
THEY'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FOLLOW ME!
THESE MISTS ARE AS THICK AS THOSE IN FOG-SHROUDED LONDON!

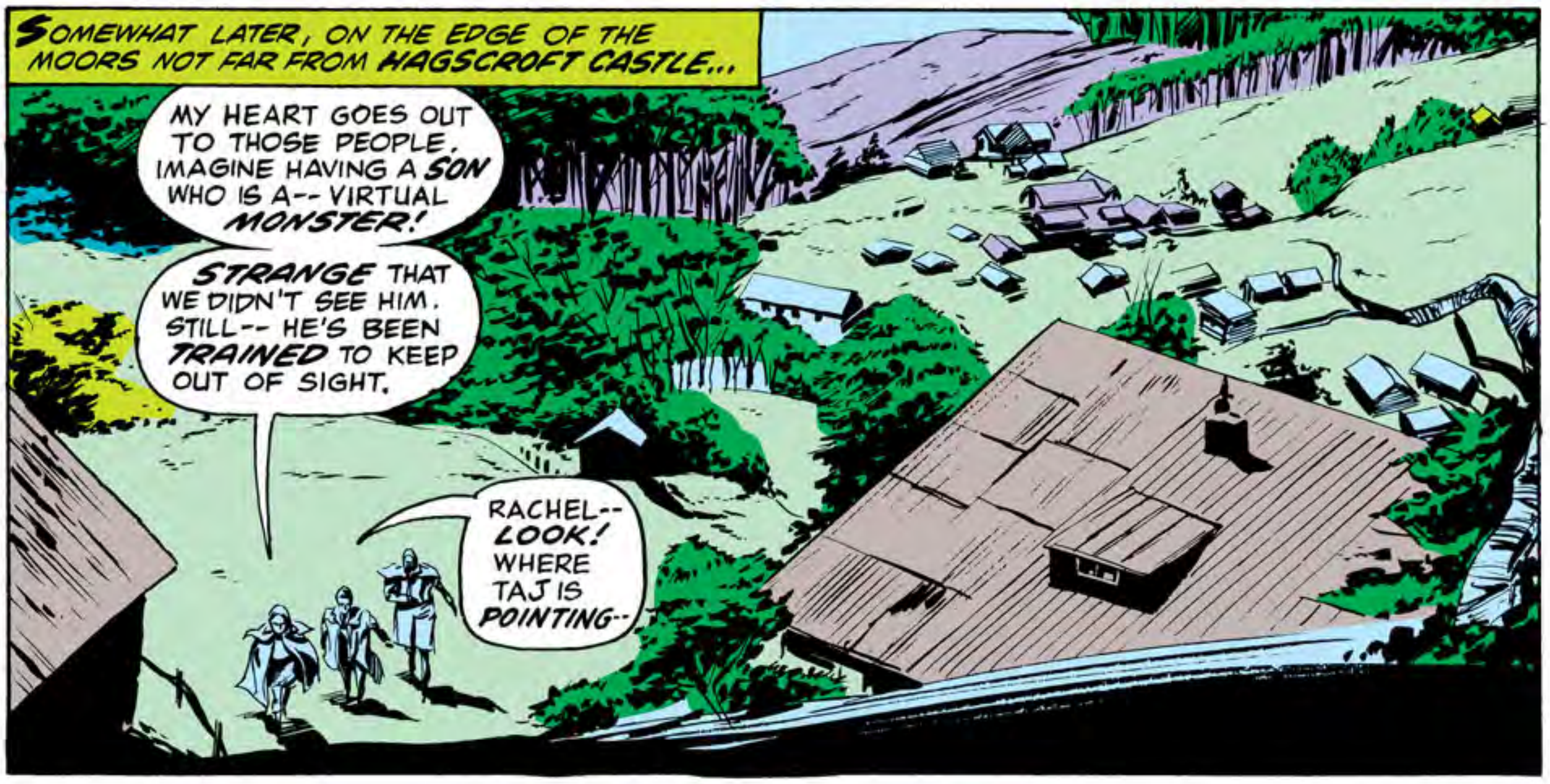

RAW RED FURY BURNS IN THE HEART OF THE MASTER VAMPIRE, AS HE CRASHES A PATH THROUGH THE ROTTING BRANCHES OF LONG-DEAD TREES...
THOSE THREE HAVE LIVED TOO LONG!
THEY HAVE BEGUN TO-- ANNOY ME!
EVEN SO--I MUST FIND A WAY TO DISPOSE OF RACHEL VAN HELSING-- FRANK DRAKE-- AND THEIR MUTE SERVANT, TAJ.
FROM MY RESEARCHES, I HAVE LEARNED OF A PLACE NEAR HERE-- FROM WHICH THERE CAN BE NO ESCAPE!
IT IS THE PERFECT-- DEATH TRAP!
ALL I HAVE TO DO IS LET THEM FOLLOW ME-- TO IT!
BUT-- THE COWLED FIGURE IS UNAWARE THAT ANOTHER FOLLOWS HIS GHOSTLY PATH ACROSS THE MOORS...
CRACK!
HOT EYES BLAZE WITH HATE. MASSIVE MUSCLES FLEX IN THE LUST TO SLAY, UNDER A HAIRY HIDE. THEN THE MISTS SWIRL IN AND HIDE THESE TWO AWESOME SHAPES...

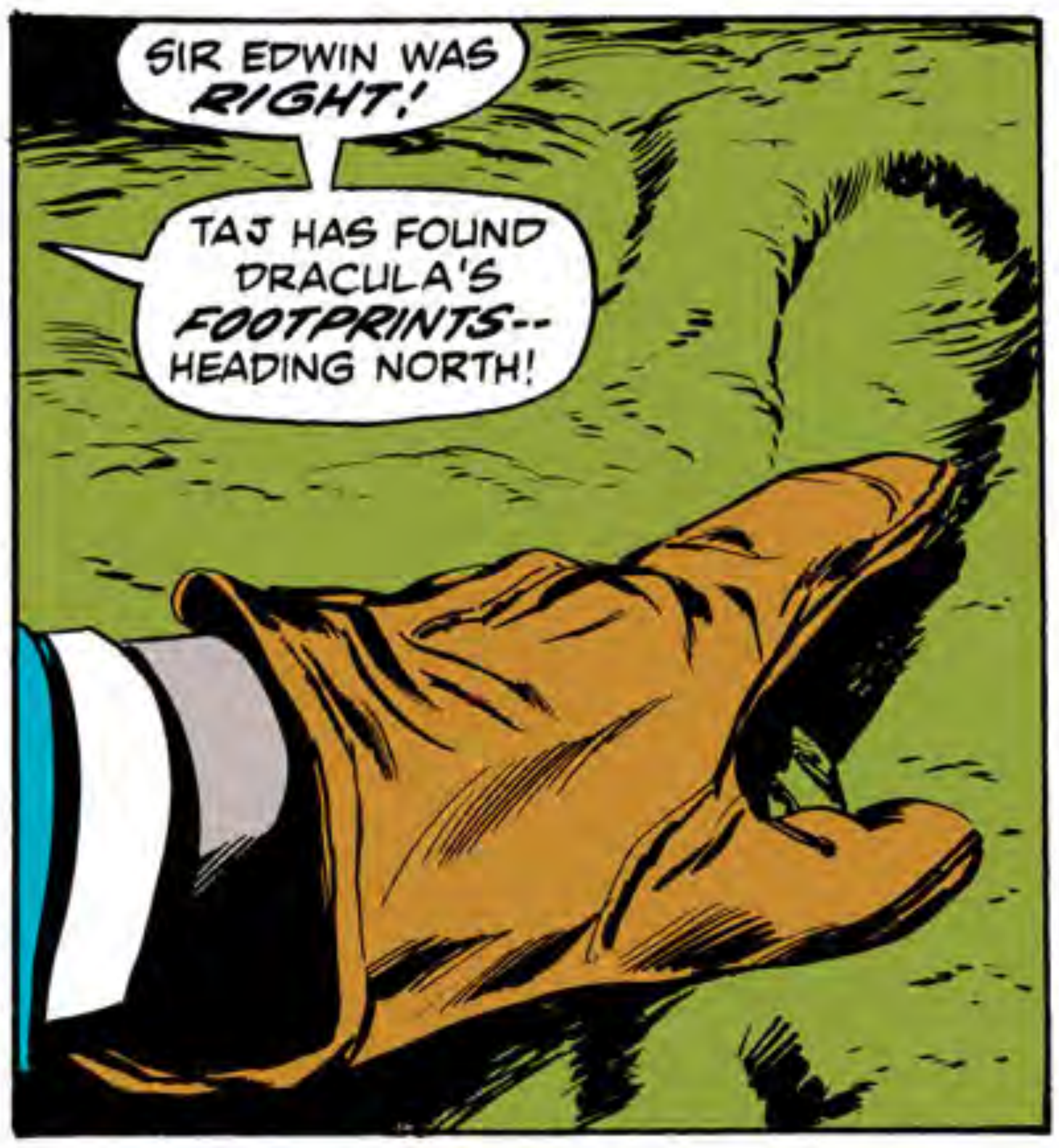

THOSE SAME MISTS DRAPE THEIR WETNESS ABOUT THE ANCIENT MOORLAND CHAPEL AND THOSE WHO STALK THE MOORS IN A CORTEGE OF *DEATH*...
HER BODY WAS *DRAINED* OF BLOOD.
SHE WAS THE VICTIM OF A *VAMPIRE!* BUT-- OF *DRACULA?* OR--*LENORE?*
SINCE SHE WAS THEIR *SERVANT,* THE DERINGS MAY KNOW SOMETHING-- *ANYTHING*-- WHICH WILL HELP US IN OUR *QUEST.*
IF THEY DO NOT, WE MAY *NEVER* FIND COUNT DRACULA AGAIN! BY *THIS* TIME--HE COULD BE IN *LONDON!*
I'M *SORRY,* BUT I KNOW *NOTHING* OF ANY SO-CALLED *VAMPIRE!*
THE ONLY THING ON THOSE MOORS WHICH *MIGHT* HAVE HARMED THE GIRL IS--
EDWIN!
WATCH WHAT YOU'RE *SAYING!*

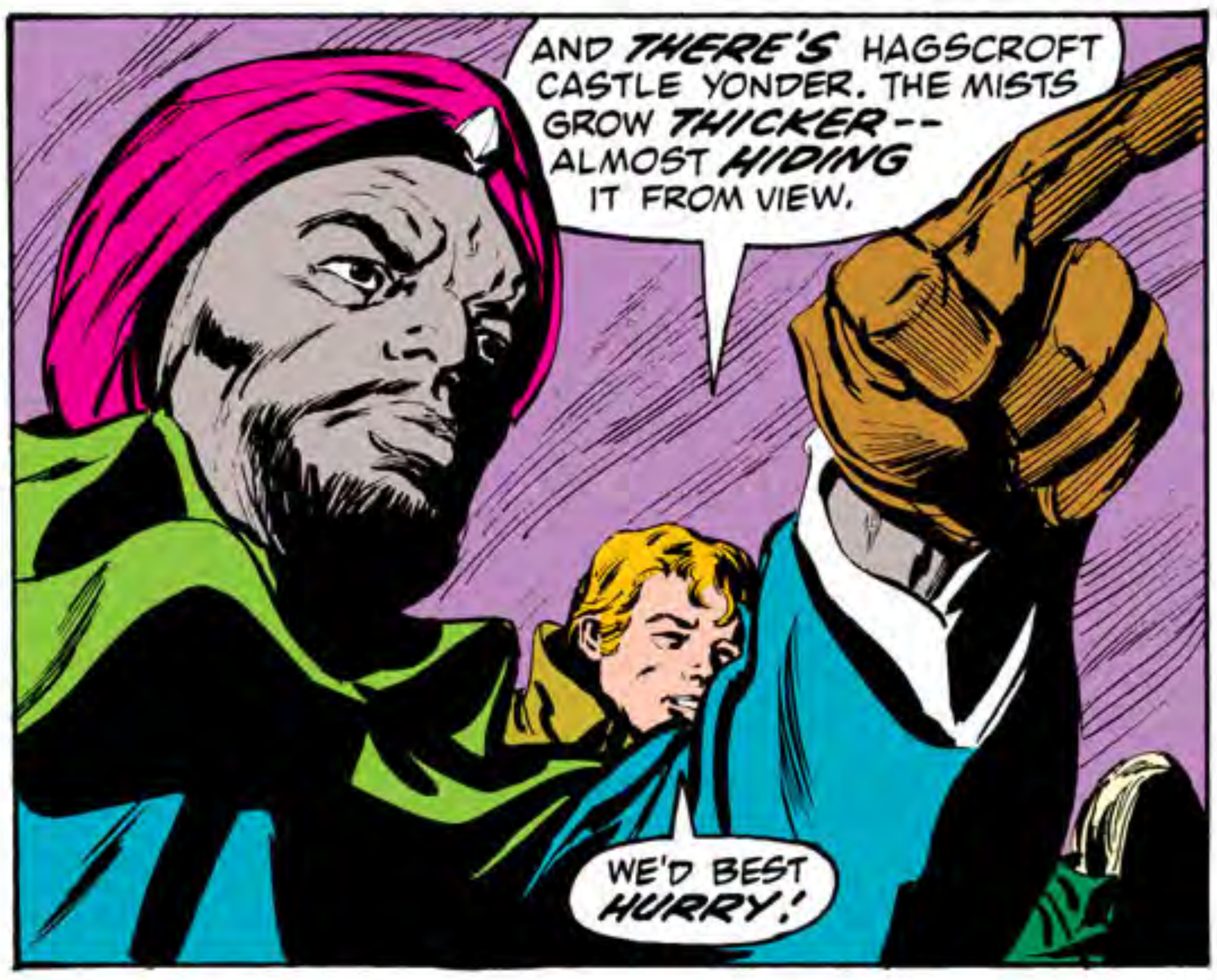

BE ASSURED, SIR EDWIN-- A VAMPIRE KILLED THE GIRL. NOTHING ELSE COULD HAVE DONE IT.
AND WE SAW NO ONE BUT DRACULA AND LENORE IN THE CHAPEL.
WELL, NO-- YOU WOULDN'T. THAT OF WHICH I AM ABOUT TO SPEAK KEEPS HIMSELF WELL HIDDEN!
NOW, NOW, MARY-- IT'S TIME, I THINK, TO SPEAK OF THIS:
"EVERY FEW CENTURIES-- FOR MINE IS AN OLD FAMILY!-- CERTAIN RECESSIVE GENES COME TO THE FORE AND A MALE CHILD IS BORN-- SUFFERING FROM RACHITIS!
"RACHITIS IS AN ILLNESS THAT TWISTS AND MISSHAPES THE HUMAN BODY INTO THAT OF AN ANIMAL. AT LEAST, IT IS SO AMONG THE DERINGS.
"ACCOMPANYING THIS IS AN ILLNESS KNOWN AS 'NAEVUS PILOSIS', WHICH CAUSES AN INORDINATE AMOUNT OF BODY HAIR TO GROW.
"AS A RESULT-- MY SON RANDOLPH IS-- A SHAGGY, DEFORMED MONSTER!"

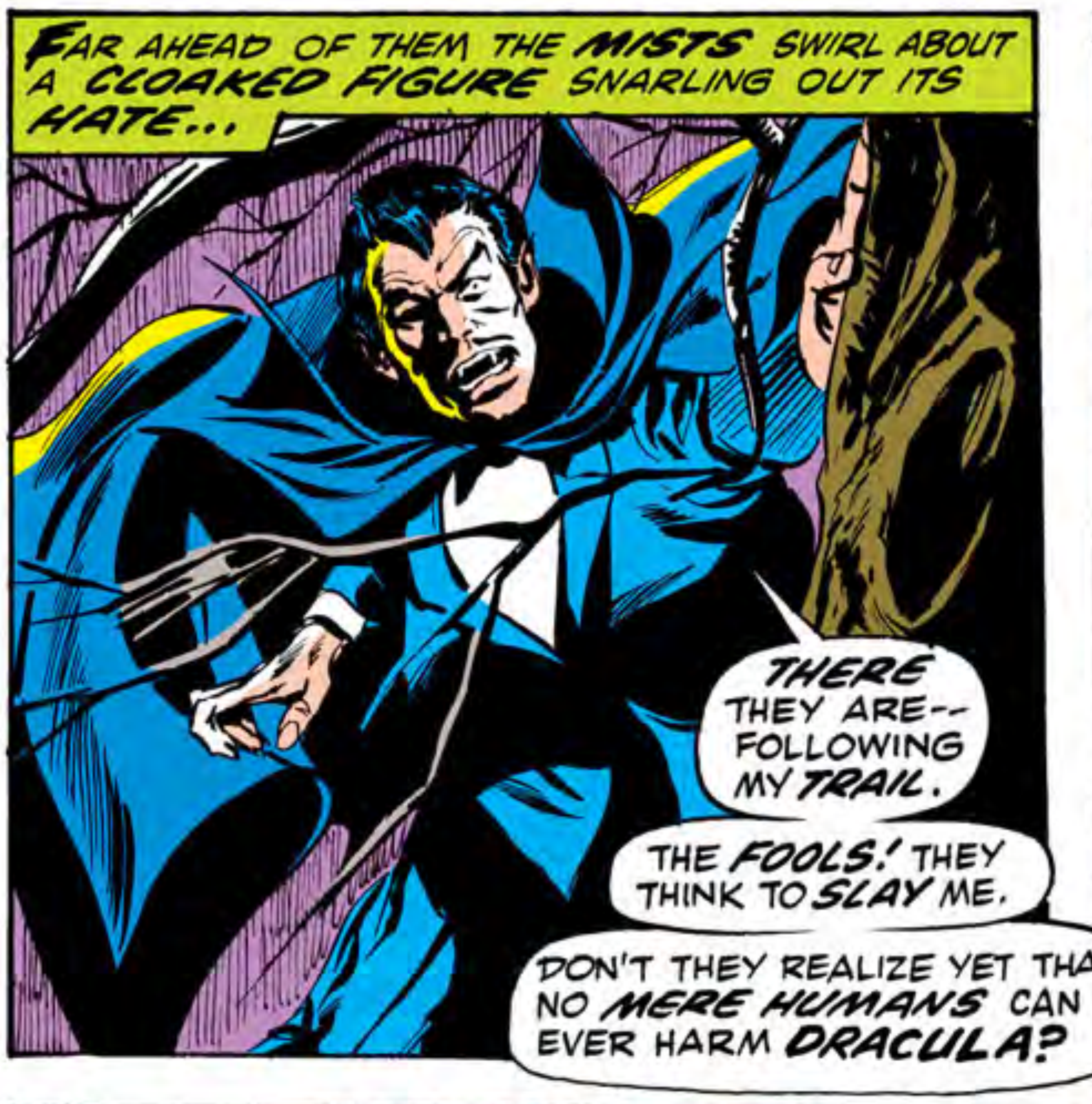

WE HID HIM IN THE RUINED CHAPEL-- AND SENT A GIRL EACH DAY TO FEED HIM!
HE LIKED THAT GIRL. HE WOULD NEVER HAVE HARMED HER.

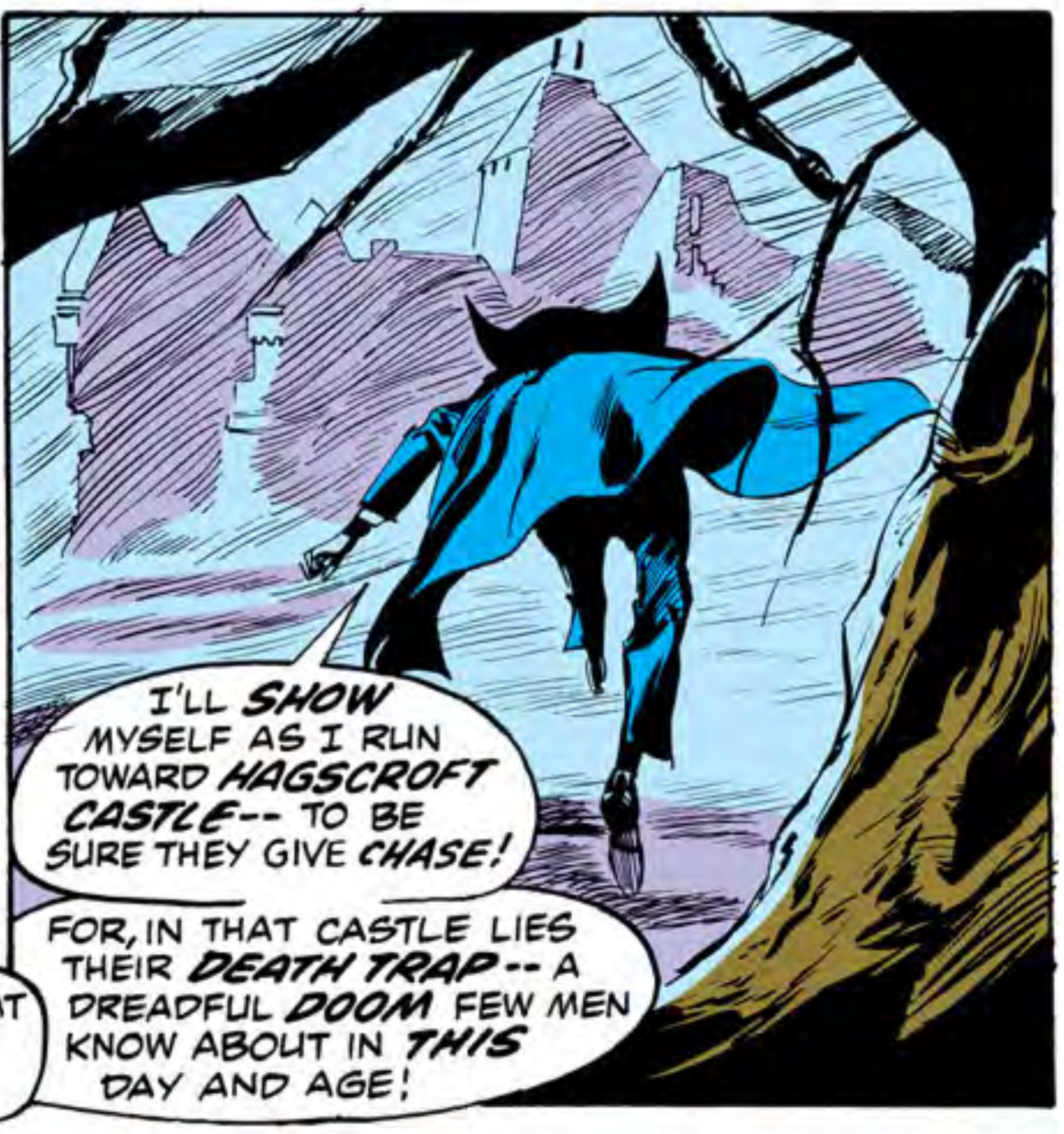

PERHAPS THE VAMPIRE YOU SEEK IS HEADED FOR HAGSCROFT CASTLE. IT IS AN OLD RUIN-- BUT IT HAS A BURIAL VAULT.
IF A VAMPIRE WOULD SLEEP IN A COFFIN,--HE'D FIND ONE THERE!

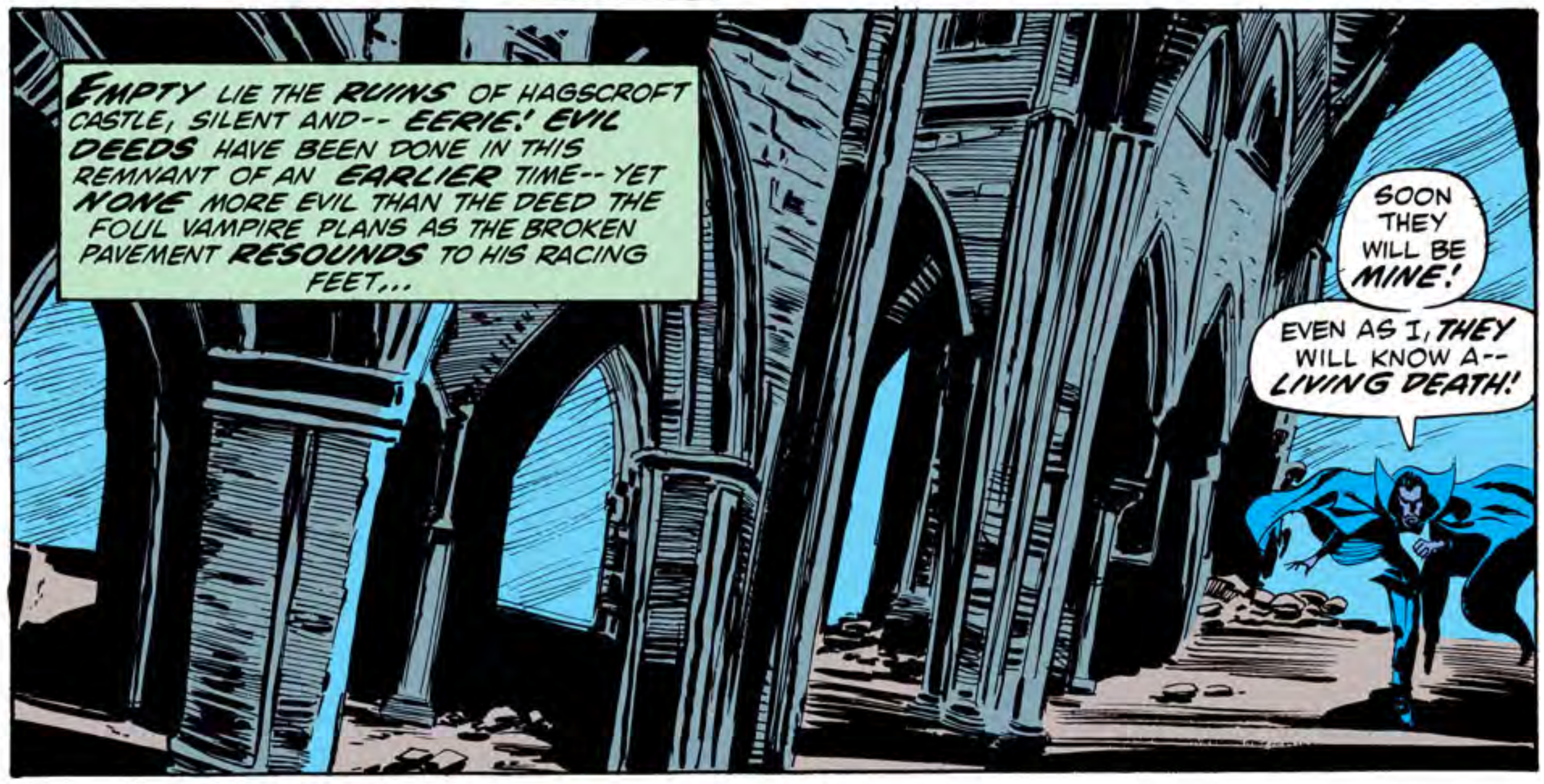

SOMEWHAT LATER, ON THE EDGE OF THE MOORS NOT FAR FROM HAGSCROFT CASTLE...
MY HEART GOES OUT TO THOSE PEOPLE. IMAGINE HAVING A SON WHO IS A-- VIRTUAL MONSTER!
STRANGE THAT WE DIDN'T SEE HIM. STILL-- HE'S BEEN TRAINED TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT.
RACHEL-- LOOK! WHERE TAJ IS POINTING--

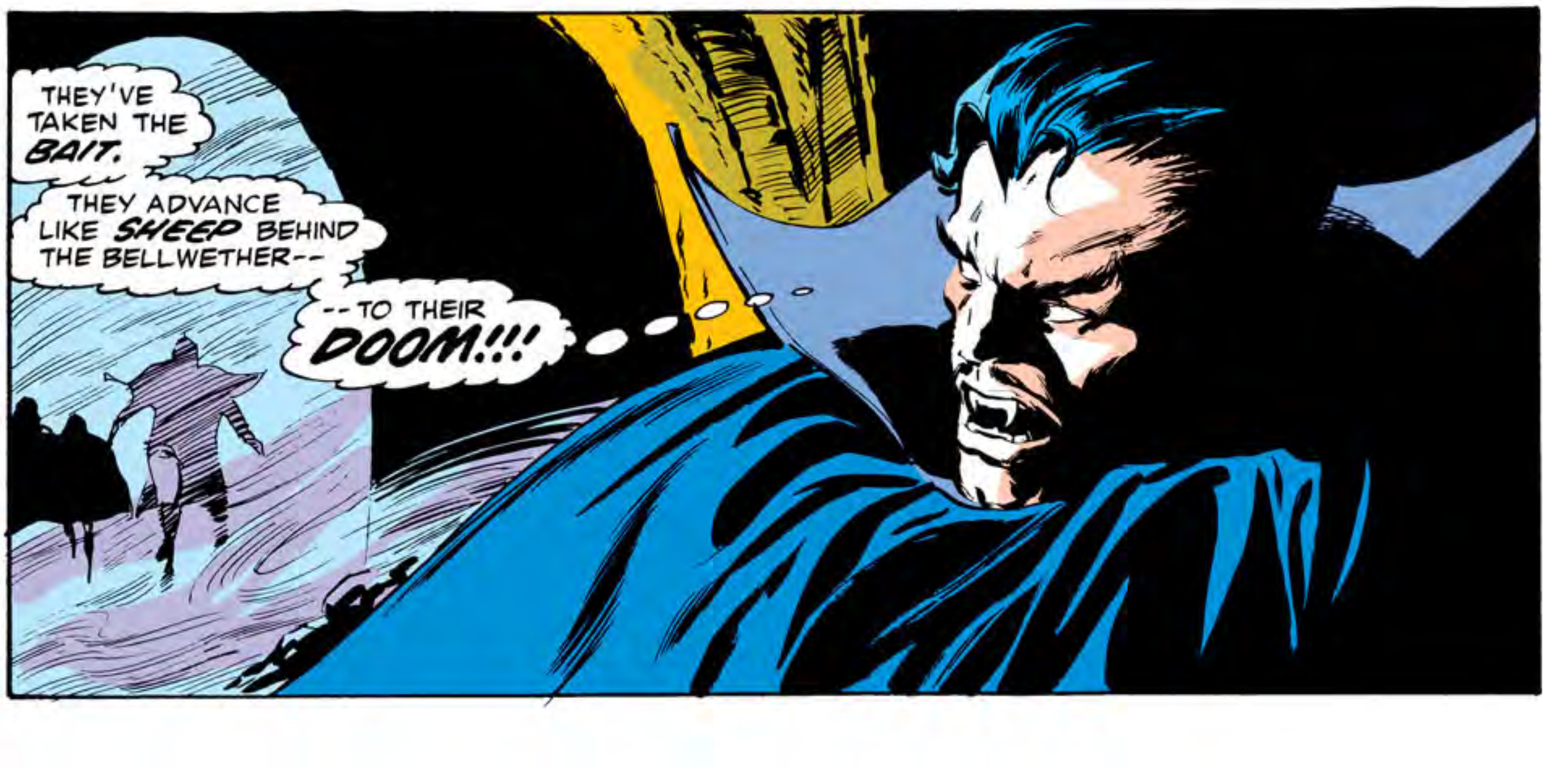

SIR EDWIN WAS RIGHT!
TAJ HAS FOUND DRACULA'S FOOTPRINTS-- HEADING NORTH!

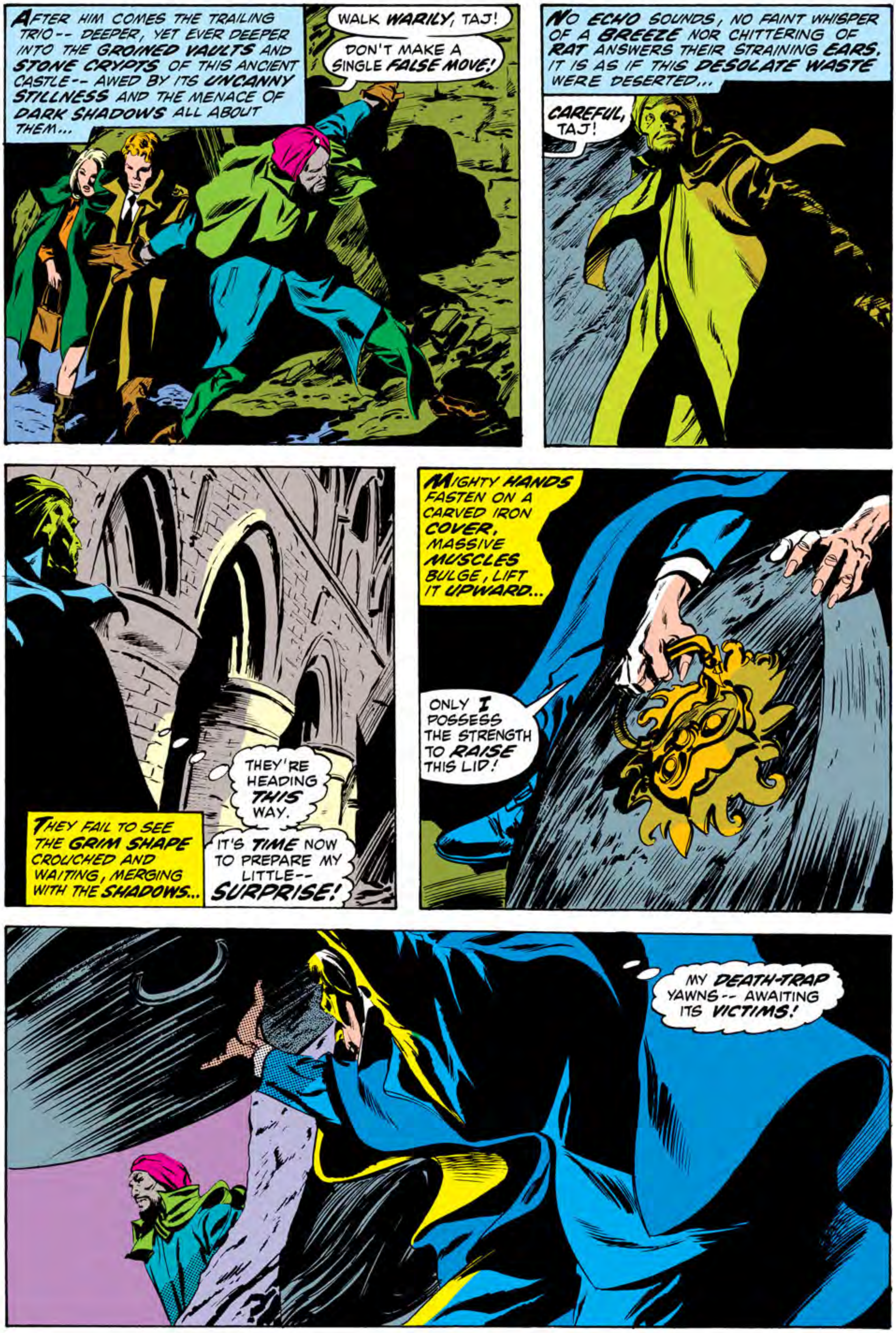

AND THERE'S HAGSCROFT CASTLE YONDER. THE MISTS GROW THICKER-- ALMOST HIDING IT FROM VIEW.
WE'D BEST HURRY!

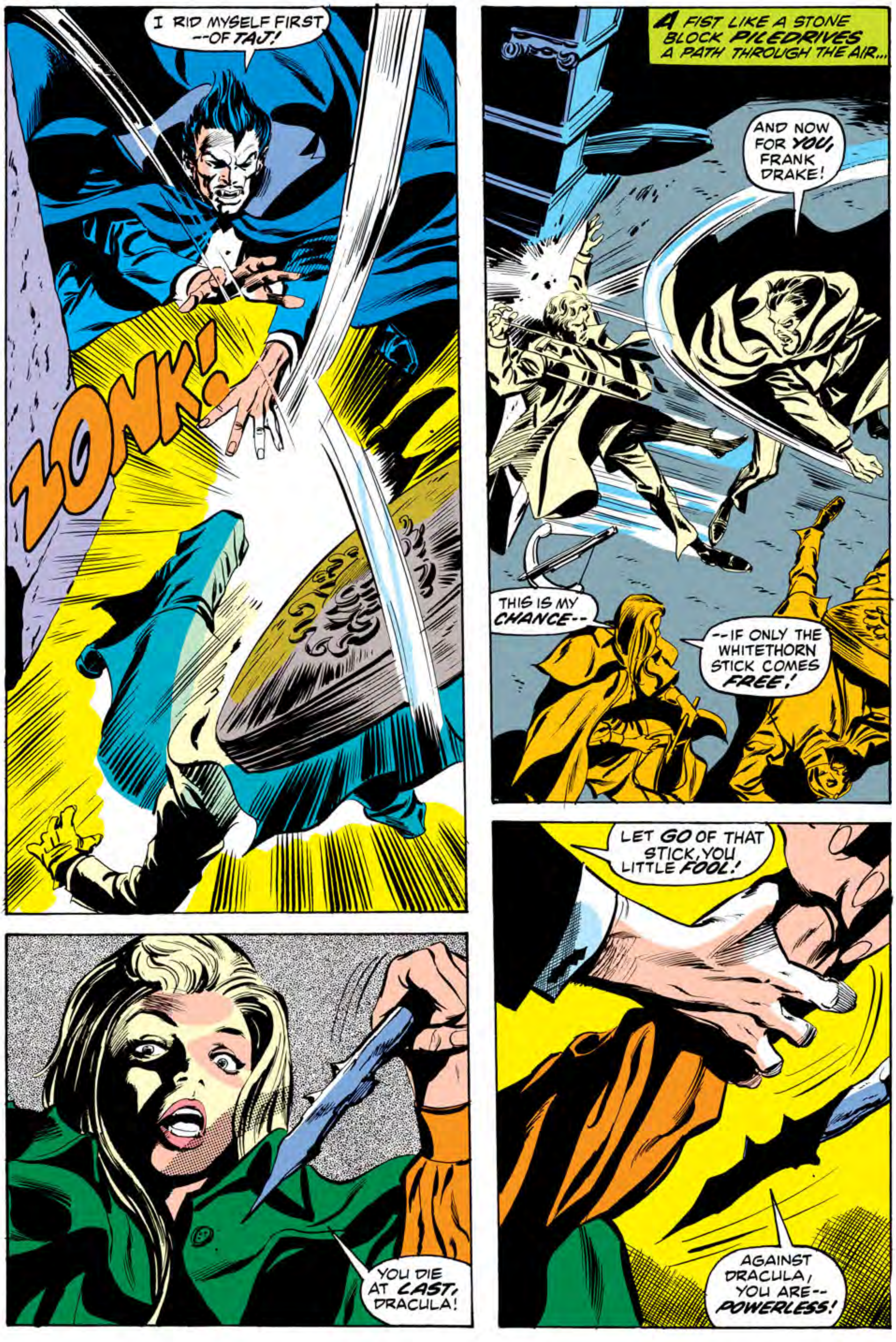

FAR AHEAD OF THEM THE MISTS SWIRL ABOUT A CLOAKED FIGURE SNARLING OUT ITS HATE...
THERE THEY ARE-- FOLLOWING MY TRAIL.
THE FOOLS! THEY THINK TO SLAY ME.
DON'T THEY REALIZE YET THAT NO MERE HUMANS CAN EVER HARM DRACULA?

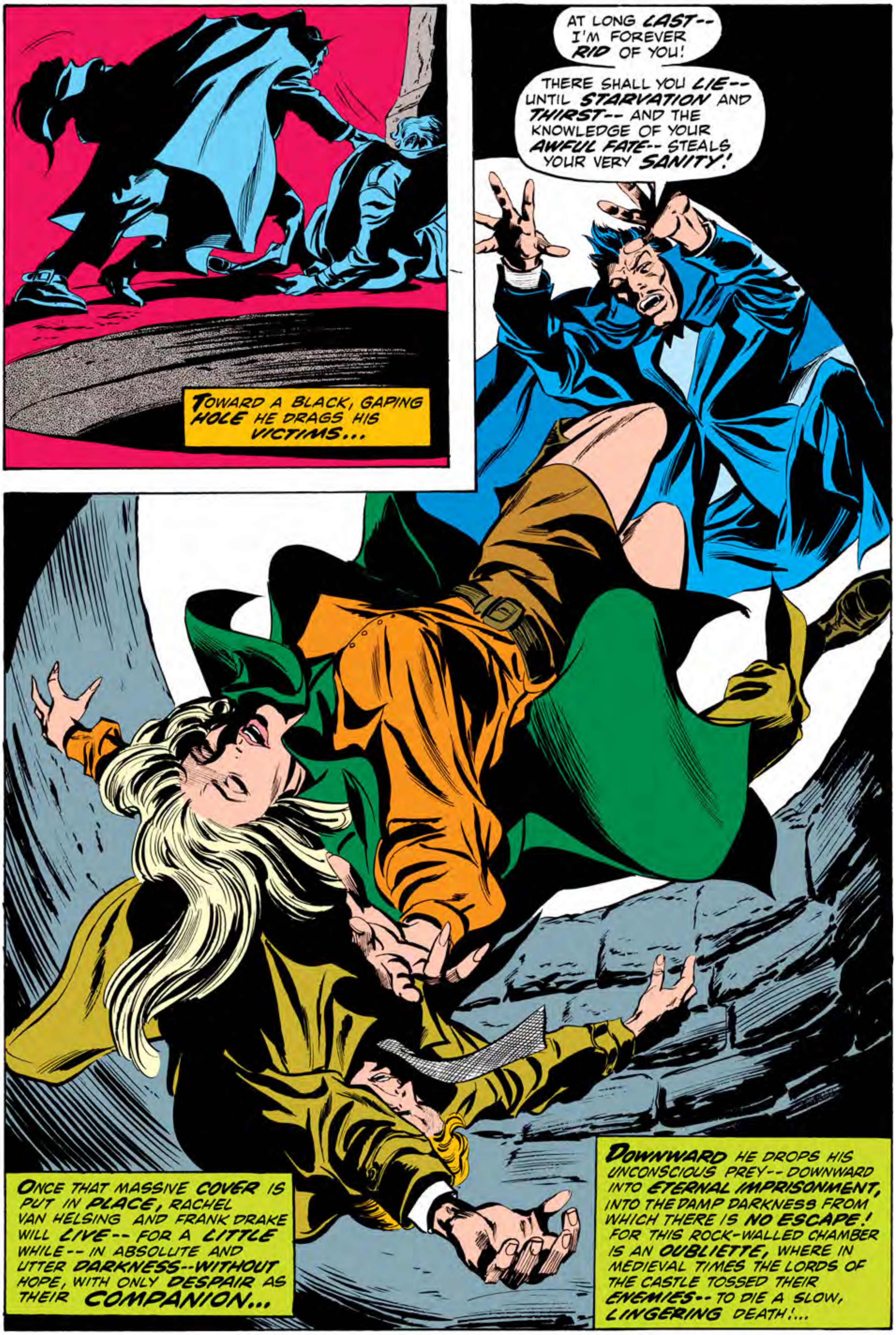

I'LL SHOW MYSELF AS I RUN TOWARD HAGSCROFT CASTLE-- TO BE SURE THEY GIVE CHASE!
FOR, IN THAT CASTLE LIES THEIR DEATH TRAP-- A DREADFUL DOOM FEW MEN KNOW ABOUT IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

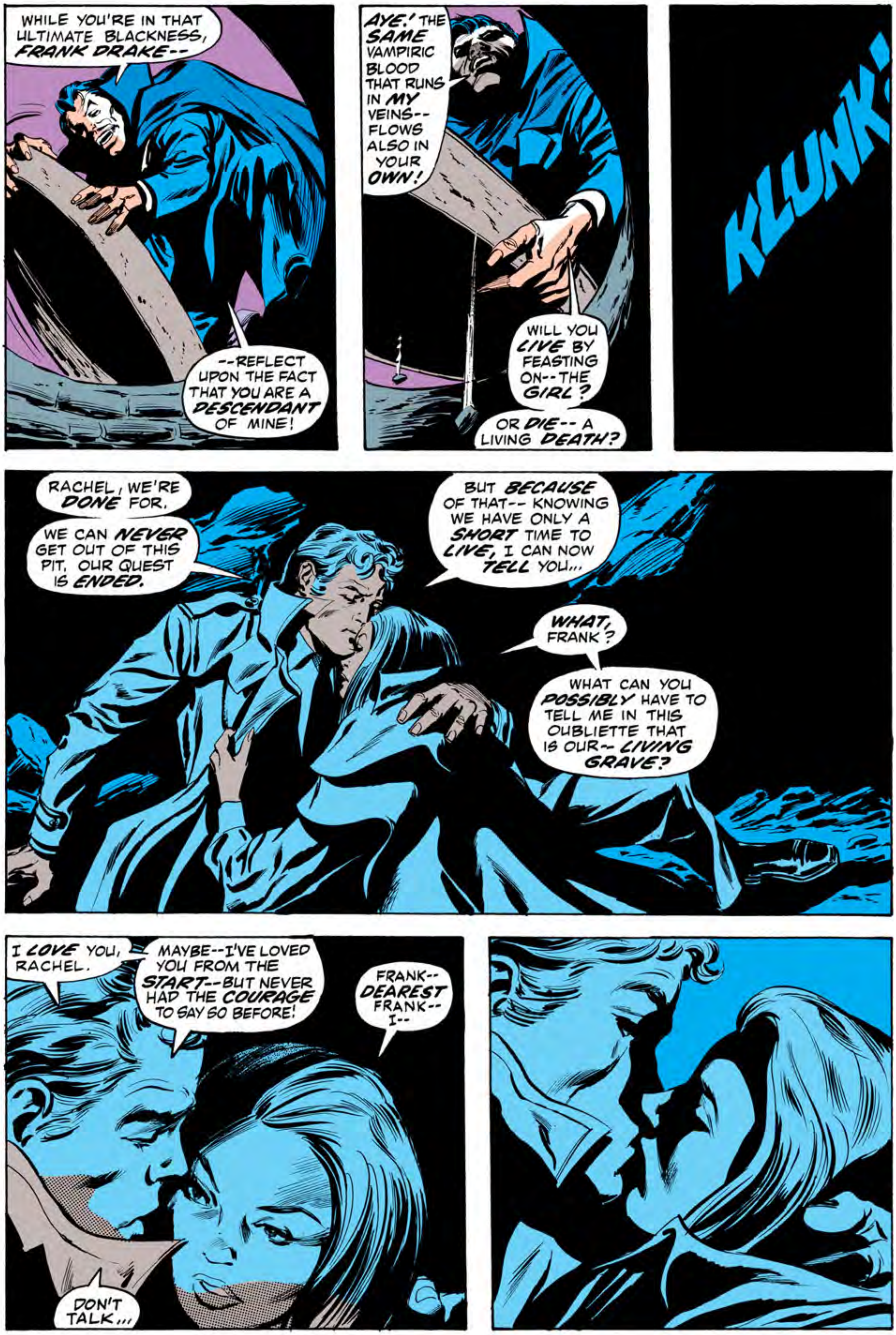

EMPTY LIE THE RUINS OF HAGSCROFT CASTLE, SILENT AND-- EERIE! EVIL DEEDS HAVE BEEN DONE IN THIS REMNANT OF AN EARLIER TIME-- YET NONE MORE EVIL THAN THE DEED THE FOUL VAMPIRE PLANS AS THE BROKEN PAVEMENT RESOUNDS TO HIS RACING FEET...
SOON THEY WILL BE MINE!
EVEN AS I, THEY WILL KNOW A-- LIVING DEATH!

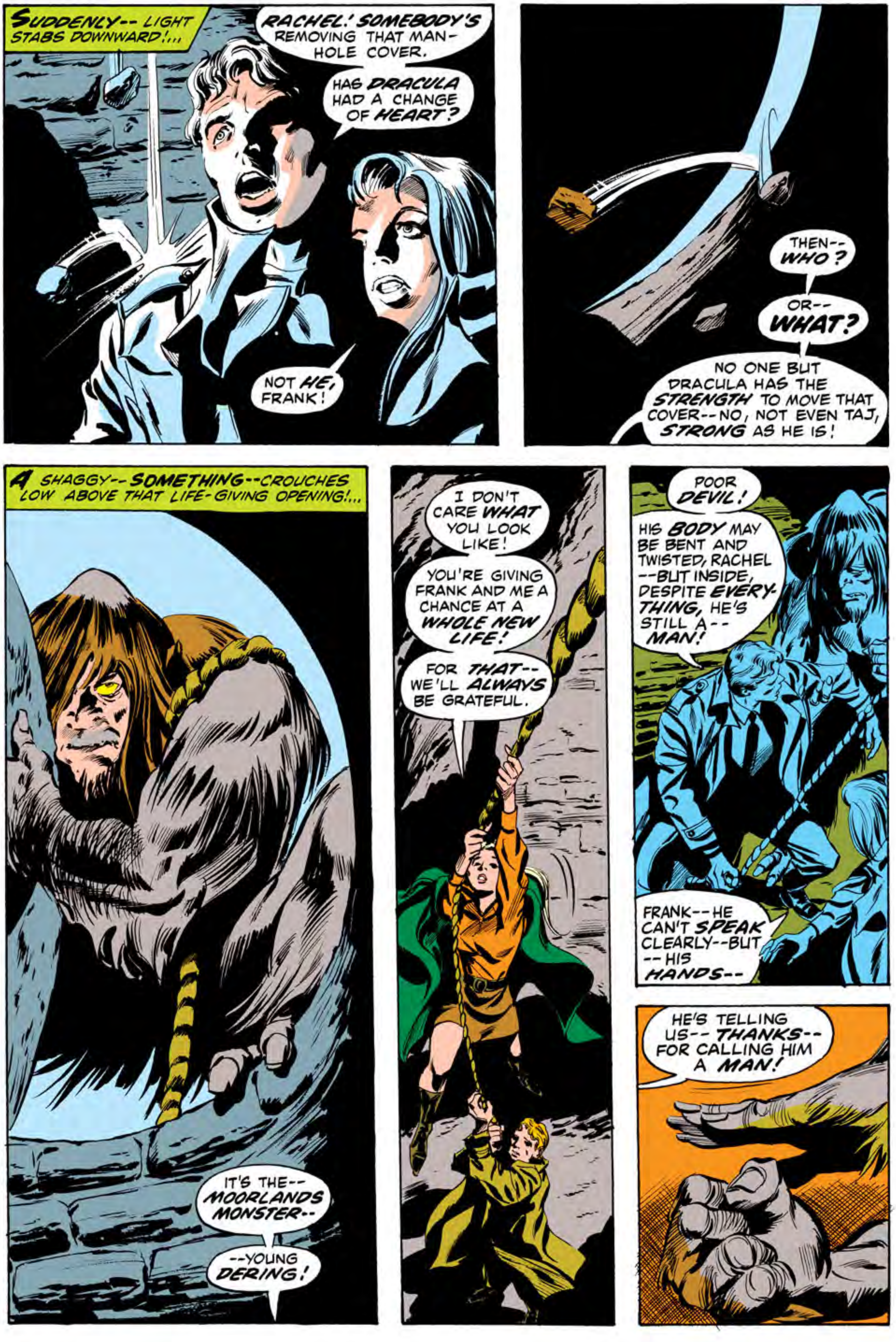

THEY'VE TAKEN THE BAIT.
THEY ADVANCE LIKE SHEEP BEHIND THE BELLWETHER--
-- TO THEIR DOOM!!!

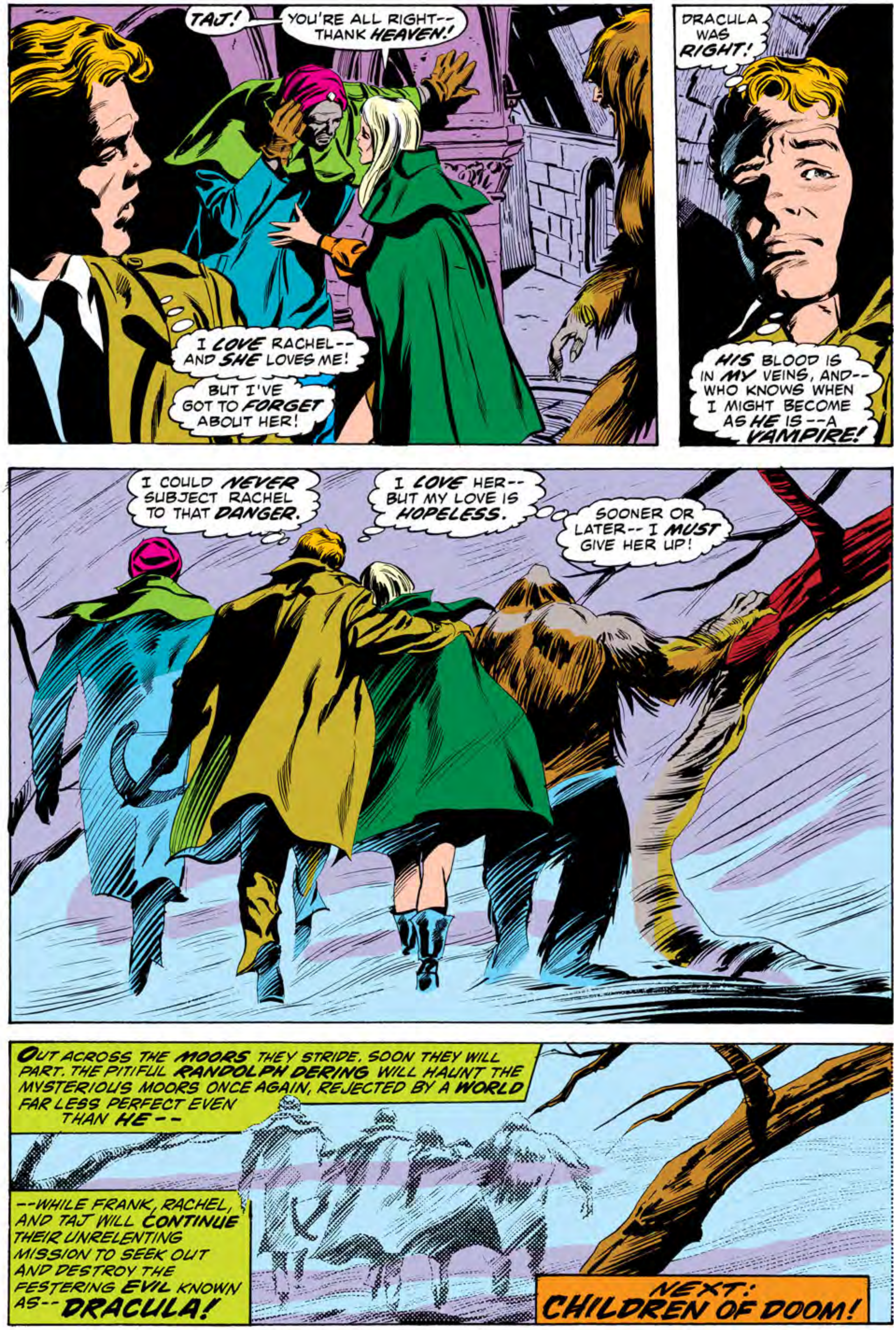

AFTER HIM COMES THE TRAILING TRIO-- DEEPER, YET EVER DEEPER INTO THE GROINED VAULTS AND STONE CRYPTS OF THIS ANCIENT CASTLE-- AWED BY ITS UNCANNY STILLNESS AND THE MENACE OF DARK SHADOWS ALL ABOUT THEM...
WALK WARILY, TAJ!
DON'T MAKE A SINGLE FALSE MOVE!
NO ECHO SOUNDS, NO FAINT WHISPER OF A BREEZE NOR CHITTERING OF RAT ANSWERS THEIR STRAINING EARS. IT IS AS IF THIS DESOLATE WASTE WERE DESERTED...
CAREFUL, TAJ!
THEY'RE HEADING THIS WAY.
IT'S TIME NOW TO PREPARE MY LITTLE-- SURPRISE!
THEY FAIL TO SEE THE GRIM SHAPE CROUCHED AND WAITING, MERGING WITH THE SHADOWS...
MIGHTY HANDS FASTEN ON A CARVED IRON COVER, MASSIVE MUSCLES BULGE, LIFT IT UPWARD...
ONLY I POSSESS THE STRENGTH TO RAISE THIS LID!
MY DEATH-TRAP YAWNS-- AWAITING ITS VICTIMS!

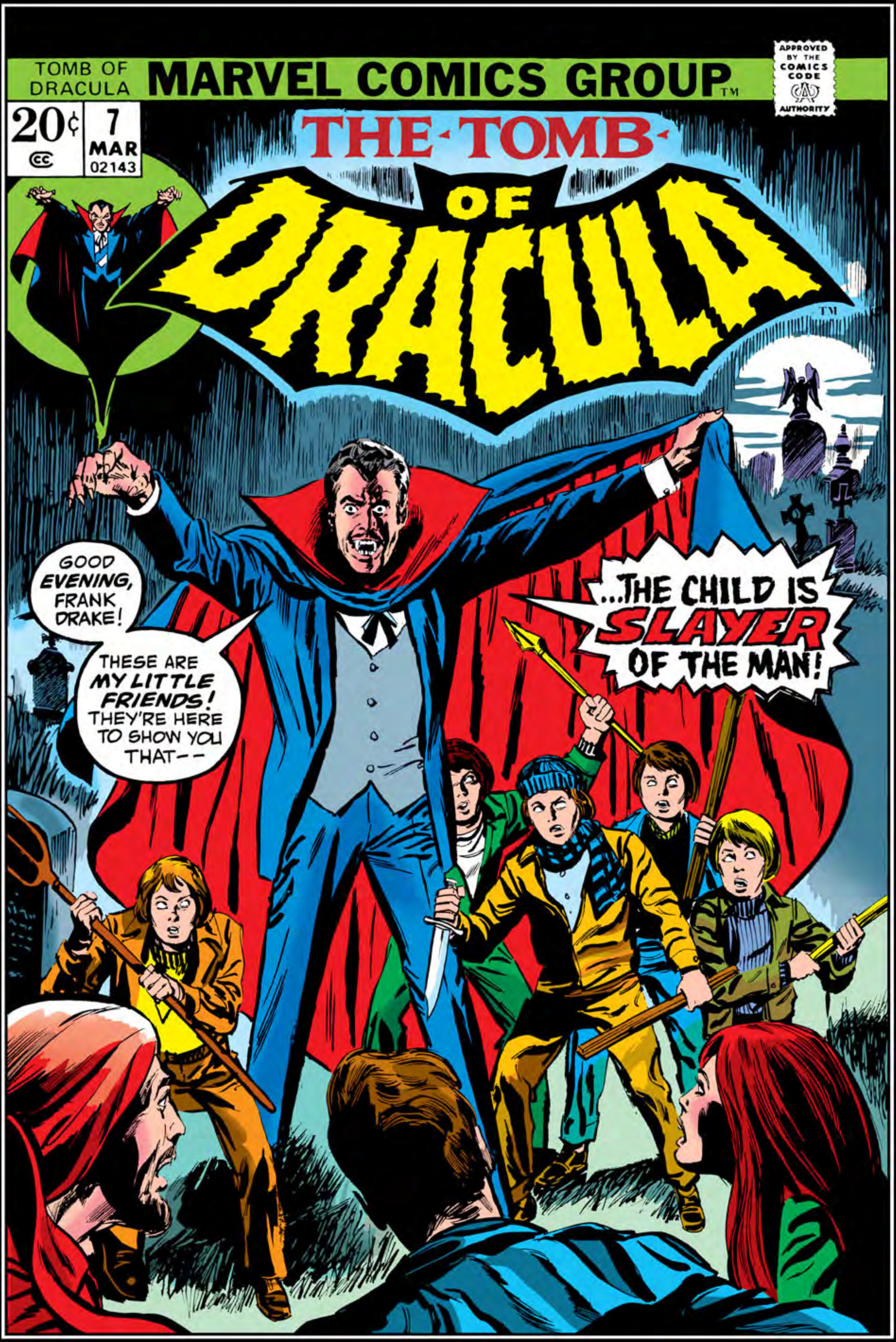

I RID MYSELF FIRST --OF *TAJ!*
ZONK!
A FIST LIKE A STONE BLOCK ***PILEDRIVES*** *A PATH THROUGH THE AIR...*
AND NOW FOR ***YOU,*** FRANK DRAKE!
THIS IS MY ***CHANCE--***
--IF ONLY THE WHITETHORN STICK COMES ***FREE!***
YOU DIE AT ***LAST,*** DRACULA!
LET ***GO*** OF THAT STICK, YOU LITTLE ***FOOL!***
AGAINST DRACULA, YOU ARE-- ***POWERLESS!***


TOWARD A BLACK, GAPING HOLE HE DRAGS HIS VICTIMS...
AT LONG LAST-- I'M FOREVER RID OF YOU!
THERE SHALL YOU LIE-- UNTIL STARVATION AND THIRST-- AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR AWFUL FATE-- STEALS YOUR VERY SANITY!
ONCE THAT MASSIVE COVER IS PUT IN PLACE, RACHEL VAN HELSING AND FRANK DRAKE WILL LIVE-- FOR A LITTLE WHILE-- IN ABSOLUTE AND UTTER DARKNESS--WITHOUT HOPE, WITH ONLY DESPAIR AS THEIR COMPANION...
DOWNWARD HE DROPS HIS UNCONSCIOUS PREY-- DOWNWARD INTO ETERNAL IMPRISONMENT, INTO THE DAMP DARKNESS FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE! FOR THIS ROCK-WALLED CHAMBER IS AN OUBLIETTE, WHERE IN MEDIEVAL TIMES THE LORDS OF THE CASTLE TOSSED THEIR ENEMIES-- TO DIE A SLOW, LINGERING DEATH!...


WHILE YOU'RE IN THAT ULTIMATE BLACKNESS, *FRANK DRAKE--*
--REFLECT UPON THE FACT THAT YOU ARE A *DESCENDANT* OF MINE!
AYE! THE *SAME* VAMPIRIC BLOOD THAT RUNS IN *MY* VEINS-- FLOWS ALSO IN YOUR *OWN!*
WILL YOU *LIVE* BY FEASTING ON-- THE *GIRL?*
OR *DIE--* A LIVING *DEATH?*
KLUNK
RACHEL, WE'RE *DONE* FOR.
WE CAN *NEVER* GET OUT OF THIS PIT. OUR QUEST IS *ENDED.*
BUT *BECAUSE* OF THAT-- KNOWING WE HAVE ONLY A *SHORT* TIME TO *LIVE,* I CAN NOW *TELL* YOU...
WHAT, FRANK?
WHAT CAN YOU *POSSIBLY* HAVE TO TELL ME IN THIS OUBLIETTE THAT IS OUR-- *LIVING GRAVE?*
I *LOVE* YOU, RACHEL.
MAYBE--I'VE LOVED YOU FROM THE *START--* BUT NEVER HAD THE *COURAGE* TO SAY SO BEFORE!
FRANK-- *DEAREST* FRANK-- I--
DON'T TALK...


SUDDENLY-- LIGHT STABS DOWNWARD!...
RACHEL! SOMEBODY'S REMOVING THAT MAN-HOLE COVER.
HAS DRACULA HAD A CHANGE OF HEART?
NOT HE, FRANK!
THEN-- WHO?
OR-- WHAT?
NO ONE BUT DRACULA HAS THE STRENGTH TO MOVE THAT COVER--NO, NOT EVEN TAJ, STRONG AS HE IS!
A SHAGGY--SOMETHING--CROUCHES LOW ABOVE THAT LIFE-GIVING OPENING!...
IT'S THE-- MOORLANDS MONSTER--
--YOUNG DERING!
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE!
YOU'RE GIVING FRANK AND ME A CHANCE AT A WHOLE NEW LIFE!
FOR THAT-- WE'LL ALWAYS BE GRATEFUL.
POOR DEVIL!
HIS BODY MAY BE BENT AND TWISTED, RACHEL --BUT INSIDE, DESPITE EVERYTHING, HE'S STILL A-- MAN!
FRANK--HE CAN'T SPEAK CLEARLY--BUT --HIS HANDS--
HE'S TELLING US-- THANKS-- FOR CALLING HIM A MAN!


TAJ!
YOU'RE ALL RIGHT-- THANK HEAVEN!
I LOVE RACHEL-- AND SHE LOVES ME!
BUT I'VE GOT TO FORGET ABOUT HER!
DRACULA WAS RIGHT!
HIS BLOOD IS IN MY VEINS, AND-- WHO KNOWS WHEN I MIGHT BECOME AS HE IS--A VAMPIRE!
I COULD NEVER SUBJECT RACHEL TO THAT DANGER.
I LOVE HER-- BUT MY LOVE IS HOPELESS.
SOONER OR LATER-- I MUST GIVE HER UP!
OUT ACROSS THE MOORS THEY STRIDE. SOON THEY WILL PART. THE PITIFUL RANDOLPH DERING WILL HAUNT THE MYSTERIOUS MOORS ONCE AGAIN, REJECTED BY A WORLD FAR LESS PERFECT EVEN THAN HE--
--WHILE FRANK, RACHEL, AND TAJ WILL CONTINUE THEIR UNRELENTING MISSION TO SEEK OUT AND DESTROY THE FESTERING EVIL KNOWN AS--DRACULA!
NEXT: CHILDREN OF DOOM!


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
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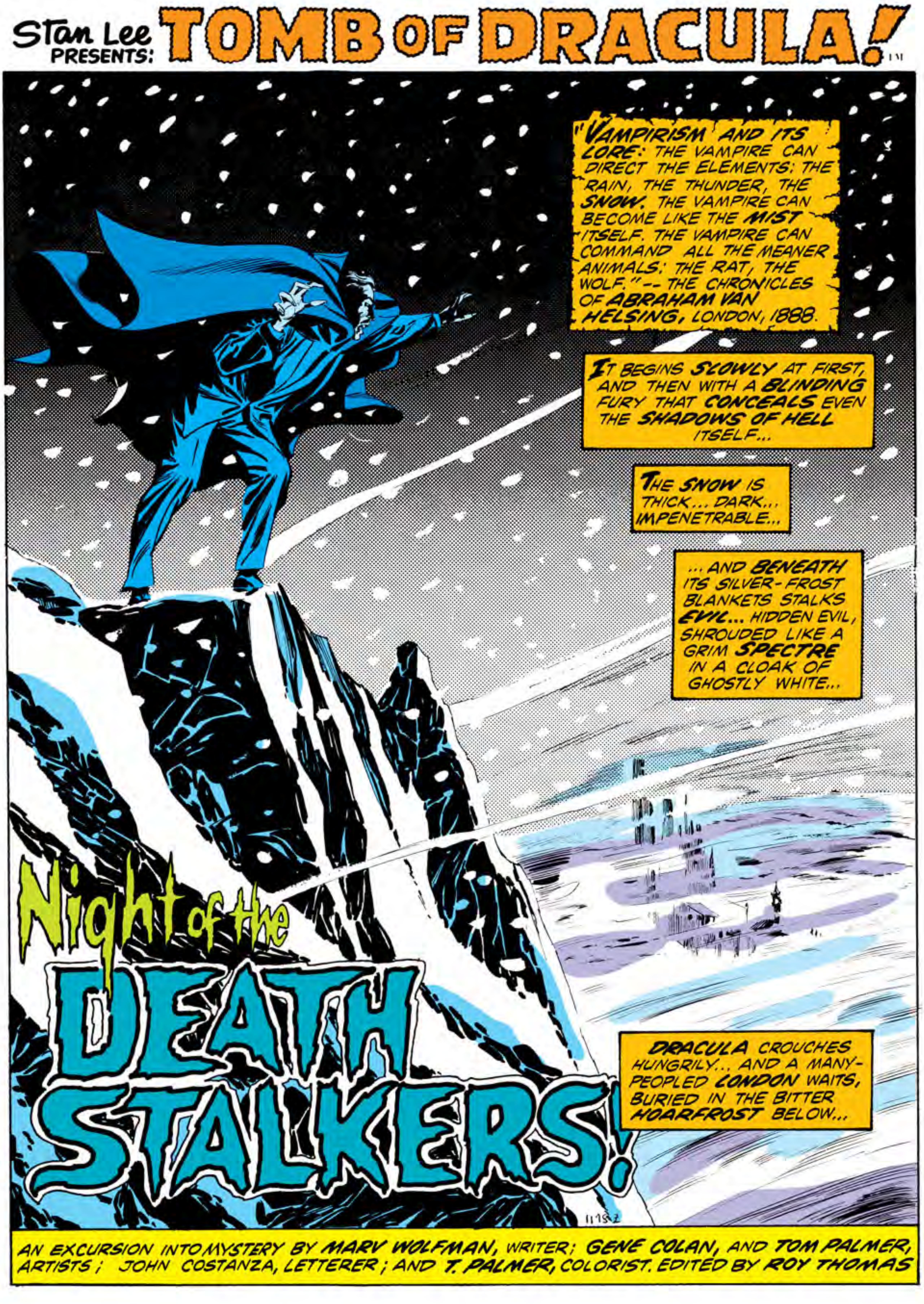
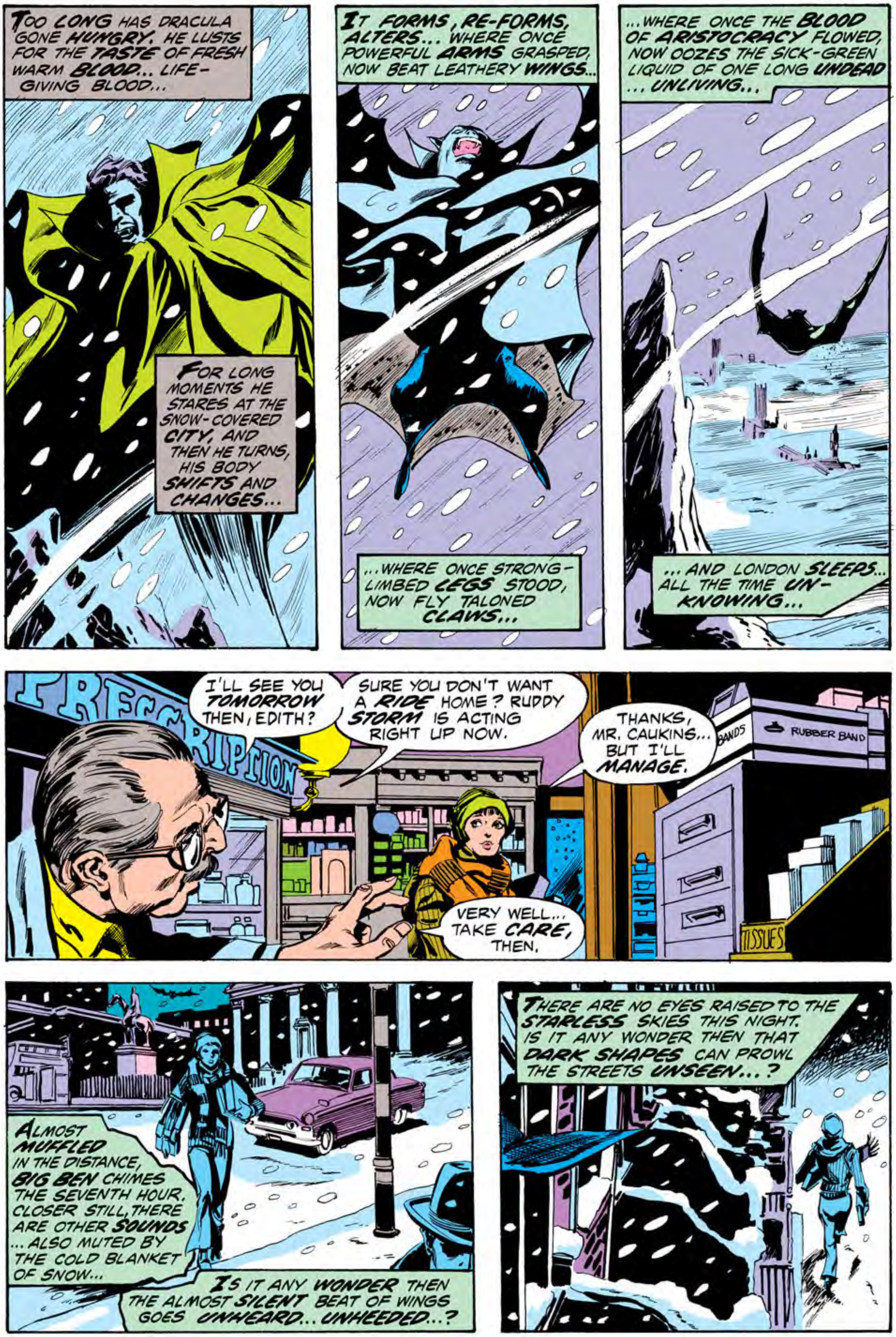
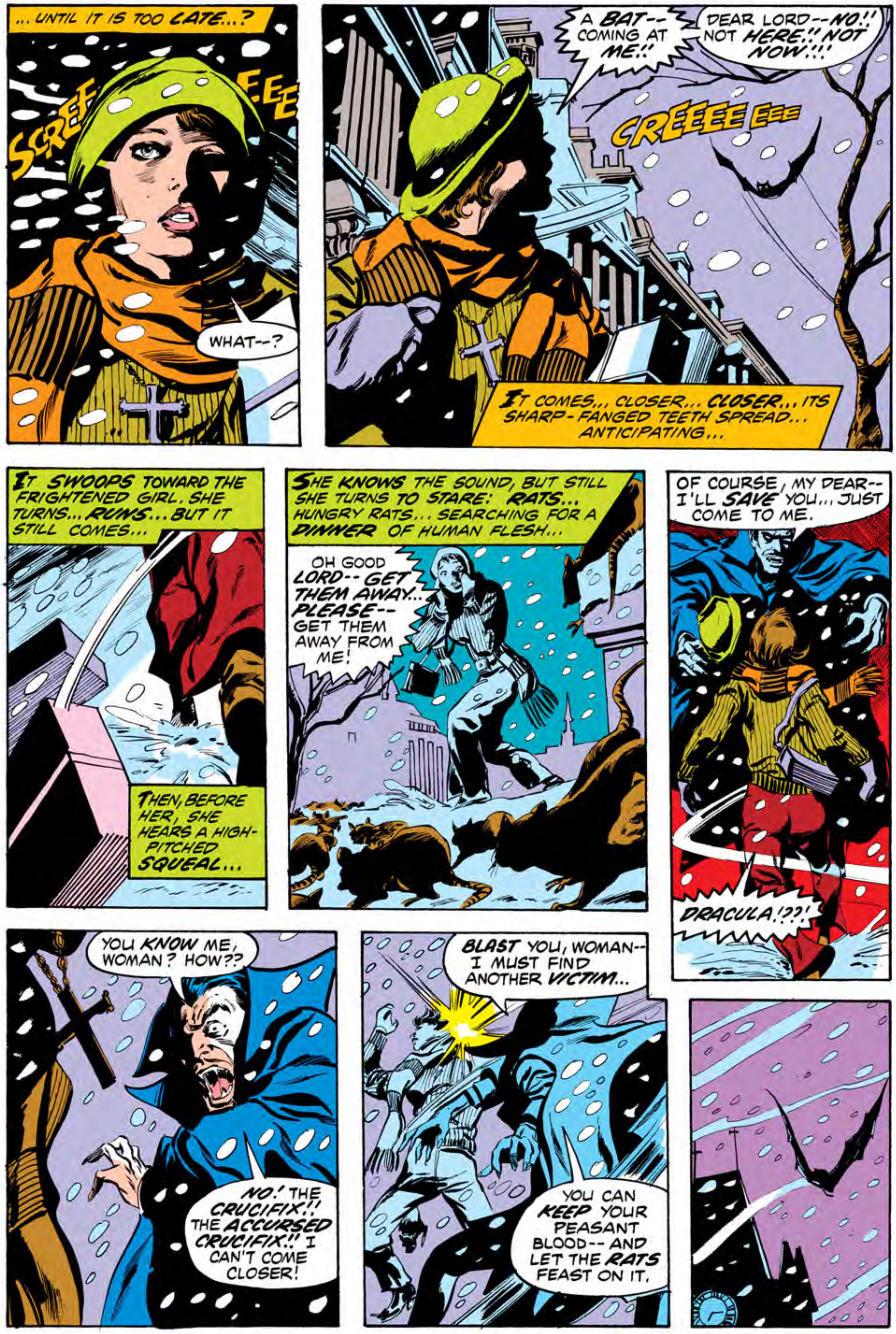
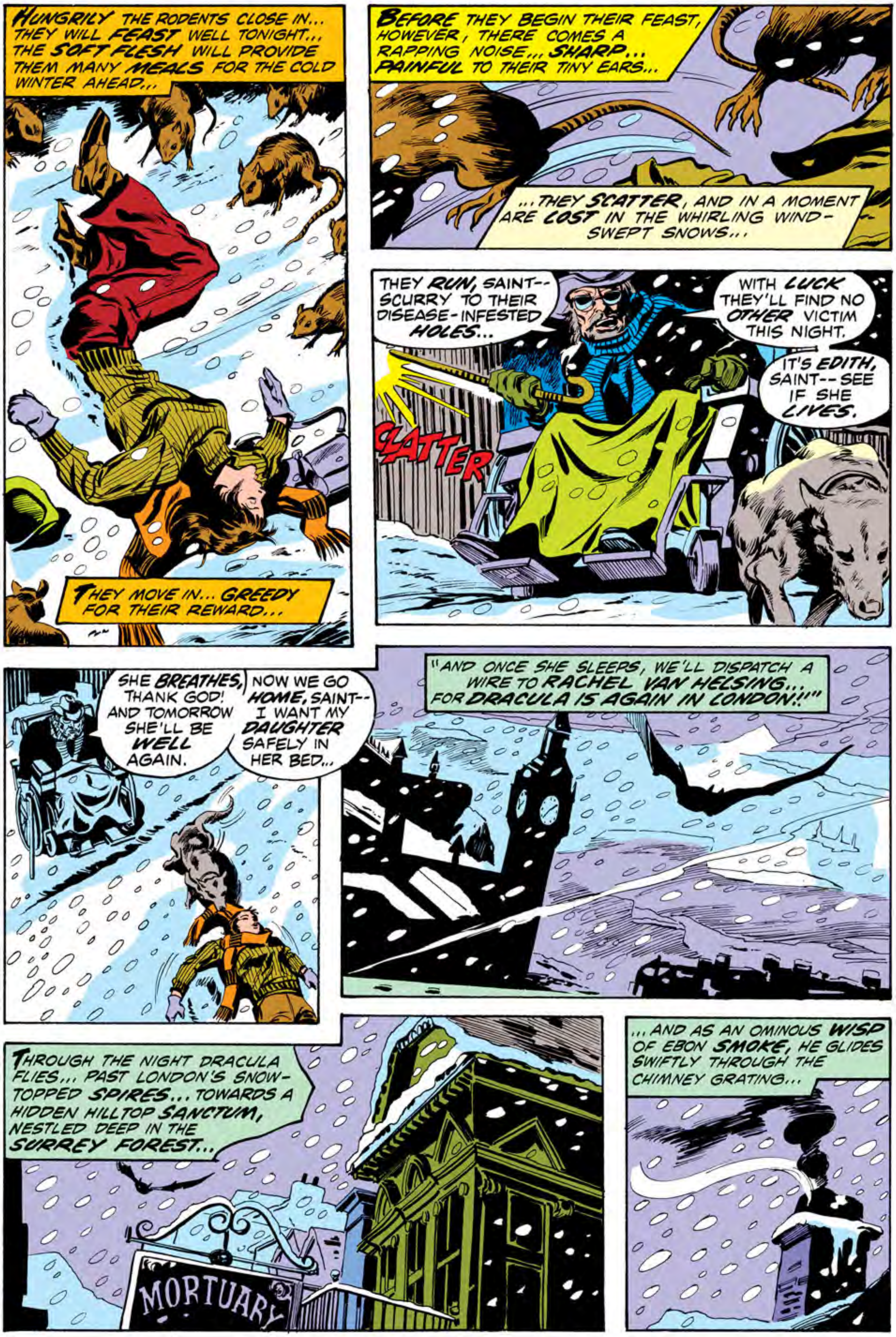
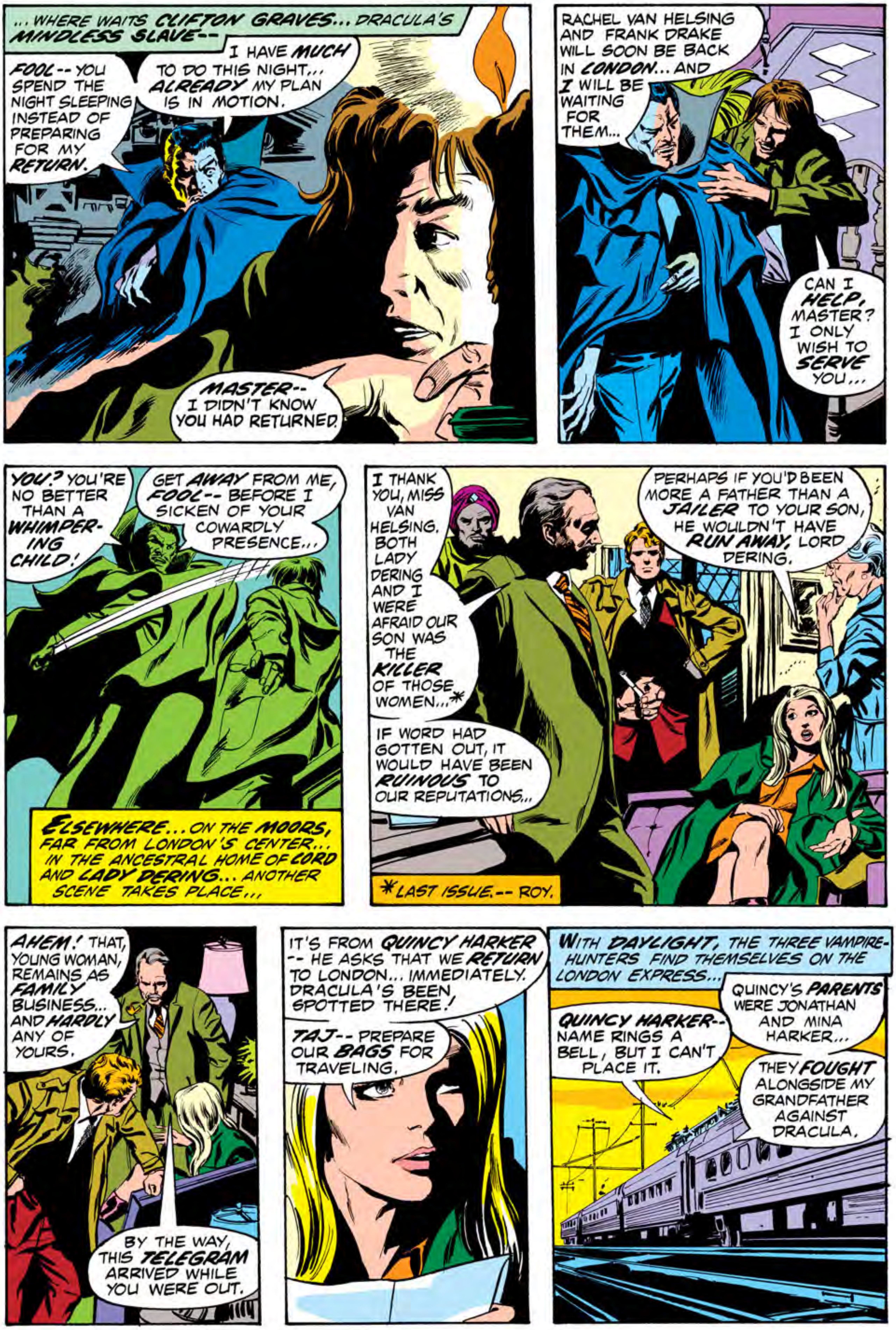
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
GOOD EVENING, FRANK DRAKE!
THESE ARE MY LITTLE FRIENDS! THEY'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT--
...THE CHILD IS SLAYER OF THE MAN!

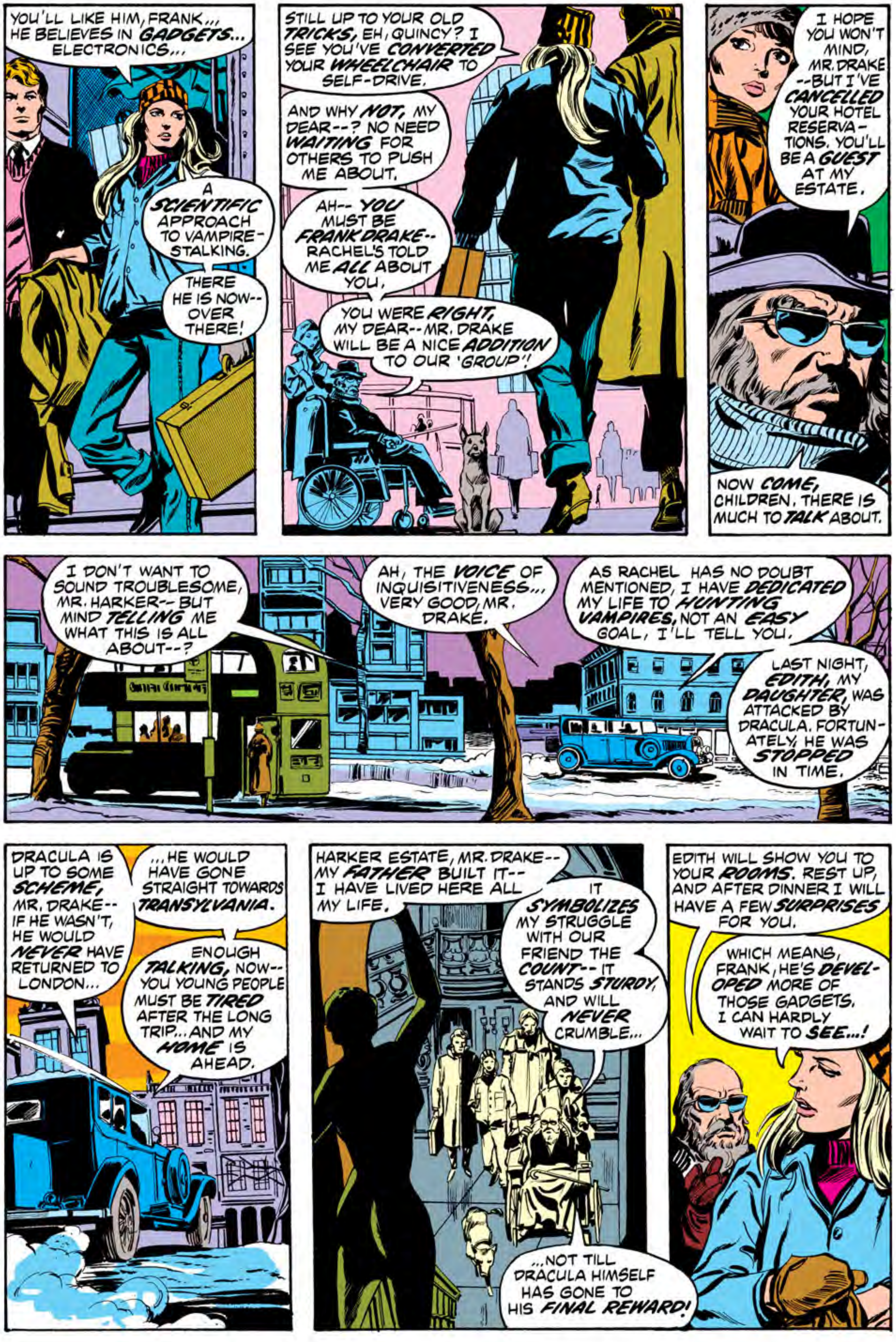

Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!
"VAMPIRISM AND ITS LORE: THE VAMPIRE CAN DIRECT THE ELEMENTS: THE RAIN, THE THUNDER, THE SNOW. THE VAMPIRE CAN BECOME LIKE THE MIST ITSELF. THE VAMPIRE CAN COMMAND ALL THE MEANER ANIMALS: THE RAT, THE WOLF." -- THE CHRONICLES OF ABRAHAM VAN HELSING, LONDON, 1888.
IT BEGINS SLOWLY AT FIRST, AND THEN WITH A BLINDING FURY THAT CONCEALS EVEN THE SHADOWS OF HELL ITSELF...
THE SNOW IS THICK... DARK... IMPENETRABLE...
... AND BENEATH ITS SILVER-FROST BLANKETS STALKS EVIL... HIDDEN EVIL, SHROUDED LIKE A GRIM SPECTRE IN A CLOAK OF GHOSTLY WHITE...
Night of the DEATH STALKERS!
DRACULA CROUCHES HUNGRILY... AND A MANY-PEOPLED LONDON WAITS, BURIED IN THE BITTER HOARFROST BELOW...
AN EXCURSION INTO MYSTERY BY MARV WOLFMAN, WRITER; GENE COLAN, AND TOM PALMER, ARTISTS; JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERER; AND T. PALMER, COLORIST. EDITED BY ROY THOMAS

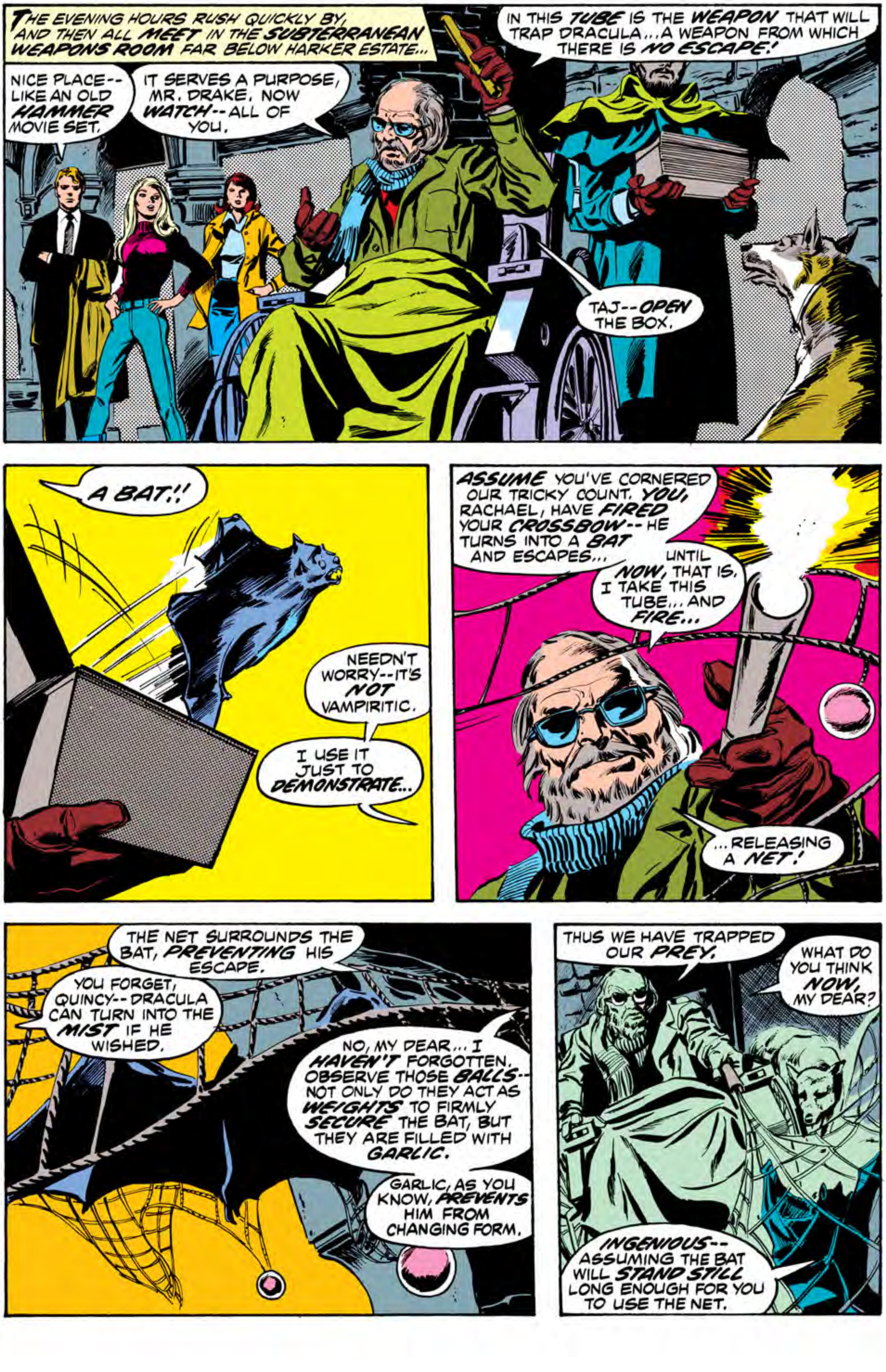

TOO LONG HAS DRACULA GONE HUNGRY. HE LUSTS FOR THE TASTE OF FRESH WARM BLOOD... LIFE-GIVING BLOOD...
FOR LONG MOMENTS HE STARES AT THE SNOW-COVERED CITY, AND THEN HE TURNS, HIS BODY SHIFTS AND CHANGES...
IT FORMS, RE-FORMS, ALTERS... WHERE ONCE POWERFUL ARMS GRASPED, NOW BEAT LEATHERY WINGS...
...WHERE ONCE STRONG-LIMBED LEGS STOOD, NOW FLY TALONED CLAWS...
...WHERE ONCE THE BLOOD OF ARISTOCRACY FLOWED, NOW OOZES THE SICK-GREEN LIQUID OF ONE LONG UNDEAD ... UNLIVING...
... AND LONDON SLEEPS... ALL THE TIME UN-KNOWING...
PRESCRIPTION
I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW THEN, EDITH?
SURE YOU DON'T WANT A RIDE HOME? RUDDY STORM IS ACTING RIGHT UP NOW.
THANKS, MR. CAUKINS... BUT I'LL MANAGE.
VERY WELL... TAKE CARE, THEN.
BANDS
RUBBER BAND
TISSUES
ALMOST MUFFLED IN THE DISTANCE, BIG BEN CHIMES THE SEVENTH HOUR. CLOSER STILL, THERE ARE OTHER SOUNDS ... ALSO MUTED BY THE COLD BLANKET OF SNOW...
IS IT ANY WONDER THEN THE ALMOST SILENT BEAT OF WINGS GOES UNHEARD... UNHEEDED...?
THERE ARE NO EYES RAISED TO THE STARLESS SKIES THIS NIGHT. IS IT ANY WONDER THEN THAT DARK SHAPES CAN PROWL THE STREETS UNSEEN...?

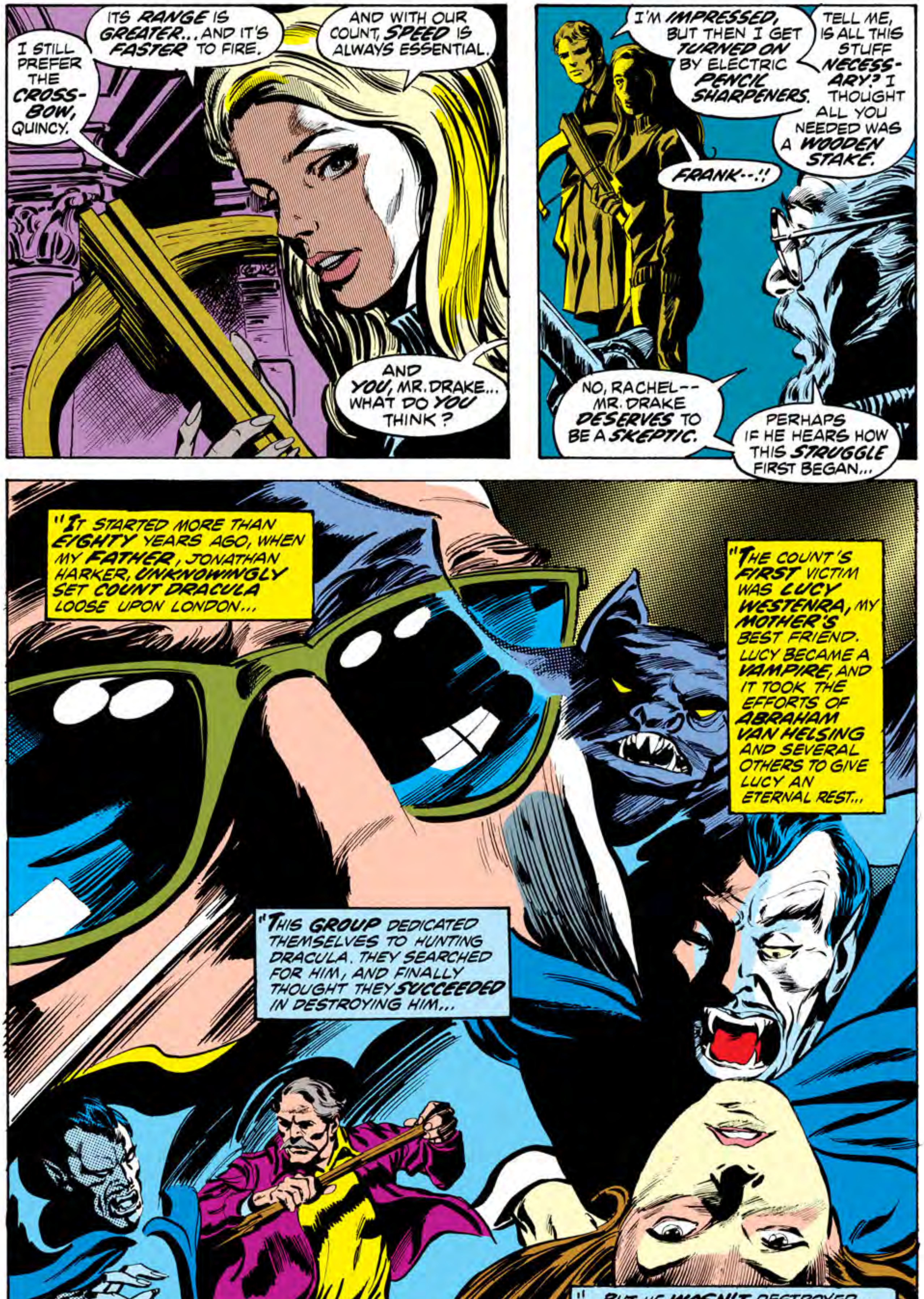

... UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE...?
SCREE EEE
WHAT--?
A BAT-- COMING AT ME!!
DEAR LORD--NO!! NOT HERE!! NOT NOW!!!
CREEEEE EEE
IT COMES... CLOSER... CLOSER... ITS SHARP-FANGED TEETH SPREAD... ANTICIPATING...
IT SWOOPS TOWARD THE FRIGHTENED GIRL. SHE TURNS... RUNS... BUT IT STILL COMES...
THEN, BEFORE HER, SHE HEARS A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL...
SHE KNOWS THE SOUND, BUT STILL SHE TURNS TO STARE: RATS... HUNGRY RATS... SEARCHING FOR A DINNER OF HUMAN FLESH...
OH GOOD LORD-- GET THEM AWAY... PLEASE-- GET THEM AWAY FROM ME!
OF COURSE, MY DEAR-- I'LL SAVE YOU... JUST COME TO ME.
DRACULA!??!
YOU KNOW ME, WOMAN? HOW??
NO! THE CRUCIFIX!! THE ACCURSED CRUCIFIX!! I CAN'T COME CLOSER!
BLAST YOU, WOMAN-- I MUST FIND ANOTHER VICTIM...
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR PEASANT BLOOD-- AND LET THE RATS FEAST ON IT.

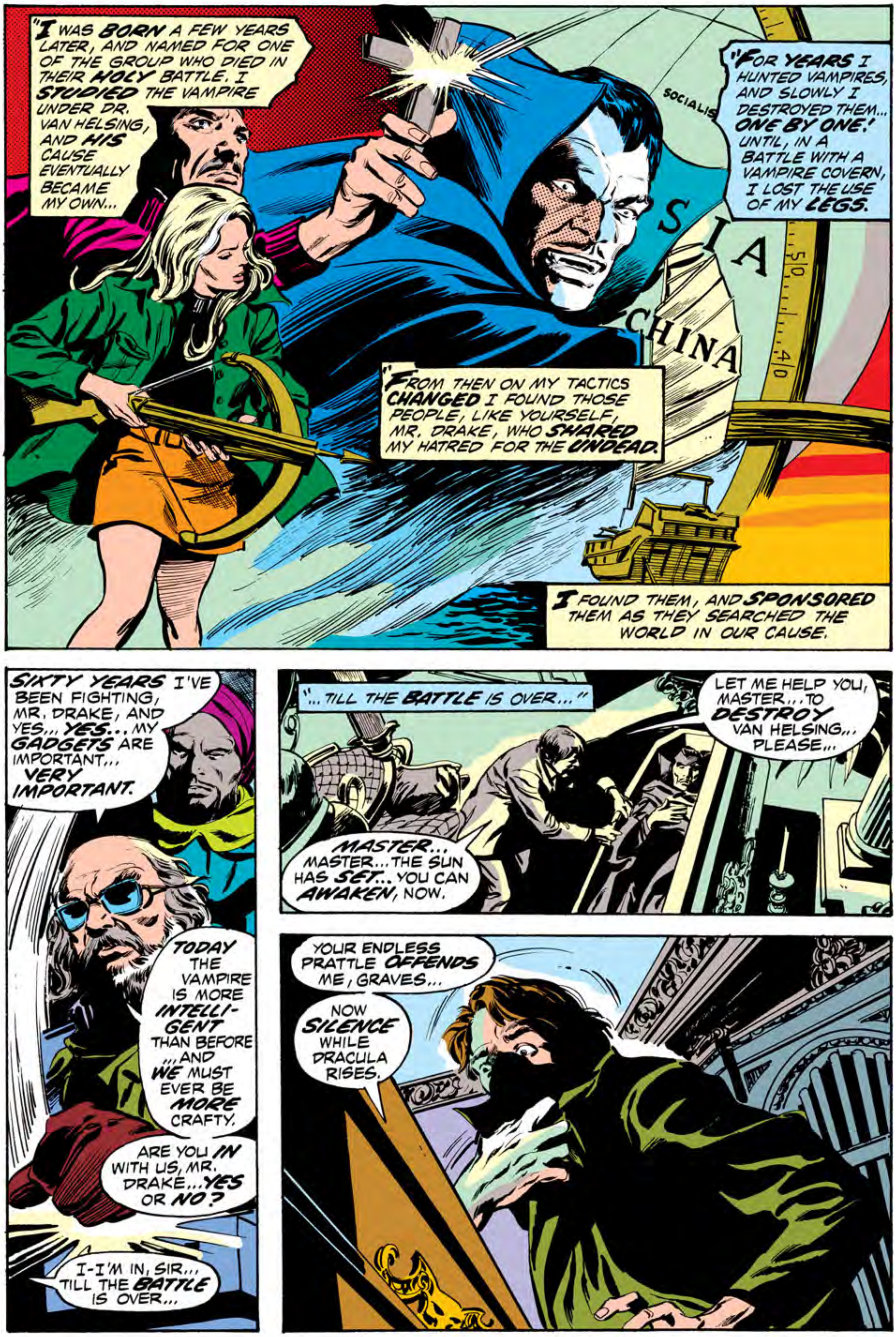

HUNGRILY THE RODENTS CLOSE IN... THEY WILL FEAST WELL TONIGHT... THE SOFT FLESH WILL PROVIDE THEM MANY MEALS FOR THE COLD WINTER AHEAD...
THEY MOVE IN... GREEDY FOR THEIR REWARD...
BEFORE THEY BEGIN THEIR FEAST, HOWEVER, THERE COMES A RAPPING NOISE... SHARP... PAINFUL TO THEIR TINY EARS...
...THEY SCATTER, AND IN A MOMENT ARE LOST IN THE WHIRLING WIND-SWEPT SNOWS...
THEY RUN, SAINT-- SCURRY TO THEIR DISEASE-INFESTED HOLES...
WITH LUCK THEY'LL FIND NO OTHER VICTIM THIS NIGHT.
IT'S EDITH, SAINT-- SEE IF SHE LIVES.
CLATTER
SHE BREATHES, THANK GOD! AND TOMORROW SHE'LL BE WELL AGAIN.
NOW WE GO HOME, SAINT-- I WANT MY DAUGHTER SAFELY IN HER BED...
"AND ONCE SHE SLEEPS, WE'LL DISPATCH A WIRE TO RACHEL VAN HELSING... FOR DRACULA IS AGAIN IN LONDON!!"
THROUGH THE NIGHT DRACULA FLIES... PAST LONDON'S SNOW-TOPPED SPIRES... TOWARDS A HIDDEN HILLTOP SANCTUM, NESTLED DEEP IN THE SURREY FOREST...
MORTUARY
...AND AS AN OMINOUS WISP OF EBON SMOKE, HE GLIDES SWIFTLY THROUGH THE CHIMNEY GRATING...

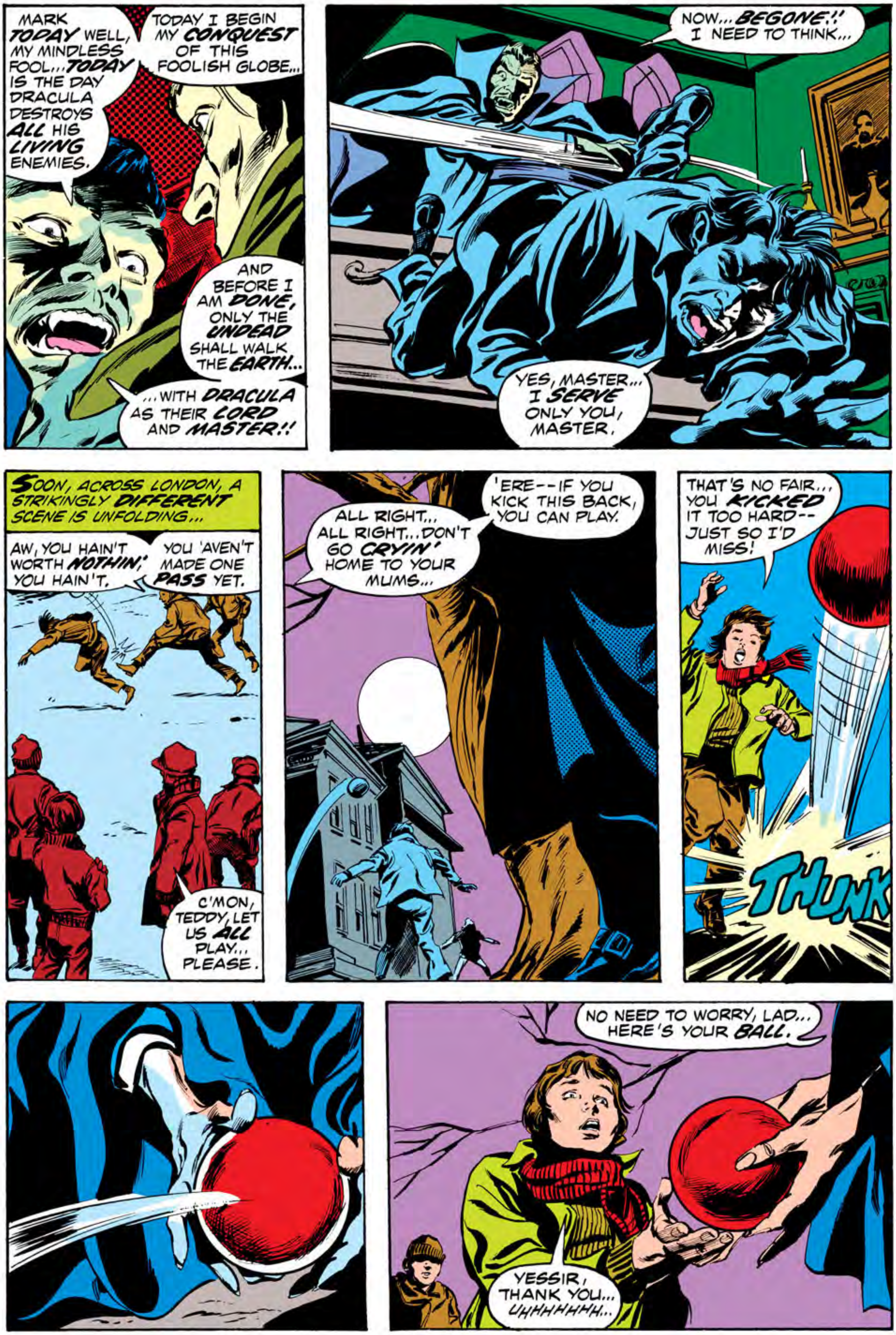

...WHERE WAITS CLIFTON GRAVES... DRACULA'S MINDLESS SLAVE--
FOOL-- YOU SPEND THE NIGHT SLEEPING INSTEAD OF PREPARING FOR MY RETURN.
I HAVE MUCH TO DO THIS NIGHT... ALREADY MY PLAN IS IN MOTION.
MASTER-- I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD RETURNED.
RACHEL VAN HELSING AND FRANK DRAKE WILL SOON BE BACK IN LONDON... AND I WILL BE WAITING FOR THEM...
CAN I HELP, MASTER? I ONLY WISH TO SERVE YOU...
YOU? YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN A WHIMPERING CHILD!
GET AWAY FROM ME, FOOL-- BEFORE I SICKEN OF YOUR COWARDLY PRESENCE...
ELSEWHERE... ON THE MOORS, FAR FROM LONDON'S CENTER... IN THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF LORD AND LADY DERING... ANOTHER SCENE TAKES PLACE...
I THANK YOU, MISS VAN HELSING. BOTH LADY DERING AND I WERE AFRAID OUR SON WAS THE KILLER OF THOSE WOMEN...*
IF WORD HAD GOTTEN OUT, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN RUINOUS TO OUR REPUTATIONS...
PERHAPS IF YOU'D BEEN MORE A FATHER THAN A JAILER TO YOUR SON, HE WOULDN'T HAVE RUN AWAY, LORD DERING.
*LAST ISSUE.-- ROY.
AHEM! THAT, YOUNG WOMAN, REMAINS AS FAMILY BUSINESS... AND HARDLY ANY OF YOURS.
BY THE WAY, THIS TELEGRAM ARRIVED WHILE YOU WERE OUT.
IT'S FROM QUINCY HARKER -- HE ASKS THAT WE RETURN TO LONDON... IMMEDIATELY. DRACULA'S BEEN SPOTTED THERE!
TAJ-- PREPARE OUR BAGS FOR TRAVELING.
WITH DAYLIGHT, THE THREE VAMPIRE-HUNTERS FIND THEMSELVES ON THE LONDON EXPRESS...
QUINCY HARKER-- NAME RINGS A BELL, BUT I CAN'T PLACE IT.
QUINCY'S PARENTS WERE JONATHAN AND MINA HARKER...
THEY FOUGHT ALONGSIDE MY GRANDFATHER AGAINST DRACULA.

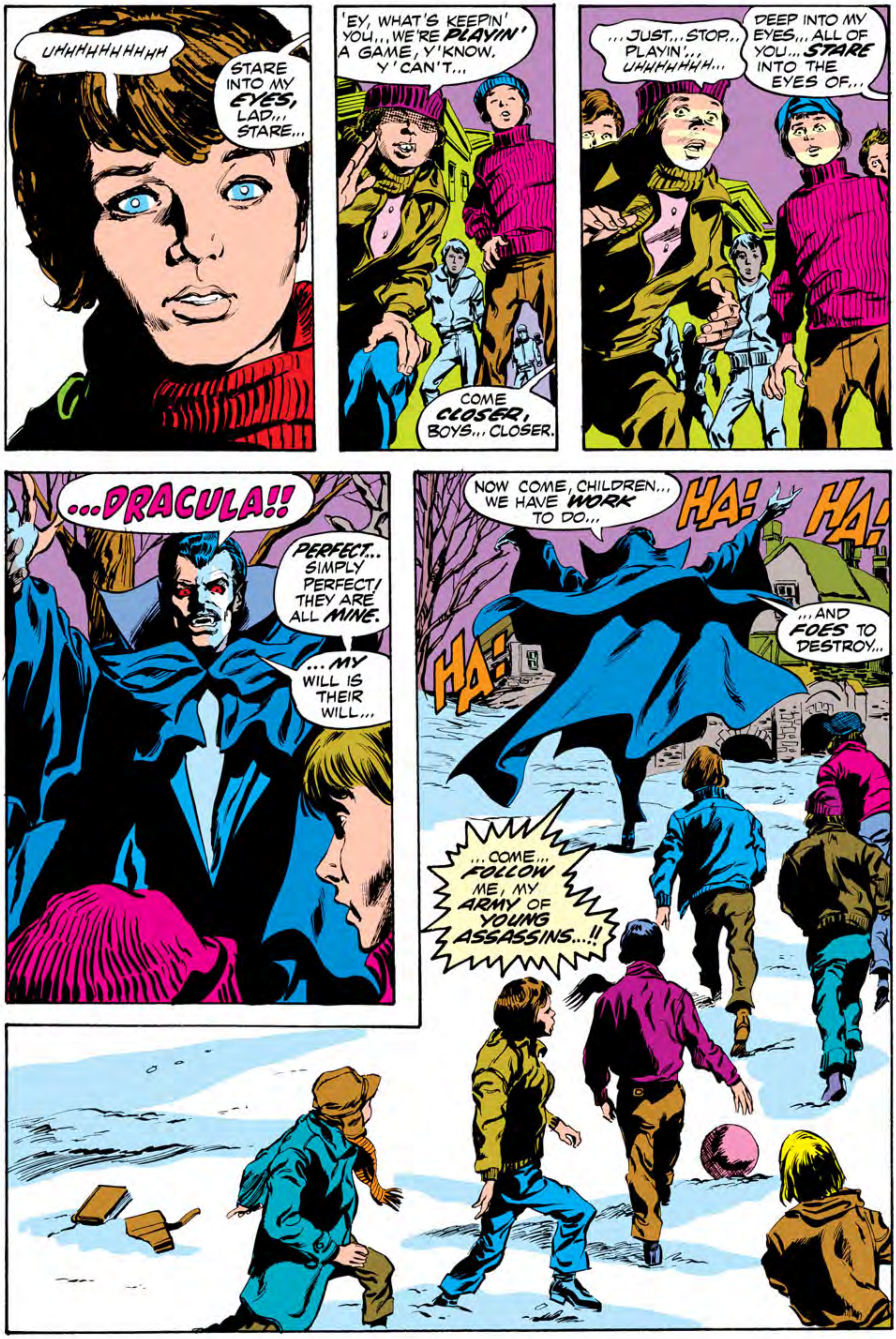

YOU'LL LIKE HIM, FRANK... HE BELIEVES IN *GADGETS...* ELECTRONICS...
A *SCIENTIFIC* APPROACH TO VAMPIRE-STALKING.
THERE HE IS NOW--OVER THERE!
STILL UP TO YOUR OLD *TRICKS,* EH, QUINCY? I SEE YOU'VE *CONVERTED* YOUR *WHEELCHAIR* TO SELF-DRIVE.
AND WHY *NOT,* MY DEAR--? NO NEED *WAITING* FOR OTHERS TO PUSH ME ABOUT.
AH-- *YOU* MUST BE *FRANK DRAKE*-- RACHEL'S TOLD ME *ALL* ABOUT YOU.
YOU WERE *RIGHT,* MY DEAR--MR. DRAKE WILL BE A NICE *ADDITION* TO OUR 'GROUP'!
I HOPE YOU WON'T MIND, MR. DRAKE --BUT I'VE *CANCELLED* YOUR HOTEL RESERVATIONS. YOU'LL BE A *GUEST* AT MY ESTATE.
NOW *COME,* CHILDREN. THERE IS MUCH TO *TALK* ABOUT.
I DON'T WANT TO SOUND TROUBLESOME, MR. HARKER-- BUT MIND *TELLING* ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--?
AH, THE *VOICE* OF INQUISITIVENESS... VERY GOOD, MR. DRAKE.
AS RACHEL HAS NO DOUBT MENTIONED, I HAVE *DEDICATED* MY LIFE TO *HUNTING VAMPIRES,* NOT AN *EASY* GOAL, I'LL TELL YOU.
LAST NIGHT, *EDITH,* MY *DAUGHTER,* WAS ATTACKED BY DRACULA. FORTUNATELY, HE WAS *STOPPED* IN TIME.
DRACULA IS UP TO SOME *SCHEME,* MR. DRAKE-- IF HE WASN'T, HE WOULD *NEVER* HAVE RETURNED TO LONDON...
...HE WOULD HAVE GONE STRAIGHT TOWARDS *TRANSYLVANIA.*
ENOUGH *TALKING,* NOW-- YOU YOUNG PEOPLE MUST BE *TIRED* AFTER THE LONG TRIP... AND MY *HOME* IS AHEAD.
HARKER ESTATE, MR. DRAKE-- MY *FATHER* BUILT IT-- I HAVE LIVED HERE ALL MY LIFE.
IT *SYMBOLIZES* MY STRUGGLE WITH OUR FRIEND THE *COUNT*-- IT STANDS *STURDY,* AND WILL *NEVER* CRUMBLE...
...NOT TILL DRACULA HIMSELF HAS GONE TO HIS *FINAL REWARD!*
EDITH WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR *ROOMS.* REST UP, AND AFTER DINNER I WILL HAVE A FEW *SURPRISES* FOR YOU.
WHICH MEANS, FRANK, HE'S *DEVELOPED* MORE OF THOSE GADGETS. I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO *SEE...!*

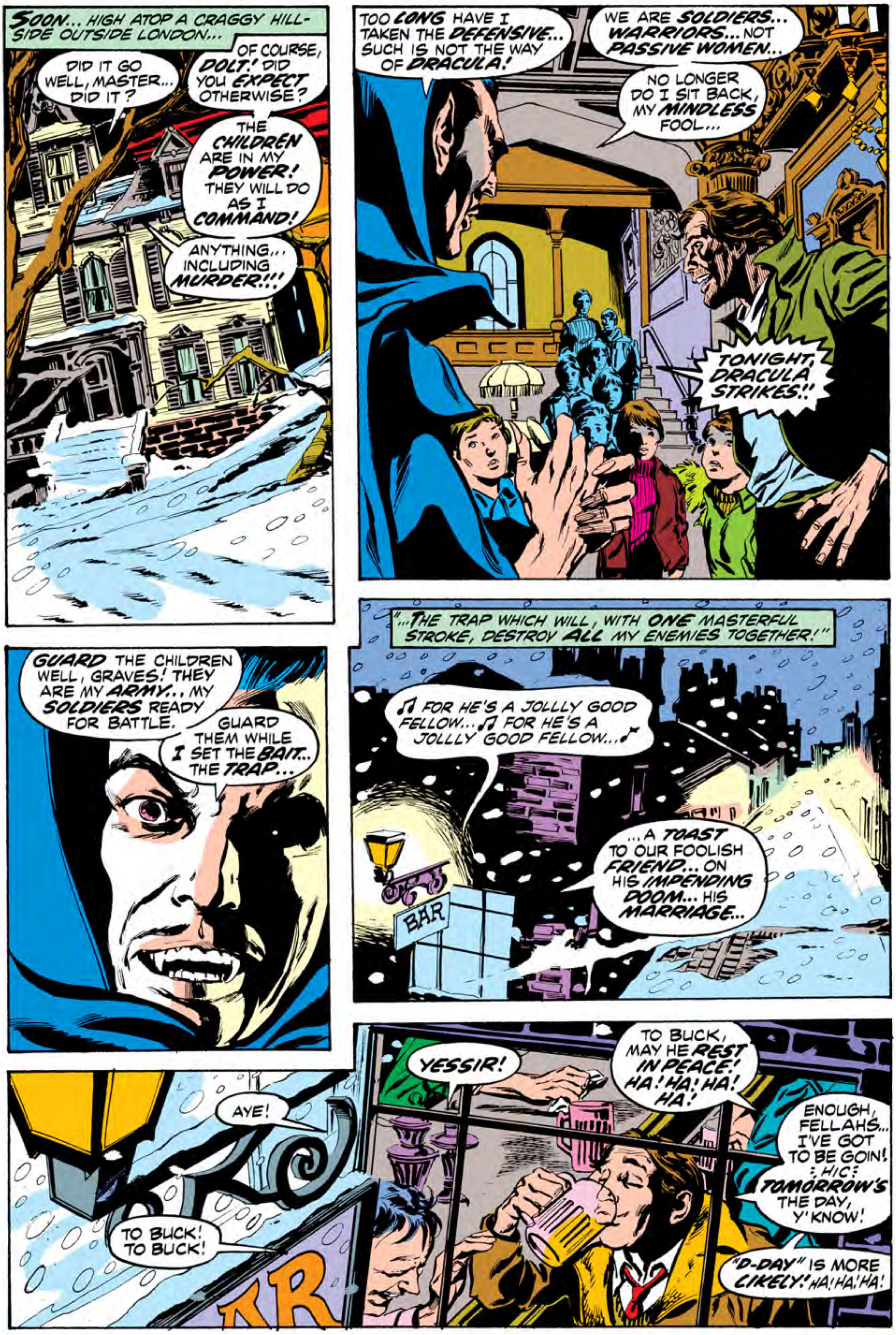

THE EVENING HOURS RUSH QUICKLY BY, AND THEN ALL MEET IN THE SUBTERRANEAN WEAPONS ROOM FAR BELOW HARKER ESTATE...
NICE PLACE-- LIKE AN OLD HAMMER MOVIE SET.
IT SERVES A PURPOSE, MR. DRAKE. NOW WATCH-- ALL OF YOU.
IN THIS TUBE IS THE WEAPON THAT WILL TRAP DRACULA... A WEAPON FROM WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE!
TAJ-- OPEN THE BOX.
A BAT!!
NEEDN'T WORRY-- IT'S NOT VAMPIRITIC.
I USE IT JUST TO DEMONSTRATE...
ASSUME YOU'VE CORNERED OUR TRICKY COUNT. YOU, RACHAEL, HAVE FIRED YOUR CROSSBOW-- HE TURNS INTO A BAT AND ESCAPES...
UNTIL NOW, THAT IS. I TAKE THIS TUBE... AND FIRE...
...RELEASING A NET!
THE NET SURROUNDS THE BAT, PREVENTING HIS ESCAPE.
YOU FORGET, QUINCY-- DRACULA CAN TURN INTO THE MIST IF HE WISHED.
NO, MY DEAR... I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN. OBSERVE THOSE BALLS-- NOT ONLY DO THEY ACT AS WEIGHTS TO FIRMLY SECURE THE BAT, BUT THEY ARE FILLED WITH GARLIC.
GARLIC, AS YOU KNOW, PREVENTS HIM FROM CHANGING FORM.
THUS WE HAVE TRAPPED OUR PREY.
WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW, MY DEAR?
INGENIOUS-- ASSUMING THE BAT WILL STAND STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO USE THE NET.

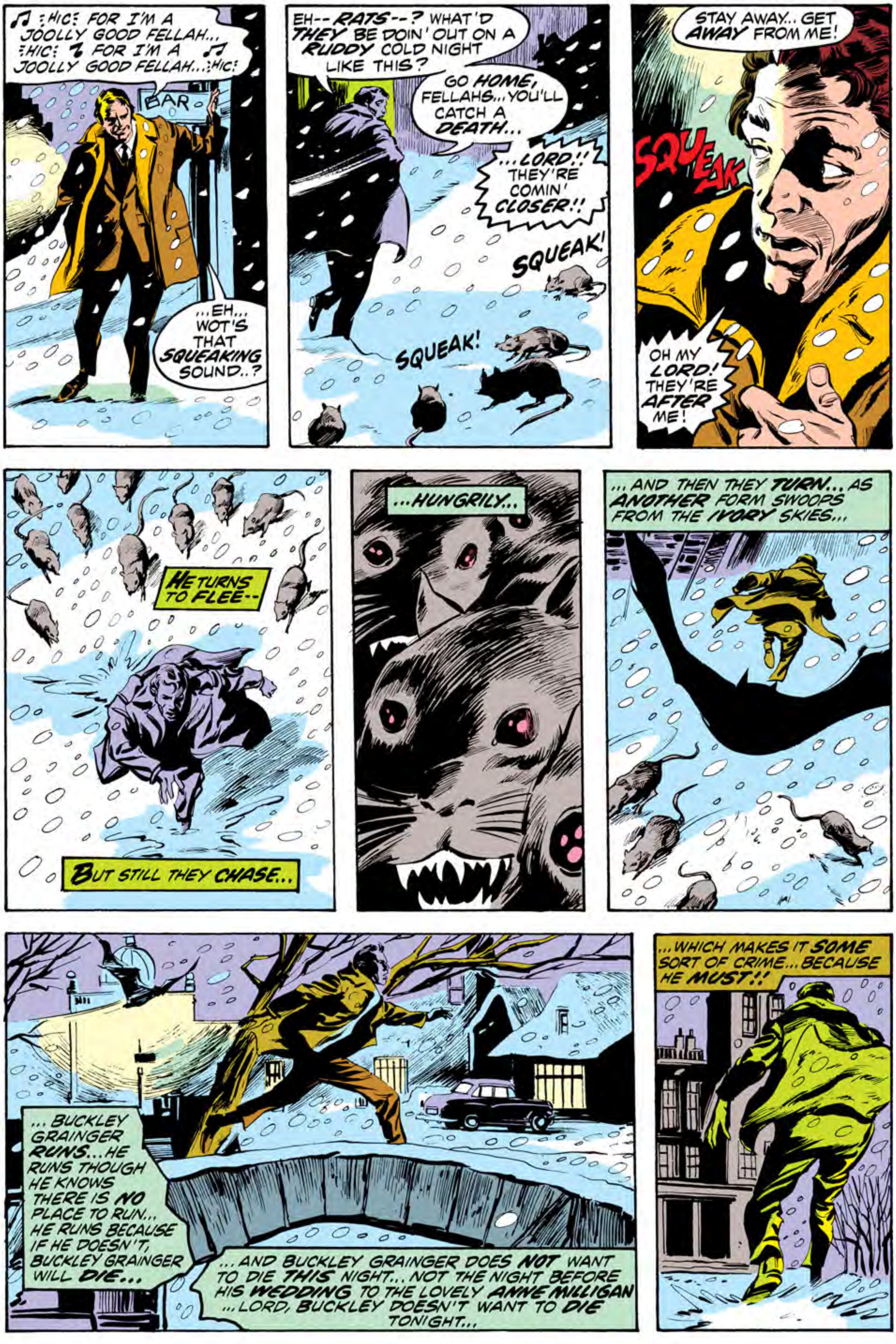

I STILL PREFER THE CROSS-BOW, QUINCY.
ITS RANGE IS GREATER... AND IT'S FASTER TO FIRE.
AND WITH OUR COUNT, SPEED IS ALWAYS ESSENTIAL.
AND YOU, MR. DRAKE... WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I'M IMPRESSED, BUT THEN I GET TURNED ON BY ELECTRIC PENCIL SHARPENERS.
TELL ME, IS ALL THIS STUFF NECESSARY? I THOUGHT ALL YOU NEEDED WAS A WOODEN STAKE.
FRANK--!!
NO, RACHEL-- MR. DRAKE DESERVES TO BE A SKEPTIC.
PERHAPS IF HE HEARS HOW THIS STRUGGLE FIRST BEGAN...
"IT STARTED MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS AGO, WHEN MY FATHER, JONATHAN HARKER, UNKNOWINGLY SET COUNT DRACULA LOOSE UPON LONDON...
"THE COUNT'S FIRST VICTIM WAS LUCY WESTENRA, MY MOTHER'S BEST FRIEND. LUCY BECAME A VAMPIRE, AND IT TOOK THE EFFORTS OF ABRAHAM VAN HELSING AND SEVERAL OTHERS TO GIVE LUCY AN ETERNAL REST...
"THIS GROUP DEDICATED THEMSELVES TO HUNTING DRACULA. THEY SEARCHED FOR HIM, AND FINALLY THOUGHT THEY SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING HIM...
"...BUT HE WASN'T DESTROYED... HE WAS WAITING FOR THE DAY HE WOULD RISE AGAIN!!"

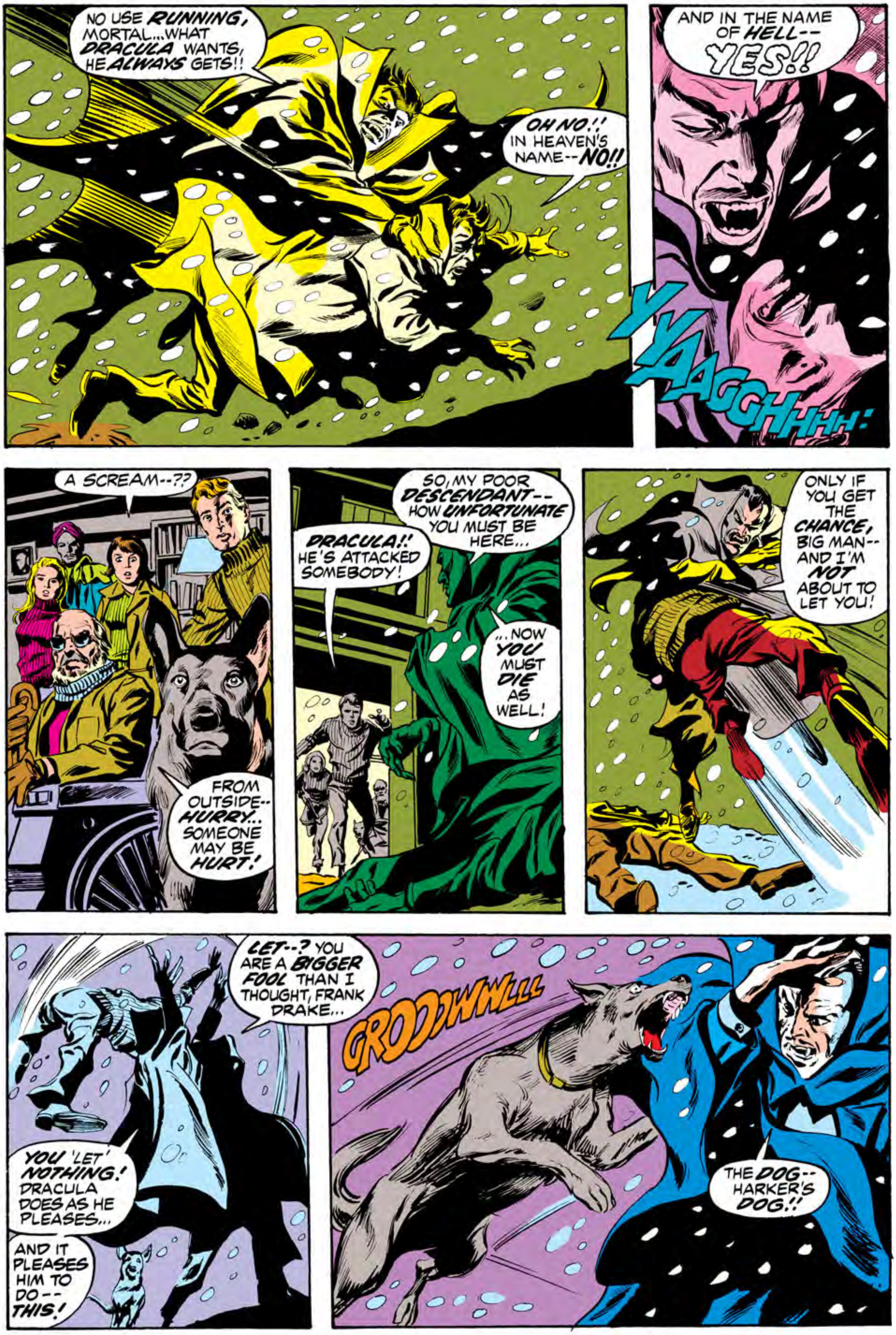

"I WAS BORN A FEW YEARS LATER, AND NAMED FOR ONE OF THE GROUP WHO DIED IN THEIR HOLY BATTLE. I STUDIED THE VAMPIRE UNDER DR. VAN HELSING, AND HIS CAUSE EVENTUALLY BECAME MY OWN...
SOCIALIS
SIA
CHINA
"FOR YEARS I HUNTED VAMPIRES, AND SLOWLY I DESTROYED THEM... ONE BY ONE.' UNTIL, IN A BATTLE WITH A VAMPIRE COVERN, I LOST THE USE OF MY LEGS.
"FROM THEN ON MY TACTICS CHANGED I FOUND THOSE PEOPLE, LIKE YOURSELF, MR. DRAKE, WHO SHARED MY HATRED FOR THE UNDEAD.
I FOUND THEM, AND SPONSORED THEM AS THEY SEARCHED THE WORLD IN OUR CAUSE.
SIXTY YEARS I'VE BEEN FIGHTING, MR. DRAKE, AND YES... YES... MY GADGETS ARE IMPORTANT... VERY IMPORTANT.
TODAY THE VAMPIRE IS MORE INTELLIGENT THAN BEFORE ...AND WE MUST EVER BE MORE CRAFTY.
ARE YOU IN WITH US, MR. DRAKE... YES OR NO?
I-I'M IN, SIR... TILL THE BATTLE IS OVER...
"...TILL THE BATTLE IS OVER..."
LET ME HELP YOU, MASTER... TO DESTROY VAN HELSING... PLEASE...
MASTER... MASTER... THE SUN HAS SET... YOU CAN AWAKEN, NOW.
YOUR ENDLESS PRATTLE OFFENDS ME, GRAVES...
NOW SILENCE WHILE DRACULA RISES.

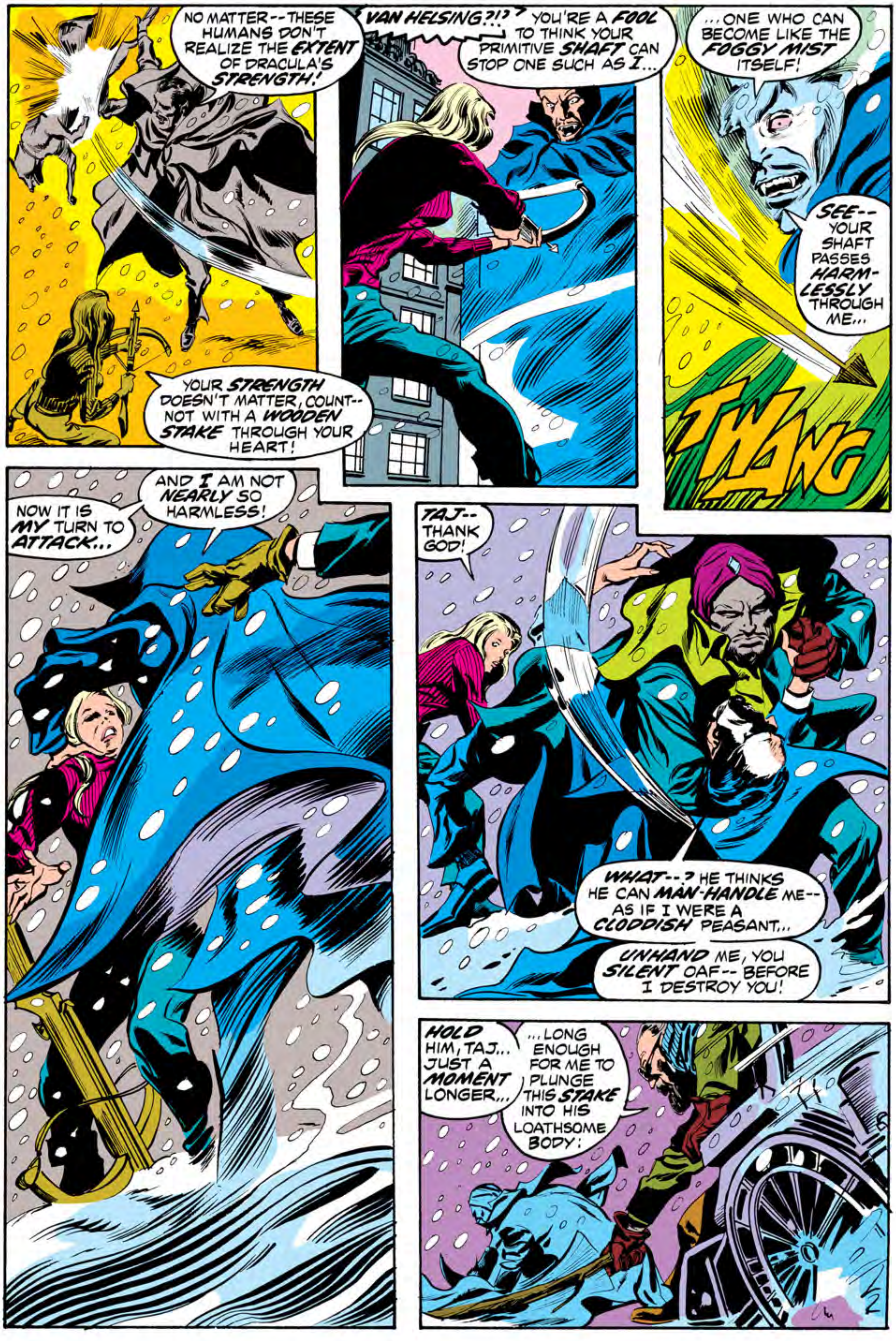

MARK *TODAY* WELL, MY MINDLESS FOOL... *TODAY* IS THE DAY DRACULA DESTROYS *ALL* HIS *LIVING* ENEMIES.
TODAY I BEGIN MY *CONQUEST* OF THIS FOOLISH GLOBE...
AND BEFORE I AM *DONE*, ONLY THE *UNDEAD* SHALL WALK THE *EARTH*...
...WITH *DRACULA* AS THEIR *LORD* AND *MASTER!!*
NOW... *BEGONE!!* I NEED TO THINK...
YES, MASTER... I *SERVE* ONLY YOU, MASTER.
SOON, ACROSS LONDON, A STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT SCENE IS UNFOLDING...
AW, YOU HAIN'T WORTH *NOTHIN',* YOU HAIN'T.
YOU 'AVEN'T MADE ONE *PASS* YET.
C'MON, TEDDY, LET US *ALL* PLAY... PLEASE.
'ERE--IF YOU KICK THIS BACK, YOU CAN PLAY.
ALL RIGHT... ALL RIGHT... DON'T GO *CRYIN'* HOME TO YOUR MUMS...
THAT'S NO FAIR... YOU *KICKED* IT TOO HARD-- JUST SO I'D MISS!
THUNK
NO NEED TO WORRY, LAD... HERE'S YOUR *BALL.*
YESSIR, THANK YOU... *UHHHHHHH...*

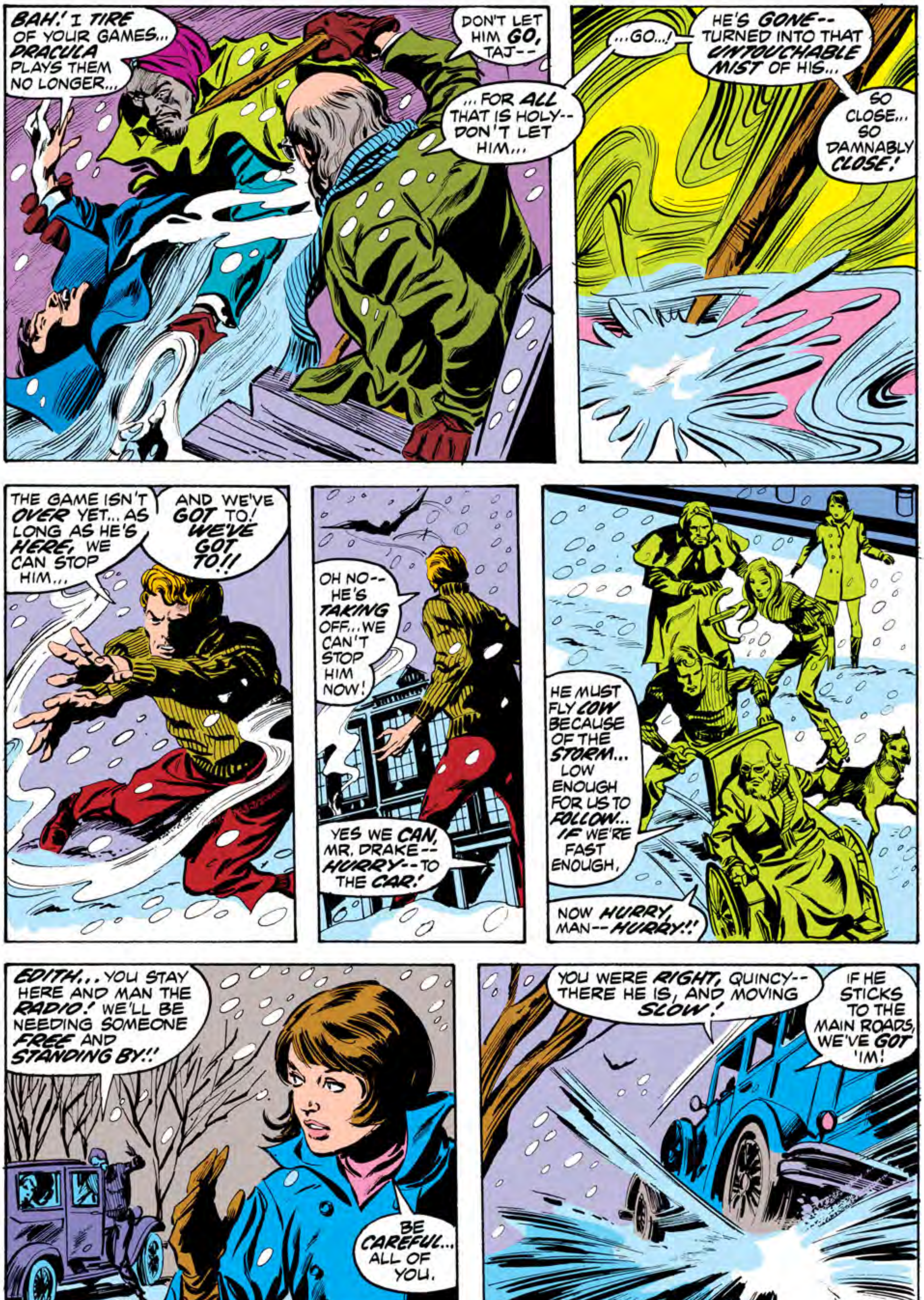

UHHHHHHHHHH
STARE INTO MY EYES, LAD... STARE...
'EY, WHAT'S KEEPIN' YOU... WE'RE PLAYIN' A GAME, Y'KNOW. Y'CAN'T...
COME CLOSER, BOYS... CLOSER.
...JUST... STOP... PLAYIN'... UHHHHHHH...
DEEP INTO MY EYES... ALL OF YOU... STARE INTO THE EYES OF...
...DRACULA!!
PERFECT... SIMPLY PERFECT! THEY ARE ALL MINE.
...MY WILL IS THEIR WILL...
NOW COME, CHILDREN... WE HAVE WORK TO DO...
HA! HA!
HA!
...AND FOES TO DESTROY...
...COME... FOLLOW ME, MY ARMY OF YOUNG ASSASSINS...!!

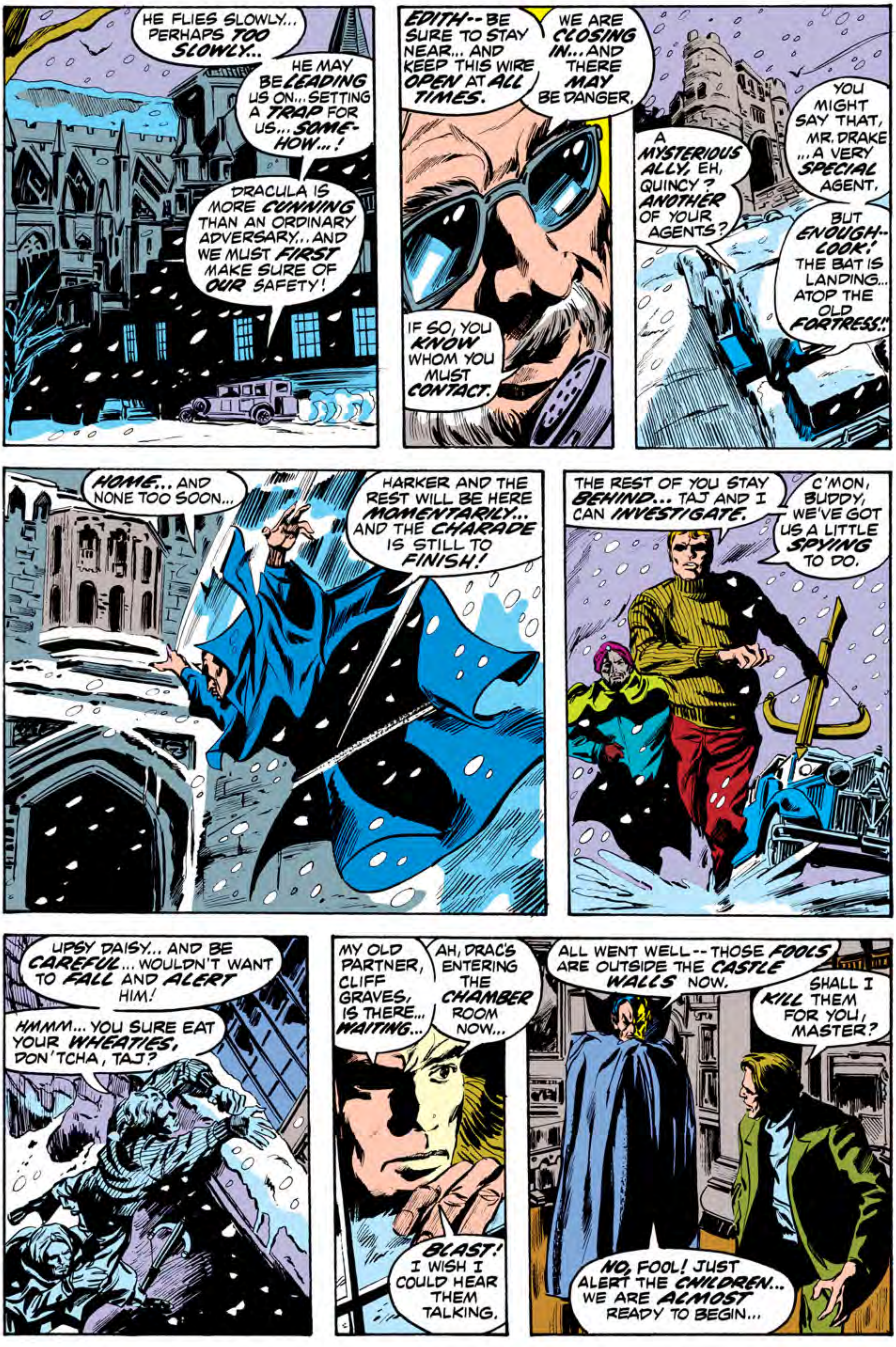

SOON... HIGH ATOP A CRAGGY HILLSIDE OUTSIDE LONDON...
DID IT GO WELL, MASTER... DID IT?
OF COURSE, DOLT! DID YOU EXPECT OTHERWISE?
THE CHILDREN ARE IN MY POWER! THEY WILL DO AS I COMMAND!
ANYTHING... INCLUDING MURDER!!!
TOO LONG HAVE I TAKEN THE DEFENSIVE... SUCH IS NOT THE WAY OF DRACULA!
WE ARE SOLDIERS... WARRIORS... NOT PASSIVE WOMEN...
NO LONGER DO I SIT BACK, MY MINDLESS FOOL...
TONIGHT, DRACULA STRIKES!!
GUARD THE CHILDREN WELL, GRAVES! THEY ARE MY ARMY... MY SOLDIERS READY FOR BATTLE.
GUARD THEM WHILE I SET THE BAIT... THE TRAP...
"...THE TRAP WHICH WILL, WITH ONE MASTERFUL STROKE, DESTROY ALL MY ENEMIES TOGETHER!"
♫ FOR HE'S A JOLLLY GOOD FELLOW... ♫ FOR HE'S A JOLLLY GOOD FELLOW... ♪
...A TOAST TO OUR FOOLISH FRIEND... ON HIS IMPENDING DOOM... HIS MARRIAGE...
BAR
AYE!
TO BUCK! TO BUCK!
AR
YESSIR!
TO BUCK, MAY HE REST IN PEACE! HA! HA! HA! HA!
ENOUGH, FELLAHS... I'VE GOT TO BE GOIN! :HIC: TOMORROW'S THE DAY, Y'KNOW!
"D-DAY" IS MORE LIKELY! HA! HA! HA!

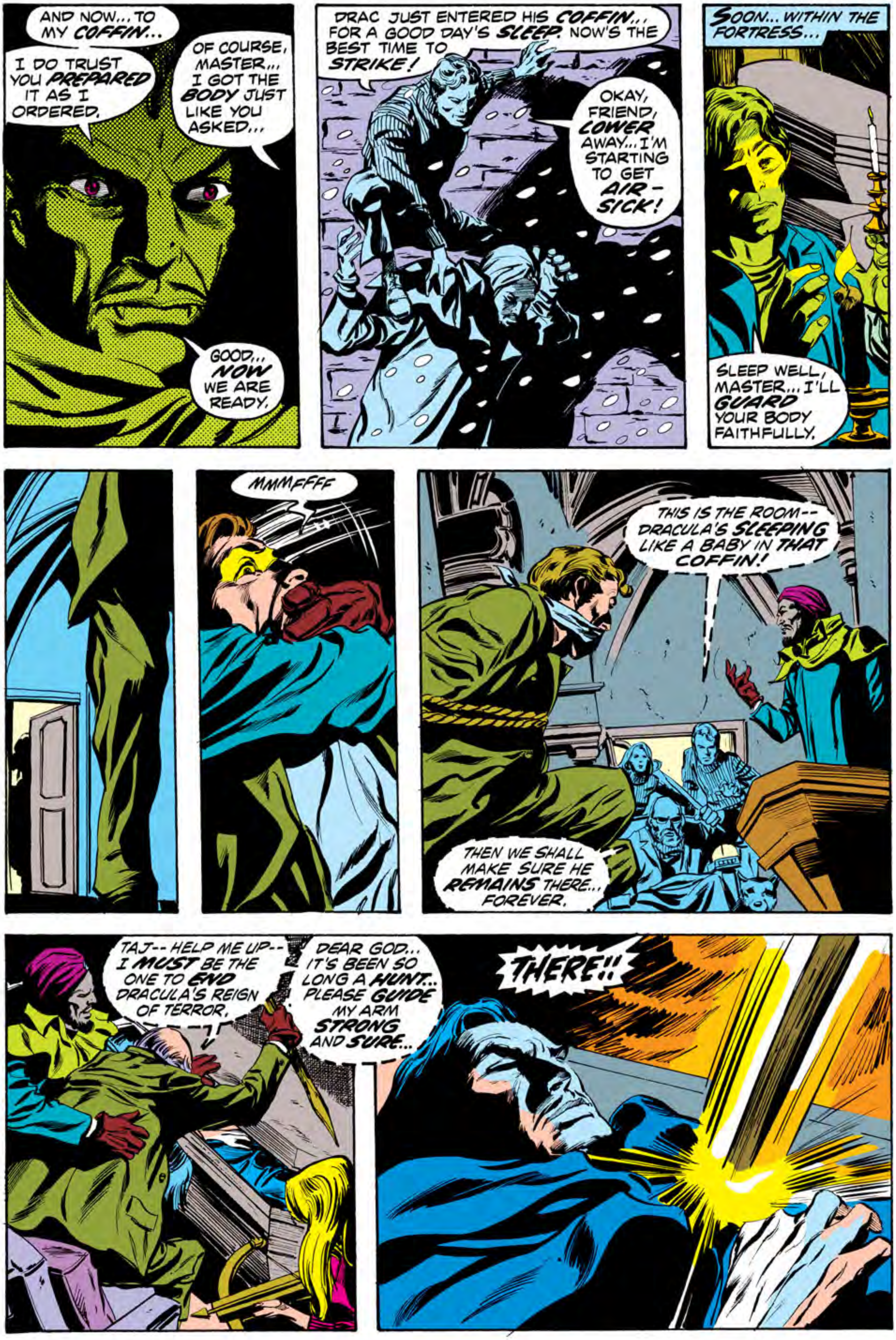

♫ :HIC: FOR I'M A JOOLLY GOOD FELLAH... :HIC: ♪ FOR I'M A ♫ JOOLLY GOOD FELLAH... :HIC:
BAR
...EH... WOT'S THAT SQUEAKING SOUND..?
EH-- RATS--? WHAT'D THEY BE DOIN' OUT ON A RUDDY COLD NIGHT LIKE THIS?
GO HOME, FELLAHS... YOU'LL CATCH A DEATH...
...LORD!! THEY'RE COMIN' CLOSER!!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
STAY AWAY... GET AWAY FROM ME!
SQUEAK
OH MY LORD! THEY'RE AFTER ME!
HE TURNS TO FLEE--
BUT STILL THEY CHASE...
...HUNGRILY...
...AND THEN THEY TURN... AS ANOTHER FORM SWOOPS FROM THE IVORY SKIES...
...BUCKLEY GRAINGER RUNS... HE RUNS THOUGH HE KNOWS THERE IS NO PLACE TO RUN... HE RUNS BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, BUCKLEY GRAINGER WILL DIE...
...AND BUCKLEY GRAINGER DOES NOT WANT TO DIE THIS NIGHT... NOT THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS WEDDING TO THE LOVELY ANNE MILLIGAN ...LORD, BUCKLEY DOESN'T WANT TO DIE TONIGHT...
...WHICH MAKES IT SOME SORT OF CRIME... BECAUSE HE MUST!!

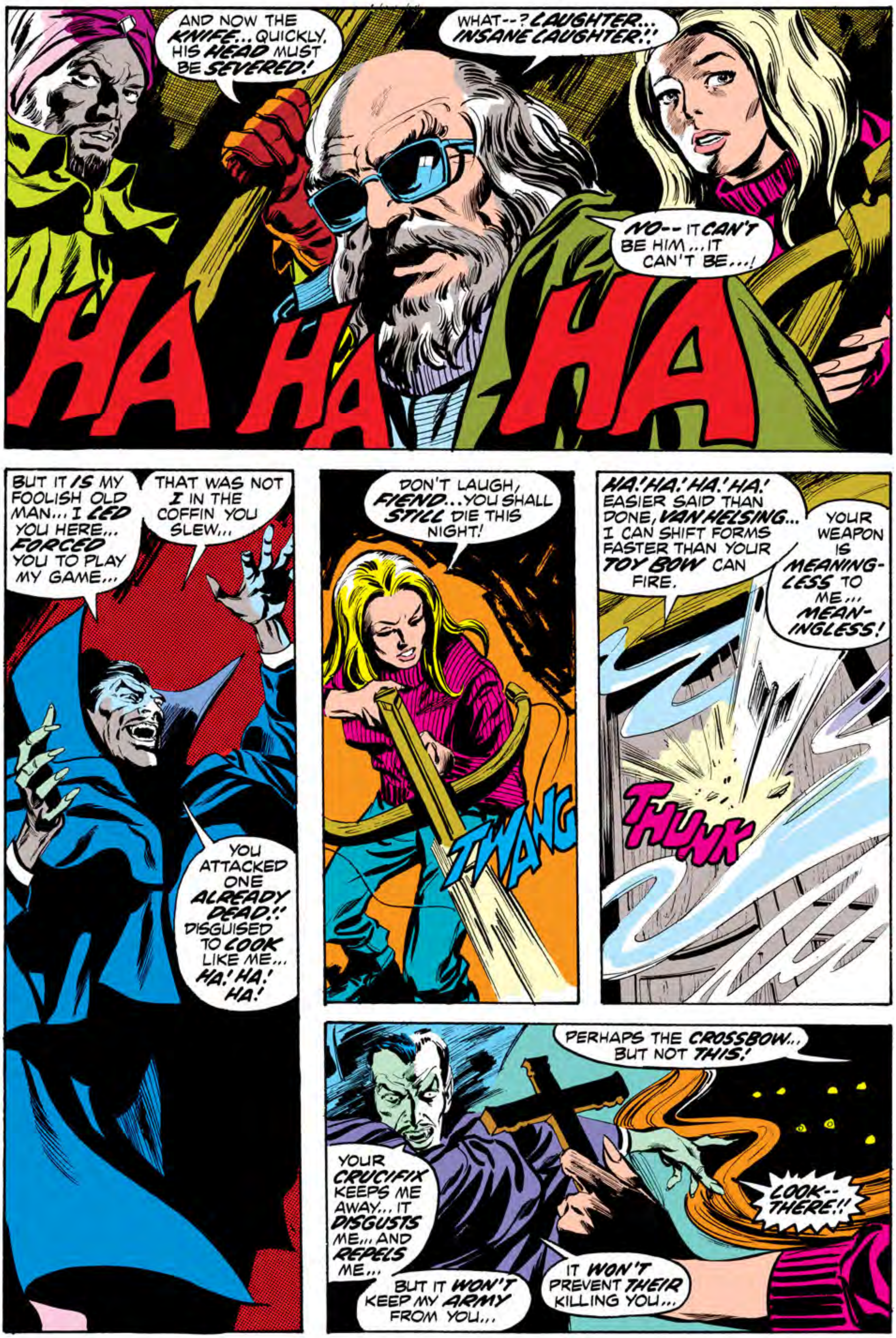

NO USE RUNNING, MORTAL...WHAT DRACULA WANTS, HE ALWAYS GETS!!
OH NO!! IN HEAVEN'S NAME--NO!!
AND IN THE NAME OF HELL-- YES!!
YYAAGGHHHH!
A SCREAM--??
FROM OUTSIDE-- HURRY... SOMEONE MAY BE HURT!
SO, MY POOR DESCENDANT-- HOW UNFORTUNATE YOU MUST BE HERE...
DRACULA!! HE'S ATTACKED SOMEBODY!
...NOW YOU MUST DIE AS WELL!
ONLY IF YOU GET THE CHANCE, BIG MAN-- AND I'M NOT ABOUT TO LET YOU!
LET--? YOU ARE A BIGGER FOOL THAN I THOUGHT, FRANK DRAKE...
YOU 'LET' NOTHING! DRACULA DOES AS HE PLEASES...
AND IT PLEASES HIM TO DO-- THIS!
GROOWWLLL
THE DOG-- HARKER'S DOG!!

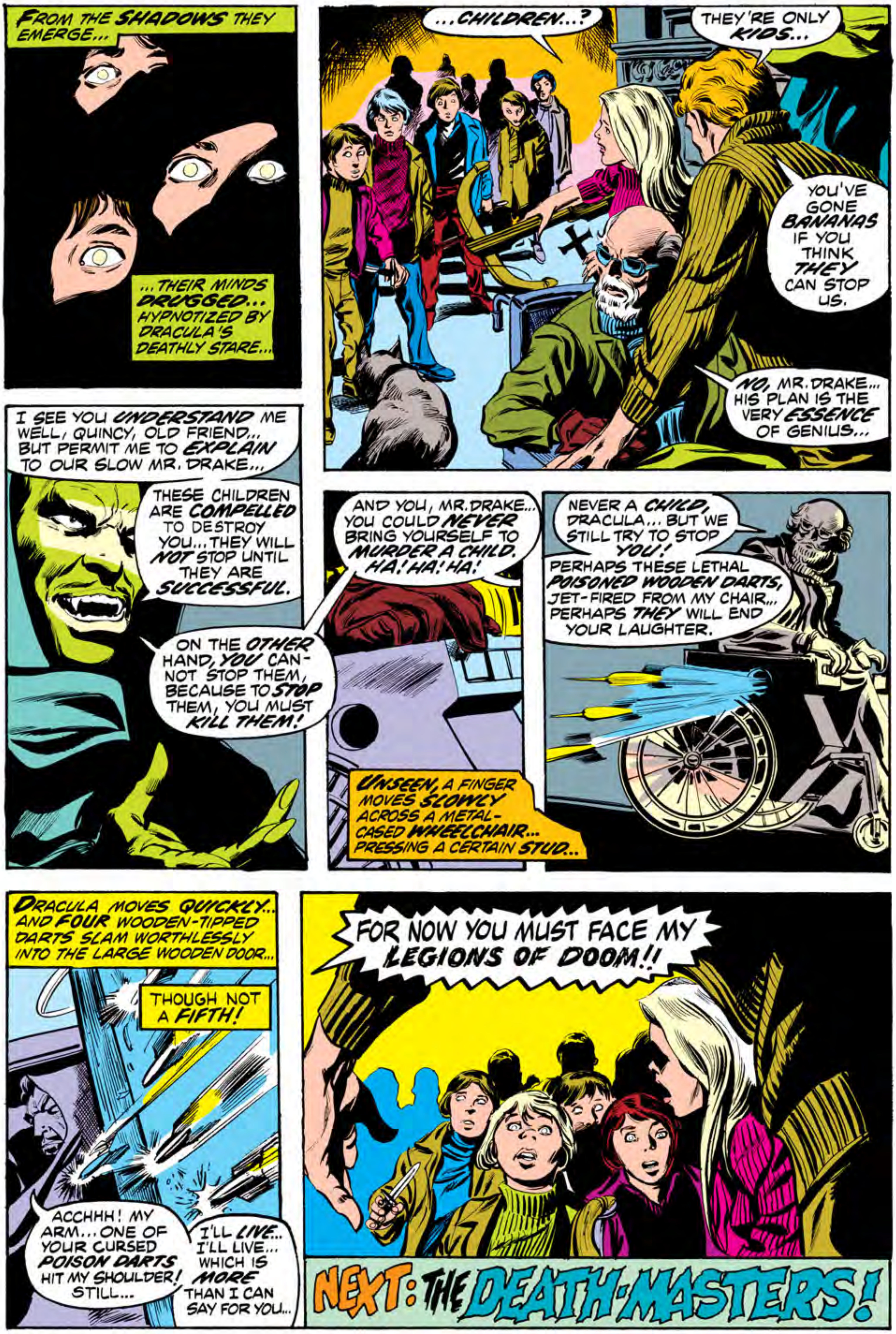

NO MATTER--THESE HUMANS DON'T REALIZE THE *EXTENT* OF DRACULA'S *STRENGTH!*
YOUR *STRENGTH* DOESN'T MATTER, COUNT--NOT WITH A *WOODEN STAKE* THROUGH YOUR HEART!
VAN HELSING?!?
YOU'RE A *FOOL* TO THINK YOUR PRIMITIVE *SHAFT* CAN STOP ONE SUCH AS *I*...
...ONE WHO CAN BECOME LIKE THE *FOGGY MIST* ITSELF!
SEE--YOUR SHAFT PASSES *HARMLESSLY* THROUGH ME...
THANG
NOW IT IS *MY* TURN TO *ATTACK*...
AND *I* AM NOT *NEARLY* SO HARMLESS!
TAJ--THANK GOD!
WHAT--? HE THINKS HE CAN *MAN-HANDLE* ME--AS IF I WERE A *CLODDISH* PEASANT...
UNHAND ME, YOU *SILENT* OAF-- BEFORE I DESTROY YOU!
HOLD HIM, TAJ... JUST A *MOMENT* LONGER...
...LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO PLUNGE THIS *STAKE* INTO HIS LOATHSOME BODY!

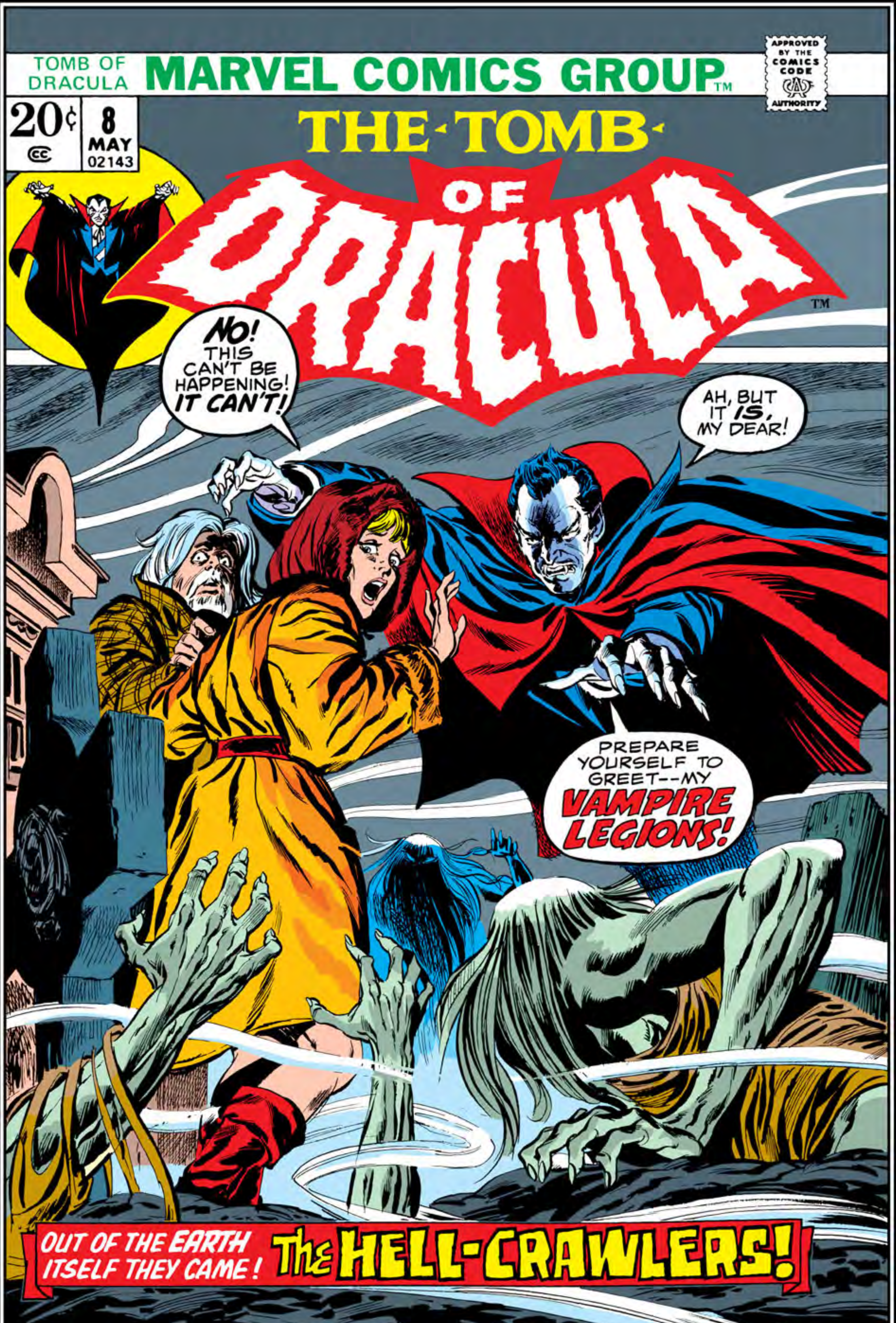

BAH! I TIRE OF YOUR GAMES... DRACULA PLAYS THEM NO LONGER...
DON'T LET HIM GO, TAJ--
...FOR ALL THAT IS HOLY-- DON'T LET HIM...
...GO...!
HE'S GONE-- TURNED INTO THAT UNTOUCHABLE MIST OF HIS...
SO CLOSE... SO DAMNABLY CLOSE!
THE GAME ISN'T OVER YET... AS LONG AS HE'S HERE, WE CAN STOP HIM...
AND WE'VE GOT TO! WE'VE GOT TO!!
OH NO-- HE'S TAKING OFF... WE CAN'T STOP HIM NOW!
YES WE CAN, MR. DRAKE-- HURRY-- TO THE CAR!
HE MUST FLY LOW BECAUSE OF THE STORM... LOW ENOUGH FOR US TO FOLLOW... IF WE'RE FAST ENOUGH,
NOW HURRY, MAN-- HURRY!!
EDITH... YOU STAY HERE AND MAN THE RADIO! WE'LL BE NEEDING SOMEONE FREE AND STANDING BY!!
BE CAREFUL... ALL OF YOU.
YOU WERE RIGHT, QUINCY-- THERE HE IS, AND MOVING SLOW!
IF HE STICKS TO THE MAIN ROADS, WE'VE GOT 'IM!


HE FLIES SLOWLY... PERHAPS TOO SLOWLY...
HE MAY BE LEADING US ON... SETTING A TRAP FOR US... SOMEHOW...!
DRACULA IS MORE CUNNING THAN AN ORDINARY ADVERSARY... AND WE MUST FIRST MAKE SURE OF OUR SAFETY!
EDITH-- BE SURE TO STAY NEAR... AND KEEP THIS WIRE OPEN AT ALL TIMES.
WE ARE CLOSING IN... AND THERE MAY BE DANGER.
IF SO, YOU KNOW WHOM YOU MUST CONTACT.
A MYSTERIOUS ALLY, EH, QUINCY? ANOTHER OF YOUR AGENTS?
YOU MIGHT SAY THAT, MR. DRAKE ...A VERY SPECIAL AGENT.
BUT ENOUGH-- LOOK! THE BAT IS LANDING... ATOP THE OLD FORTRESS!
HOME... AND NONE TOO SOON...
HARKER AND THE REST WILL BE HERE MOMENTARILY... AND THE CHARADE IS STILL TO FINISH!
THE REST OF YOU STAY BEHIND... TAJ AND I CAN INVESTIGATE.
C'MON, BUDDY, WE'VE GOT US A LITTLE SPYING TO DO.
UPSY DAISY... AND BE CAREFUL... WOULDN'T WANT TO FALL AND ALERT HIM!
HMMM... YOU SURE EAT YOUR WHEATIES, DON'TCHA, TAJ?
MY OLD PARTNER, CLIFF GRAVES, IS THERE... WAITING...
AH, DRAC'S ENTERING THE CHAMBER ROOM NOW...
BLAST! I WISH I COULD HEAR THEM TALKING.
ALL WENT WELL -- THOSE FOOLS ARE OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS NOW.
SHALL I KILL THEM FOR YOU, MASTER?
NO, FOOL! JUST ALERT THE CHILDREN... WE ARE ALMOST READY TO BEGIN...


AND NOW... TO MY COFFIN...
I DO TRUST YOU PREPARED IT AS I ORDERED.
OF COURSE, MASTER... I GOT THE BODY JUST LIKE YOU ASKED...
GOOD... NOW WE ARE READY.
DRAC JUST ENTERED HIS COFFIN... FOR A GOOD DAY'S SLEEP. NOW'S THE BEST TIME TO STRIKE!
OKAY, FRIEND, COWER AWAY... I'M STARTING TO GET AIR-SICK!
SOON... WITHIN THE FORTRESS...
SLEEP WELL, MASTER... I'LL GUARD YOUR BODY FAITHFULLY.
MMMFFFF
THIS IS THE ROOM-- DRACULA'S SLEEPING LIKE A BABY IN THAT COFFIN!
THEN WE SHALL MAKE SURE HE REMAINS THERE... FOREVER.
TAJ-- HELP ME UP-- I MUST BE THE ONE TO END DRACULA'S REIGN OF TERROR.
DEAR GOD... IT'S BEEN SO LONG A HUNT... PLEASE GUIDE MY ARM STRONG AND SURE...
THERE!!


AND NOW THE KNIFE... QUICKLY. HIS HEAD MUST BE SEVERED!
WHAT--? LAUGHTER... INSANE LAUGHTER!!
NO-- IT CAN'T BE HIM... IT CAN'T BE...!
HA HA HA
BUT IT IS MY FOOLISH OLD MAN... I LED YOU HERE... FORCED YOU TO PLAY MY GAME...
THAT WAS NOT I IN THE COFFIN YOU SLEW...
YOU ATTACKED ONE ALREADY DEAD!! DISGUISED TO LOOK LIKE ME... HA! HA! HA!
DON'T LAUGH, FIEND... YOU SHALL STILL DIE THIS NIGHT!
TWANG
HA! HA! HA! HA! EASIER SAID THAN DONE, VAN HELSING... I CAN SHIFT FORMS FASTER THAN YOUR TOY BOW CAN FIRE.
YOUR WEAPON IS MEANINGLESS TO ME... MEANINGLESS!
THUNK
PERHAPS THE CROSSBOW... BUT NOT THIS!
YOUR CRUCIFIX KEEPS ME AWAY... IT DISGUSTS ME... AND REPELS ME...
BUT IT WON'T KEEP MY ARMY FROM YOU...
IT WON'T PREVENT THEIR KILLING YOU...
LOOK-- THERE!!


FROM THE SHADOWS THEY EMERGE...
...THEIR MINDS DRUGGED... HYPNOTIZED BY DRACULA'S DEATHLY STARE...
...CHILDREN...?
THEY'RE ONLY KIDS...
YOU'VE GONE BANANAS IF YOU THINK THEY CAN STOP US.
NO, MR. DRAKE... HIS PLAN IS THE VERY ESSENCE OF GENIUS...
I SEE YOU UNDERSTAND ME WELL, QUINCY, OLD FRIEND... BUT PERMIT ME TO EXPLAIN TO OUR SLOW MR. DRAKE...
THESE CHILDREN ARE COMPELLED TO DESTROY YOU... THEY WILL NOT STOP UNTIL THEY ARE SUCCESSFUL.
ON THE OTHER HAND, YOU CANNOT STOP THEM, BECAUSE TO STOP THEM, YOU MUST KILL THEM!
AND YOU, MR. DRAKE... YOU COULD NEVER BRING YOURSELF TO MURDER A CHILD. HA! HA! HA!
UNSEEN, A FINGER MOVES SLOWLY ACROSS A METAL-CASED WHEELCHAIR... PRESSING A CERTAIN STUD...
NEVER A CHILD, DRACULA... BUT WE STILL TRY TO STOP YOU! PERHAPS THESE LETHAL POISONED WOODEN DARTS, JET-FIRED FROM MY CHAIR... PERHAPS THEY WILL END YOUR LAUGHTER.
DRACULA MOVES QUICKLY... AND FOUR WOODEN-TIPPED DARTS SLAM WORTHLESSLY INTO THE LARGE WOODEN DOOR...
THOUGH NOT A FIFTH!
ACCHHH! MY ARM... ONE OF YOUR CURSED POISON DARTS HIT MY SHOULDER! STILL...
I'LL LIVE... I'LL LIVE... WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOU...
FOR NOW YOU MUST FACE MY LEGIONS OF DOOM!!
NEXT: THE DEATH-MASTERS!


TOMB OF DRACULA
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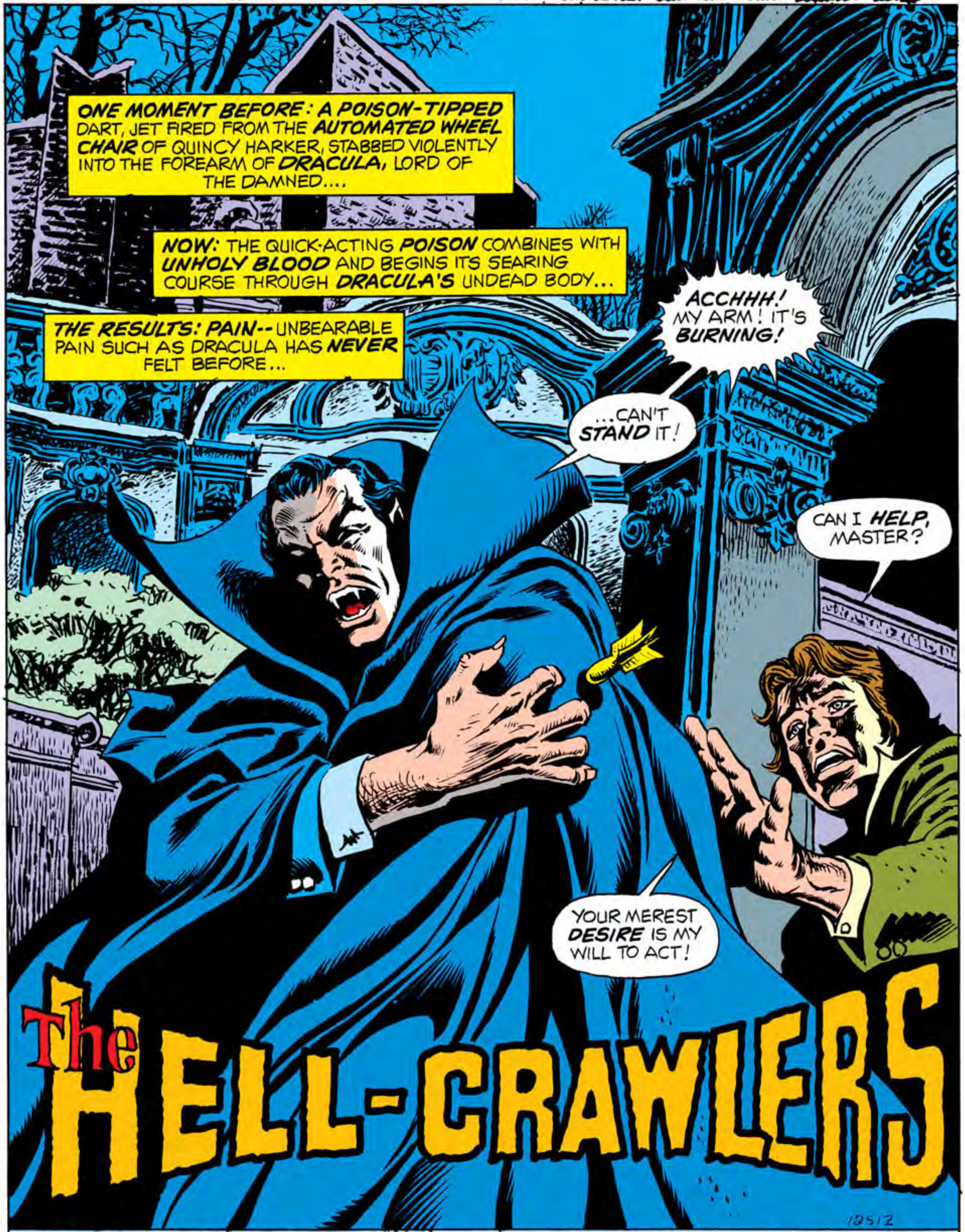
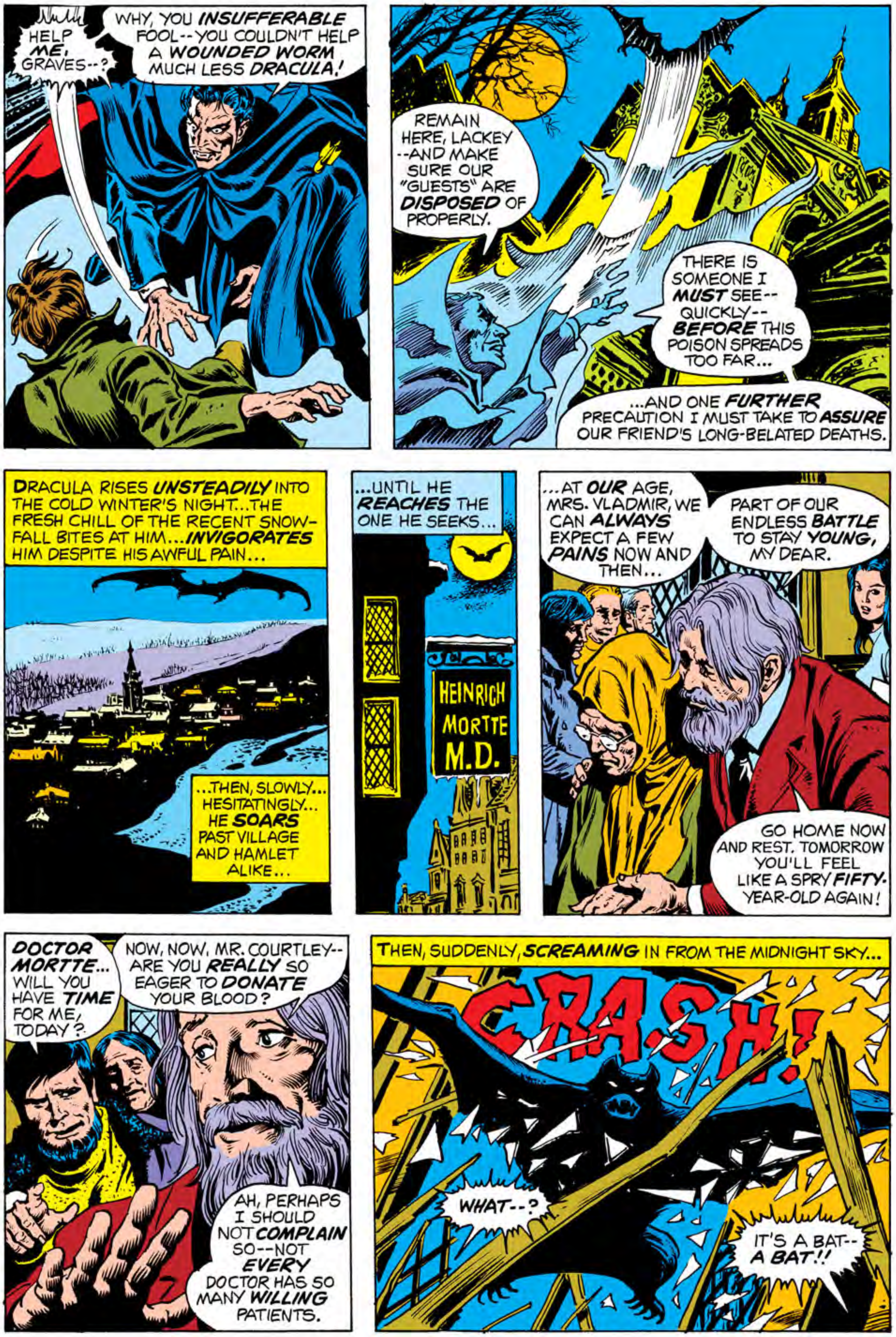
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T!
AH, BUT IT IS, MY DEAR!
PREPARE YOURSELF TO GREET--MY VAMPIRE LEGIONS!
OUT OF THE EARTH ITSELF THEY CAME! THE HELL-CRAWLERS!

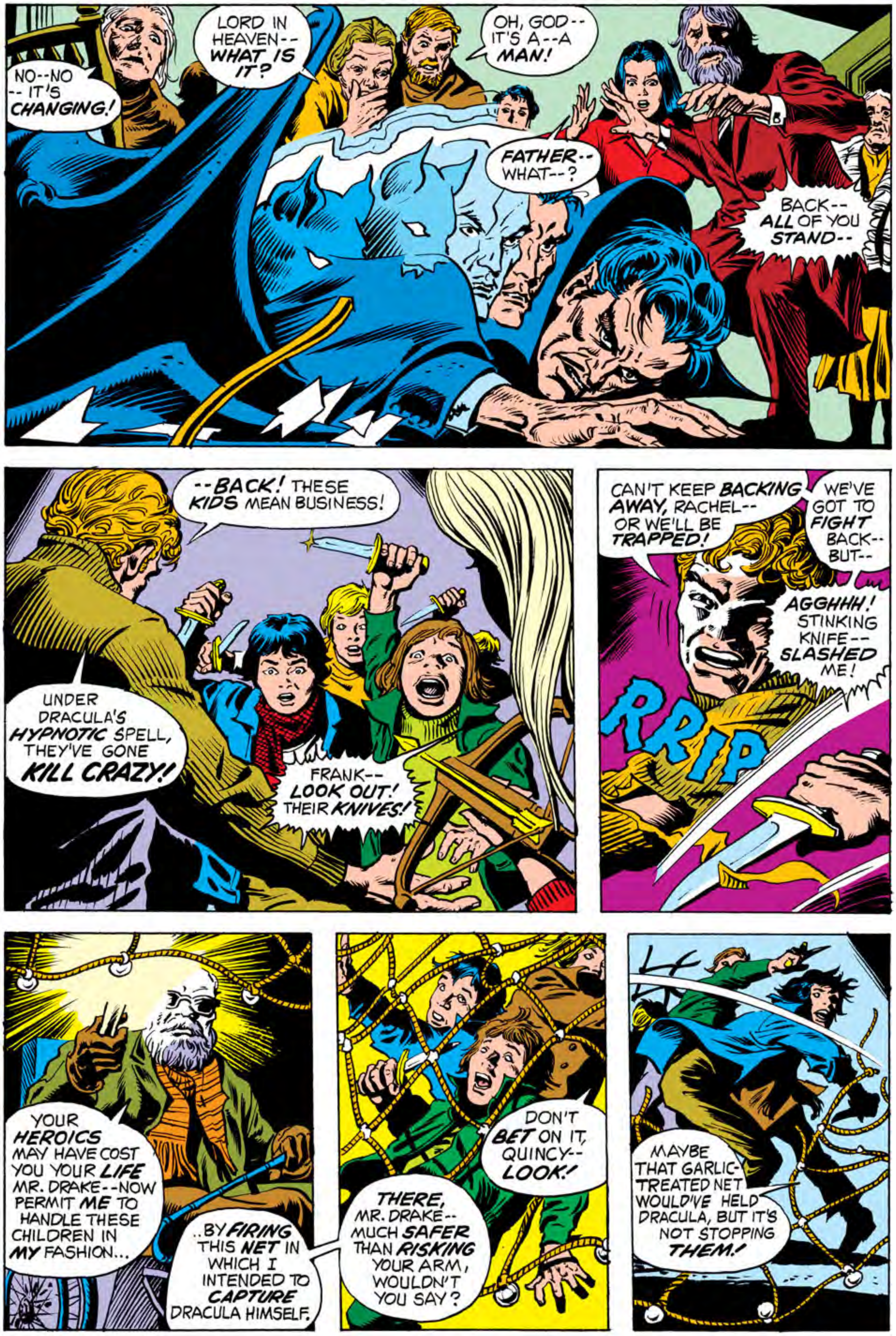
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

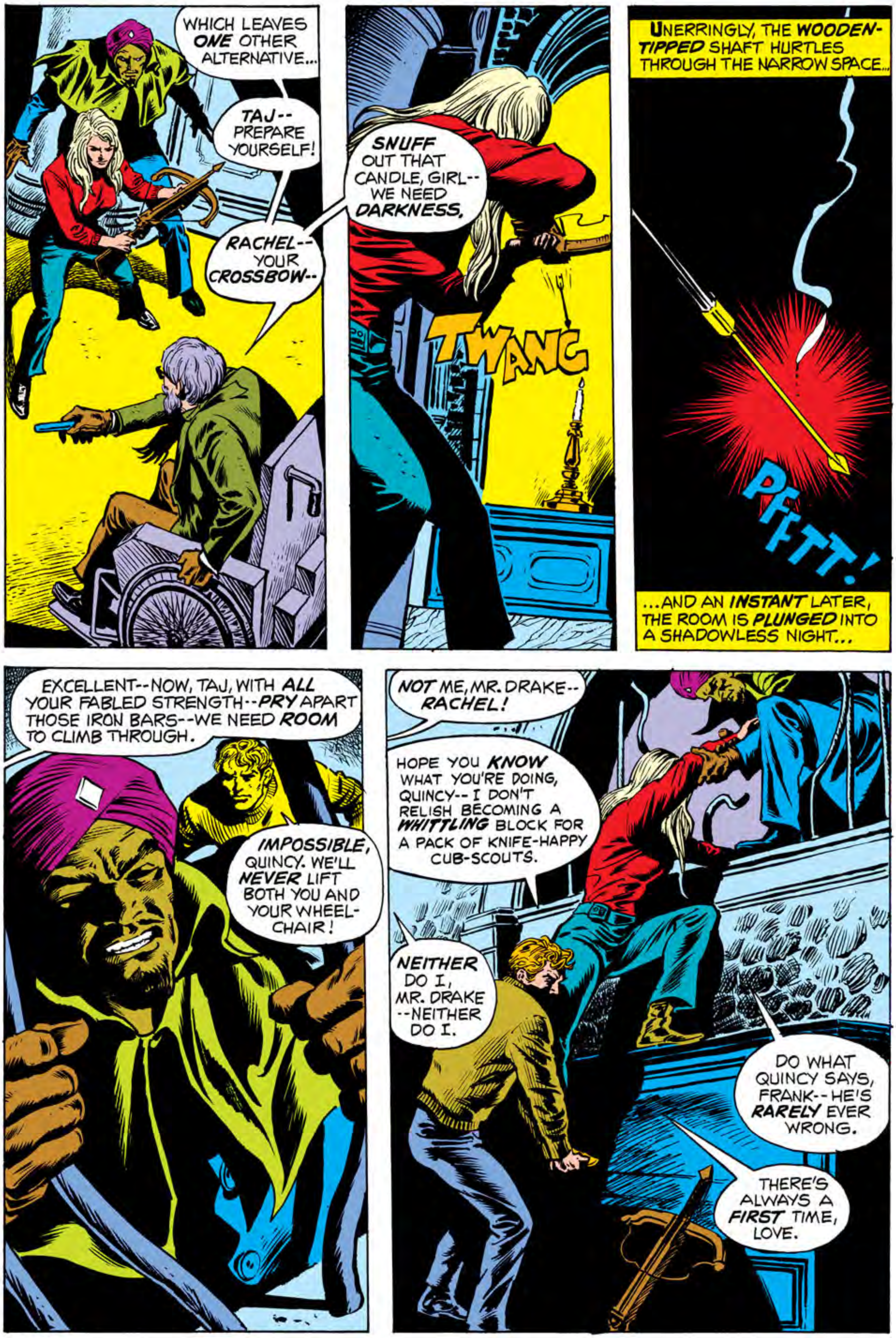
TOMB OF DRACULA!™

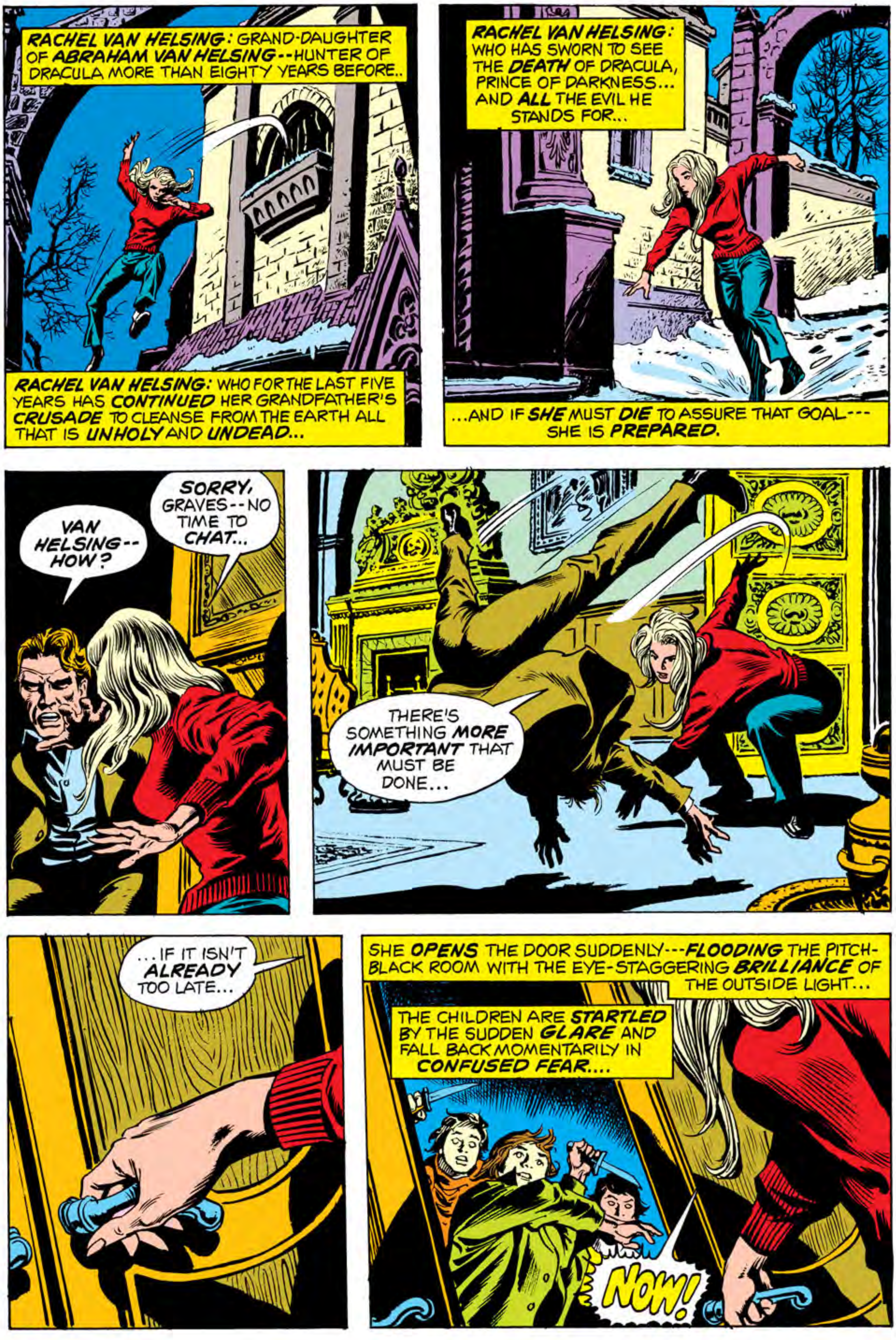

ONE MOMENT BEFORE: A POISON-TIPPED DART, JET FIRED FROM THE AUTOMATED WHEEL CHAIR OF QUINCY HARKER, STABBED VIOLENTLY INTO THE FOREARM OF DRACULA, LORD OF THE DAMNED....
NOW: THE QUICK-ACTING POISON COMBINES WITH UNHOLY BLOOD AND BEGINS ITS SEARING COURSE THROUGH DRACULA'S UNDEAD BODY...
THE RESULTS: PAIN--UNBEARABLE PAIN SUCH AS DRACULA HAS NEVER FELT BEFORE...
ACCHHH! MY ARM! IT'S BURNING!
...CAN'T STAND IT!
CAN I HELP, MASTER?
YOUR MEREST DESIRE IS MY WILL TO ACT!
The HELL-CRAWLERS
12512

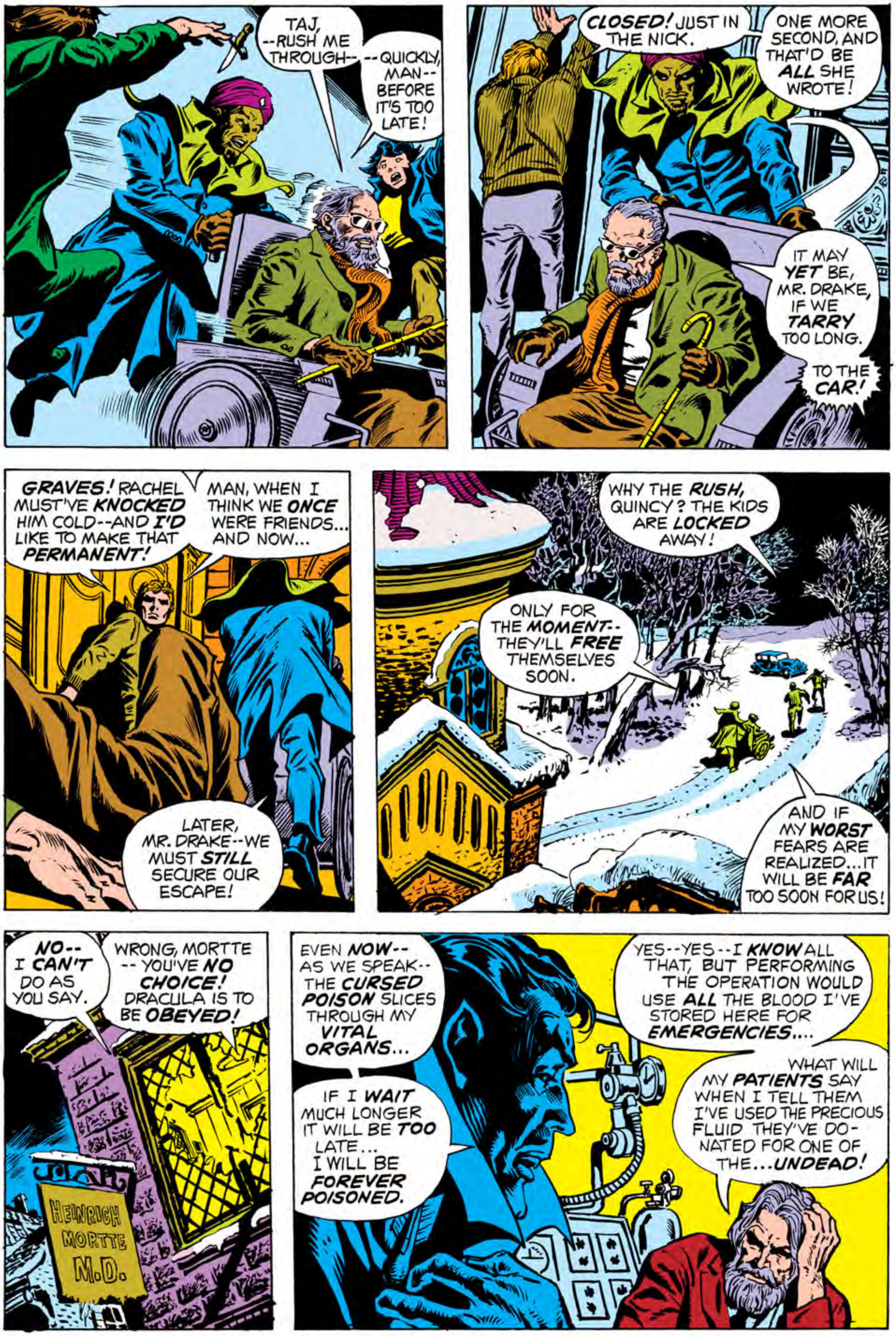
MARV WOLFMAN *WRITER* · **GENE COLAN** AND **ERNIE CHUA** *ARTISTS* · **C. JETTER** – *LETTERER* **GLYNIS WEIN** – *COLORIST* · **ROY THOMAS** *EDITOR*

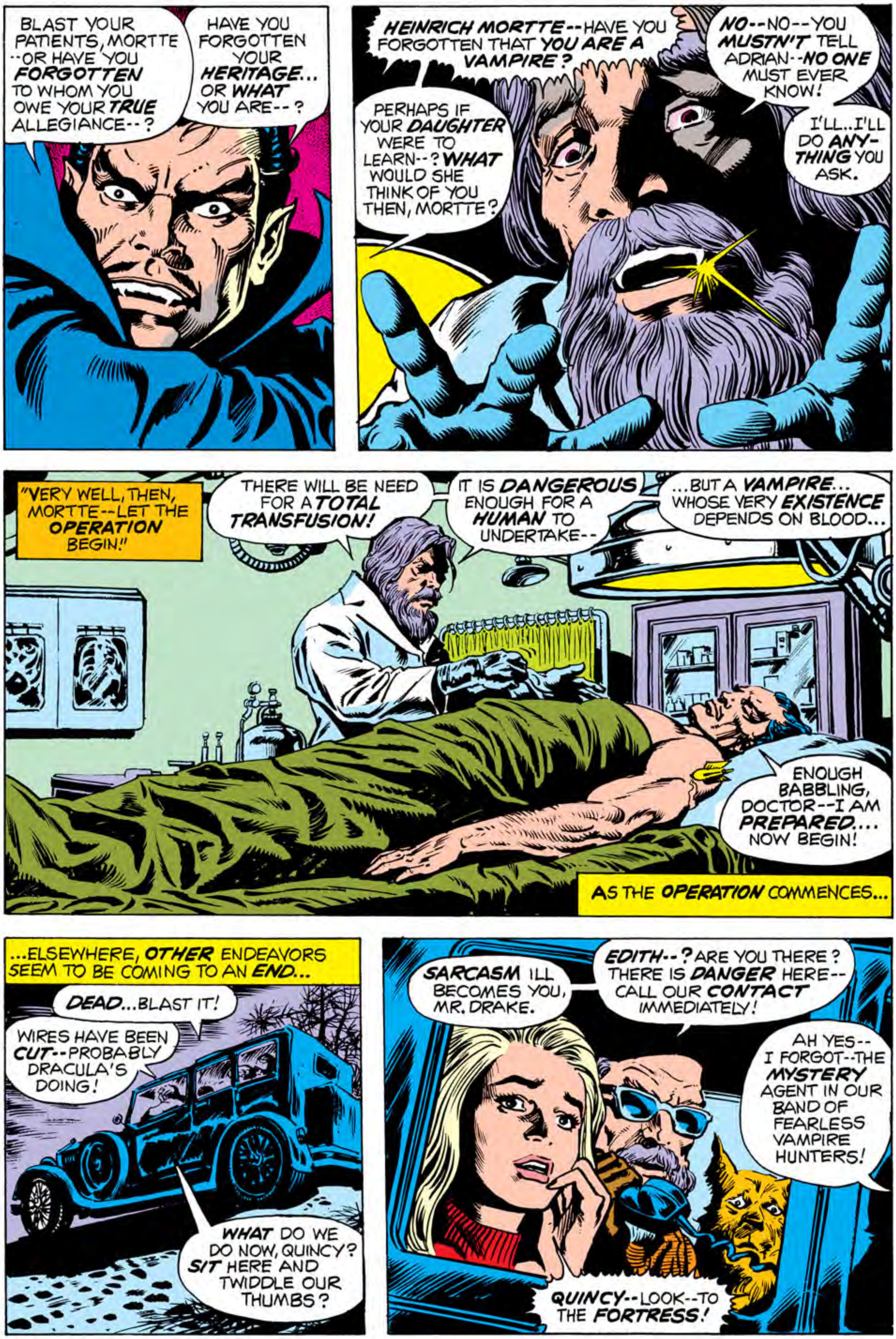

HELP ME, GRAVES--?
WHY, YOU **INSUFFERABLE** FOOL--YOU COULDN'T HELP A **WOUNDED WORM** MUCH LESS **DRACULA!**
REMAIN HERE, LACKEY --AND MAKE SURE OUR "GUESTS" ARE **DISPOSED** OF PROPERLY.
THERE IS SOMEONE I **MUST** SEE-- QUICKLY-- **BEFORE** THIS POISON SPREADS TOO FAR...
...AND ONE **FURTHER** PRECAUTION I MUST TAKE TO **ASSURE** OUR FRIEND'S LONG-BELATED DEATHS.
DRACULA RISES **UNSTEADILY** INTO THE COLD WINTER'S NIGHT...THE FRESH CHILL OF THE RECENT SNOWFALL BITES AT HIM...**INVIGORATES** HIM DESPITE HIS AWFUL PAIN...
...THEN, SLOWLY... HESITATINGLY... HE **SOARS** PAST VILLAGE AND HAMLET ALIKE...
...UNTIL HE **REACHES** THE ONE HE SEEKS...
HEINRICH MORTTE M.D.
...AT **OUR** AGE, MRS. VLADMIR, WE CAN **ALWAYS** EXPECT A FEW **PAINS** NOW AND THEN...
PART OF OUR ENDLESS **BATTLE** TO STAY **YOUNG,** MY DEAR.
GO HOME NOW AND REST. TOMORROW YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A SPRY **FIFTY**-YEAR-OLD AGAIN!
DOCTOR MORTTE... WILL YOU HAVE **TIME** FOR ME, TODAY?
NOW, NOW, MR. COURTLEY-- ARE YOU **REALLY** SO EAGER TO **DONATE** YOUR BLOOD?
AH, PERHAPS I SHOULD NOT **COMPLAIN** SO--NOT **EVERY** DOCTOR HAS SO MANY **WILLING** PATIENTS.
THEN, SUDDENLY, **SCREAMING** IN FROM THE MIDNIGHT SKY...
CRASH!
WHAT--?
IT'S A BAT-- **A BAT!!**

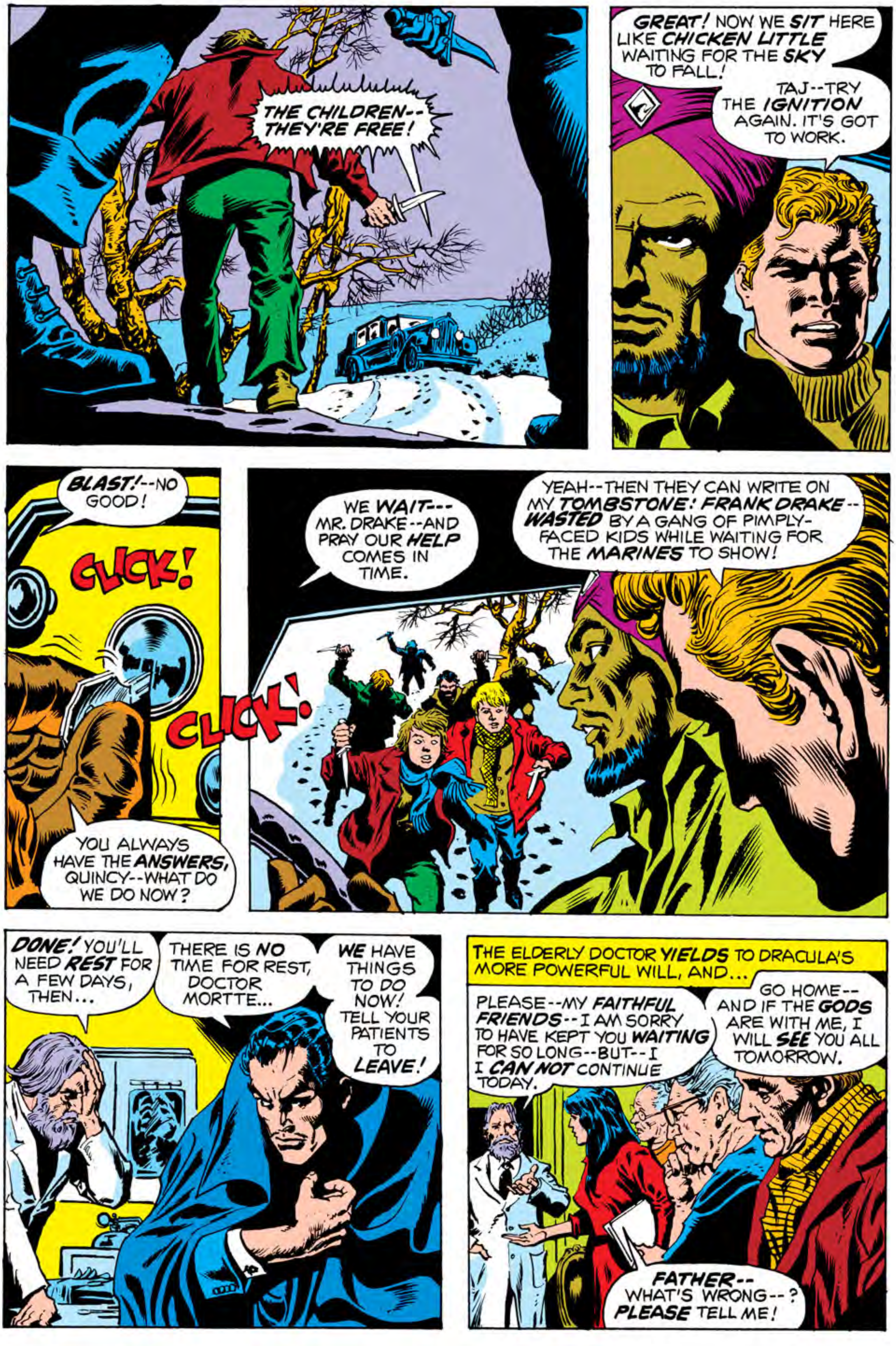

NO--NO -- IT'S *CHANGING!*
LORD IN HEAVEN-- *WHAT IS IT?*
OH, GOD-- IT'S A--A *MAN!*
FATHER-- WHAT--?
BACK-- *ALL* OF YOU *STAND*--
--*BACK!* THESE *KIDS* MEAN BUSINESS!
UNDER DRACULA'S *HYPNOTIC* SPELL, THEY'VE GONE *KILL CRAZY!*
FRANK-- *LOOK OUT!* THEIR *KNIVES!*
CAN'T KEEP *BACKING AWAY,* RACHEL-- OR WE'LL BE *TRAPPED!*
WE'VE GOT TO *FIGHT* BACK-- BUT--
AGGHHH! STINKING KNIFE-- *SLASHED* ME!
RRIP
YOUR *HEROICS* MAY HAVE COST YOU YOUR *LIFE* MR. DRAKE--NOW PERMIT *ME* TO HANDLE THESE CHILDREN IN *MY* FASHION...
..BY *FIRING* THIS *NET* IN WHICH I INTENDED TO *CAPTURE* DRACULA HIMSELF.
THERE, MR. DRAKE-- MUCH *SAFER* THAN *RISKING* YOUR ARM, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?
DON'T *BET* ON IT, QUINCY-- *LOOK!*
MAYBE THAT GARLIC-TREATED NET *WOULD'VE* HELD DRACULA, BUT IT'S NOT STOPPING *THEM!*

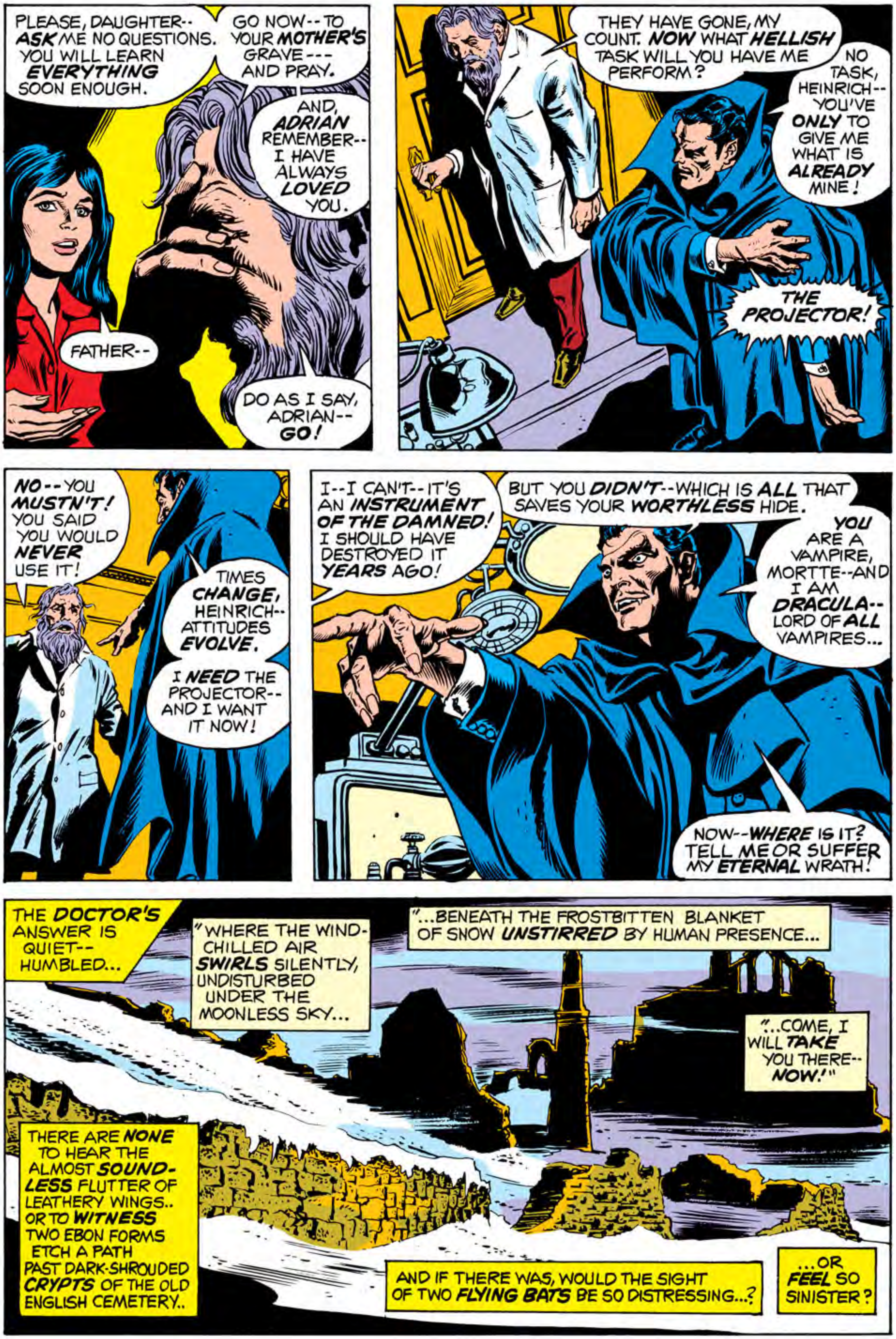

WHICH LEAVES ONE OTHER ALTERNATIVE...
TAJ-- PREPARE YOURSELF!
RACHEL-- YOUR CROSSBOW--
SNUFF OUT THAT CANDLE, GIRL-- WE NEED DARKNESS.
TWANG
UNERRINGLY, THE WOODEN-TIPPED SHAFT HURTLES THROUGH THE NARROW SPACE...
PFFTT!
...AND AN INSTANT LATER, THE ROOM IS PLUNGED INTO A SHADOWLESS NIGHT...
EXCELLENT--NOW, TAJ, WITH ALL YOUR FABLED STRENGTH--PRY APART THOSE IRON BARS--WE NEED ROOM TO CLIMB THROUGH.
IMPOSSIBLE, QUINCY. WE'LL NEVER LIFT BOTH YOU AND YOUR WHEEL-CHAIR!
NOT ME, MR. DRAKE-- RACHEL!
HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, QUINCY-- I DON'T RELISH BECOMING A WHITTLING BLOCK FOR A PACK OF KNIFE-HAPPY CUB-SCOUTS.
NEITHER DO I, MR. DRAKE --NEITHER DO I.
DO WHAT QUINCY SAYS, FRANK--HE'S RARELY EVER WRONG.
THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME, LOVE.

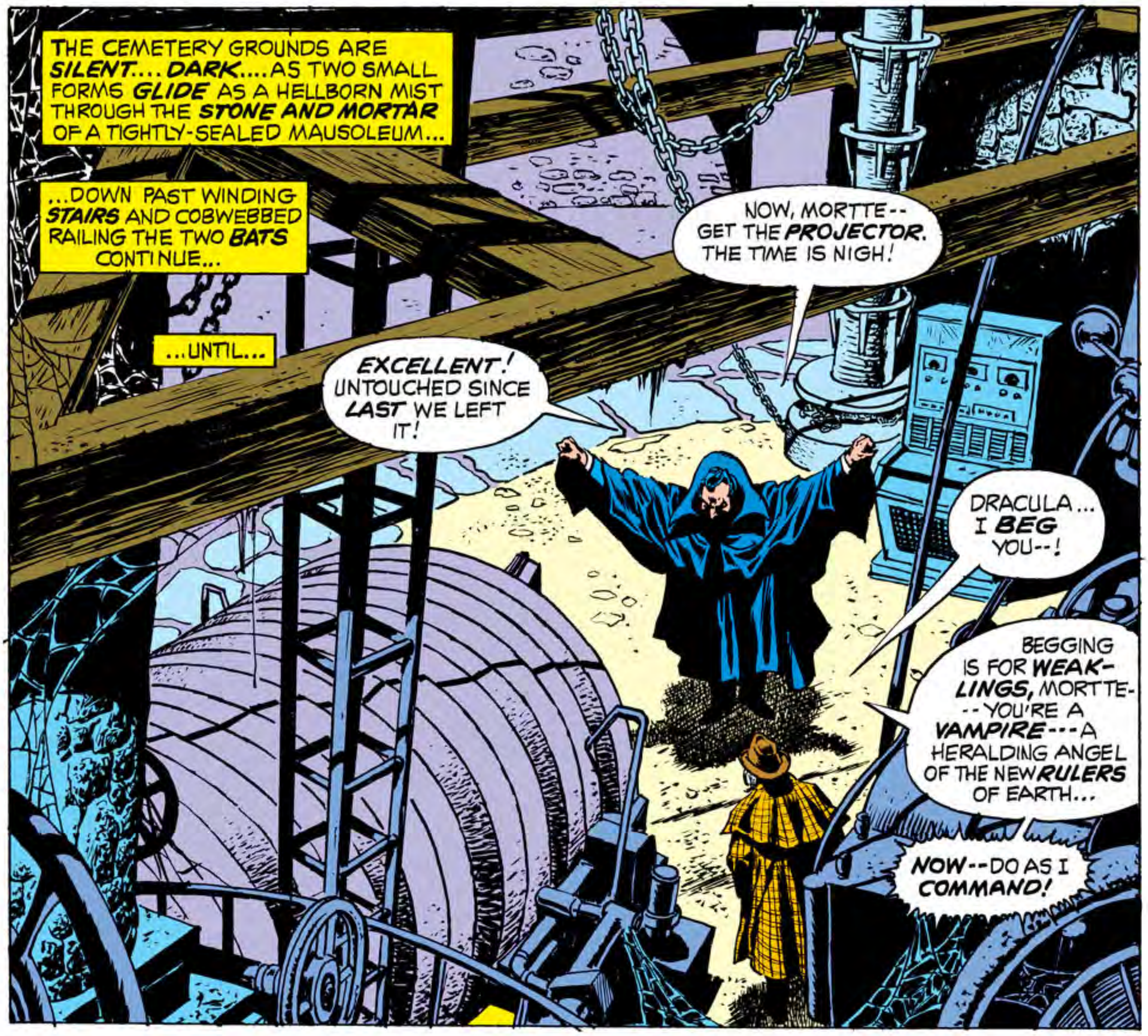

RACHEL VAN HELSING: GRAND-DAUGHTER OF ABRAHAM VAN HELSING--HUNTER OF DRACULA MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS BEFORE..
RACHEL VAN HELSING: WHO FOR THE LAST FIVE YEARS HAS CONTINUED HER GRANDFATHER'S CRUSADE TO CLEANSE FROM THE EARTH ALL THAT IS UNHOLY AND UNDEAD...
RACHEL VAN HELSING: WHO HAS SWORN TO SEE THE DEATH OF DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS... AND ALL THE EVIL HE STANDS FOR...
...AND IF SHE MUST DIE TO ASSURE THAT GOAL--- SHE IS PREPARED.
VAN HELSING-- HOW?
SORRY, GRAVES--NO TIME TO CHAT...
THERE'S SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT THAT MUST BE DONE...
...IF IT ISN'T ALREADY TOO LATE...
SHE OPENS THE DOOR SUDDENLY---FLOODING THE PITCH-BLACK ROOM WITH THE EYE-STAGGERING BRILLIANCE OF THE OUTSIDE LIGHT...
THE CHILDREN ARE STARTLED BY THE SUDDEN GLARE AND FALL BACK MOMENTARILY IN CONFUSED FEAR....
NOW!

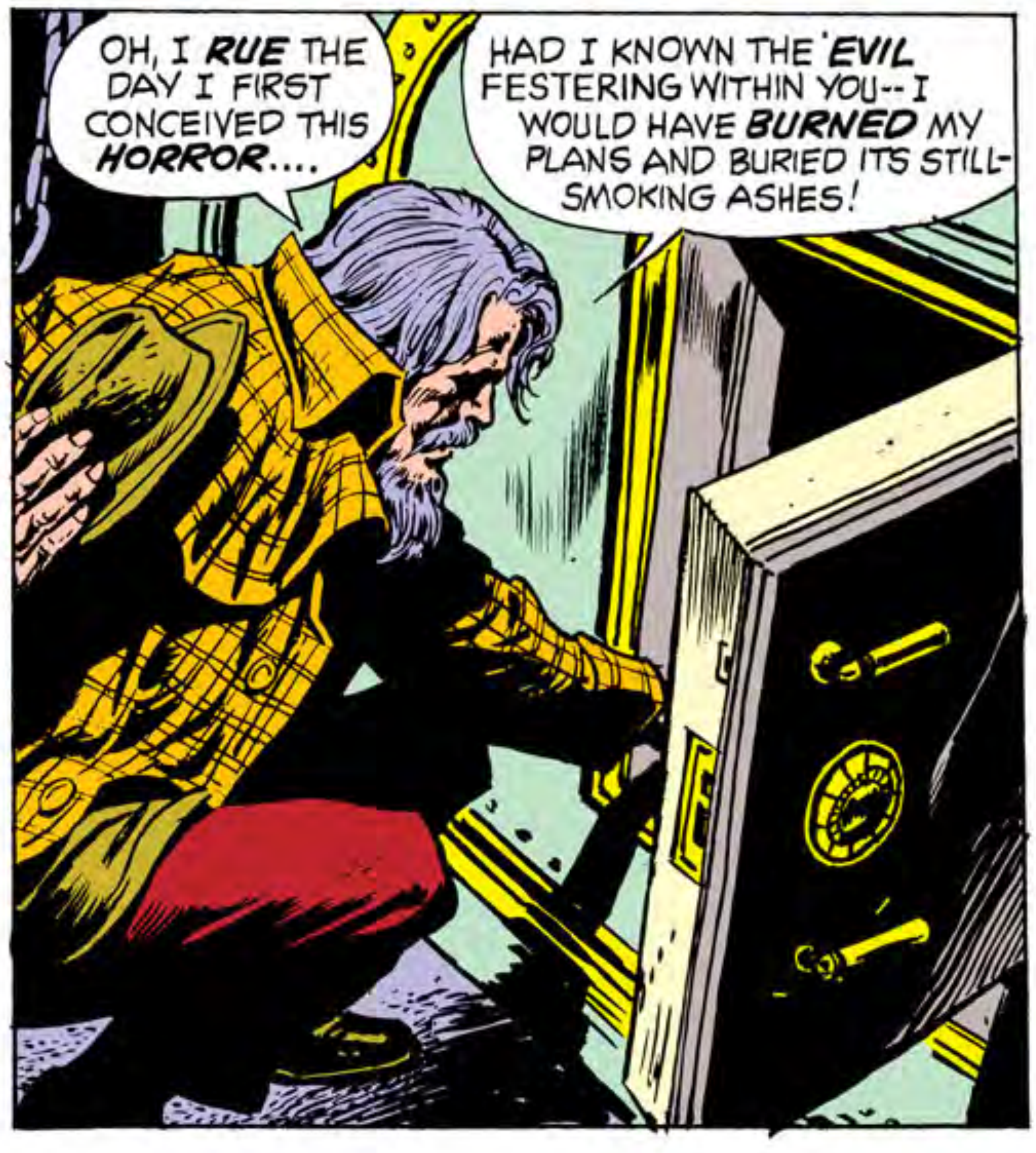

TAJ, --RUSH ME THROUGH--
--QUICKLY, MAN-- BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
CLOSED! JUST IN THE NICK.
ONE MORE SECOND, AND THAT'D BE ALL SHE WROTE!
IT MAY YET BE, MR. DRAKE, IF WE TARRY TOO LONG.
TO THE CAR!
GRAVES! RACHEL MUST'VE KNOCKED HIM COLD--AND I'D LIKE TO MAKE THAT PERMANENT!
MAN, WHEN I THINK WE ONCE WERE FRIENDS... AND NOW...
LATER, MR. DRAKE--WE MUST STILL SECURE OUR ESCAPE!
WHY THE RUSH, QUINCY? THE KIDS ARE LOCKED AWAY!
ONLY FOR THE MOMENT--THEY'LL FREE THEMSELVES SOON.
AND IF MY WORST FEARS ARE REALIZED... IT WILL BE FAR TOO SOON FOR US!
NO-- I CAN'T DO AS YOU SAY.
WRONG, MORTTE -- YOU'VE NO CHOICE! DRACULA IS TO BE OBEYED!
HEINRICH MORTTE M.D.
EVEN NOW-- AS WE SPEAK-- THE CURSED POISON SLICES THROUGH MY VITAL ORGANS...
IF I WAIT MUCH LONGER IT WILL BE TOO LATE... I WILL BE FOREVER POISONED.
YES--YES--I KNOW ALL THAT, BUT PERFORMING THE OPERATION WOULD USE ALL THE BLOOD I'VE STORED HERE FOR EMERGENCIES....
WHAT WILL MY PATIENTS SAY WHEN I TELL THEM I'VE USED THE PRECIOUS FLUID THEY'VE DONATED FOR ONE OF THE...UNDEAD!

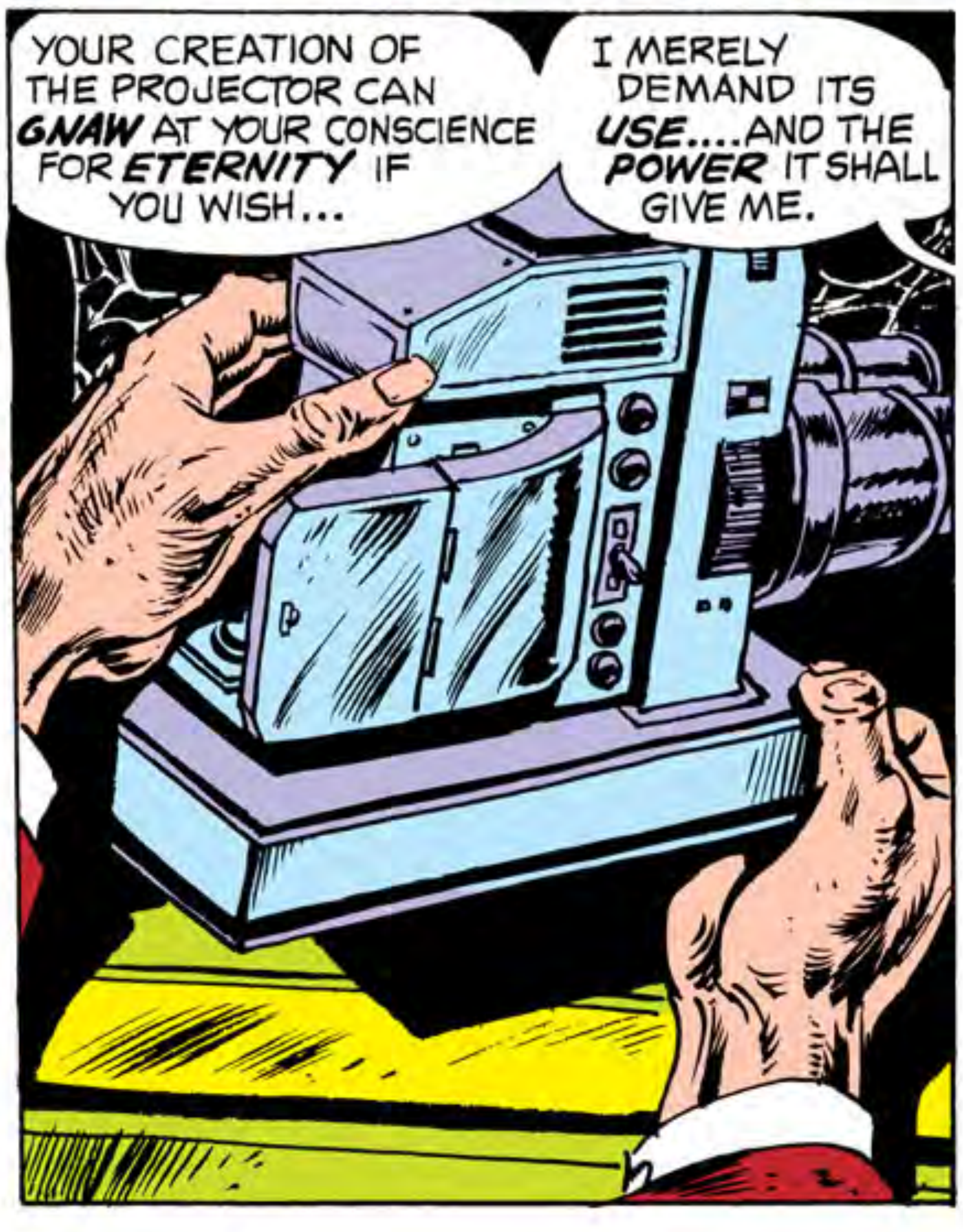

BLAST YOUR PATIENTS, MORTTE --OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN TO WHOM YOU OWE YOUR TRUE ALLEGIANCE--?
HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN YOUR HERITAGE... OR WHAT YOU ARE--?
HEINRICH MORTTE--HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU ARE A VAMPIRE?
PERHAPS IF YOUR DAUGHTER WERE TO LEARN--? WHAT WOULD SHE THINK OF YOU THEN, MORTTE?
NO--NO--YOU MUSTN'T TELL ADRIAN--NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW!
I'LL..I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU ASK.
"VERY WELL, THEN, MORTTE--LET THE OPERATION BEGIN!"
THERE WILL BE NEED FOR A TOTAL TRANSFUSION!
IT IS DANGEROUS ENOUGH FOR A HUMAN TO UNDERTAKE--
...BUT A VAMPIRE... WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON BLOOD...
ENOUGH BABBLING, DOCTOR--I AM PREPARED.... NOW BEGIN!
AS THE OPERATION COMMENCES...
...ELSEWHERE, OTHER ENDEAVORS SEEM TO BE COMING TO AN END...
DEAD...BLAST IT!
WIRES HAVE BEEN CUT--PROBABLY DRACULA'S DOING!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, QUINCY? SIT HERE AND TWIDDLE OUR THUMBS?
SARCASM ILL BECOMES YOU, MR. DRAKE.
EDITH--? ARE YOU THERE? THERE IS DANGER HERE--CALL OUR CONTACT IMMEDIATELY!
AH YES--I FORGOT--THE MYSTERY AGENT IN OUR BAND OF FEARLESS VAMPIRE HUNTERS!
QUINCY--LOOK--TO THE FORTRESS!

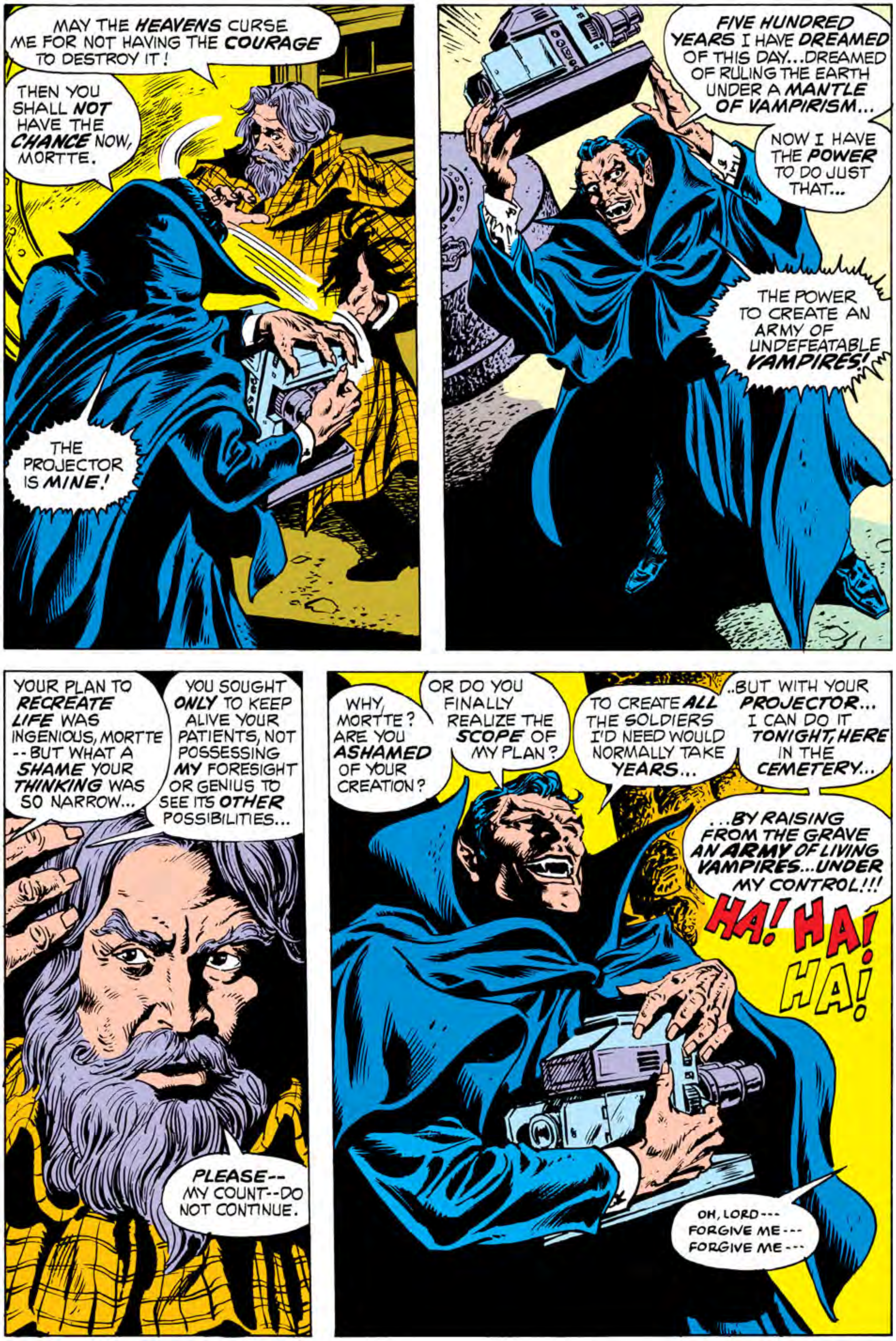

THE CHILDREN-- THEY'RE FREE!
GREAT! NOW WE SIT HERE LIKE CHICKEN LITTLE WAITING FOR THE SKY TO FALL!
TAJ--TRY THE IGNITION AGAIN. IT'S GOT TO WORK.
BLAST!--NO GOOD!
CLICK!
CLICK!
YOU ALWAYS HAVE THE ANSWERS, QUINCY--WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WE WAIT--- MR. DRAKE--AND PRAY OUR HELP COMES IN TIME.
YEAH--THEN THEY CAN WRITE ON MY TOMBSTONE: FRANK DRAKE--WASTED BY A GANG OF PIMPLY-FACED KIDS WHILE WAITING FOR THE MARINES TO SHOW!
DONE! YOU'LL NEED REST FOR A FEW DAYS, THEN...
THERE IS NO TIME FOR REST, DOCTOR MORTTE...
WE HAVE THINGS TO DO NOW! TELL YOUR PATIENTS TO LEAVE!
THE ELDERLY DOCTOR YIELDS TO DRACULA'S MORE POWERFUL WILL, AND...
PLEASE--MY FAITHFUL FRIENDS--I AM SORRY TO HAVE KEPT YOU WAITING FOR SO LONG--BUT--I I CAN NOT CONTINUE TODAY.
GO HOME--AND IF THE GODS ARE WITH ME, I WILL SEE YOU ALL TOMORROW.
FATHER--WHAT'S WRONG--? PLEASE TELL ME!

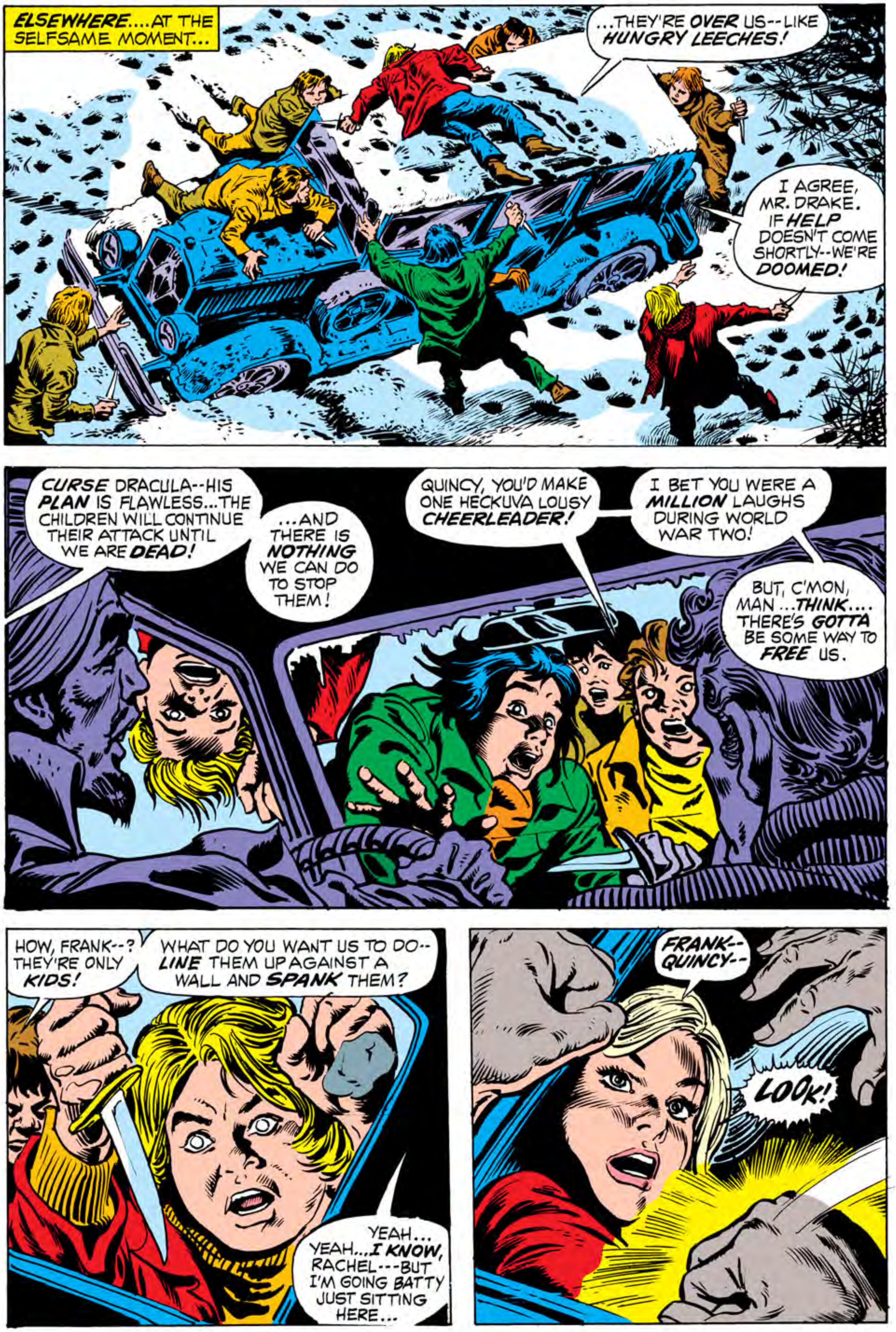

PLEASE, DAUGHTER-- ASK ME NO QUESTIONS. YOU WILL LEARN EVERYTHING SOON ENOUGH.
GO NOW--TO YOUR MOTHER'S GRAVE--- AND PRAY.
AND, ADRIAN REMEMBER-- I HAVE ALWAYS LOVED YOU.
FATHER--
DO AS I SAY, ADRIAN-- GO!
THEY HAVE GONE, MY COUNT. NOW WHAT HELLISH TASK WILL YOU HAVE ME PERFORM?
NO TASK, HEINRICH-- YOU'VE ONLY TO GIVE ME WHAT IS ALREADY MINE!
THE PROJECTOR!
NO--YOU MUSTN'T! YOU SAID YOU WOULD NEVER USE IT!
TIMES CHANGE, HEINRICH-- ATTITUDES EVOLVE.
I NEED THE PROJECTOR-- AND I WANT IT NOW!
I--I CAN'T--IT'S AN INSTRUMENT OF THE DAMNED! I SHOULD HAVE DESTROYED IT YEARS AGO!
BUT YOU DIDN'T--WHICH IS ALL THAT SAVES YOUR WORTHLESS HIDE.
YOU ARE A VAMPIRE, MORTTE--AND I AM DRACULA-- LORD OF ALL VAMPIRES...
NOW--WHERE IS IT? TELL ME OR SUFFER MY ETERNAL WRATH!
THE DOCTOR'S ANSWER IS QUIET-- HUMBLED...
"WHERE THE WIND-CHILLED AIR SWIRLS SILENTLY, UNDISTURBED UNDER THE MOONLESS SKY...
"...BENEATH THE FROSTBITTEN BLANKET OF SNOW UNSTIRRED BY HUMAN PRESENCE...
"...COME, I WILL TAKE YOU THERE-- NOW!"
THERE ARE NONE TO HEAR THE ALMOST SOUNDLESS FLUTTER OF LEATHERY WINGS.. OR TO WITNESS TWO EBON FORMS ETCH A PATH PAST DARK-SHROUDED CRYPTS OF THE OLD ENGLISH CEMETERY..
AND IF THERE WAS, WOULD THE SIGHT OF TWO FLYING BATS BE SO DISTRESSING...?
...OR FEEL SO SINISTER?

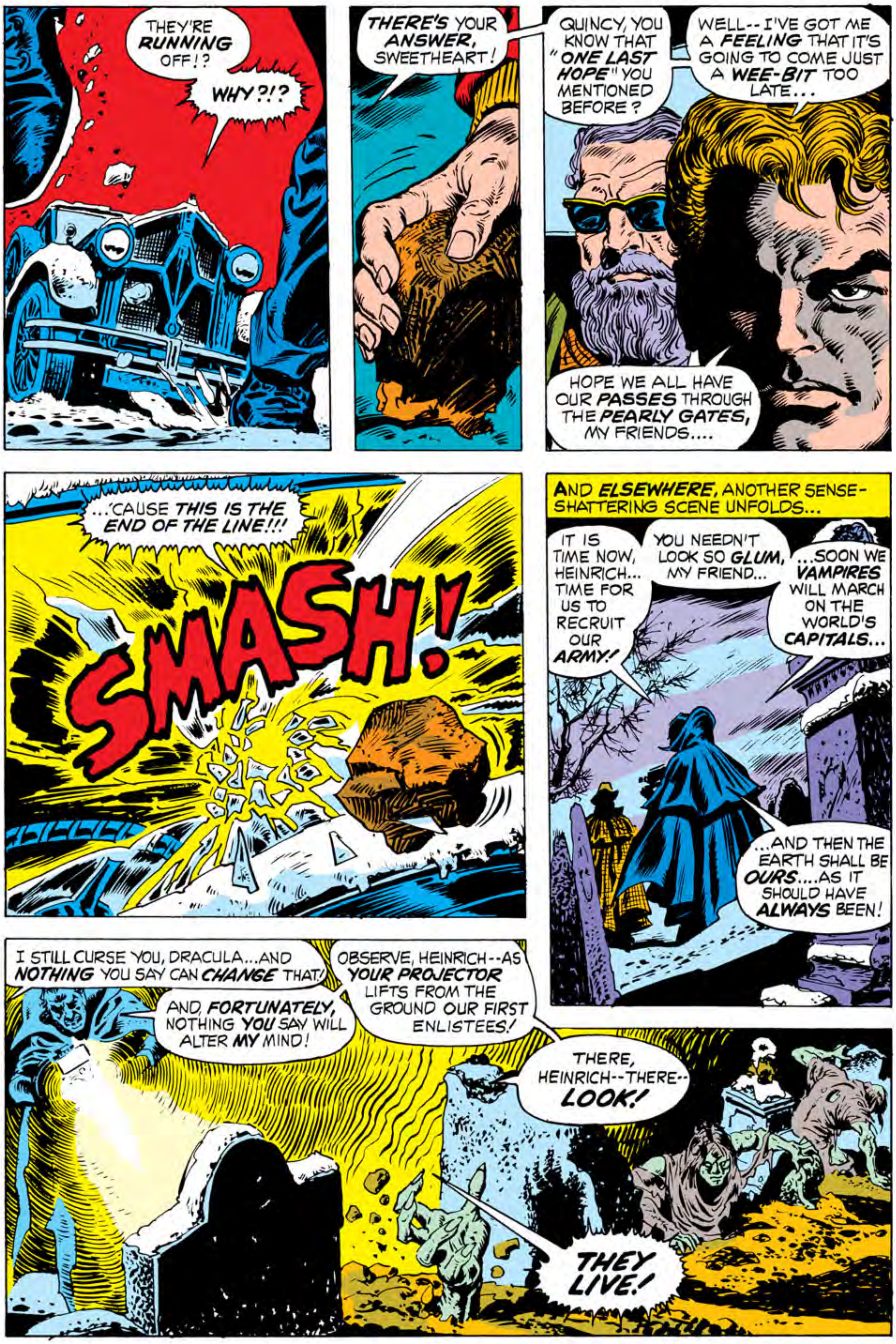

THE CEMETERY GROUNDS ARE **SILENT**.... **DARK**.... AS TWO SMALL FORMS **GLIDE** AS A HELLBORN MIST THROUGH THE **STONE AND MORTAR** OF A TIGHTLY-SEALED MAUSOLEUM...
...DOWN PAST WINDING **STAIRS** AND COBWEBBED RAILING THE TWO **BATS** CONTINUE...
...UNTIL...
NOW, MORTTE-- GET THE **PROJECTOR**. THE TIME IS NIGH!
EXCELLENT! UNTOUCHED SINCE **LAST** WE LEFT IT!
DRACULA... I **BEG** YOU--!
BEGGING IS FOR **WEAKLINGS**, MORTTE- -- YOU'RE A **VAMPIRE**--- A HERALDING ANGEL OF THE NEW **RULERS** OF EARTH...
NOW-- DO AS I **COMMAND**!

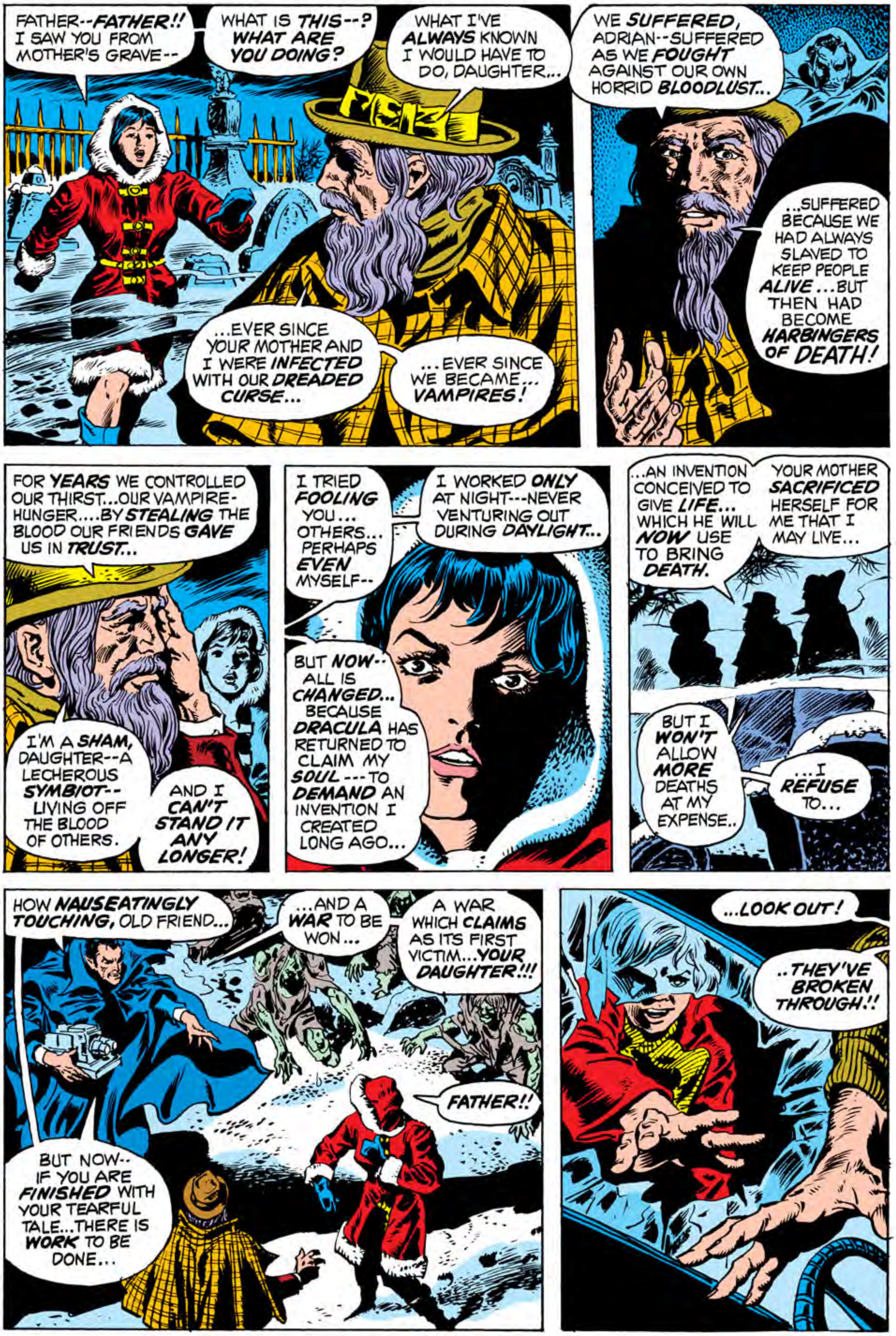

OH, I **RUE** THE DAY I FIRST CONCEIVED THIS **HORROR**....
HAD I KNOWN THE **EVIL** FESTERING WITHIN YOU-- I WOULD HAVE **BURNED** MY PLANS AND BURIED ITS STILL-SMOKING ASHES!

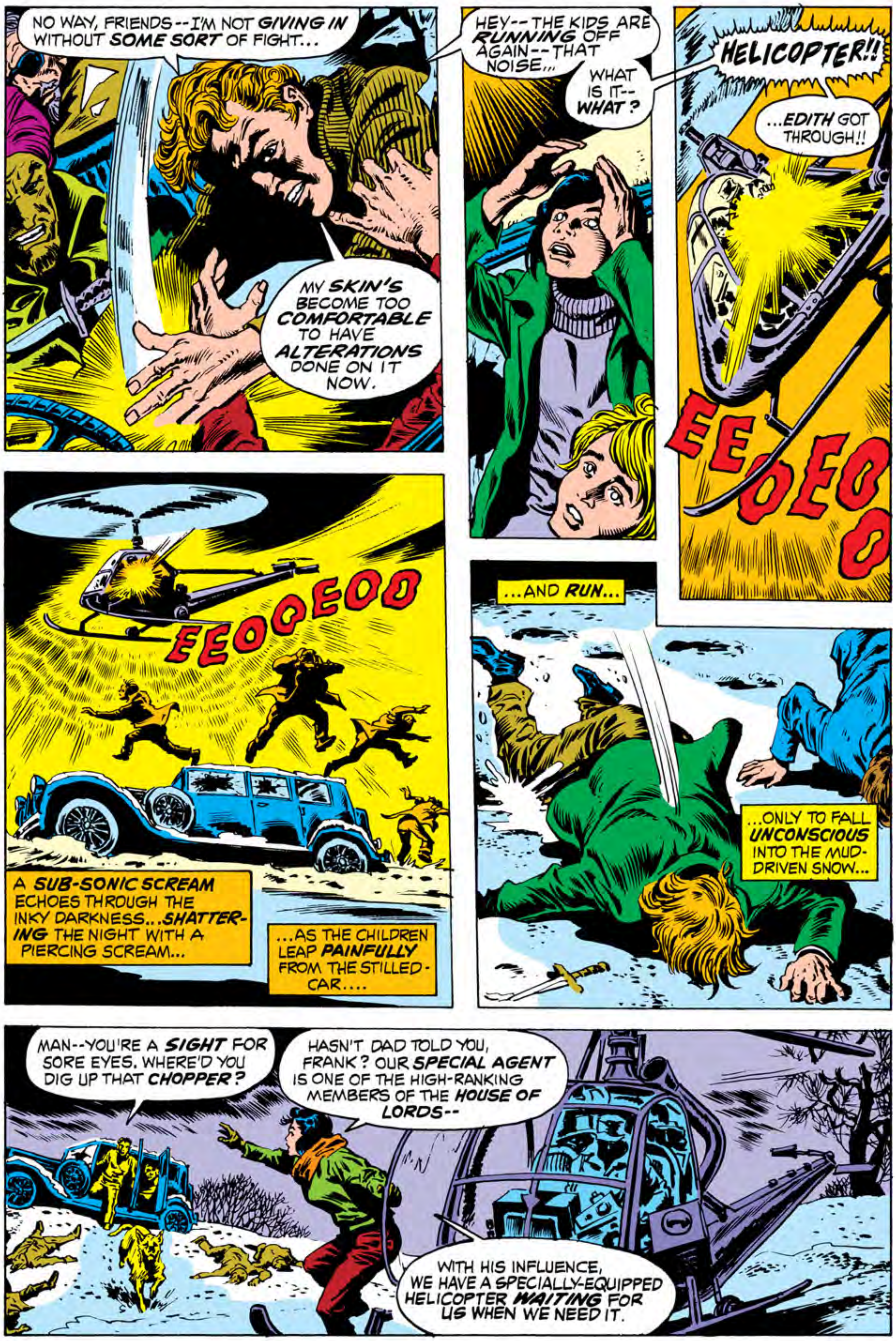

YOUR CREATION OF THE PROJECTOR CAN **GNAW** AT YOUR CONSCIENCE FOR **ETERNITY** IF YOU WISH...
I MERELY DEMAND ITS **USE**.... AND THE **POWER** IT SHALL GIVE ME.

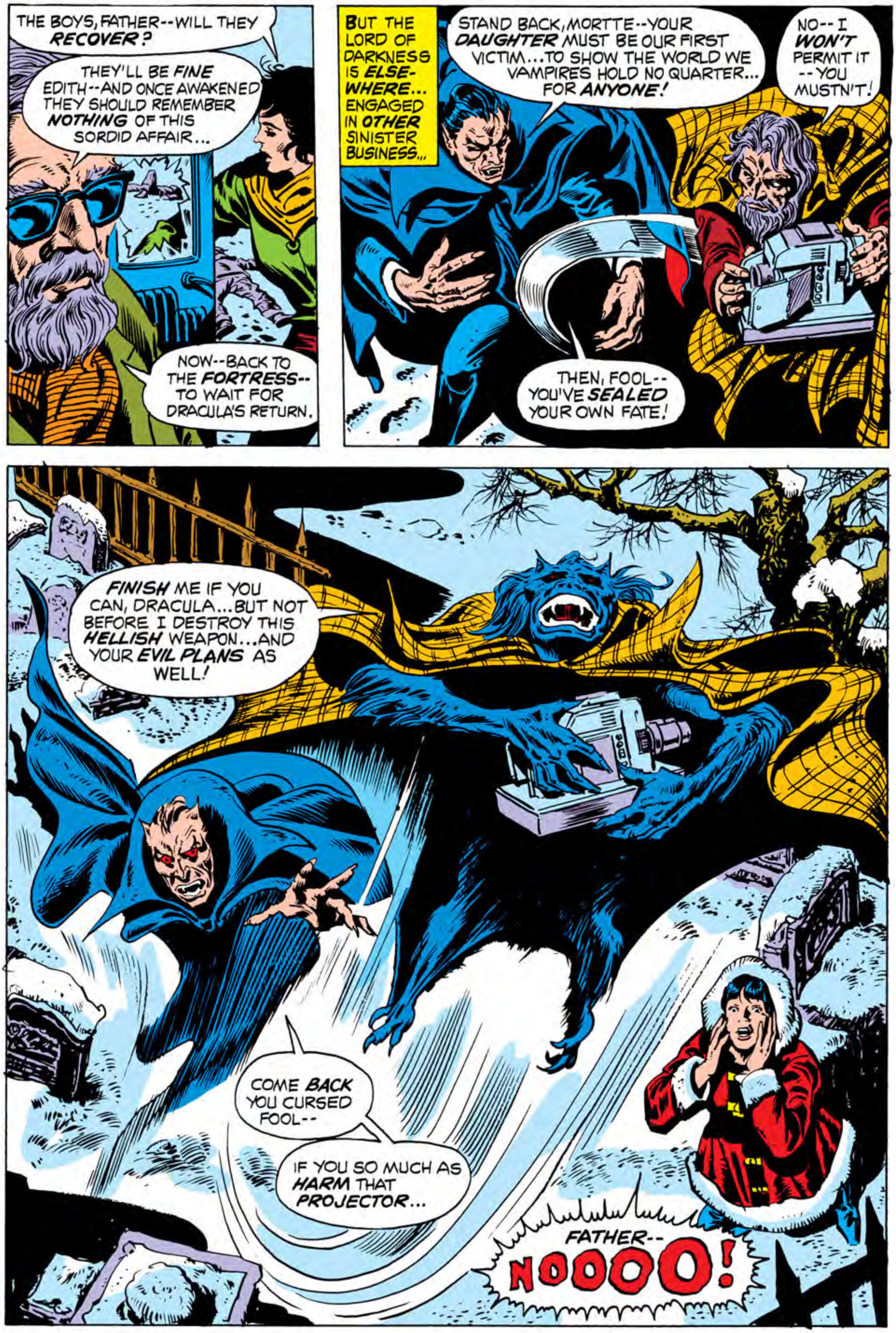

MAY THE HEAVENS CURSE ME FOR NOT HAVING THE COURAGE TO DESTROY IT!
THEN YOU SHALL NOT HAVE THE CHANCE NOW, MORTTE.
THE PROJECTOR IS MINE!
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS I HAVE DREAMED OF THIS DAY...DREAMED OF RULING THE EARTH UNDER A MANTLE OF VAMPIRISM...
NOW I HAVE THE POWER TO DO JUST THAT...
THE POWER TO CREATE AN ARMY OF UNDEFEATABLE VAMPIRES!
YOUR PLAN TO RECREATE LIFE WAS INGENIOUS, MORTTE -- BUT WHAT A SHAME YOUR THINKING WAS SO NARROW...
YOU SOUGHT ONLY TO KEEP ALIVE YOUR PATIENTS, NOT POSSESSING MY FORESIGHT OR GENIUS TO SEE ITS OTHER POSSIBILITIES...
PLEASE-- MY COUNT--DO NOT CONTINUE.
WHY, MORTTE? ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR CREATION?
OR DO YOU FINALLY REALIZE THE SCOPE OF MY PLAN?
TO CREATE ALL THE SOLDIERS I'D NEED WOULD NORMALLY TAKE YEARS...
..BUT WITH YOUR PROJECTOR... I CAN DO IT TONIGHT, HERE IN THE CEMETERY...
...BY RAISING FROM THE GRAVE AN ARMY OF LIVING VAMPIRES...UNDER MY CONTROL!!!
HA! HA! HA!
OH, LORD--- FORGIVE ME--- FORGIVE ME---

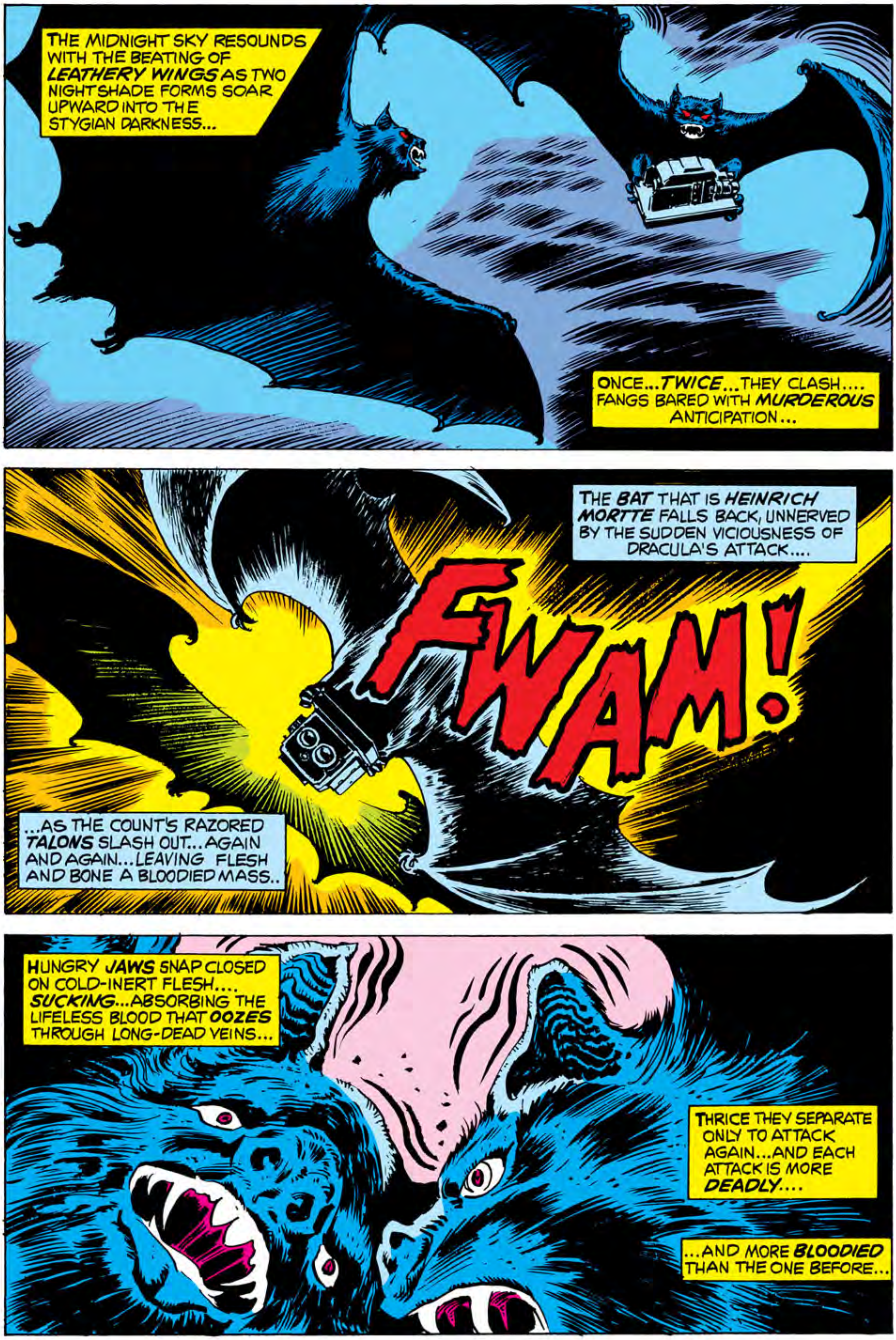

ELSEWHERE....AT THE SELFSAME MOMENT...
...THEY'RE OVER US--LIKE HUNGRY LEECHES!
I AGREE, MR. DRAKE. IF HELP DOESN'T COME SHORTLY--WE'RE DOOMED!
CURSE DRACULA--HIS PLAN IS FLAWLESS...THE CHILDREN WILL CONTINUE THEIR ATTACK UNTIL WE ARE DEAD!
...AND THERE IS NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP THEM!
QUINCY, YOU'D MAKE ONE HECKUVA LOUSY CHEERLEADER!
I BET YOU WERE A MILLION LAUGHS DURING WORLD WAR TWO!
BUT, C'MON, MAN ...THINK.... THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME WAY TO FREE US.
HOW, FRANK--? THEY'RE ONLY KIDS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO-- LINE THEM UP AGAINST A WALL AND SPANK THEM?
YEAH... YEAH...I KNOW, RACHEL---BUT I'M GOING BATTY JUST SITTING HERE...
FRANK-- QUINCY--
LOOK!

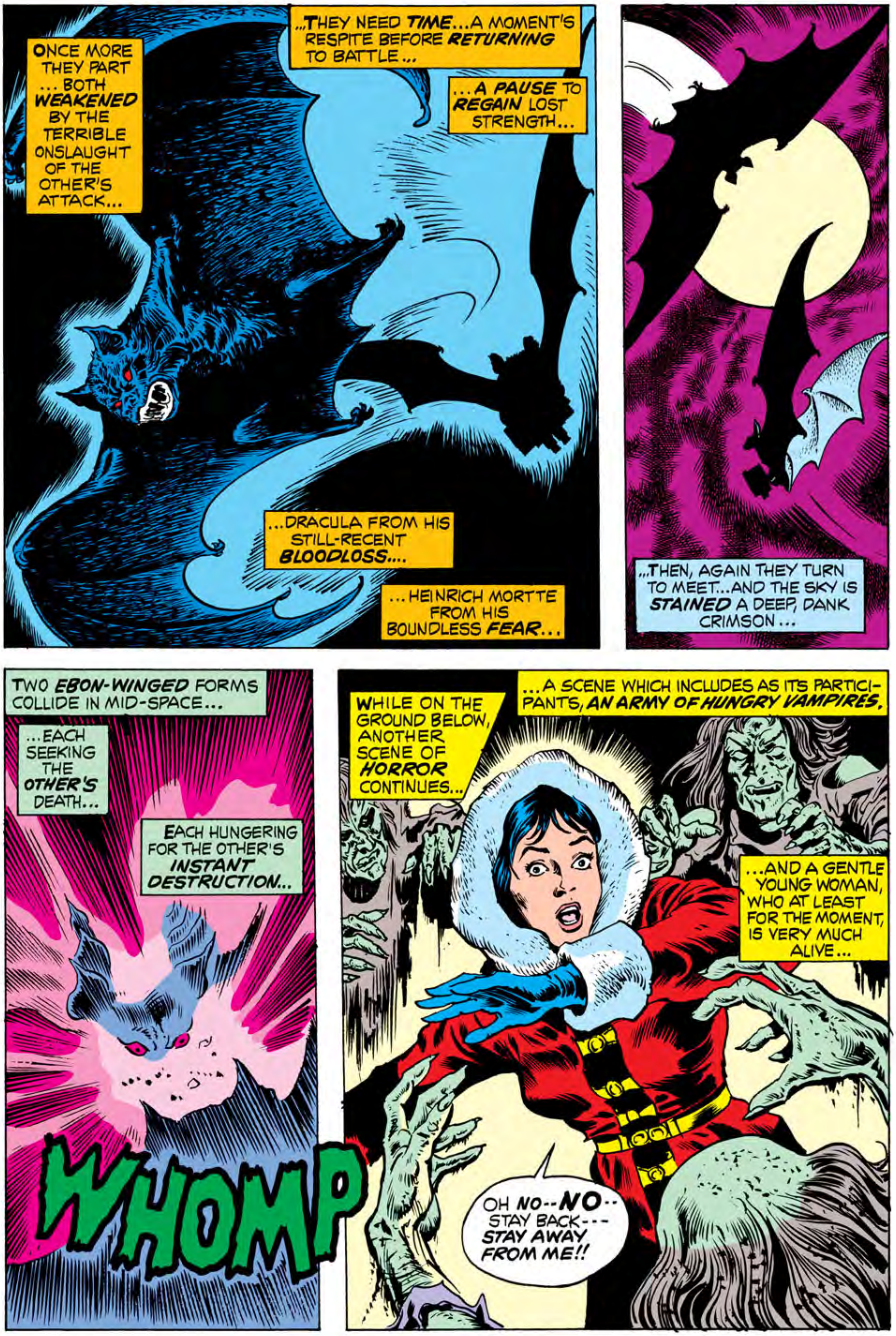

THEY'RE **RUNNING** OFF!?
WHY?!?
THERE'S YOUR **ANSWER**, SWEETHEART!
QUINCY, YOU KNOW THAT "**ONE LAST HOPE**" YOU MENTIONED BEFORE?
WELL-- I'VE GOT ME A **FEELING** THAT IT'S GOING TO COME JUST A **WEE-BIT** TOO LATE...
HOPE WE ALL HAVE OUR **PASSES** THROUGH THE **PEARLY GATES**, MY FRIENDS....
...'CAUSE **THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!!!**
SMASH!
AND **ELSEWHERE**, ANOTHER SENSE-SHATTERING SCENE UNFOLDS...
IT IS TIME NOW, HEINRICH... TIME FOR US TO RECRUIT OUR **ARMY!**
YOU NEEDN'T LOOK SO **GLUM**, MY FRIEND...
...SOON WE **VAMPIRES** WILL MARCH ON THE WORLD'S **CAPITALS...**
...AND THEN THE EARTH SHALL BE **OURS**....AS IT SHOULD HAVE **ALWAYS** BEEN!
I STILL CURSE YOU, DRACULA...AND **NOTHING** YOU SAY CAN **CHANGE** THAT!
AND, **FORTUNATELY**, NOTHING **YOU** SAY WILL ALTER **MY** MIND!
OBSERVE, HEINRICH--AS **YOUR PROJECTOR** LIFTS FROM THE GROUND OUR FIRST ENLISTEES!
THERE, HEINRICH--THERE-- **LOOK!**
THEY LIVE!

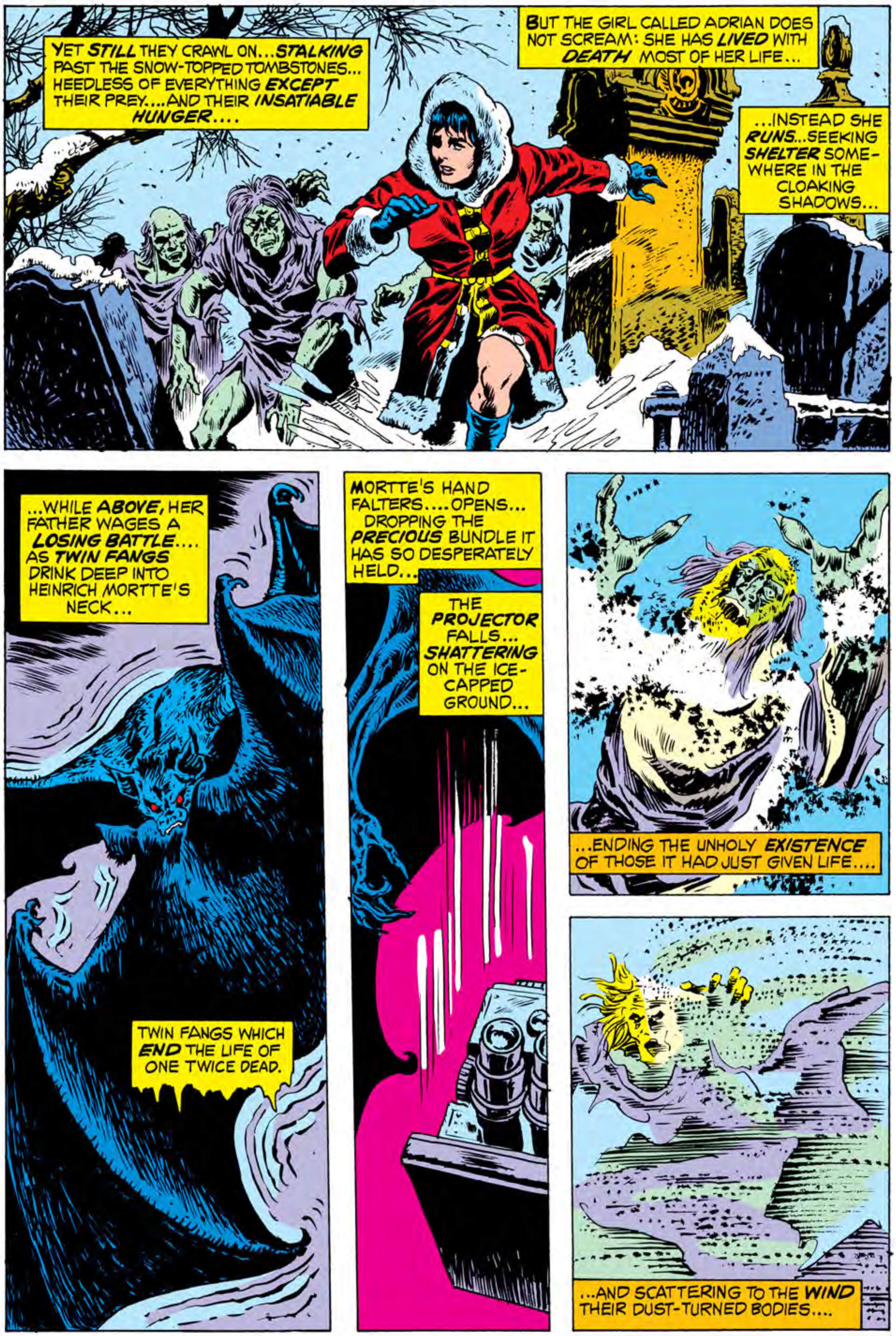

FATHER--FATHER!! I SAW YOU FROM MOTHER'S GRAVE--
WHAT IS THIS--? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN I WOULD HAVE TO DO, DAUGHTER...
...EVER SINCE YOUR MOTHER AND I WERE INFECTED WITH OUR DREADED CURSE...
...EVER SINCE WE BECAME... VAMPIRES!
WE SUFFERED, ADRIAN--SUFFERED AS WE FOUGHT AGAINST OUR OWN HORRID BLOODLUST...
...SUFFERED BECAUSE WE HAD ALWAYS SLAVED TO KEEP PEOPLE ALIVE...BUT THEN HAD BECOME HARBINGERS OF DEATH!
FOR YEARS WE CONTROLLED OUR THIRST...OUR VAMPIRE-HUNGER....BY STEALING THE BLOOD OUR FRIENDS GAVE US IN TRUST...
I'M A SHAM, DAUGHTER--A LECHEROUS SYMBIOT--LIVING OFF THE BLOOD OF OTHERS.
AND I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER!
I TRIED FOOLING YOU... OTHERS... PERHAPS EVEN MYSELF--
I WORKED ONLY AT NIGHT---NEVER VENTURING OUT DURING DAYLIGHT...
BUT NOW--ALL IS CHANGED...BECAUSE DRACULA HAS RETURNED TO CLAIM MY SOUL---TO DEMAND AN INVENTION I CREATED LONG AGO...
...AN INVENTION CONCEIVED TO GIVE LIFE... WHICH HE WILL NOW USE TO BRING DEATH.
YOUR MOTHER SACRIFICED HERSELF FOR ME THAT I MAY LIVE...
BUT I WON'T ALLOW MORE DEATHS AT MY EXPENSE..
...I REFUSE TO...
HOW NAUSEATINGLY TOUCHING, OLD FRIEND...
...AND A WAR TO BE WON...
A WAR WHICH CLAIMS AS ITS FIRST VICTIM...YOUR DAUGHTER!!!
BUT NOW--IF YOU ARE FINISHED WITH YOUR TEARFUL TALE...THERE IS WORK TO BE DONE...
FATHER!!
...LOOK OUT!
..THEY'VE BROKEN THROUGH!!

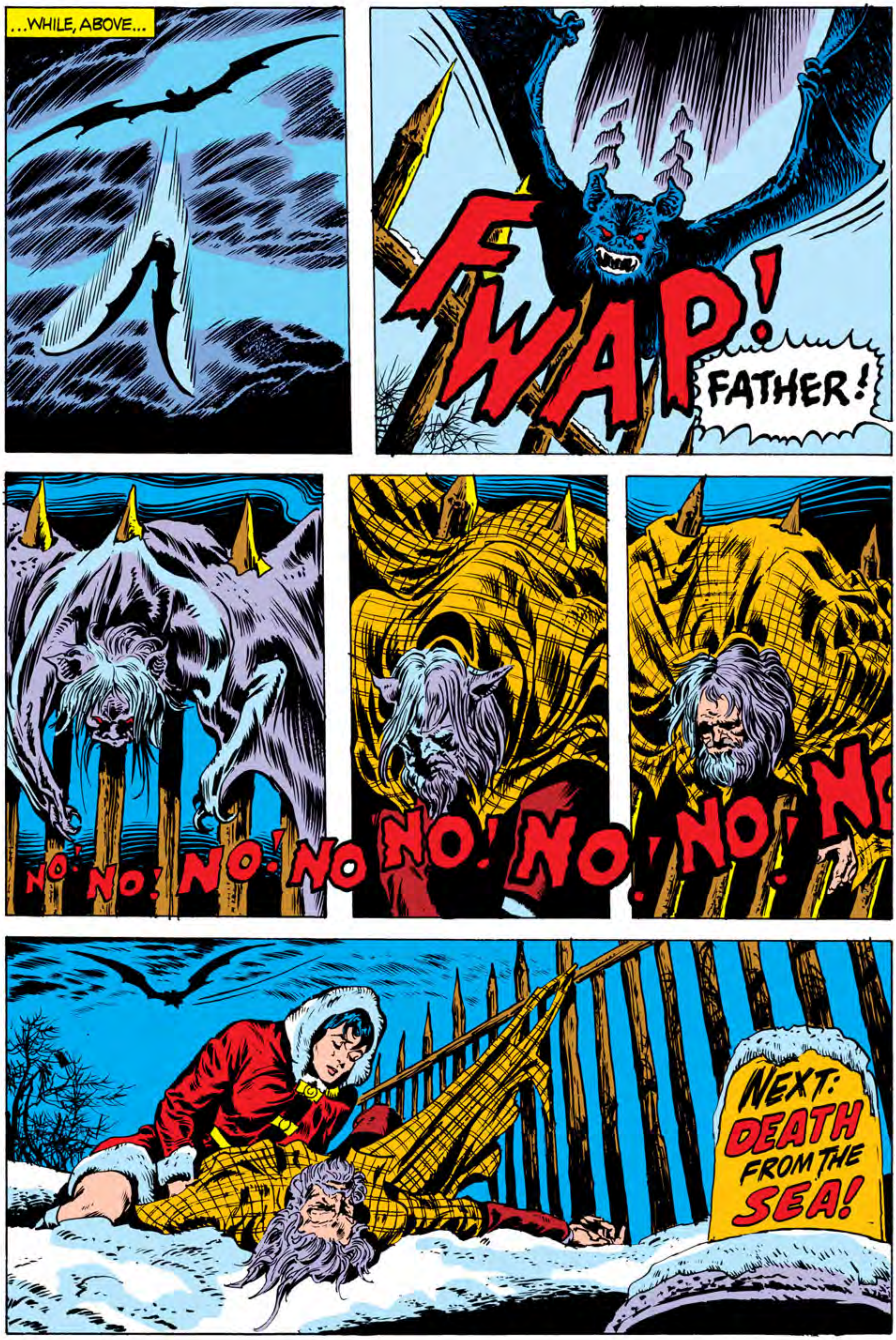

NO WAY, FRIENDS--I'M NOT GIVING IN WITHOUT SOME SORT OF FIGHT...
MY SKIN'S BECOME TOO COMFORTABLE TO HAVE ALTERATIONS DONE ON IT NOW.
HEY--THE KIDS ARE RUNNING OFF AGAIN--THAT NOISE...
WHAT IS IT--WHAT?
HELICOPTER!!
...EDITH GOT THROUGH!!
EEOOEOO
EEOOEOO
A SUB-SONIC SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE INKY DARKNESS...SHATTERING THE NIGHT WITH A PIERCING SCREAM...
...AS THE CHILDREN LEAP PAINFULLY FROM THE STILLED-CAR....
...AND RUN...
...ONLY TO FALL UNCONSCIOUS INTO THE MUD-DRIVEN SNOW...
MAN--YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES. WHERE'D YOU DIG UP THAT CHOPPER?
HASN'T DAD TOLD YOU, FRANK? OUR SPECIAL AGENT IS ONE OF THE HIGH-RANKING MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS--
WITH HIS INFLUENCE, WE HAVE A SPECIALLY-EQUIPPED HELICOPTER WAITING FOR US WHEN WE NEED IT.

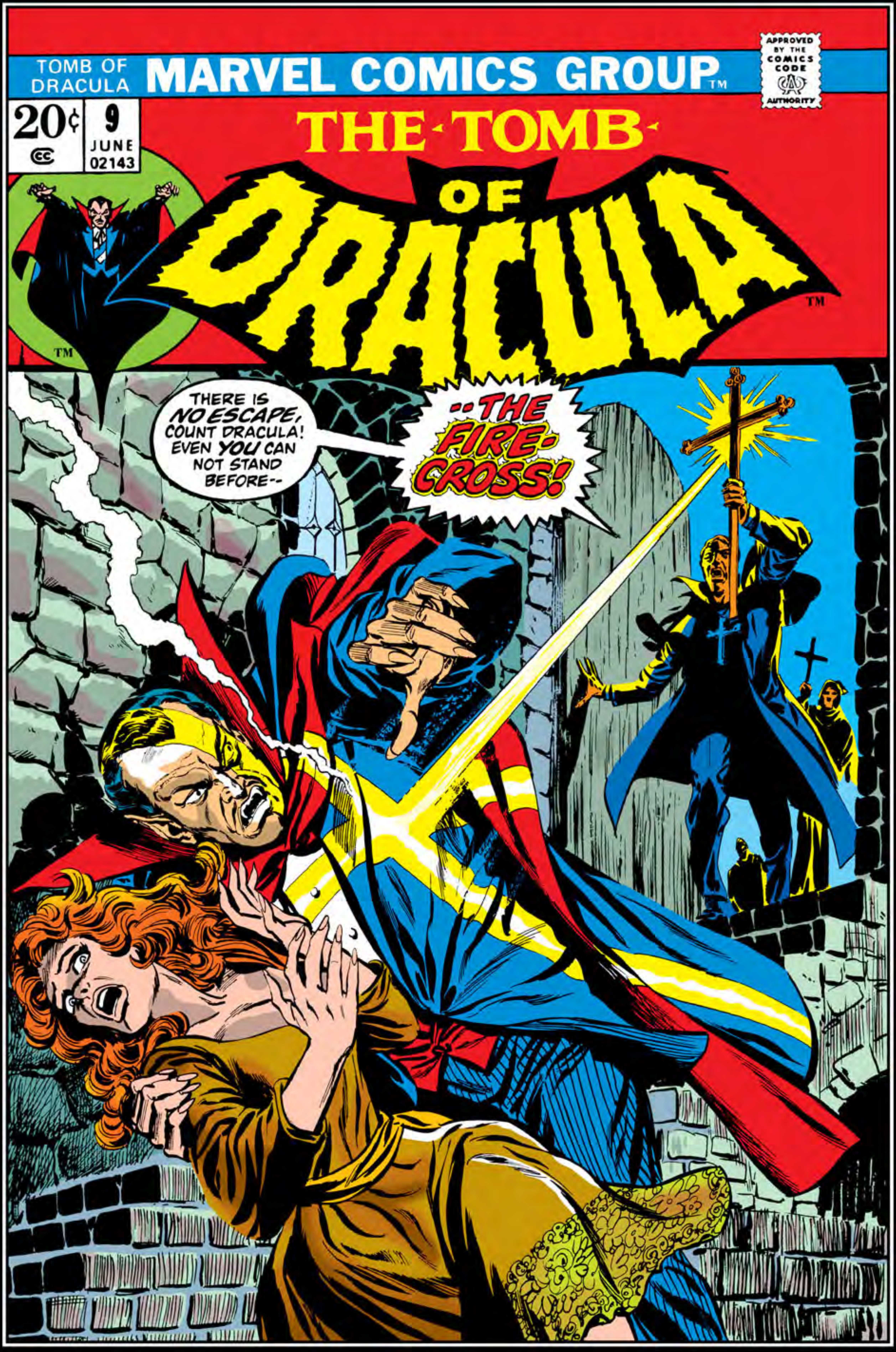

THE BOYS, FATHER--WILL THEY *RECOVER?*
THEY'LL BE *FINE* EDITH--AND ONCE AWAKENED THEY SHOULD REMEMBER *NOTHING* OF THIS SORDID AFFAIR...
NOW--BACK TO THE *FORTRESS*--TO WAIT FOR DRACULA'S RETURN.
BUT THE LORD OF DARKNESS IS *ELSEWHERE*... ENGAGED IN *OTHER* SINISTER BUSINESS...
STAND BACK, MORTTE--YOUR *DAUGHTER* MUST BE OUR FIRST VICTIM...TO SHOW THE WORLD WE VAMPIRES HOLD NO QUARTER... FOR *ANYONE!*
NO--I *WON'T* PERMIT IT--YOU MUSTN'T!
THEN, FOOL--YOU'VE *SEALED* YOUR OWN FATE!
FINISH ME IF YOU CAN, DRACULA...BUT NOT BEFORE I DESTROY THIS *HELLISH* WEAPON...AND YOUR *EVIL PLANS* AS WELL!
COME *BACK* YOU CURSED FOOL--
IF YOU SO MUCH AS *HARM* THAT *PROJECTOR*...
FATHER--
NOOOO!


THE MIDNIGHT SKY RESOUNDS WITH THE BEATING OF *LEATHERY WINGS* AS TWO NIGHTSHADE FORMS SOAR UPWARD INTO THE STYGIAN DARKNESS...
ONCE...*TWICE*...THEY CLASH.... FANGS BARED WITH *MURDEROUS* ANTICIPATION...
THE *BAT* THAT IS *HEINRICH MORTTE* FALLS BACK, UNNERVED BY THE SUDDEN VICIOUSNESS OF DRACULA'S ATTACK....
FWAM!
...AS THE COUNT'S RAZORED *TALONS* SLASH OUT...AGAIN AND AGAIN...LEAVING FLESH AND BONE A BLOODIED MASS..
HUNGRY *JAWS* SNAP CLOSED ON COLD-INERT FLESH.... *SUCKING*...ABSORBING THE LIFELESS BLOOD THAT *OOZES* THROUGH LONG-DEAD VEINS...
THRICE THEY SEPARATE ONLY TO ATTACK AGAIN...AND EACH ATTACK IS MORE *DEADLY*....
...AND MORE *BLOODIED* THAN THE ONE BEFORE...

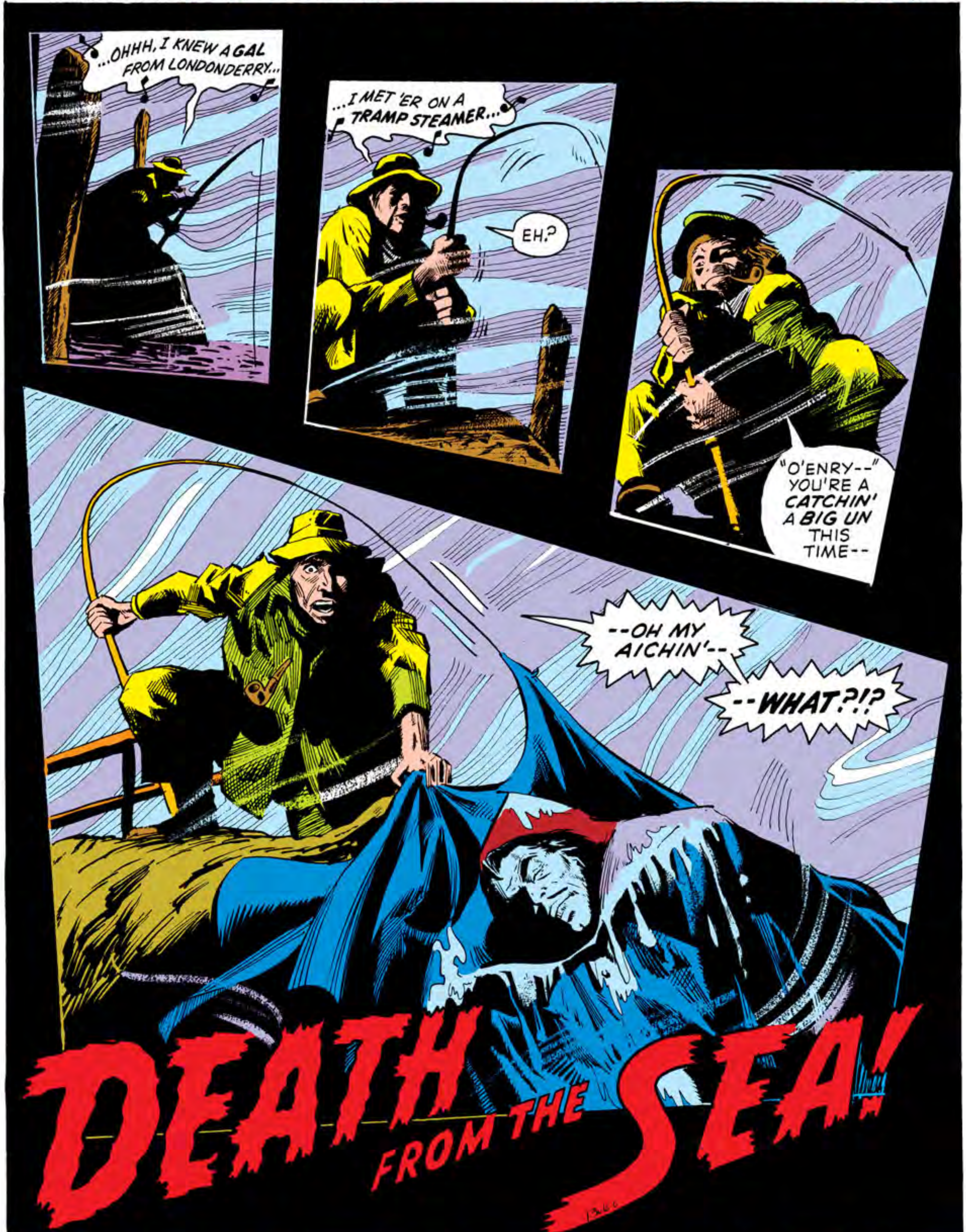

ONCE MORE THEY PART ... BOTH WEAKENED BY THE TERRIBLE ONSLAUGHT OF THE OTHER'S ATTACK...
...THEY NEED TIME...A MOMENT'S RESPITE BEFORE RETURNING TO BATTLE...
...A PAUSE TO REGAIN LOST STRENGTH...
...DRACULA FROM HIS STILL-RECENT BLOODLOSS....
...HEINRICH MORTTE FROM HIS BOUNDLESS FEAR...
...THEN, AGAIN THEY TURN TO MEET...AND THE SKY IS STAINED A DEEP, DANK CRIMSON...
TWO EBON-WINGED FORMS COLLIDE IN MID-SPACE...
...EACH SEEKING THE OTHER'S DEATH...
EACH HUNGERING FOR THE OTHER'S INSTANT DESTRUCTION...
WHOMP
WHILE ON THE GROUND BELOW, ANOTHER SCENE OF HORROR CONTINUES...
...A SCENE WHICH INCLUDES AS ITS PARTICIPANTS, AN ARMY OF HUNGRY VAMPIRES,
...AND A GENTLE YOUNG WOMAN, WHO AT LEAST FOR THE MOMENT, IS VERY MUCH ALIVE...
OH NO--NO-- STAY BACK--- STAY AWAY FROM ME!!


YET STILL THEY CRAWL ON...STALKING PAST THE SNOW-TOPPED TOMBSTONES... HEEDLESS OF EVERYTHING EXCEPT THEIR PREY....AND THEIR INSATIABLE HUNGER....
BUT THE GIRL CALLED ADRIAN DOES NOT SCREAM: SHE HAS LIVED WITH DEATH MOST OF HER LIFE...
...INSTEAD SHE RUNS...SEEKING SHELTER SOMEWHERE IN THE CLOAKING SHADOWS...
...WHILE ABOVE, HER FATHER WAGES A LOSING BATTLE.... AS TWIN FANGS DRINK DEEP INTO HEINRICH MORTTE'S NECK...
TWIN FANGS WHICH END THE LIFE OF ONE TWICE DEAD.
MORTTE'S HAND FALTERS....OPENS... DROPPING THE PRECIOUS BUNDLE IT HAS SO DESPERATELY HELD...
THE PROJECTOR FALLS... SHATTERING ON THE ICE-CAPPED GROUND...
...ENDING THE UNHOLY EXISTENCE OF THOSE IT HAD JUST GIVEN LIFE....
...AND SCATTERING TO THE WIND THEIR DUST-TURNED BODIES....


...WHILE, ABOVE...
FWAP!
FATHER!
NO! NO! NO! NO NO! NO! NO!
NEXT: DEATH FROM THE SEA!

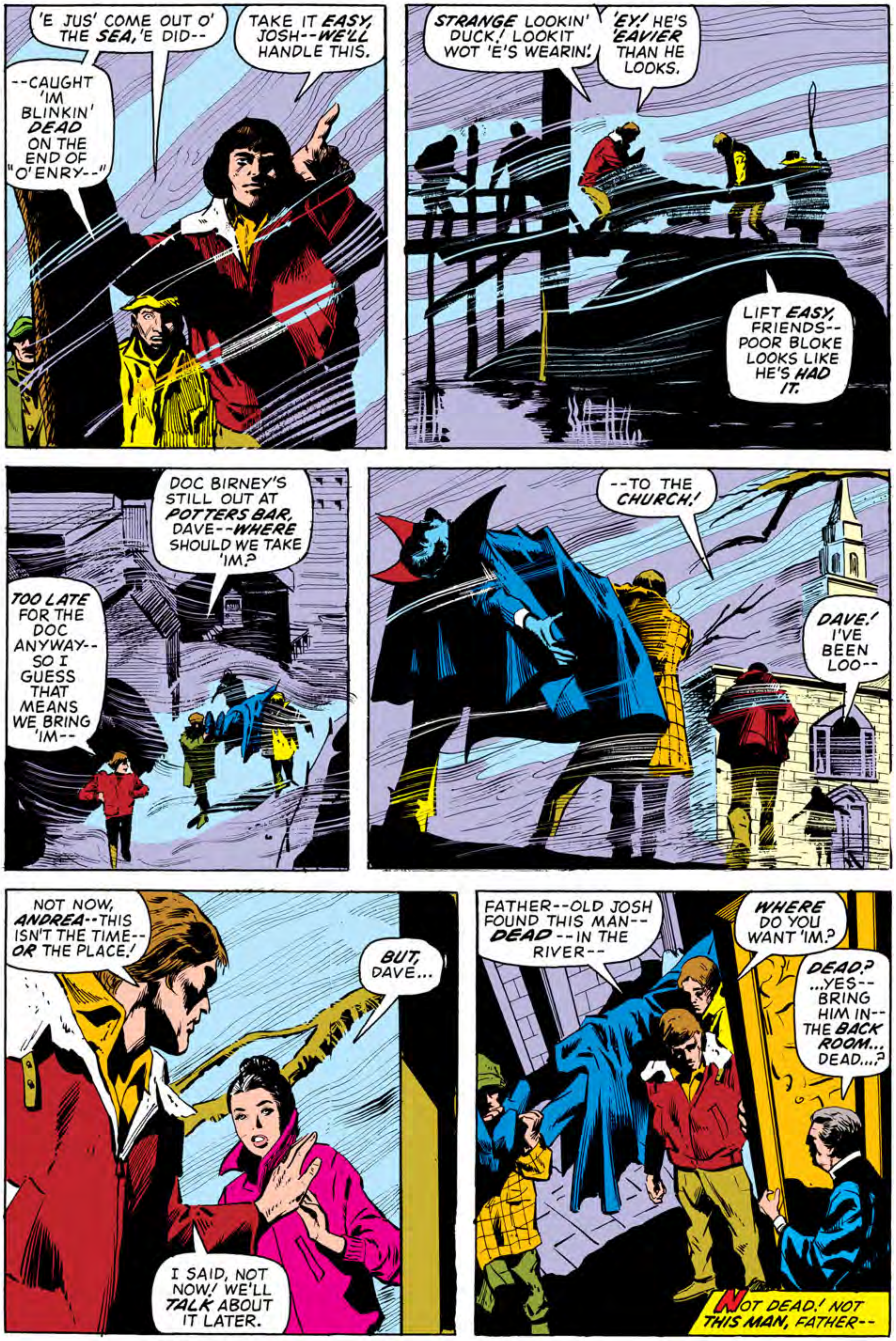

TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢
9
JUNE
02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
THERE IS NO ESCAPE, COUNT DRACULA! EVEN YOU CAN NOT STAND BEFORE--
--THE FIRE-CROSS!

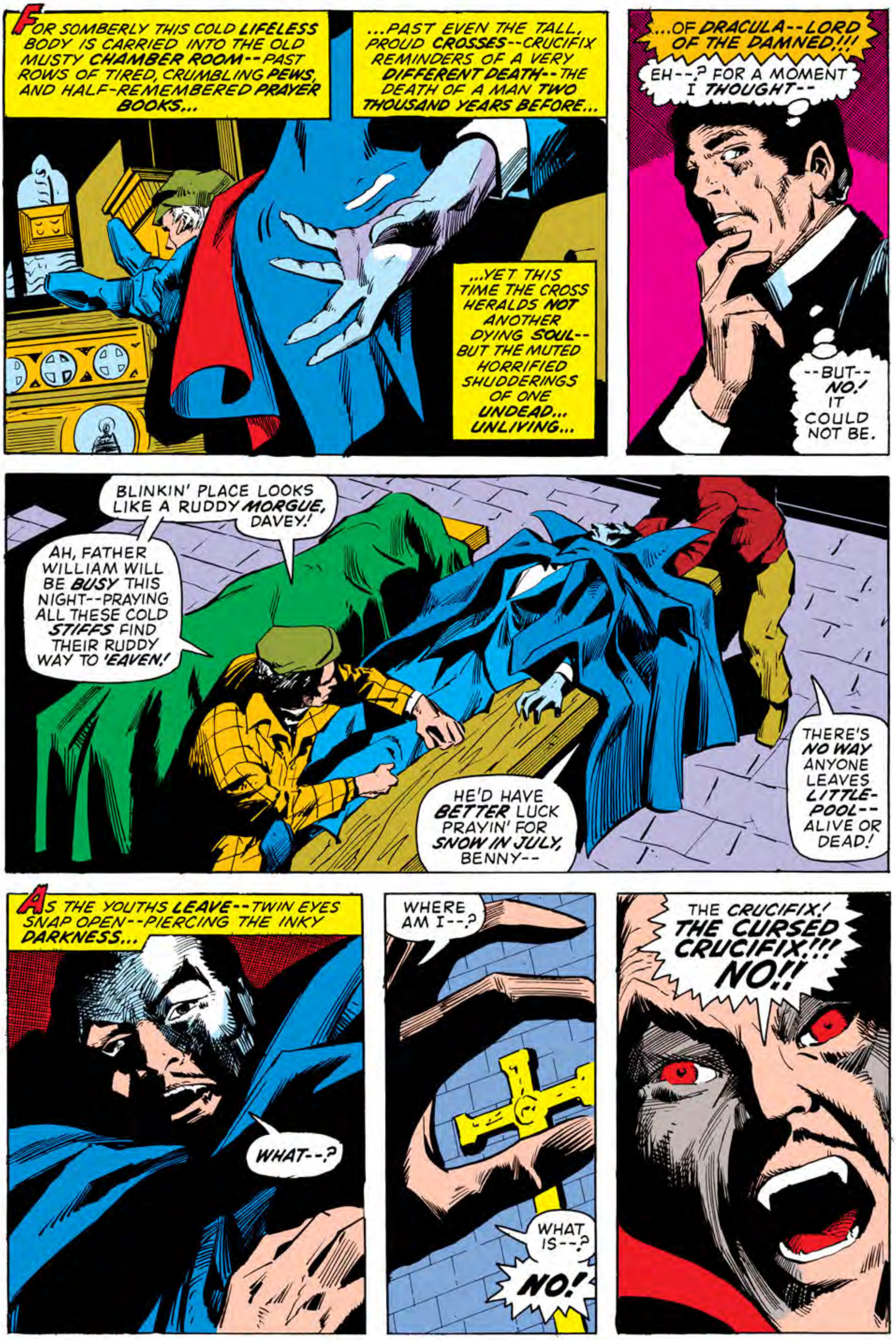
Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™

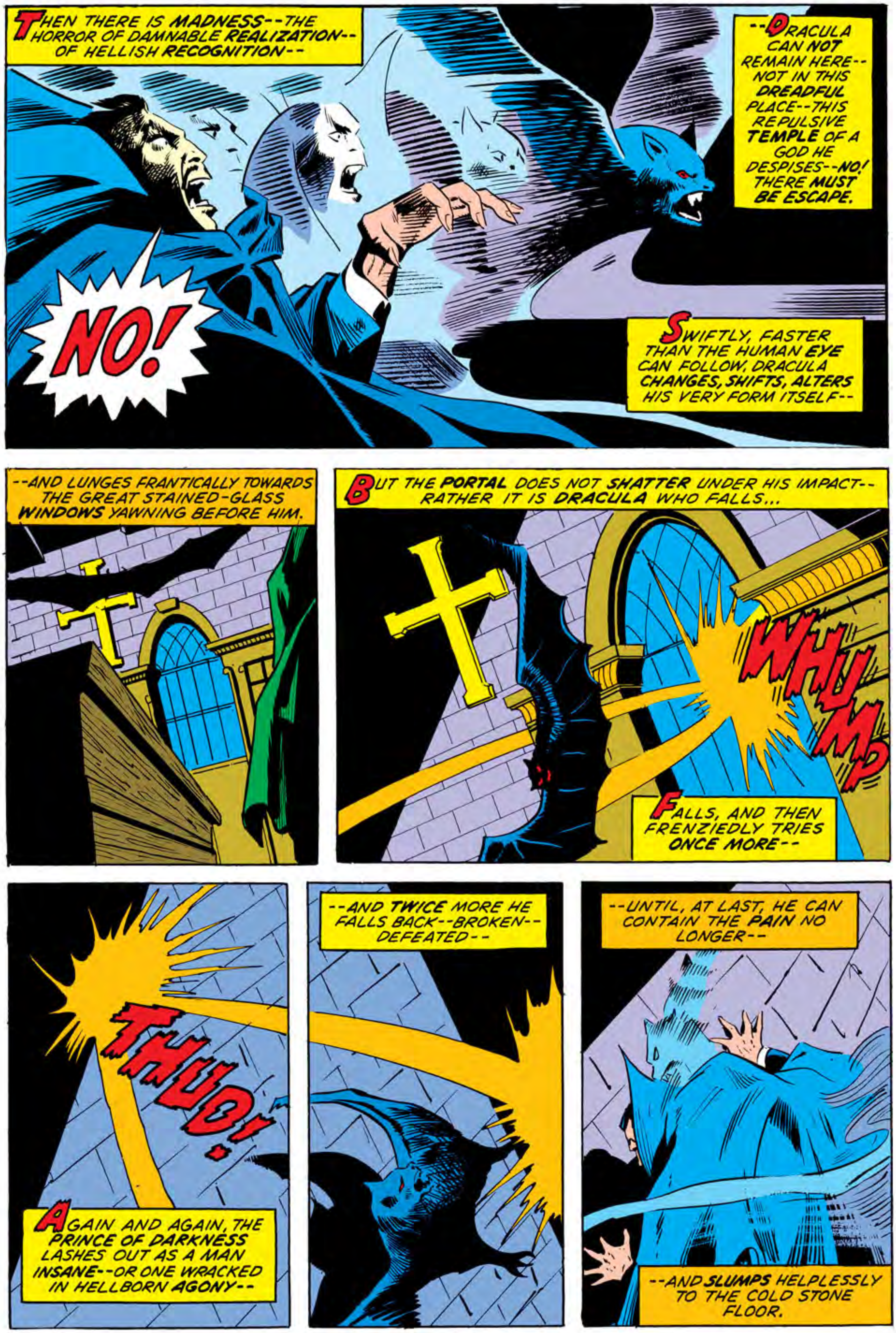

...OHHH, I KNEW A GAL FROM LONDONDERRY...
...I MET 'ER ON A TRAMP STEAMER...
EH?
"O'ENRY--" YOU'RE A CATCHIN' A BIG UN THIS TIME--
--OH MY AICHIN'--
--WHAT?!?

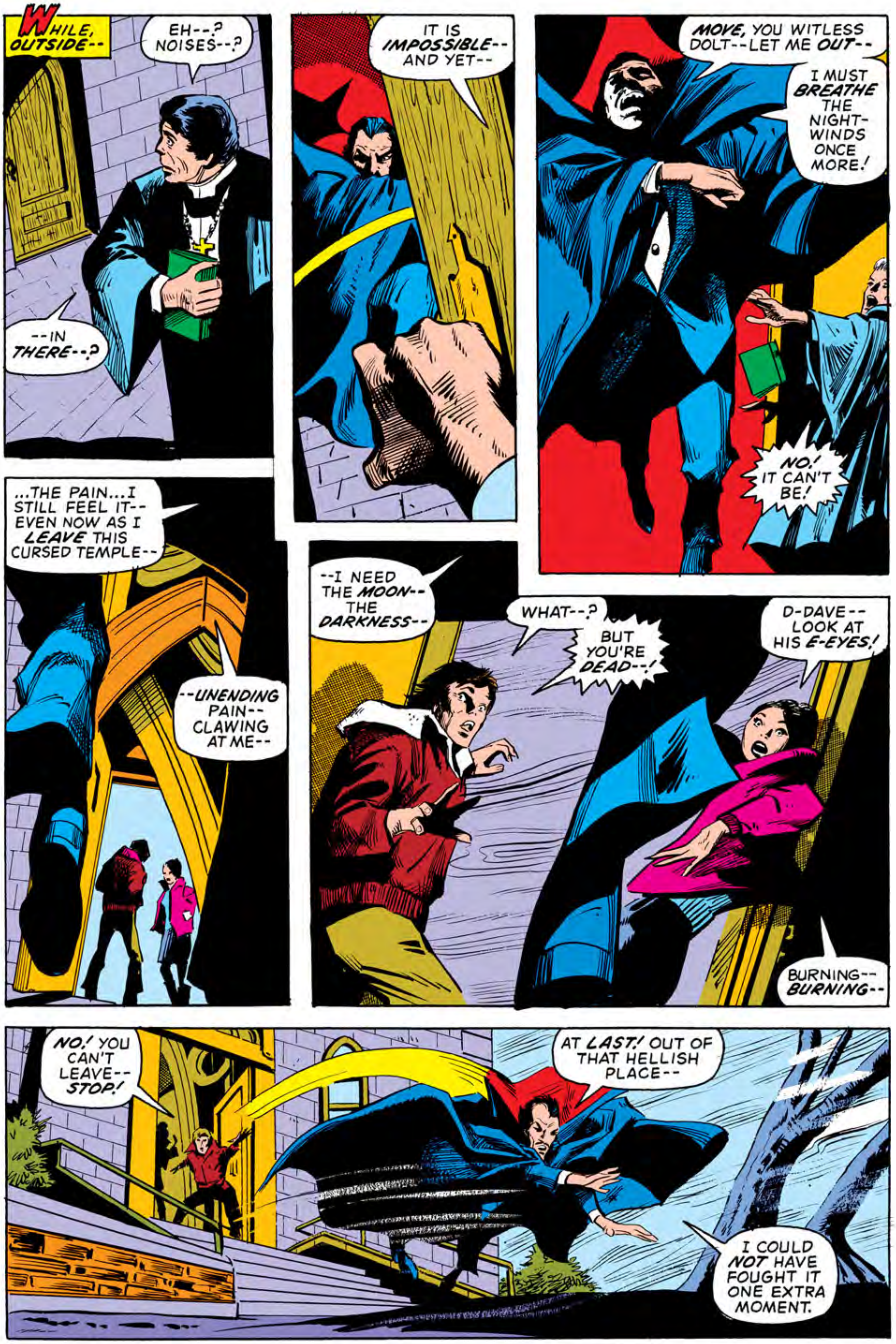
DEATH FROM THE SEA!

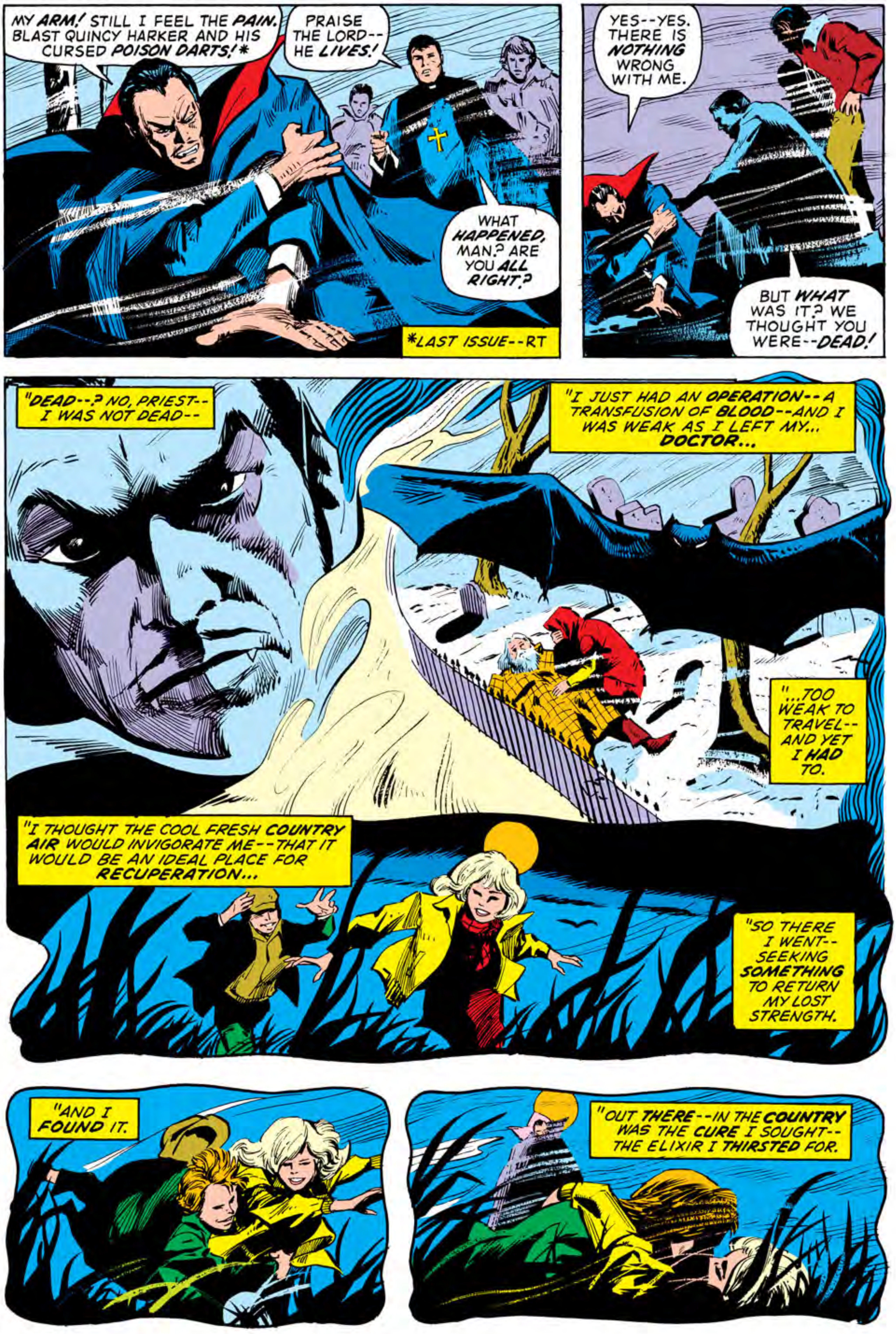
A MIDNIGHT EXCURSION BY:	INKED BY:	LETTERED BY:	COLORED BY:	EDITOR:
MARV WOLFMAN & GENE COLAN	VINCE COLLETTA	ARTIE SIMEK	GLYNIS WEIN	ROY THOMAS

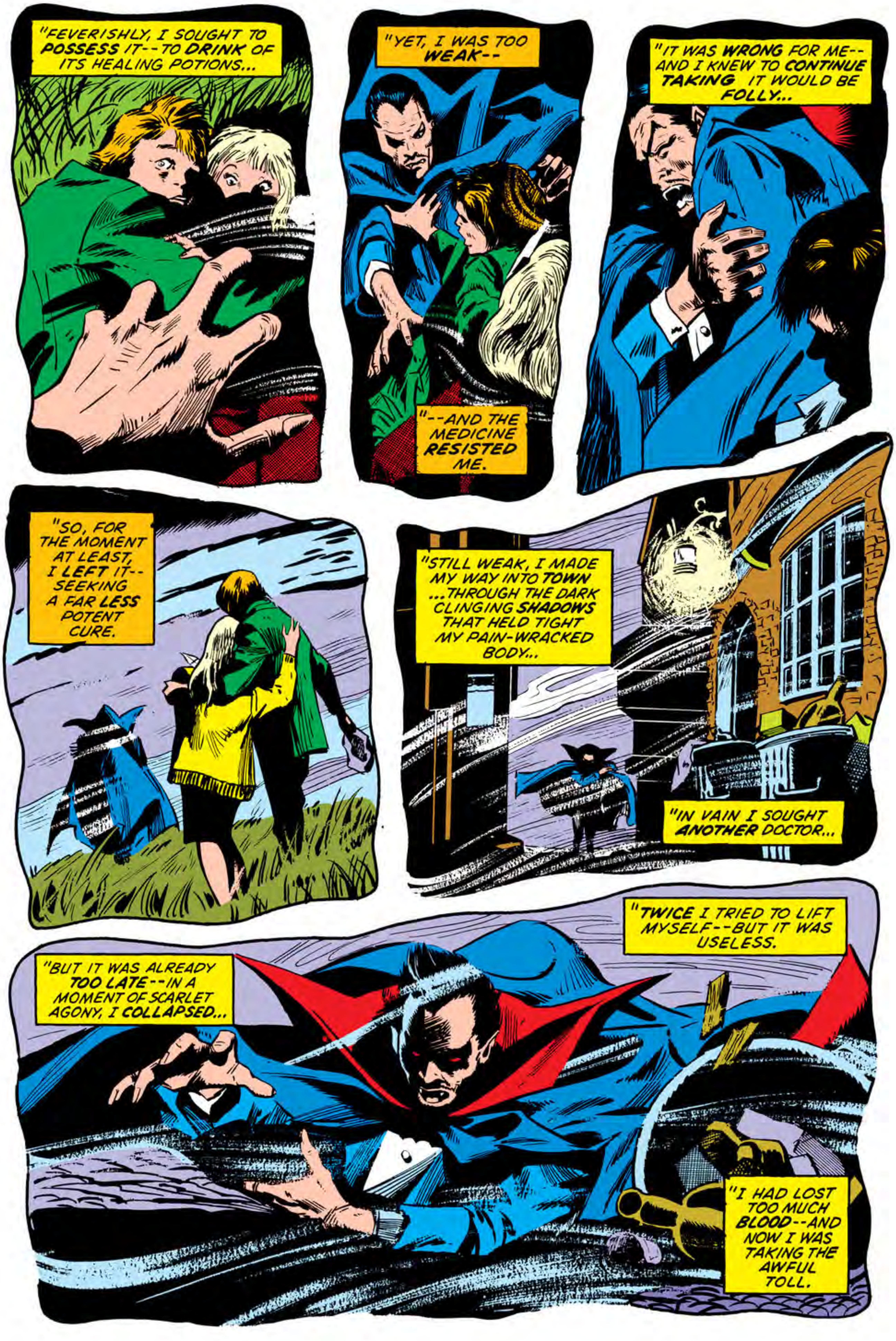

'E JUS' COME OUT O' THE SEA, 'E DID--
--CAUGHT 'IM BLINKIN' DEAD ON THE END OF "O'ENRY--"
TAKE IT EASY, JOSH--WE'LL HANDLE THIS.
STRANGE LOOKIN' DUCK! LOOKIT WOT 'E'S WEARIN'!
'EY! HE'S 'EAVIER THAN HE LOOKS.
LIFT EASY, FRIENDS--POOR BLOKE LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAD IT.
DOC BIRNEY'S STILL OUT AT POTTERS BAR, DAVE--WHERE SHOULD WE TAKE 'IM?
TOO LATE FOR THE DOC ANYWAY--SO I GUESS THAT MEANS WE BRING 'IM--
--TO THE CHURCH!
DAVE! I'VE BEEN LOO--
NOT NOW, ANDREA--THIS ISN'T THE TIME--OR THE PLACE!
BUT, DAVE...
I SAID, NOT NOW! WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT LATER.
FATHER--OLD JOSH FOUND THIS MAN--DEAD--IN THE RIVER--
WHERE DO YOU WANT 'IM?
DEAD? ...YES--BRING HIM IN--THE BACK ROOM... DEAD...?
NOT DEAD! NOT THIS MAN, FATHER--

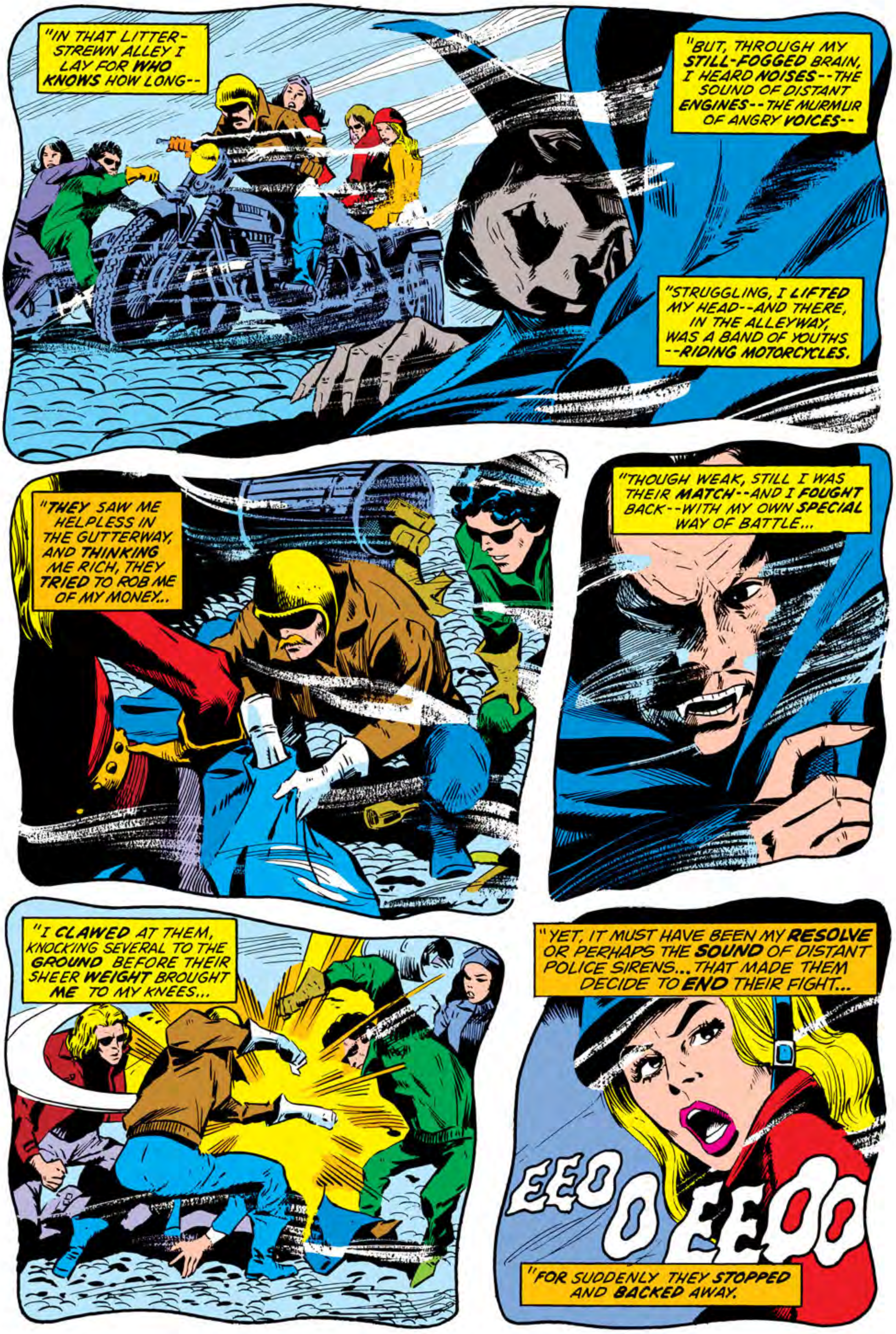

FOR SOMBERLY THIS COLD LIFELESS BODY IS CARRIED INTO THE OLD MUSTY CHAMBER ROOM--PAST ROWS OF TIRED, CRUMBLING PEWS, AND HALF-REMEMBERED PRAYER BOOKS...
...PAST EVEN THE TALL, PROUD CROSSES--CRUCIFIX REMINDERS OF A VERY DIFFERENT DEATH--THE DEATH OF A MAN TWO THOUSAND YEARS BEFORE...
...YET THIS TIME THE CROSS HERALDS NOT ANOTHER DYING SOUL--BUT THE MUTED HORRIFIED SHUDDERINGS OF ONE UNDEAD... UNLIVING...
...OF DRACULA--LORD OF THE DAMNED!!!
EH--? FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT--
--BUT--NO! IT COULD NOT BE.
BLINKIN' PLACE LOOKS LIKE A RUDDY MORGUE, DAVEY!
AH, FATHER WILLIAM WILL BE BUSY THIS NIGHT--PRAYING ALL THESE COLD STIFFS FIND THEIR RUDDY WAY TO 'EAVEN!
HE'D HAVE BETTER LUCK PRAYIN' FOR SNOW IN JULY, BENNY--
THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE LEAVES LITTLEPOOL--ALIVE OR DEAD!
AS THE YOUTHS LEAVE--TWIN EYES SNAP OPEN--PIERCING THE INKY DARKNESS...
WHAT--?
WHERE AM I--?
WHAT IS--?
NO!
THE CRUCIFIX! THE CURSED CRUCIFIX!!! NO!!

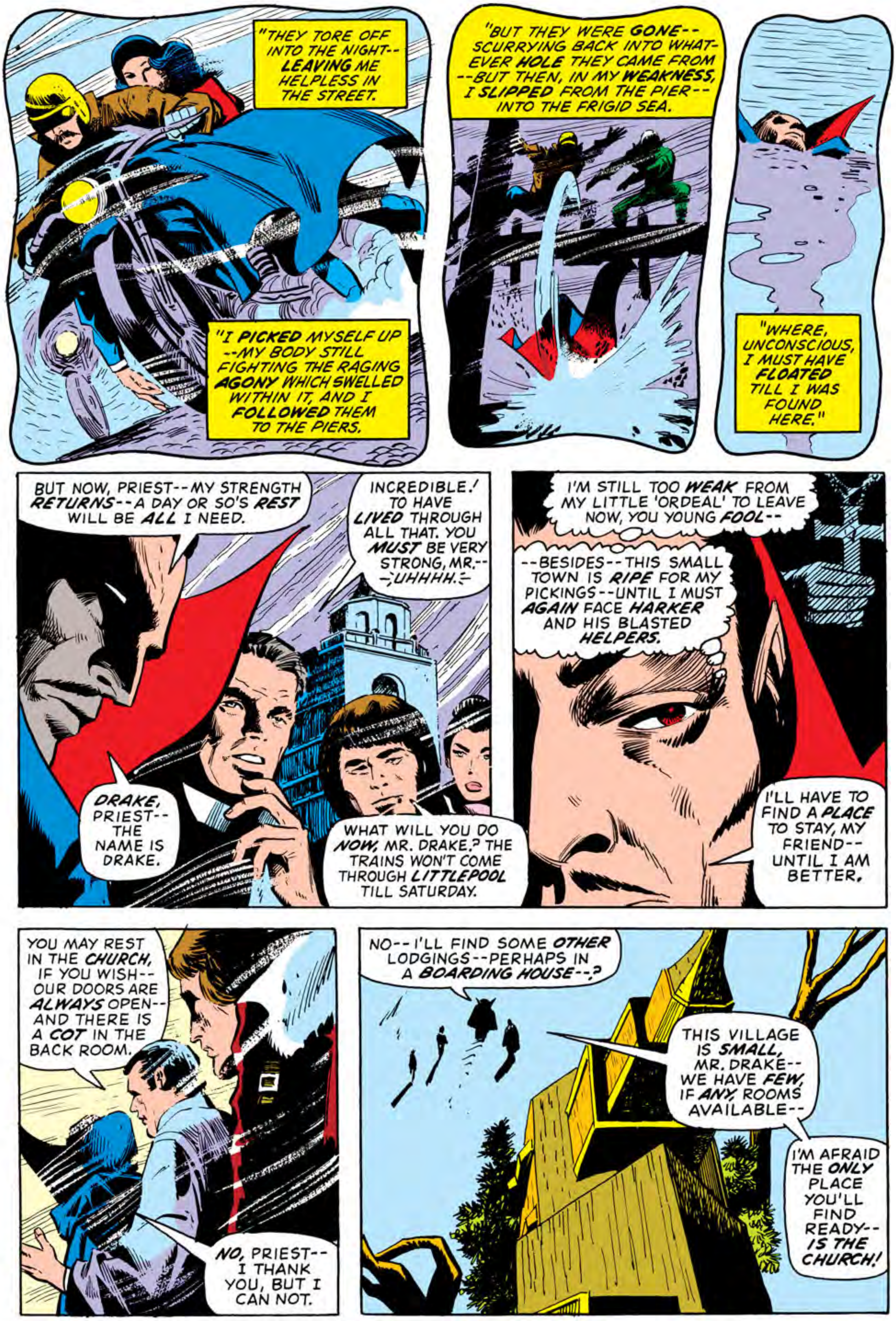

THEN THERE IS MADNESS--THE HORROR OF DAMNABLE REALIZATION--OF HELLISH RECOGNITION--
--DRACULA CAN NOT REMAIN HERE--NOT IN THIS DREADFUL PLACE--THIS REPULSIVE TEMPLE OF A GOD HE DESPISES--NO! THERE MUST BE ESCAPE.
NO!
SWIFTLY, FASTER THAN THE HUMAN EYE CAN FOLLOW, DRACULA CHANGES, SHIFTS, ALTERS HIS VERY FORM ITSELF--
--AND LUNGES FRANTICALLY TOWARDS THE GREAT STAINED-GLASS WINDOWS YAWNING BEFORE HIM.
BUT THE PORTAL DOES NOT SHATTER UNDER HIS IMPACT--RATHER IT IS DRACULA WHO FALLS...
WHUMP
FALLS, AND THEN FRENZIEDLY TRIES ONCE MORE--
THUD!
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS LASHES OUT AS A MAN INSANE--OR ONE WRACKED IN HELLBORN AGONY--
--AND TWICE MORE HE FALLS BACK--BROKEN--DEFEATED--
--UNTIL, AT LAST, HE CAN CONTAIN THE PAIN NO LONGER--
--AND SLUMPS HELPLESSLY TO THE COLD STONE FLOOR.

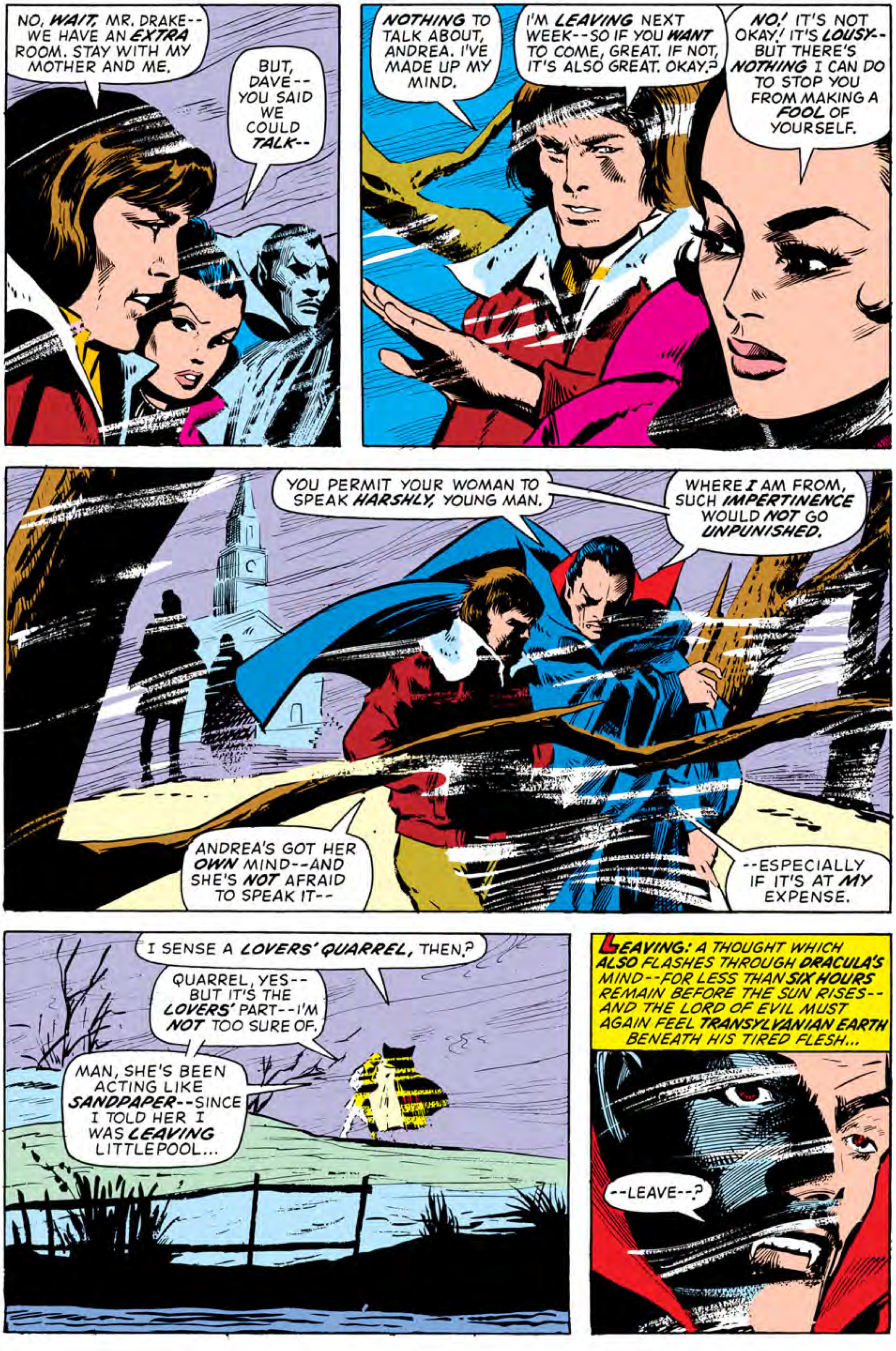

WHILE, OUTSIDE--
EH--? NOISES--?
--IN THERE--?
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE-- AND YET--
MOVE, YOU WITLESS DOLT--LET ME OUT--
I MUST BREATHE THE NIGHT-WINDS ONCE MORE.!
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
...THE PAIN...I STILL FEEL IT-- EVEN NOW AS I LEAVE THIS CURSED TEMPLE--
--UNENDING PAIN-- CLAWING AT ME--
--I NEED THE MOON-- THE DARKNESS--
WHAT--?
BUT YOU'RE DEAD--!
D-DAVE-- LOOK AT HIS E-EYES!
BURNING-- BURNING--
NO! YOU CAN'T LEAVE-- STOP!
AT LAST! OUT OF THAT HELLISH PLACE--
I COULD NOT HAVE FOUGHT IT ONE EXTRA MOMENT.

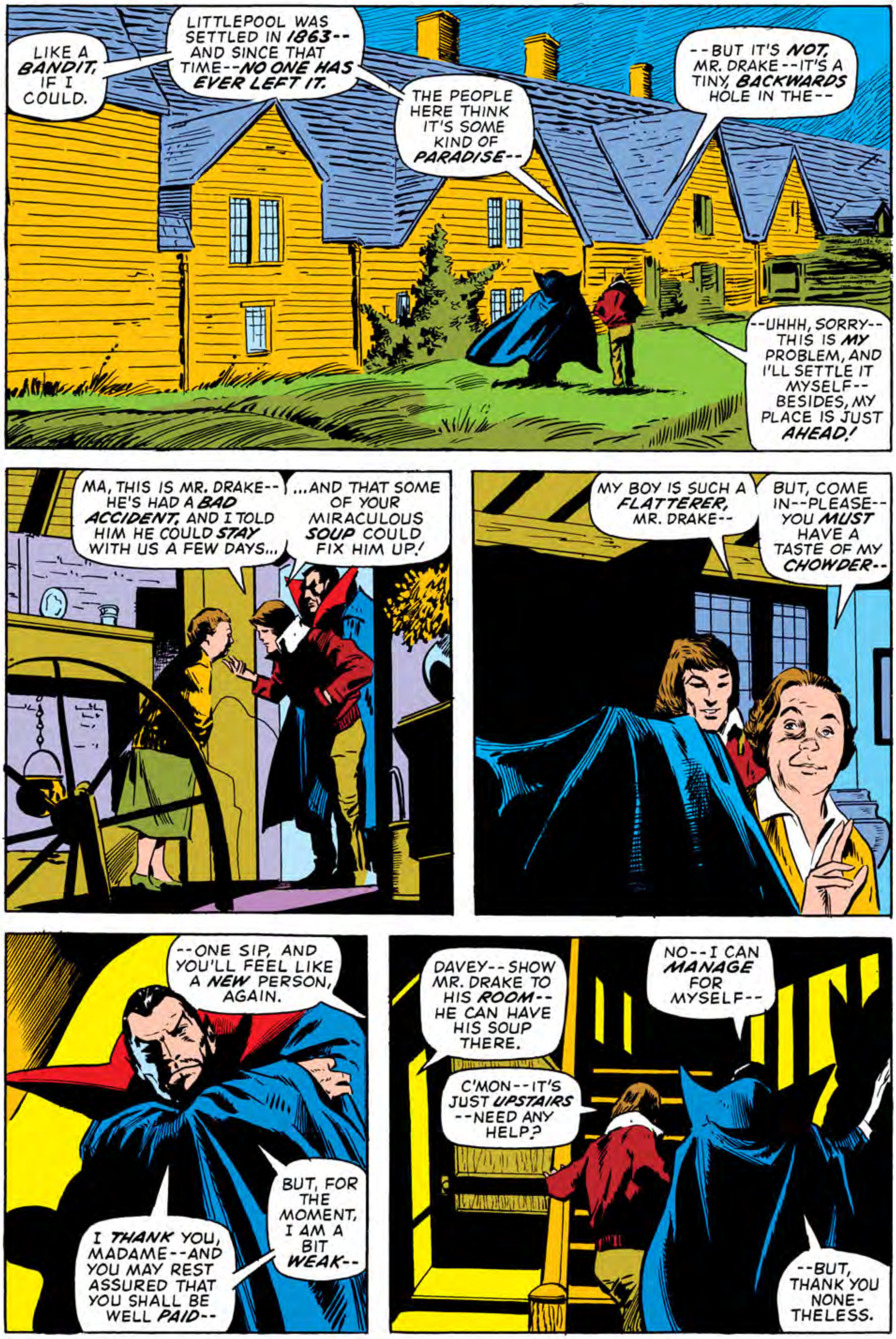

MY ARM! STILL I FEEL THE PAIN. BLAST QUINCY HARKER AND HIS CURSED POISON DARTS!*
PRAISE THE LORD-- HE LIVES!
WHAT HAPPENED, MAN? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
*LAST ISSUE--RT
YES--YES. THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH ME.
BUT WHAT WAS IT? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE--DEAD!
"DEAD--? NO, PRIEST-- I WAS NOT DEAD--
"I JUST HAD AN OPERATION--A TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD--AND I WAS WEAK AS I LEFT MY... DOCTOR...
"...TOO WEAK TO TRAVEL--AND YET I HAD TO.
"I THOUGHT THE COOL FRESH COUNTRY AIR WOULD INVIGORATE ME--THAT IT WOULD BE AN IDEAL PLACE FOR RECUPERATION...
"SO THERE I WENT--SEEKING SOMETHING TO RETURN MY LOST STRENGTH.
"AND I FOUND IT.
"OUT THERE--IN THE COUNTRY WAS THE CURE I SOUGHT--THE ELIXIR I THIRSTED FOR.

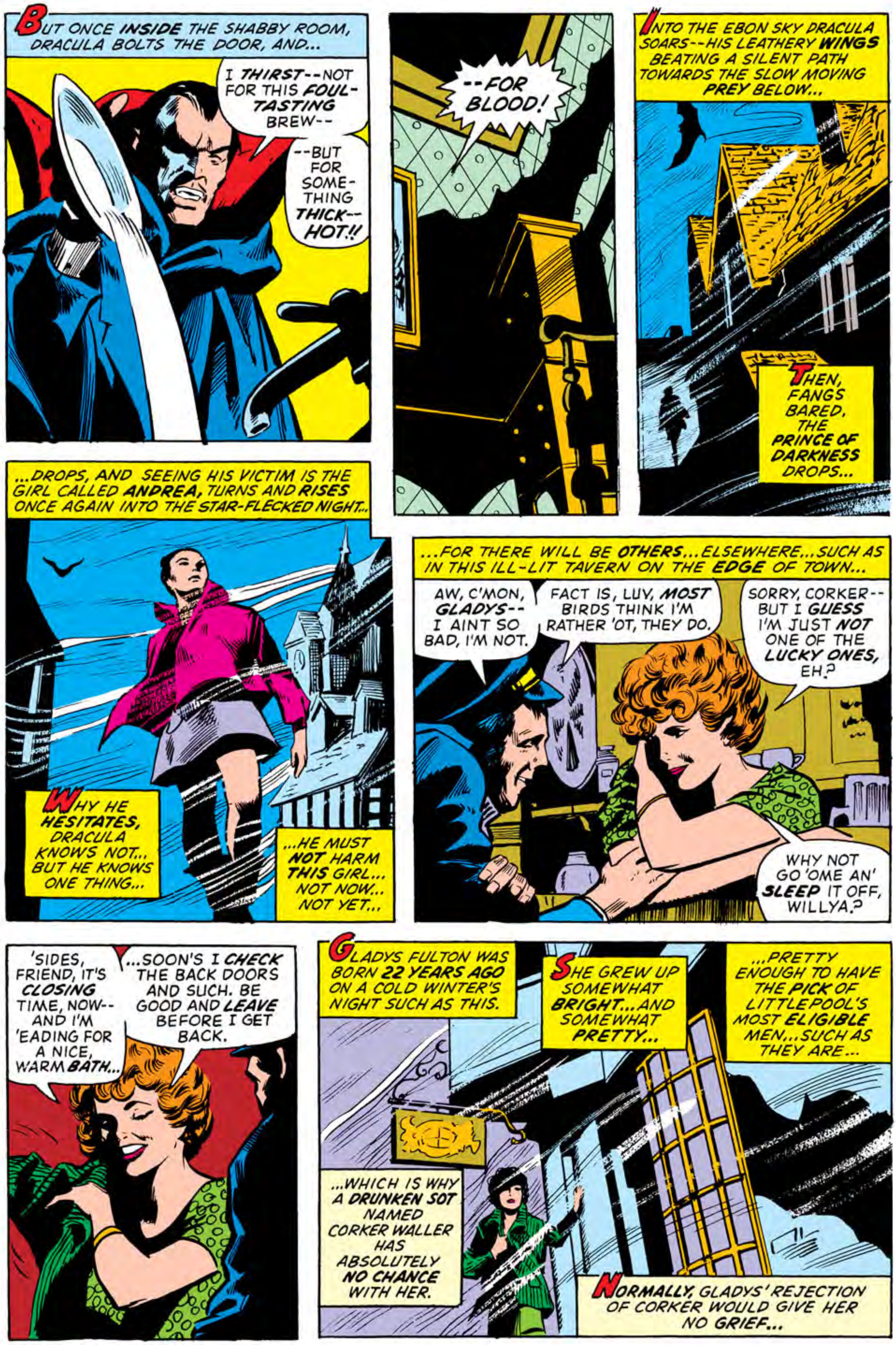

"FEVERISHLY, I SOUGHT TO POSSESS IT--TO DRINK OF ITS HEALING POTIONS...
"YET, I WAS TOO WEAK--
"--AND THE MEDICINE RESISTED ME.
"IT WAS WRONG FOR ME--AND I KNEW TO CONTINUE TAKING IT WOULD BE FOLLY...
"SO, FOR THE MOMENT AT LEAST, I LEFT IT--SEEKING A FAR LESS POTENT CURE.
"STILL WEAK, I MADE MY WAY INTO TOWN ...THROUGH THE DARK CLINGING SHADOWS THAT HELD TIGHT MY PAIN-WRACKED BODY...
"IN VAIN I SOUGHT ANOTHER DOCTOR...
"BUT IT WAS ALREADY TOO LATE--IN A MOMENT OF SCARLET AGONY, I COLLAPSED...
"TWICE I TRIED TO LIFT MYSELF--BUT IT WAS USELESS.
"I HAD LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD--AND NOW I WAS TAKING THE AWFUL TOLL.

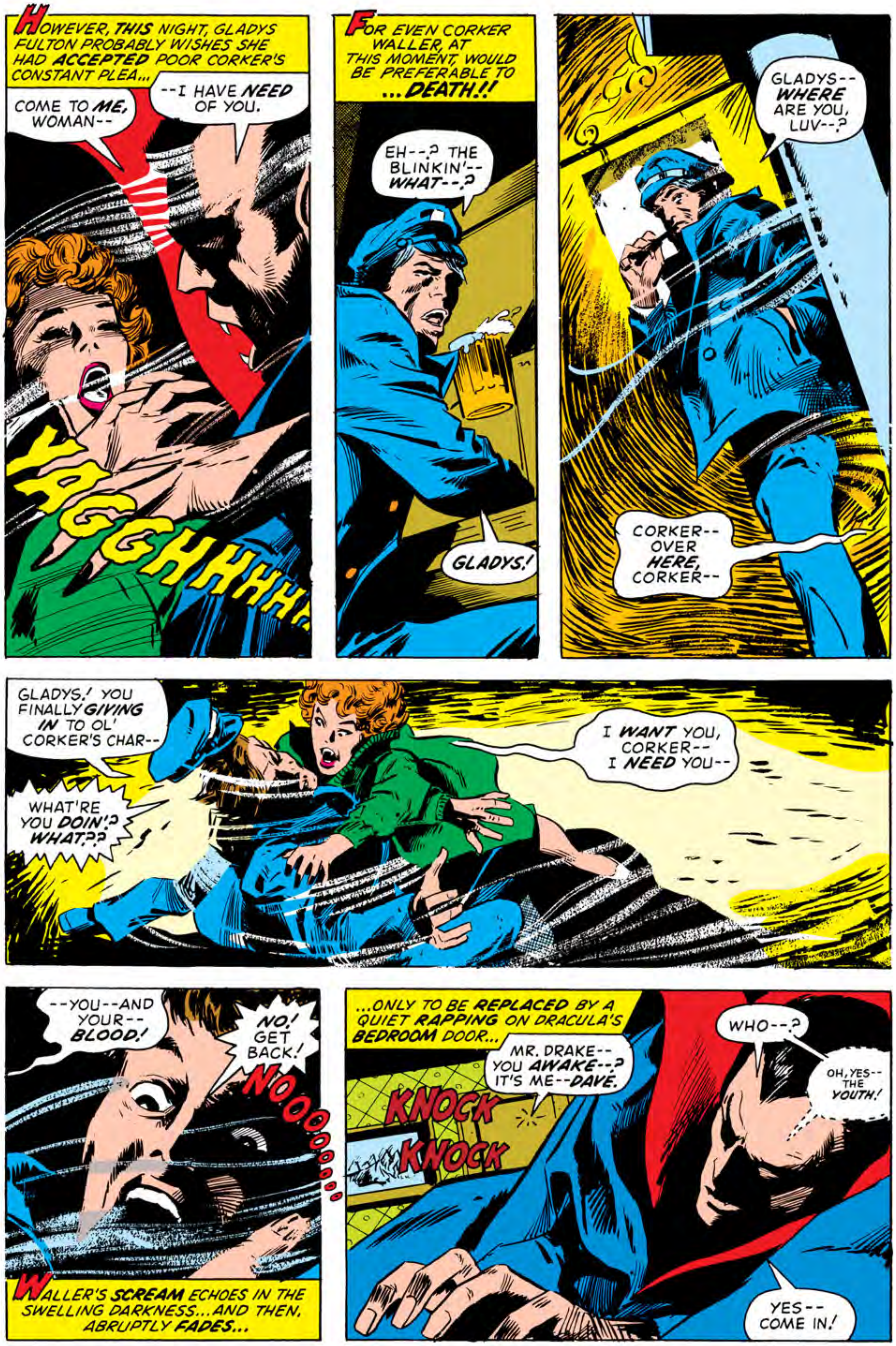

"IN THAT LITTER-STREWN ALLEY I LAY FOR **WHO KNOWS** HOW LONG--
"BUT, THROUGH MY **STILL-FOGGED** BRAIN, I HEARD **NOISES**--THE SOUND OF DISTANT **ENGINES**--THE MURMUR OF ANGRY **VOICES**--
"STRUGGLING, I **LIFTED** MY HEAD--AND THERE, IN THE ALLEYWAY, WAS A BAND OF YOUTHS --**RIDING MOTORCYCLES.**
"**THEY** SAW ME HELPLESS IN THE GUTTERWAY, AND **THINKING** ME RICH, THEY **TRIED** TO ROB ME OF MY MONEY...
"THOUGH WEAK, STILL I WAS THEIR **MATCH**--AND I **FOUGHT** BACK--WITH MY OWN **SPECIAL** WAY OF BATTLE...
"I **CLAWED** AT THEM, KNOCKING SEVERAL TO THE **GROUND** BEFORE THEIR SHEER **WEIGHT** BROUGHT **ME** TO MY KNEES...
"YET, IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY **RESOLVE** OR PERHAPS THE **SOUND** OF DISTANT POLICE SIRENS... THAT MADE THEM DECIDE TO **END** THEIR FIGHT...
EEO O EEOO
"FOR SUDDENLY THEY **STOPPED** AND **BACKED** AWAY.

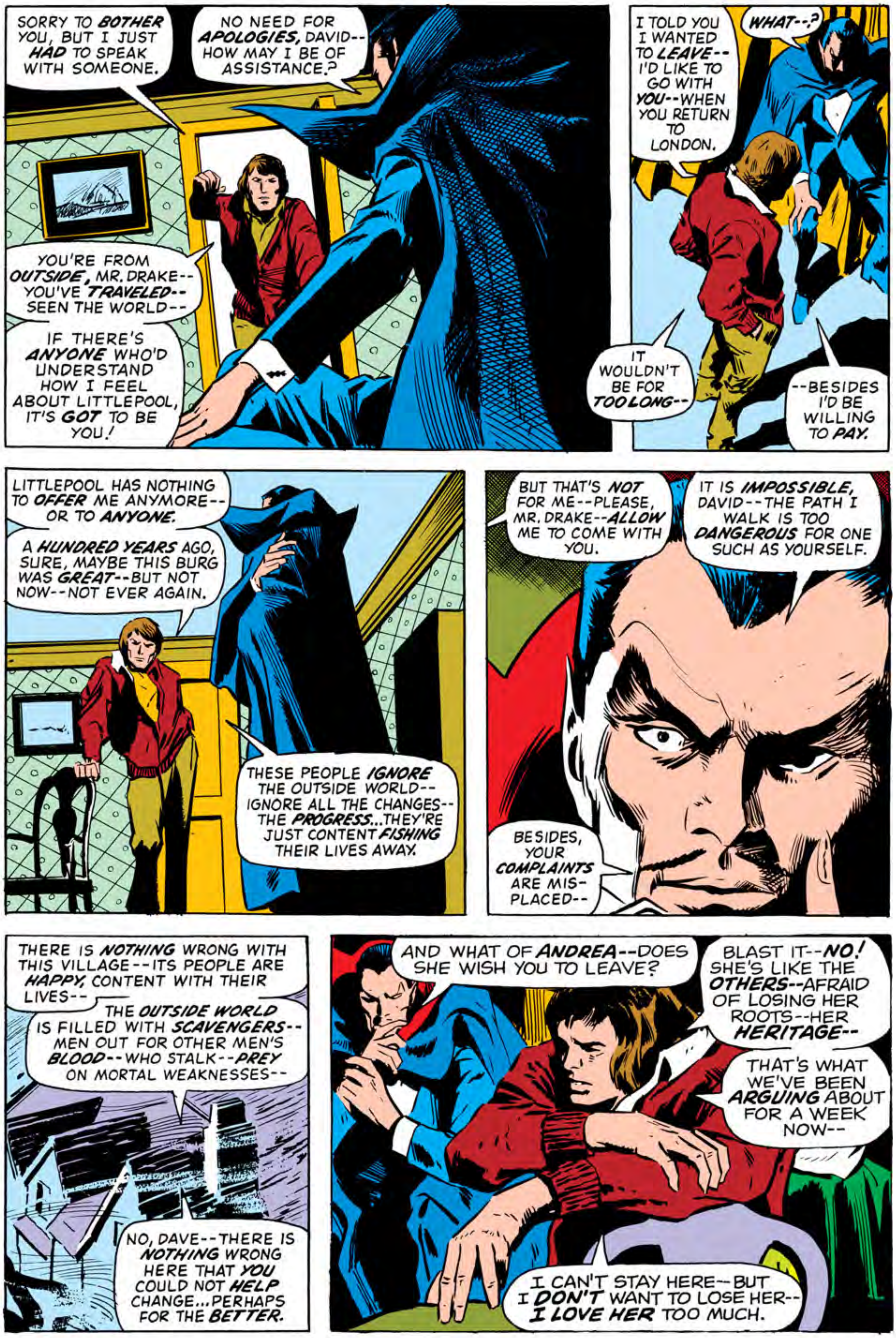

"THEY TORE OFF INTO THE NIGHT--LEAVING ME HELPLESS IN THE STREET.
"I PICKED MYSELF UP--MY BODY STILL FIGHTING THE RAGING AGONY WHICH SWELLED WITHIN IT, AND I FOLLOWED THEM TO THE PIERS.
"BUT THEY WERE GONE--SCURRYING BACK INTO WHATEVER HOLE THEY CAME FROM--BUT THEN, IN MY WEAKNESS, I SLIPPED FROM THE PIER--INTO THE FRIGID SEA.
"WHERE, UNCONSCIOUS, I MUST HAVE FLOATED TILL I WAS FOUND HERE."
BUT NOW, PRIEST--MY STRENGTH RETURNS--A DAY OR SO'S REST WILL BE ALL I NEED.
INCREDIBLE! TO HAVE LIVED THROUGH ALL THAT. YOU MUST BE VERY STRONG, MR.--UHHHH.
DRAKE, PRIEST--THE NAME IS DRAKE.
WHAT WILL YOU DO NOW, MR. DRAKE? THE TRAINS WON'T COME THROUGH LITTLEPOOL TILL SATURDAY.
I'M STILL TOO WEAK FROM MY LITTLE 'ORDEAL' TO LEAVE NOW, YOU YOUNG FOOL--
--BESIDES--THIS SMALL TOWN IS RIPE FOR MY PICKINGS--UNTIL I MUST AGAIN FACE HARKER AND HIS BLASTED HELPERS.
I'LL HAVE TO FIND A PLACE TO STAY, MY FRIEND--UNTIL I AM BETTER.
YOU MAY REST IN THE CHURCH, IF YOU WISH--OUR DOORS ARE ALWAYS OPEN--AND THERE IS A COT IN THE BACK ROOM.
NO, PRIEST--I THANK YOU, BUT I CAN NOT.
NO--I'LL FIND SOME OTHER LODGINGS--PERHAPS IN A BOARDING HOUSE--?
THIS VILLAGE IS SMALL, MR. DRAKE--WE HAVE FEW, IF ANY, ROOMS AVAILABLE--
I'M AFRAID THE ONLY PLACE YOU'LL FIND READY--IS THE CHURCH!

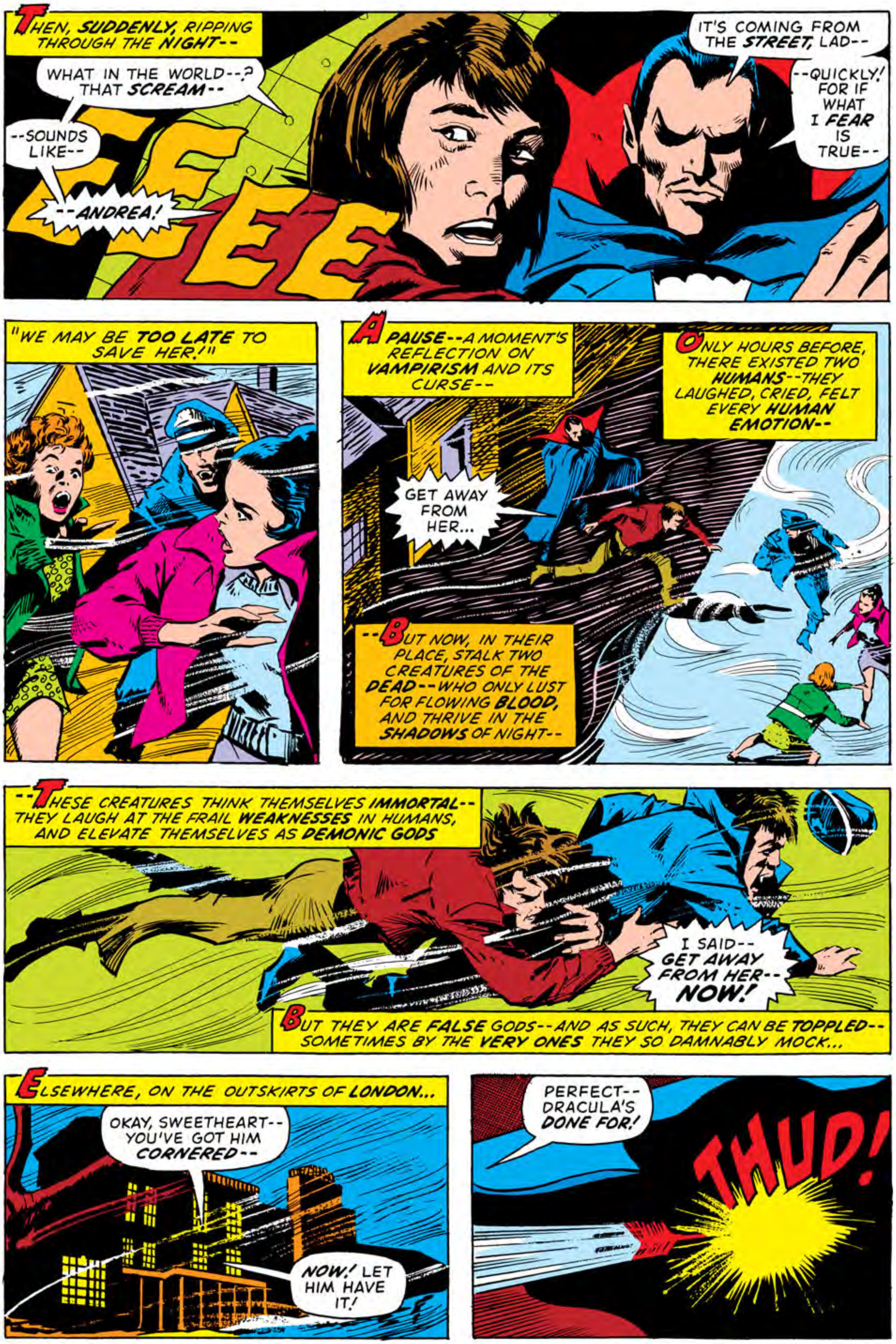

NO, WAIT, MR. DRAKE-- WE HAVE AN EXTRA ROOM. STAY WITH MY MOTHER AND ME.
BUT, DAVE-- YOU SAID WE COULD TALK--
NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT, ANDREA. I'VE MADE UP MY MIND.
I'M LEAVING NEXT WEEK--SO IF YOU WANT TO COME, GREAT. IF NOT, IT'S ALSO GREAT. OKAY?
NO! IT'S NOT OKAY! IT'S LOUSY-- BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO TO STOP YOU FROM MAKING A FOOL OF YOURSELF.
YOU PERMIT YOUR WOMAN TO SPEAK HARSHLY, YOUNG MAN.
WHERE I AM FROM, SUCH IMPERTINENCE WOULD NOT GO UNPUNISHED.
ANDREA'S GOT HER OWN MIND--AND SHE'S NOT AFRAID TO SPEAK IT--
--ESPECIALLY IF IT'S AT MY EXPENSE.
I SENSE A LOVERS' QUARREL, THEN?
QUARREL, YES-- BUT IT'S THE LOVERS' PART--I'M NOT TOO SURE OF.
MAN, SHE'S BEEN ACTING LIKE SANDPAPER--SINCE I TOLD HER I WAS LEAVING LITTLEPOOL...
LEAVING: A THOUGHT WHICH ALSO FLASHES THROUGH DRACULA'S MIND--FOR LESS THAN SIX HOURS REMAIN BEFORE THE SUN RISES-- AND THE LORD OF EVIL MUST AGAIN FEEL TRANSYLVANIAN EARTH BENEATH HIS TIRED FLESH...
--LEAVE--?

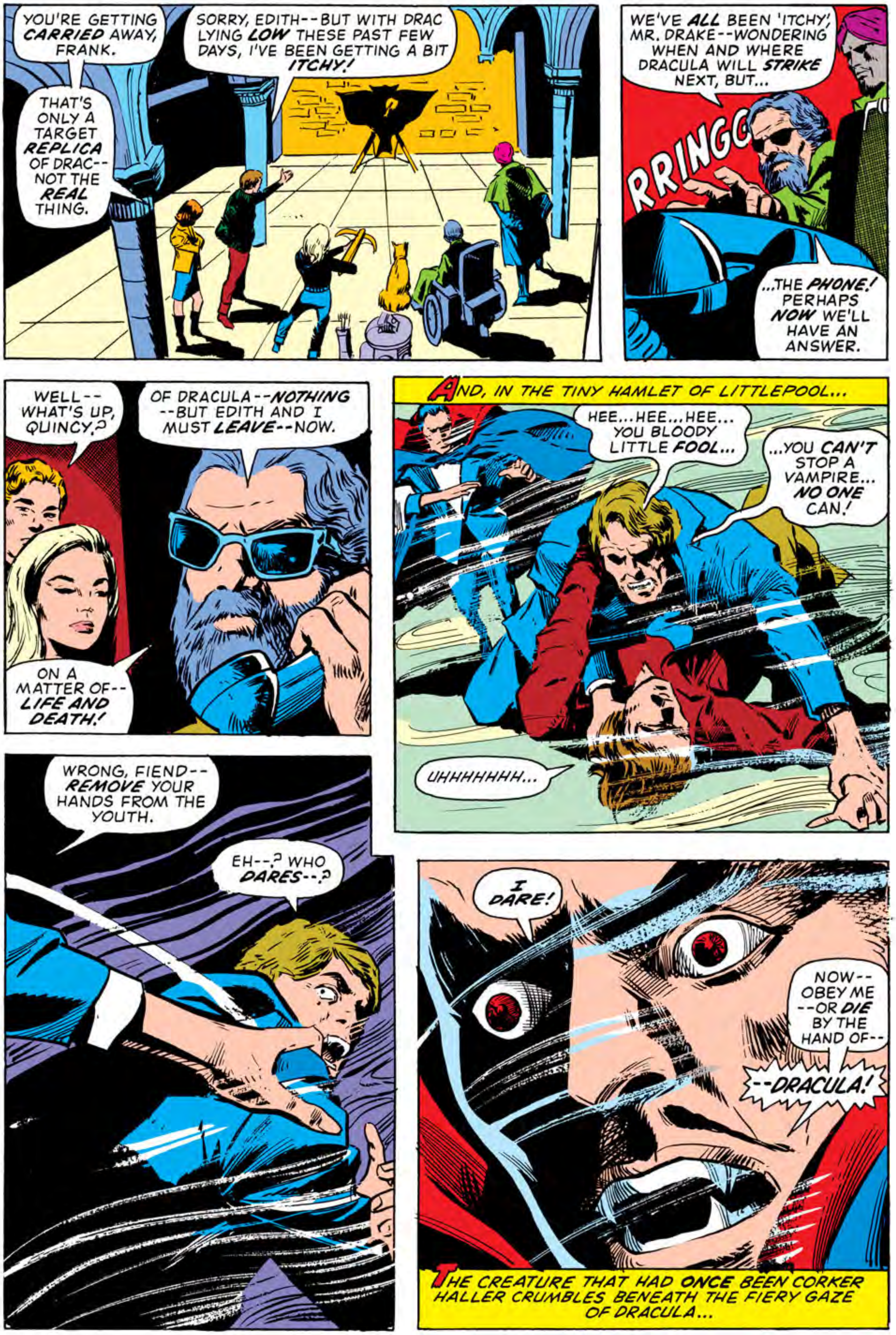

LIKE A *BANDIT*, IF I COULD.
LITTLEPOOL WAS SETTLED IN *1863*-- AND SINCE THAT TIME--*NO ONE HAS EVER LEFT IT.*
THE PEOPLE HERE THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF *PARADISE*--
--BUT IT'S *NOT*, MR. DRAKE--IT'S A TINY, *BACKWARDS* HOLE IN THE--
--UHHH, SORRY--THIS IS *MY* PROBLEM, AND I'LL SETTLE IT MYSELF--BESIDES, MY PLACE IS JUST *AHEAD!*
MA, THIS IS MR. DRAKE--HE'S HAD A *BAD ACCIDENT*, AND I TOLD HIM HE COULD *STAY* WITH US A FEW DAYS...
...AND THAT SOME OF YOUR MIRACULOUS *SOUP* COULD FIX HIM UP!
MY BOY IS SUCH A *FLATTERER*, MR. DRAKE--
BUT, COME IN--PLEASE--YOU *MUST* HAVE A TASTE OF MY *CHOWDER*--
--ONE SIP, AND YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A *NEW* PERSON, AGAIN.
I *THANK* YOU, MADAME--AND YOU MAY REST ASSURED THAT YOU SHALL BE WELL *PAID*--
BUT, FOR THE MOMENT, I AM A BIT *WEAK*--
DAVEY--SHOW MR. DRAKE TO HIS *ROOM*--HE CAN HAVE HIS SOUP THERE.
C'MON--IT'S JUST *UPSTAIRS*--NEED ANY HELP?
NO--I CAN *MANAGE* FOR MYSELF--
--BUT, THANK YOU NONETHELESS.

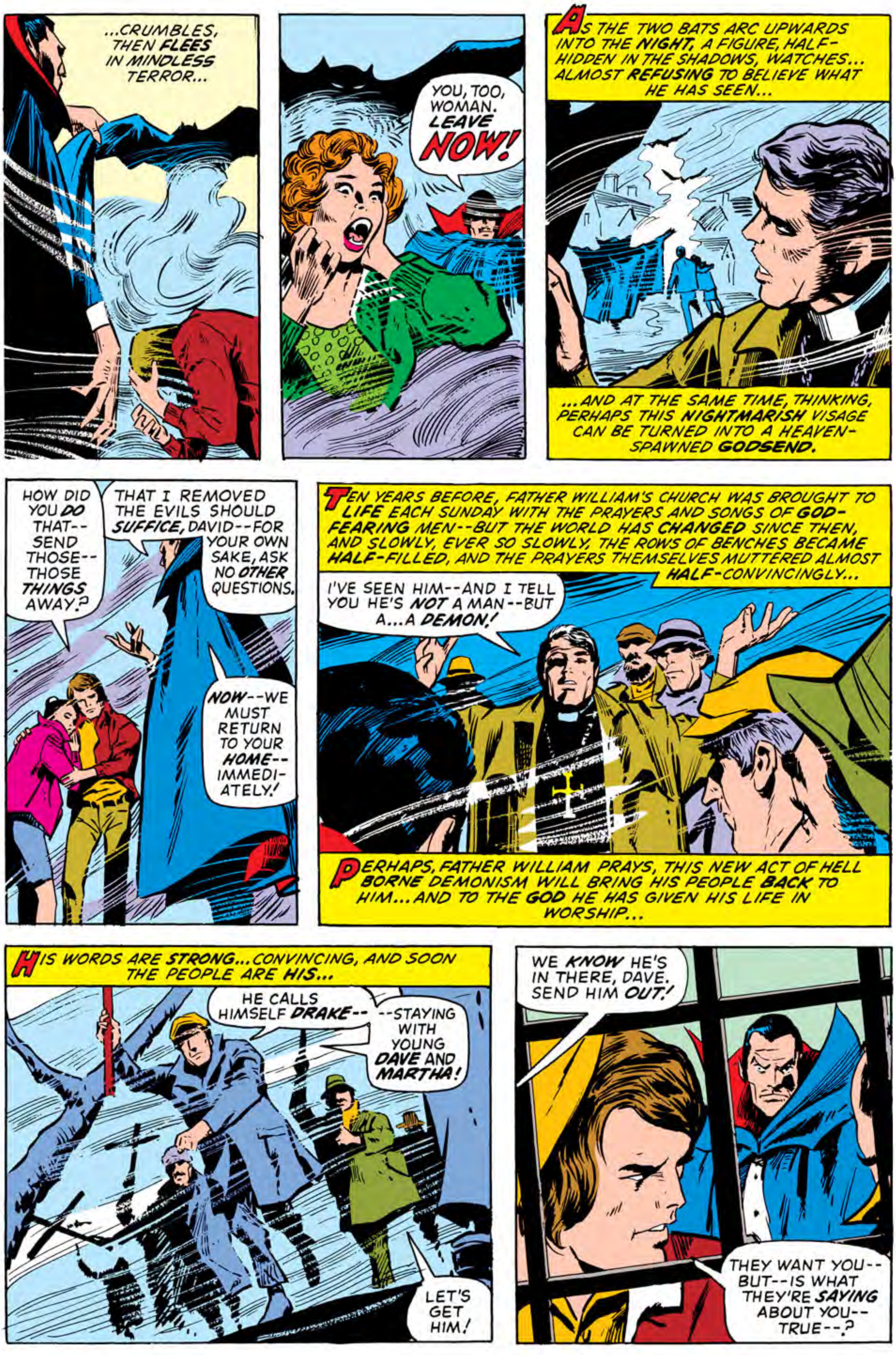

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE SHABBY ROOM, DRACULA BOLTS THE DOOR, AND...
I THIRST--NOT FOR THIS FOUL-TASTING BREW--
--BUT FOR SOMETHING THICK--HOT!!
--FOR BLOOD!
INTO THE EBON SKY DRACULA SOARS--HIS LEATHERY WINGS BEATING A SILENT PATH TOWARDS THE SLOW MOVING PREY BELOW...
THEN, FANGS BARED, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS DROPS...
...DROPS, AND SEEING HIS VICTIM IS THE GIRL CALLED ANDREA, TURNS AND RISES ONCE AGAIN INTO THE STAR-FLECKED NIGHT...
WHY HE HESITATES, DRACULA KNOWS NOT... BUT HE KNOWS ONE THING...
...HE MUST NOT HARM THIS GIRL... NOT NOW... NOT YET...
...FOR THERE WILL BE OTHERS... ELSEWHERE... SUCH AS IN THIS ILL-LIT TAVERN ON THE EDGE OF TOWN...
AW, C'MON, GLADYS-- I AINT SO BAD, I'M NOT.
FACT IS, LUV, MOST BIRDS THINK I'M RATHER 'OT, THEY DO.
SORRY, CORKER-- BUT I GUESS I'M JUST NOT ONE OF THE LUCKY ONES, EH?
WHY NOT GO 'OME AN' SLEEP IT OFF, WILLYA?
'SIDES, FRIEND, IT'S CLOSING TIME, NOW-- AND I'M 'EADING FOR A NICE, WARM BATH...
...SOON'S I CHECK THE BACK DOORS AND SUCH. BE GOOD AND LEAVE BEFORE I GET BACK.
GLADYS FULTON WAS BORN 22 YEARS AGO ON A COLD WINTER'S NIGHT SUCH AS THIS.
SHE GREW UP SOMEWHAT BRIGHT... AND SOMEWHAT PRETTY...
...PRETTY ENOUGH TO HAVE THE PICK OF LITTLEPOOL'S MOST ELIGIBLE MEN... SUCH AS THEY ARE...
...WHICH IS WHY A DRUNKEN SOT NAMED CORKER WALLER HAS ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE WITH HER.
NORMALLY, GLADYS' REJECTION OF CORKER WOULD GIVE HER NO GRIEF...

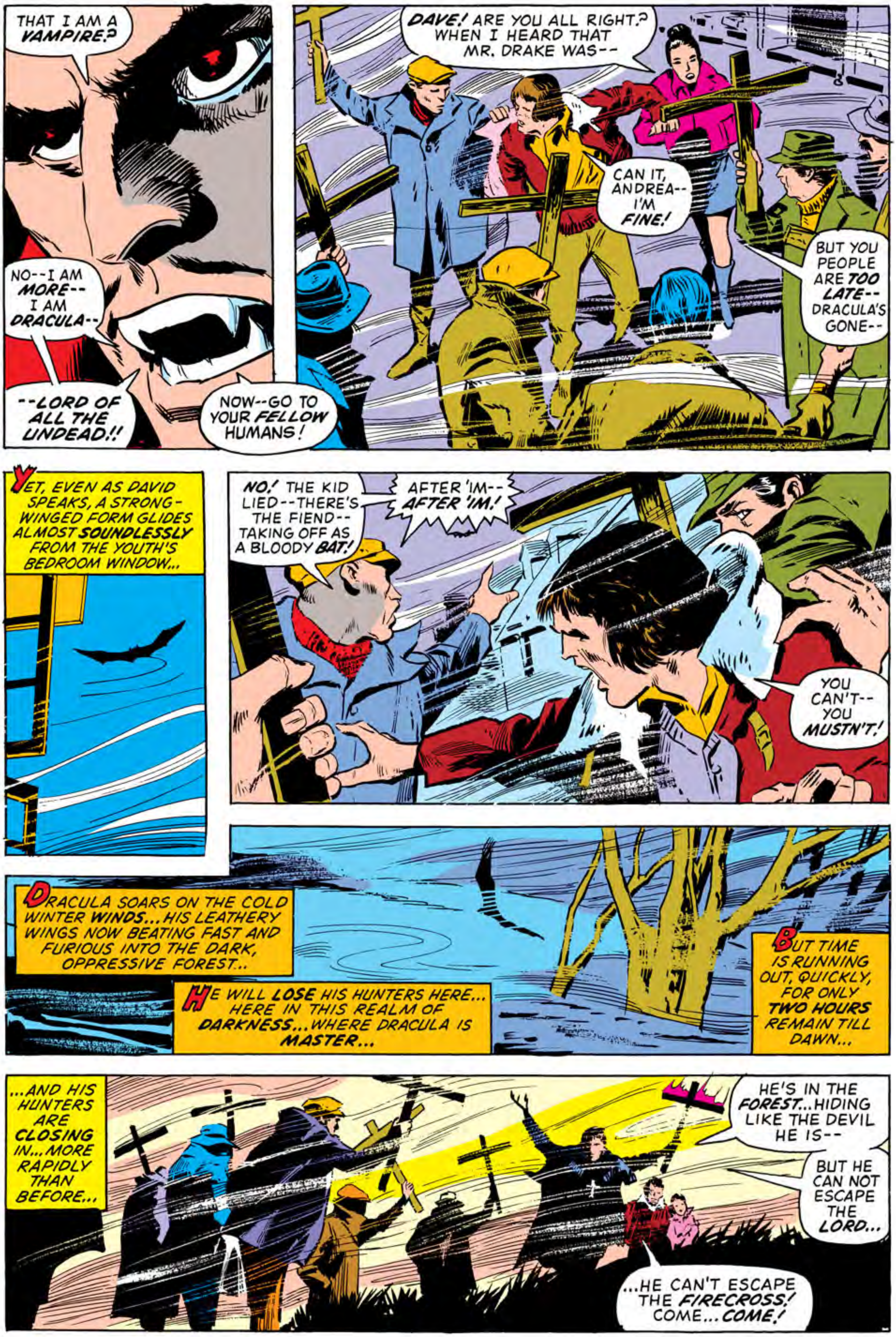

HOWEVER, THIS NIGHT, GLADYS FULTON PROBABLY WISHES SHE HAD ACCEPTED POOR CORKER'S CONSTANT PLEA...
COME TO ME, WOMAN--
--I HAVE NEED OF YOU.
YAGGHHHH!
FOR EVEN CORKER WALLER, AT THIS MOMENT, WOULD BE PREFERABLE TO ...DEATH!!
EH--? THE BLINKIN'-- WHAT--?
GLADYS!
GLADYS-- WHERE ARE YOU, LUV--?
CORKER-- OVER HERE, CORKER--
GLADYS! YOU FINALLY GIVING IN TO OL' CORKER'S CHAR--
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'? WHAT??
I WANT YOU, CORKER-- I NEED YOU--
--YOU--AND YOUR-- BLOOD!
NO! GET BACK!
NOOOOOOO!
WALLER'S SCREAM ECHOES IN THE SWELLING DARKNESS...AND THEN, ABRUPTLY FADES...
...ONLY TO BE REPLACED BY A QUIET RAPPING ON DRACULA'S BEDROOM DOOR...
MR. DRAKE-- YOU AWAKE--? IT'S ME--DAVE.
KNOCK KNOCK
WHO--?
OH, YES-- THE YOUTH!
YES-- COME IN!

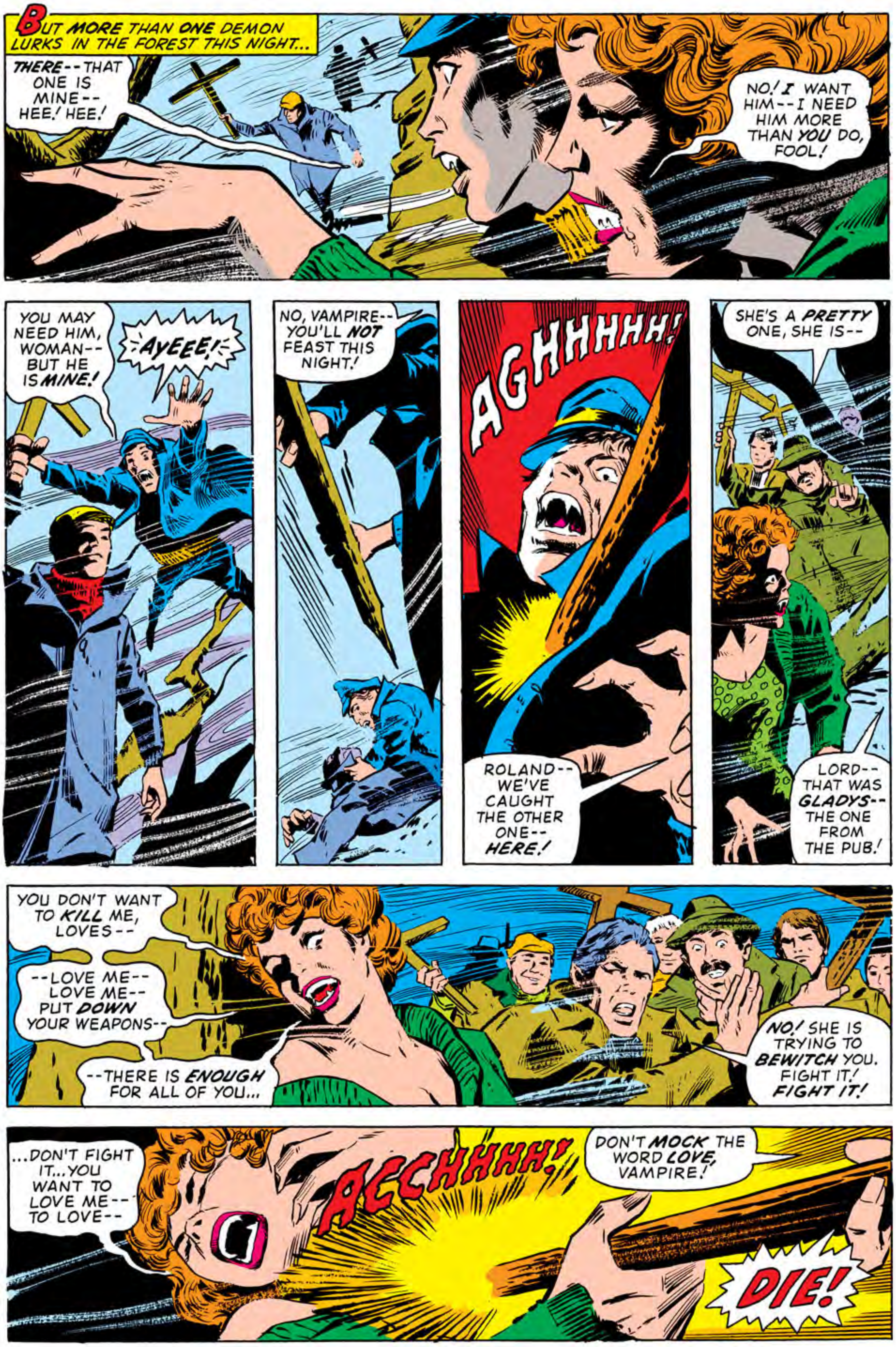

SORRY TO BOTHER YOU, BUT I JUST HAD TO SPEAK WITH SOMEONE.
NO NEED FOR APOLOGIES, DAVID-- HOW MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE?
YOU'RE FROM OUTSIDE, MR. DRAKE-- YOU'VE TRAVELED-- SEEN THE WORLD--
IF THERE'S ANYONE WHO'D UNDERSTAND HOW I FEEL ABOUT LITTLEPOOL, IT'S GOT TO BE YOU!
I TOLD YOU I WANTED TO LEAVE-- I'D LIKE TO GO WITH YOU--WHEN YOU RETURN TO LONDON.
WHAT--?
IT WOULDN'T BE FOR TOO LONG--
--BESIDES I'D BE WILLING TO PAY.
LITTLEPOOL HAS NOTHING TO OFFER ME ANYMORE-- OR TO ANYONE.
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, SURE, MAYBE THIS BURG WAS GREAT--BUT NOT NOW--NOT EVER AGAIN.
THESE PEOPLE IGNORE THE OUTSIDE WORLD-- IGNORE ALL THE CHANGES-- THE PROGRESS...THEY'RE JUST CONTENT FISHING THEIR LIVES AWAY.
BUT THAT'S NOT FOR ME--PLEASE, MR. DRAKE--ALLOW ME TO COME WITH YOU.
IT IS IMPOSSIBLE, DAVID--THE PATH I WALK IS TOO DANGEROUS FOR ONE SUCH AS YOURSELF.
BESIDES, YOUR COMPLAINTS ARE MISPLACED--
THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH THIS VILLAGE--ITS PEOPLE ARE HAPPY, CONTENT WITH THEIR LIVES--
THE OUTSIDE WORLD IS FILLED WITH SCAVENGERS-- MEN OUT FOR OTHER MEN'S BLOOD--WHO STALK--PREY ON MORTAL WEAKNESSES--
NO, DAVE--THERE IS NOTHING WRONG HERE THAT YOU COULD NOT HELP CHANGE...PERHAPS FOR THE BETTER.
AND WHAT OF ANDREA--DOES SHE WISH YOU TO LEAVE?
BLAST IT--NO! SHE'S LIKE THE OTHERS--AFRAID OF LOSING HER ROOTS--HER HERITAGE--
THAT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN ARGUING ABOUT FOR A WEEK NOW--
I CAN'T STAY HERE--BUT I DON'T WANT TO LOSE HER-- I LOVE HER TOO MUCH.

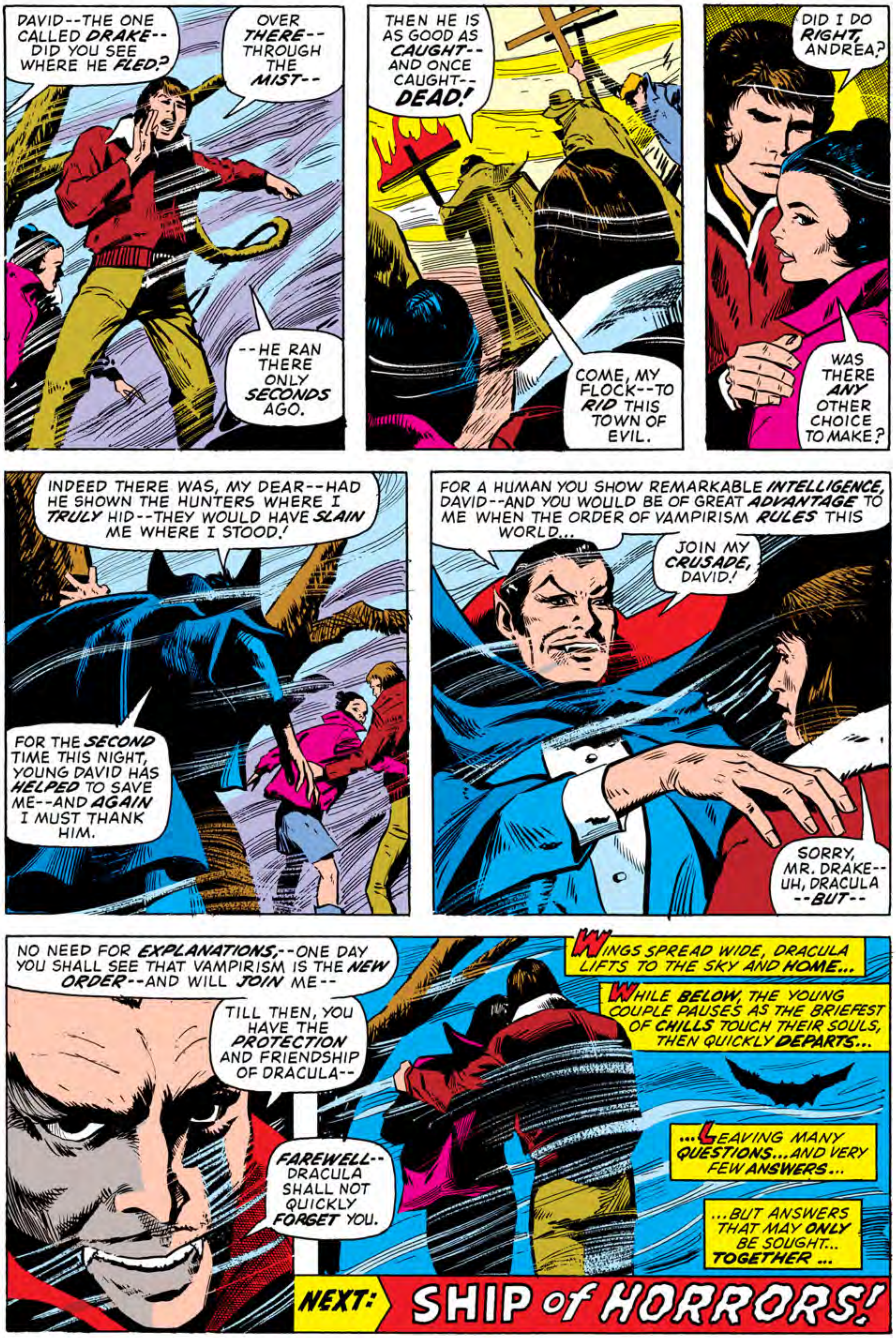

THEN, SUDDENLY, RIPPING THROUGH THE NIGHT--
WHAT IN THE WORLD--? THAT SCREAM--
--SOUNDS LIKE--
--ANDREA!
EEE
IT'S COMING FROM THE STREET, LAD--
--QUICKLY! FOR IF WHAT I FEAR IS TRUE--
"WE MAY BE TOO LATE TO SAVE HER!"
A PAUSE--A MOMENT'S REFLECTION ON VAMPIRISM AND ITS CURSE--
ONLY HOURS BEFORE, THERE EXISTED TWO HUMANS--THEY LAUGHED, CRIED, FELT EVERY HUMAN EMOTION--
GET AWAY FROM HER...
--BUT NOW, IN THEIR PLACE, STALK TWO CREATURES OF THE DEAD--WHO ONLY LUST FOR FLOWING BLOOD, AND THRIVE IN THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT--
--THESE CREATURES THINK THEMSELVES IMMORTAL--THEY LAUGH AT THE FRAIL WEAKNESSES IN HUMANS, AND ELEVATE THEMSELVES AS DEMONIC GODS
I SAID--GET AWAY FROM HER--NOW!
BUT THEY ARE FALSE GODS--AND AS SUCH, THEY CAN BE TOPPLED--SOMETIMES BY THE VERY ONES THEY SO DAMNABLY MOCK...
ELSEWHERE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON...
OKAY, SWEETHEART--YOU'VE GOT HIM CORNERED--
NOW! LET HIM HAVE IT!
PERFECT--DRACULA'S DONE FOR!
THUD!

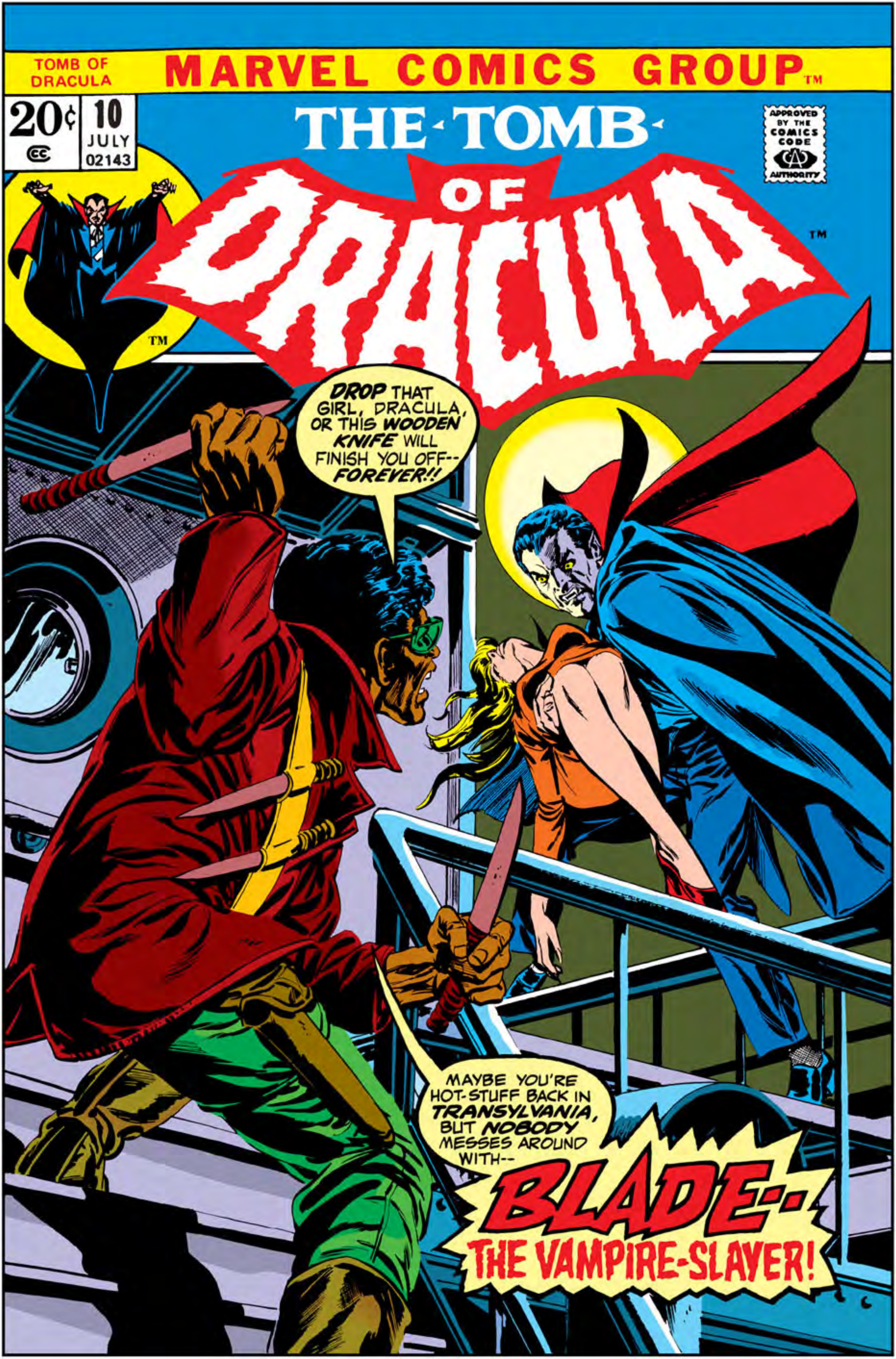

YOU'RE GETTING **CARRIED** AWAY, FRANK.
SORRY, EDITH--BUT WITH DRAC LYING **LOW** THESE PAST FEW DAYS, I'VE BEEN GETTING A BIT **ITCHY!**
THAT'S ONLY A TARGET **REPLICA** OF DRAC--NOT THE **REAL** THING.
WE'VE **ALL** BEEN 'ITCHY,' MR. DRAKE--WONDERING WHEN AND WHERE DRACULA WILL **STRIKE** NEXT, BUT...
RRINGG
...THE **PHONE!** PERHAPS **NOW** WE'LL HAVE AN ANSWER.
WELL--WHAT'S UP, QUINCY?
OF DRACULA--**NOTHING**--BUT EDITH AND I MUST **LEAVE**--NOW.
ON A MATTER OF--**LIFE AND DEATH!**
AND, IN THE TINY HAMLET OF LITTLEPOOL...
HEE...HEE...HEE... YOU BLOODY LITTLE **FOOL**...
...YOU **CAN'T** STOP A VAMPIRE... **NO ONE** CAN!
UHHHHHHH...
WRONG, FIEND--**REMOVE** YOUR HANDS FROM THE YOUTH.
EH--? WHO **DARES**--?
I DARE!
NOW--OBEY ME--OR **DIE** BY THE HAND OF--
--**DRACULA!**
THE CREATURE THAT HAD **ONCE** BEEN CORKER HALLER CRUMBLES BENEATH THE FIERY GAZE OF DRACULA...


...CRUMBLES, THEN FLEES IN MINDLESS TERROR...
YOU, TOO, WOMAN. LEAVE NOW!
AS THE TWO BATS ARC UPWARDS INTO THE NIGHT, A FIGURE, HALF-HIDDEN IN THE SHADOWS, WATCHES... ALMOST REFUSING TO BELIEVE WHAT HE HAS SEEN...
...AND AT THE SAME TIME, THINKING, PERHAPS THIS NIGHTMARISH VISAGE CAN BE TURNED INTO A HEAVEN-SPAWNED GODSEND.
HOW DID YOU DO THAT--SEND THOSE--THOSE THINGS AWAY.?
THAT I REMOVED THE EVILS SHOULD SUFFICE, DAVID--FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, ASK NO OTHER QUESTIONS.
NOW--WE MUST RETURN TO YOUR HOME--IMMEDIATELY!
TEN YEARS BEFORE, FATHER WILLIAM'S CHURCH WAS BROUGHT TO LIFE EACH SUNDAY WITH THE PRAYERS AND SONGS OF GOD-FEARING MEN--BUT THE WORLD HAS CHANGED SINCE THEN, AND SLOWLY, EVER SO SLOWLY, THE ROWS OF BENCHES BECAME HALF-FILLED, AND THE PRAYERS THEMSELVES MUTTERED ALMOST HALF-CONVINCINGLY...
I'VE SEEN HIM--AND I TELL YOU HE'S NOT A MAN--BUT A...A DEMON!
PERHAPS, FATHER WILLIAM PRAYS, THIS NEW ACT OF HELL BORNE DEMONISM WILL BRING HIS PEOPLE BACK TO HIM...AND TO THE GOD HE HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE IN WORSHIP...
HIS WORDS ARE STRONG...CONVINCING, AND SOON THE PEOPLE ARE HIS...
HE CALLS HIMSELF DRAKE--
--STAYING WITH YOUNG DAVE AND MARTHA!
LET'S GET HIM!
WE KNOW HE'S IN THERE, DAVE. SEND HIM OUT!
THEY WANT YOU--BUT--IS WHAT THEY'RE SAYING ABOUT YOU--TRUE--?


THAT I AM A *VAMPIRE?*
NO--I AM *MORE--* I AM *DRACULA--*
--LORD OF ALL THE UNDEAD!!
NOW--GO TO YOUR *FELLOW* HUMANS!
DAVE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHEN I HEARD THAT MR. DRAKE WAS--
CAN IT, ANDREA-- I'M *FINE!*
BUT YOU PEOPLE ARE *TOO LATE--* DRACULA'S GONE--
*YET, EVEN AS DAVID SPEAKS, A STRONG-WINGED FORM GLIDES ALMOST **SOUNDLESSLY** FROM THE YOUTH'S BEDROOM WINDOW...*
NO! THE KID LIED--THERE'S THE FIEND-- TAKING OFF AS A BLOODY *BAT!*
AFTER 'IM-- *AFTER 'IM!*
YOU CAN'T-- YOU *MUSTN'T!*
*DRACULA SOARS ON THE COLD WINTER **WINDS**... HIS LEATHERY WINGS NOW BEATING FAST AND FURIOUS INTO THE DARK, OPPRESSIVE FOREST...*
*HE WILL **LOSE** HIS HUNTERS HERE... HERE IN THIS REALM OF **DARKNESS**... WHERE DRACULA IS **MASTER**...*
*BUT TIME IS RUNNING OUT, QUICKLY, FOR ONLY **TWO HOURS** REMAIN TILL DAWN...*
*...AND HIS HUNTERS ARE **CLOSING** IN... MORE RAPIDLY THAN BEFORE...*
HE'S IN THE *FOREST*... HIDING LIKE THE DEVIL HE IS--
BUT HE CAN NOT ESCAPE THE *LORD...*
...HE CAN'T ESCAPE THE *FIRECROSS!* COME... *COME!*


BUT MORE THAN ONE DEMON LURKS IN THE FOREST THIS NIGHT...
THERE--THAT ONE IS MINE--HEE! HEE!
NO! I WANT HIM--I NEED HIM MORE THAN YOU DO, FOOL!
YOU MAY NEED HIM, WOMAN--BUT HE IS MINE!
AYEEE!
NO, VAMPIRE--YOU'LL NOT FEAST THIS NIGHT!
AGHHHHH!
ROLAND--WE'VE CAUGHT THE OTHER ONE--HERE!
SHE'S A PRETTY ONE, SHE IS--
LORD--THAT WAS GLADYS--THE ONE FROM THE PUB!
YOU DON'T WANT TO KILL ME, LOVES--
--LOVE ME--LOVE ME--PUT DOWN YOUR WEAPONS--
--THERE IS ENOUGH FOR ALL OF YOU...
NO! SHE IS TRYING TO BEWITCH YOU. FIGHT IT! FIGHT IT!
...DON'T FIGHT IT...YOU WANT TO LOVE ME--TO LOVE--
ACCHHHH!
DON'T MOCK THE WORD LOVE, VAMPIRE!
DIE!

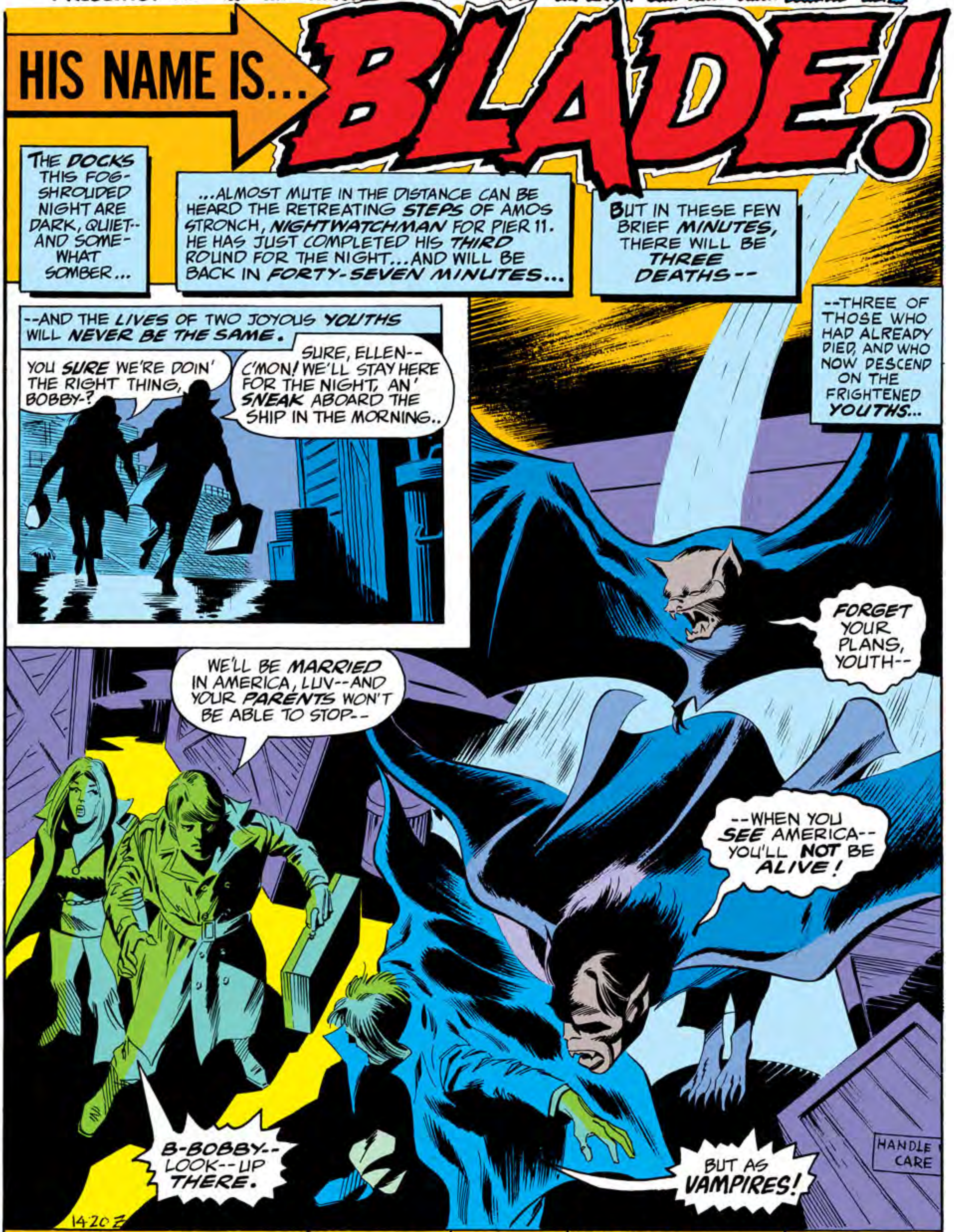

DAVID--THE ONE CALLED *DRAKE*--DID YOU SEE WHERE HE *FLED?*
OVER *THERE*--THROUGH THE *MIST*--
--HE RAN THERE ONLY *SECONDS* AGO.
THEN HE IS AS GOOD AS *CAUGHT*--AND ONCE CAUGHT--*DEAD!*
COME, MY FLOCK--TO *RID* THIS TOWN OF EVIL.
DID I DO *RIGHT,* ANDREA?
WAS THERE *ANY* OTHER CHOICE TO MAKE?
INDEED THERE WAS, MY DEAR--HAD HE SHOWN THE HUNTERS WHERE I *TRULY* HID--THEY WOULD HAVE *SLAIN* ME WHERE I STOOD.!
FOR THE *SECOND* TIME THIS NIGHT, YOUNG DAVID HAS *HELPED* TO SAVE ME--AND *AGAIN* I MUST THANK HIM.
FOR A HUMAN YOU SHOW REMARKABLE *INTELLIGENCE,* DAVID--AND YOU WOULD BE OF GREAT *ADVANTAGE* TO ME WHEN THE ORDER OF VAMPIRISM *RULES* THIS WORLD...
JOIN MY *CRUSADE,* DAVID.!
SORRY, MR. DRAKE--UH, DRACULA--*BUT*--
NO NEED FOR *EXPLANATIONS,*--ONE DAY YOU SHALL SEE THAT VAMPIRISM IS THE *NEW ORDER*--AND WILL *JOIN* ME--
TILL THEN, YOU HAVE THE *PROTECTION* AND FRIENDSHIP OF DRACULA--
FAREWELL--DRACULA SHALL NOT QUICKLY *FORGET* YOU.
WINGS SPREAD WIDE, DRACULA LIFTS TO THE SKY AND ***HOME...***
WHILE ***BELOW,*** *THE YOUNG COUPLE PAUSES AS THE BRIEFEST OF* ***CHILLS*** *TOUCH THEIR SOULS, THEN QUICKLY* ***DEPARTS...***
...LEAVING MANY ***QUESTIONS...*** *AND VERY FEW* ***ANSWERS...***
...BUT ANSWERS THAT MAY ***ONLY*** *BE SOUGHT...* ***TOGETHER...***
NEXT: SHIP of HORRORS!


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
20¢
10
JULY
02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DROP THAT GIRL, DRACULA, OR THIS WOODEN KNIFE WILL FINISH YOU OFF--FOREVER!!
MAYBE YOU'RE HOT-STUFF BACK IN TRANSYLVANIA, BUT NOBODY MESSES AROUND WITH--
BLADE-- THE VAMPIRE-SLAYER!

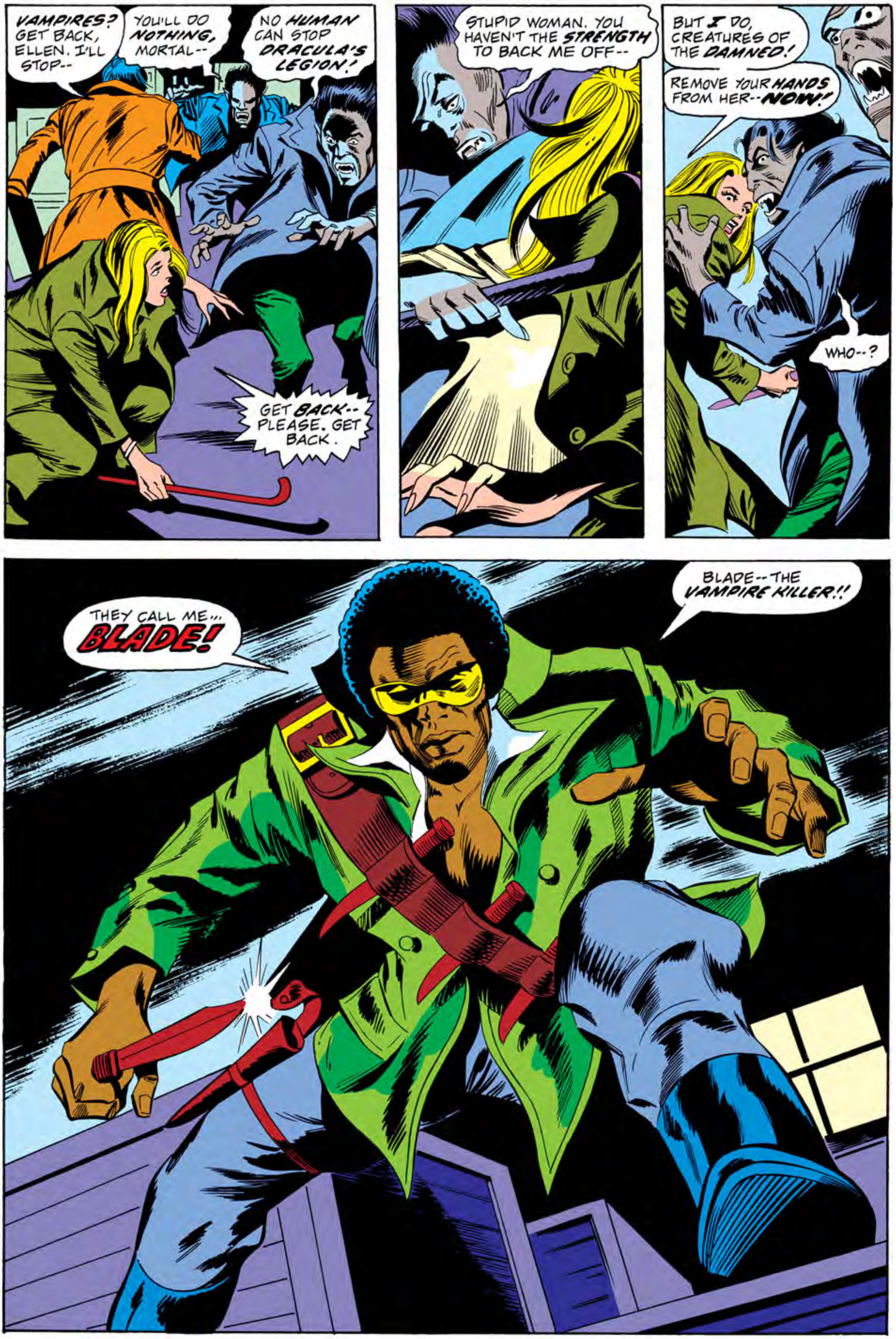
Stan Lee PRESENTS:

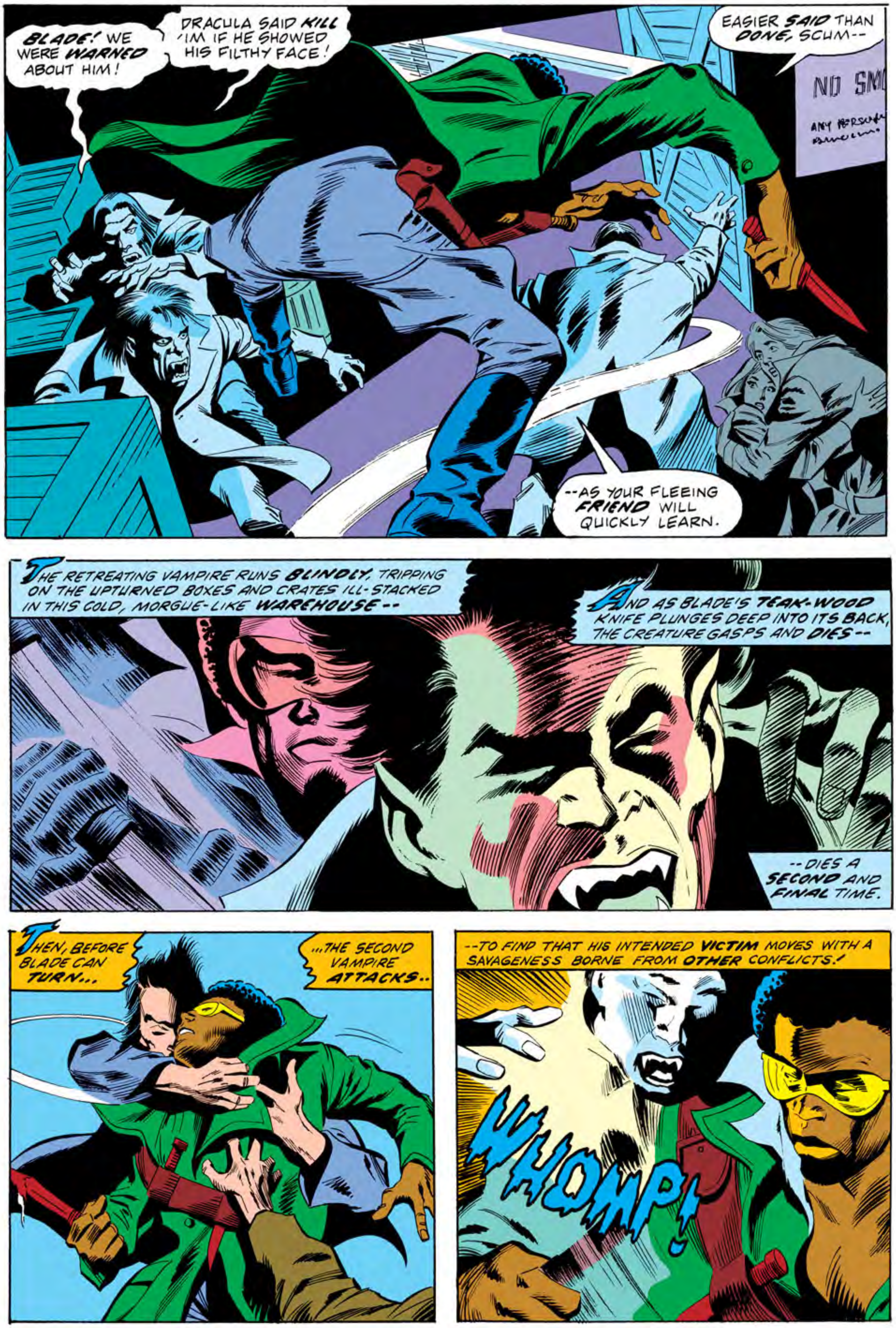
TOMB OF DRACULA!

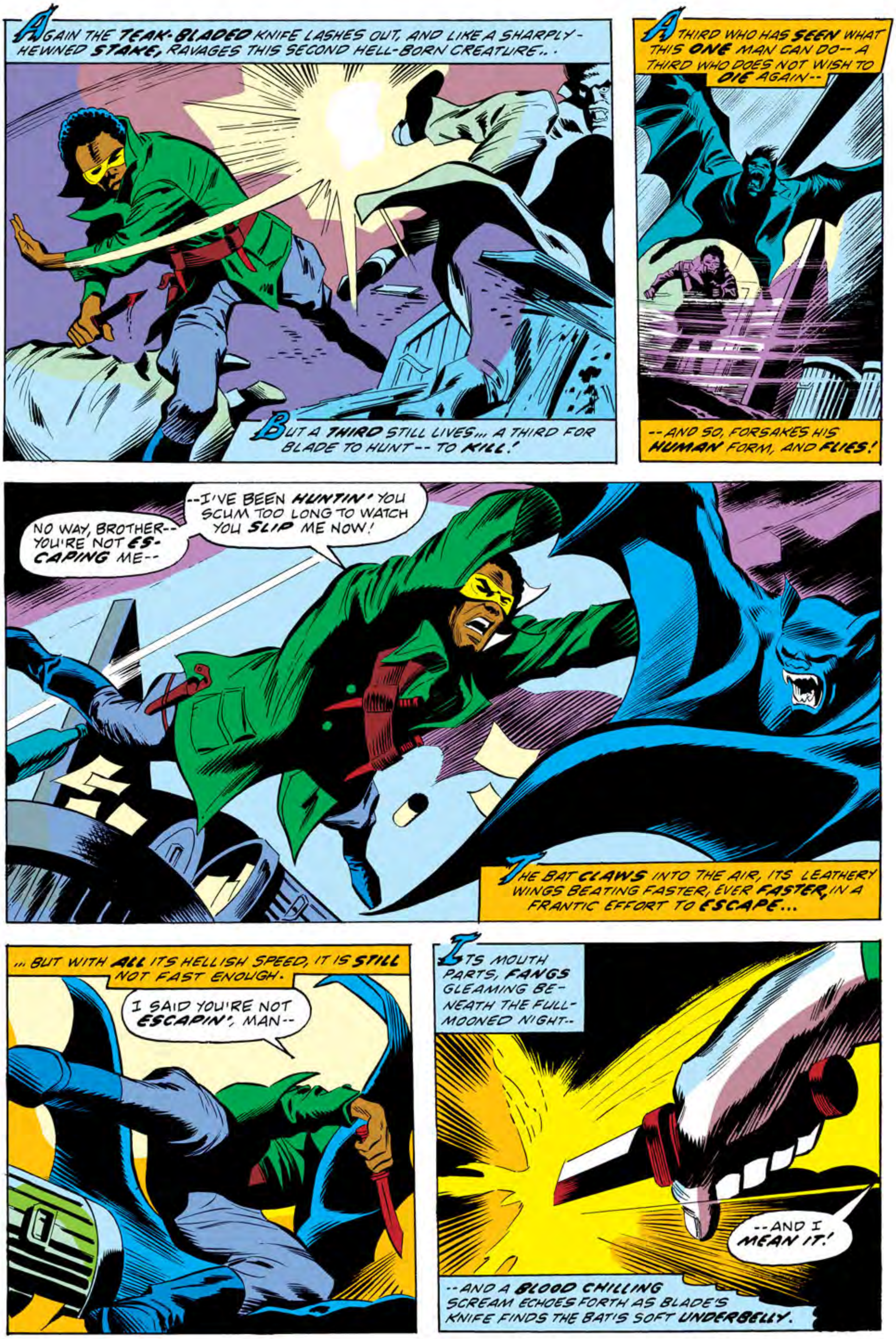
HIS NAME IS... BLADE!

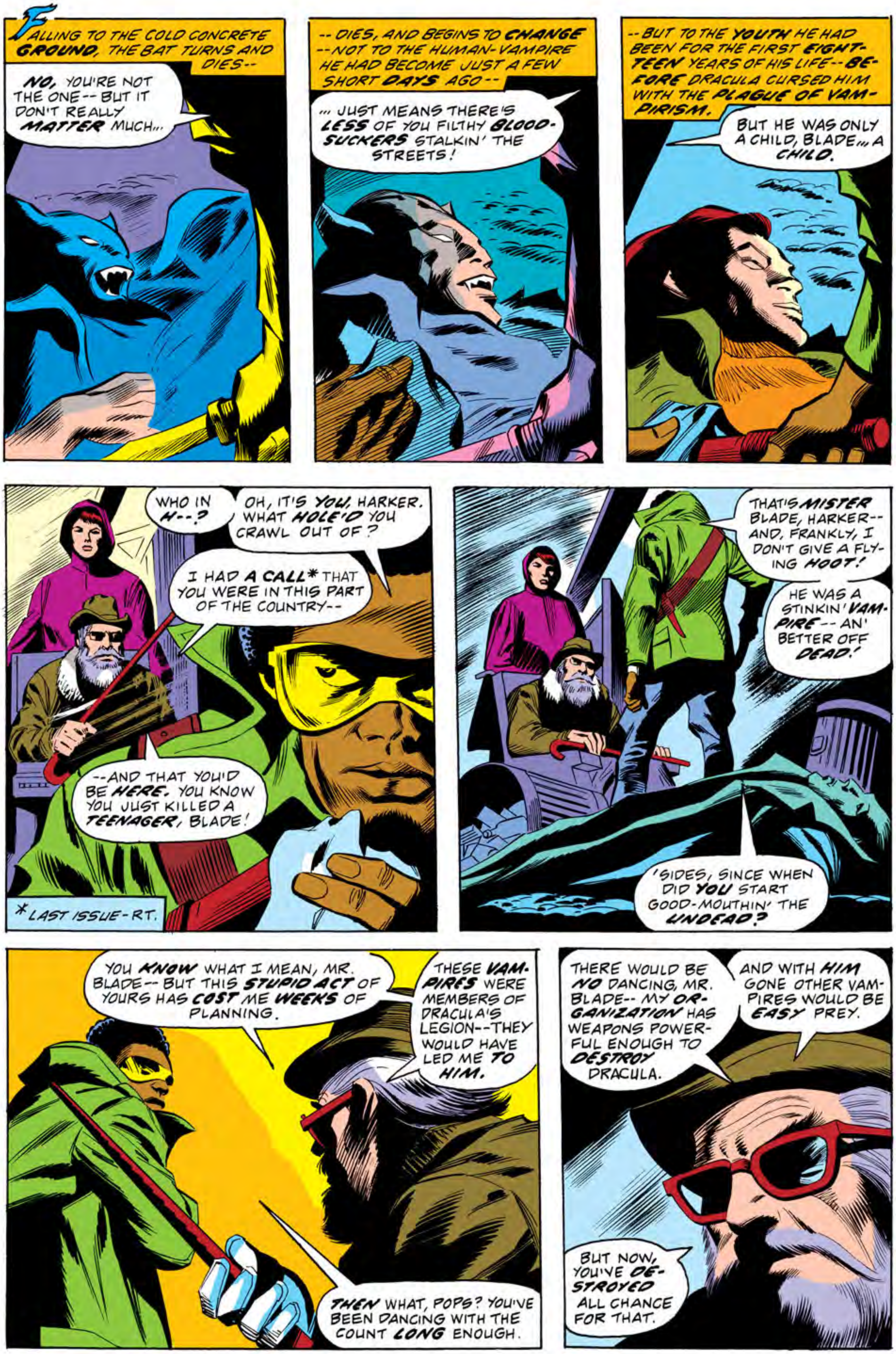

THE DOCKS THIS FOG-SHROUDED NIGHT ARE DARK, QUIET--AND SOMEWHAT SOMBER...
...ALMOST MUTE IN THE DISTANCE CAN BE HEARD THE RETREATING STEPS OF AMOS STRONCH, NIGHTWATCHMAN FOR PIER 11. HE HAS JUST COMPLETED HIS THIRD ROUND FOR THE NIGHT...AND WILL BE BACK IN FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES...
BUT IN THESE FEW BRIEF MINUTES, THERE WILL BE THREE DEATHS--
--AND THE LIVES OF TWO JOYOUS YOUTHS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.
YOU SURE WE'RE DOIN' THE RIGHT THING, BOBBY-?
SURE, ELLEN-- C'MON! WE'LL STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT, AN' SNEAK ABOARD THE SHIP IN THE MORNING..
--THREE OF THOSE WHO HAD ALREADY DIED, AND WHO NOW DESCEND ON THE FRIGHTENED YOUTHS...
WE'LL BE MARRIED IN AMERICA, LUV--AND YOUR PARENTS WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP--
FORGET YOUR PLANS, YOUTH--
--WHEN YOU SEE AMERICA--YOU'LL NOT BE ALIVE!
B-BOBBY--LOOK--UP THERE.
BUT AS VAMPIRES!
HANDLE CARE
14207

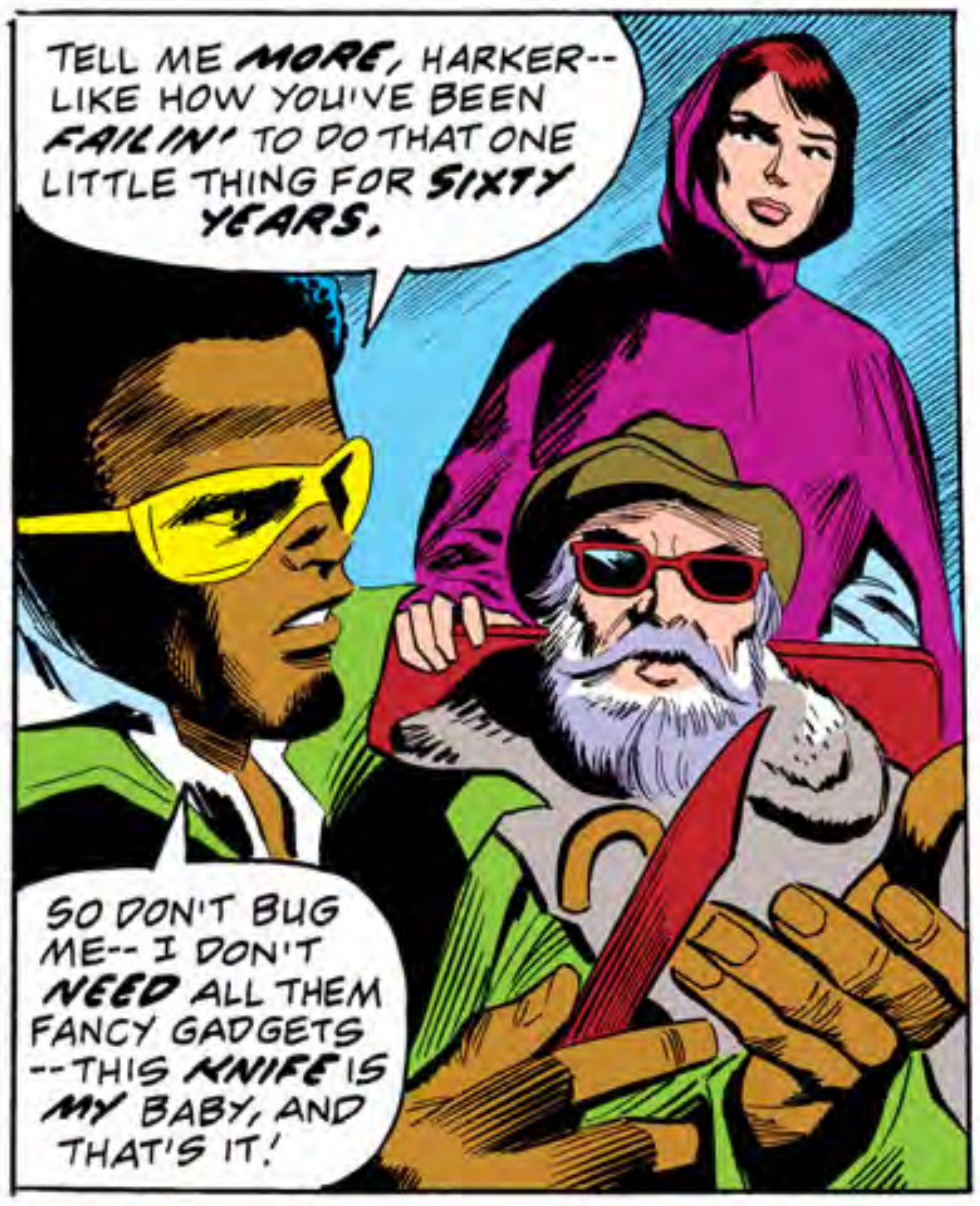
A VOYAGE INTO THE MACABRE BY **MARVIN WOLFMAN**, WRITER / **GENE COLAN** ARTIST / **JACK ABLE** INKER / **D. VLADIMER** LETTERER **P. GOLDBERG** COLORIST / **ROY THOMAS** EDITOR

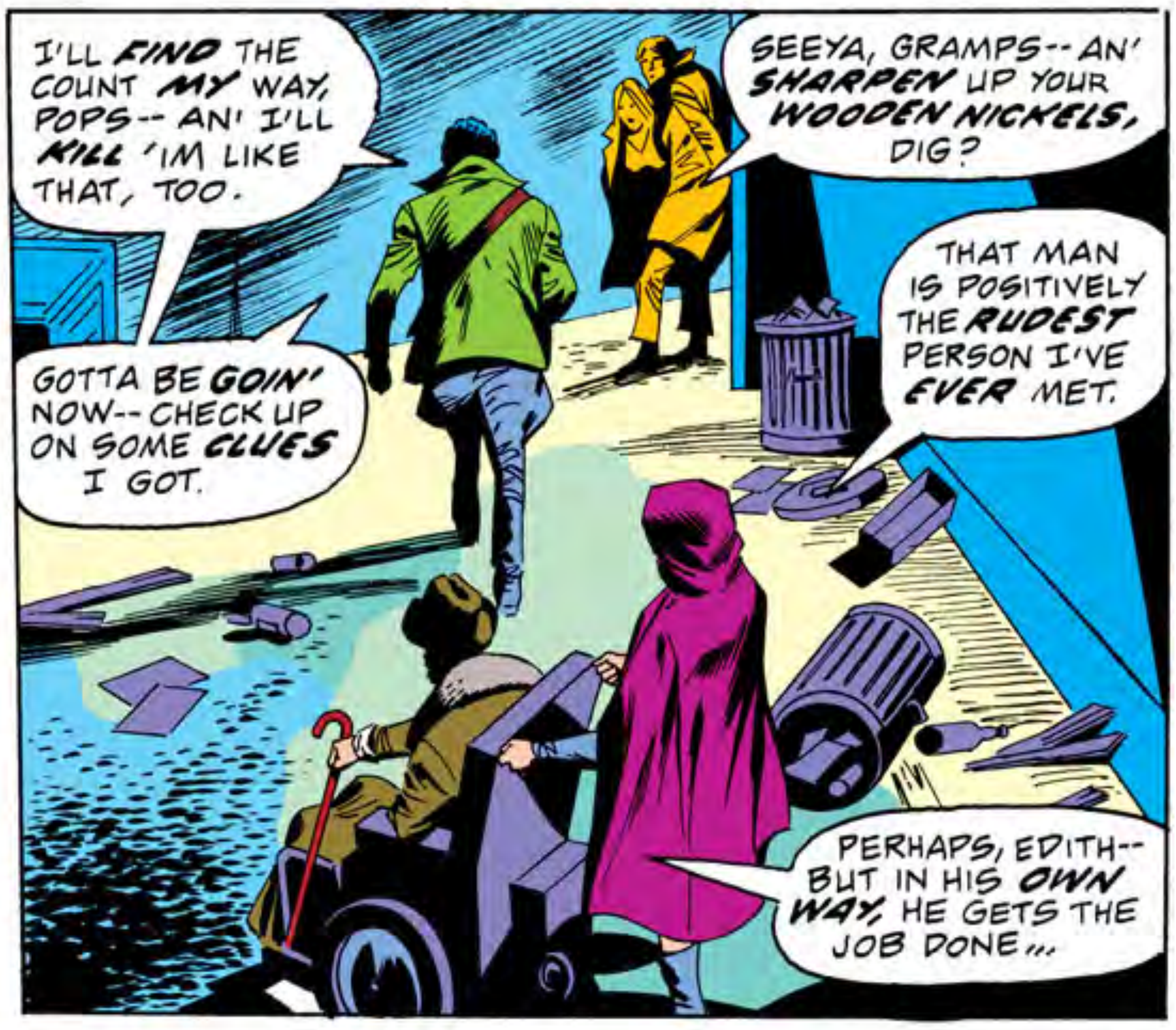

VAMPIRES? GET BACK, ELLEN. I'LL STOP--
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, MORTAL--
NO HUMAN CAN STOP DRACULA'S LEGION!
GET BACK-- PLEASE. GET BACK.
STUPID WOMAN. YOU HAVEN'T THE STRENGTH TO BACK ME OFF--
BUT I DO, CREATURES OF THE DAMNED!
REMOVE YOUR HANDS FROM HER--NOW!
WHO--?
THEY CALL ME... BLADE!
BLADE--THE VAMPIRE KILLER!!

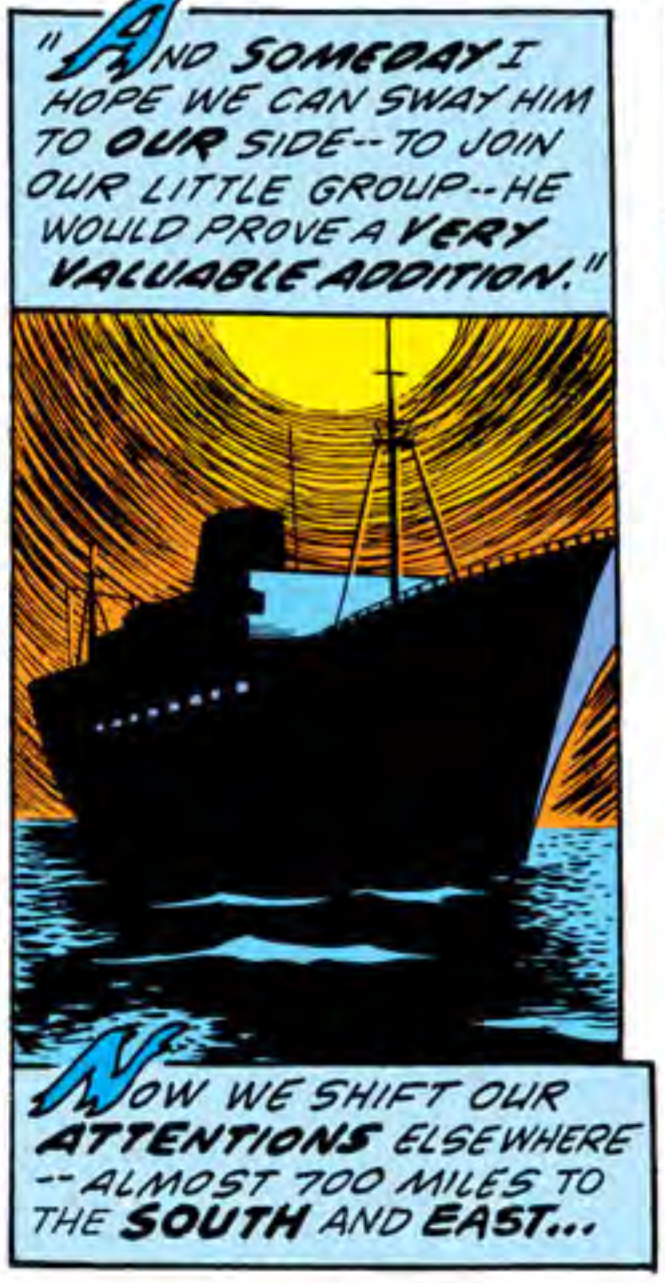

BLADE! WE WERE WARNED ABOUT HIM!
DRACULA SAID KILL 'IM IF HE SHOWED HIS FILTHY FACE!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, SCUM--
NO SM
--AS YOUR FLEEING FRIEND WILL QUICKLY LEARN.
THE RETREATING VAMPIRE RUNS BLINDLY, TRIPPING ON THE UPTURNED BOXES AND CRATES ILL-STACKED IN THIS COLD, MORGUE-LIKE WAREHOUSE--
AND AS BLADE'S TEAK-WOOD KNIFE PLUNGES DEEP INTO ITS BACK, THE CREATURE GASPS AND DIES--
--DIES A SECOND AND FINAL TIME.
THEN, BEFORE BLADE CAN TURN...
...THE SECOND VAMPIRE ATTACKS..
--TO FIND THAT HIS INTENDED VICTIM MOVES WITH A SAVAGENESS BORNE FROM OTHER CONFLICTS!
WHOMP!

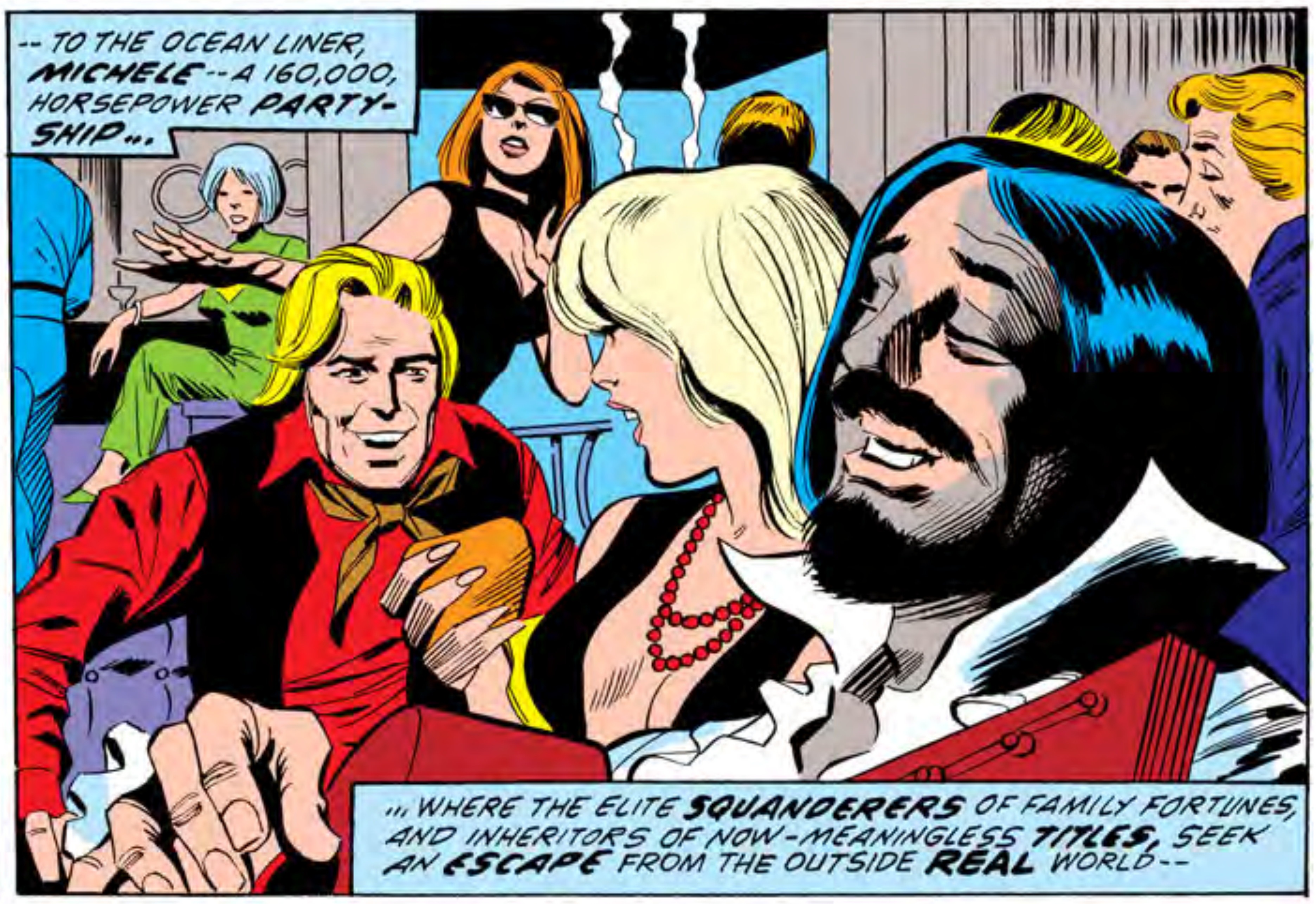

AGAIN THE TEAK-BLADED KNIFE LASHES OUT, AND LIKE A SHARPLY-HEWNED STAKE, RAVAGES THIS SECOND HELL-BORN CREATURE...
BUT A THIRD STILL LIVES... A THIRD FOR BLADE TO HUNT--TO KILL!
A THIRD WHO HAS SEEN WHAT THIS ONE MAN CAN DO-- A THIRD WHO DOES NOT WISH TO DIE AGAIN--
--AND SO, FORSAKES HIS HUMAN FORM, AND FLIES!
NO WAY, BROTHER-- YOU'RE NOT ESCAPING ME--
--I'VE BEEN HUNTIN' YOU SCUM TOO LONG TO WATCH YOU SLIP ME NOW!
THE BAT CLAWS INTO THE AIR, ITS LEATHERY WINGS BEATING FASTER, EVER FASTER, IN A FRANTIC EFFORT TO ESCAPE...
... BUT WITH ALL ITS HELLISH SPEED, IT IS STILL NOT FAST ENOUGH.
I SAID YOU'RE NOT ESCAPIN', MAN--
ITS MOUTH PARTS, FANGS GLEAMING BENEATH THE FULL-MOONED NIGHT--
--AND I MEAN IT!
--AND A BLOOD CHILLING SCREAM ECHOES FORTH AS BLADE'S KNIFE FINDS THE BAT'S SOFT UNDERBELLY.

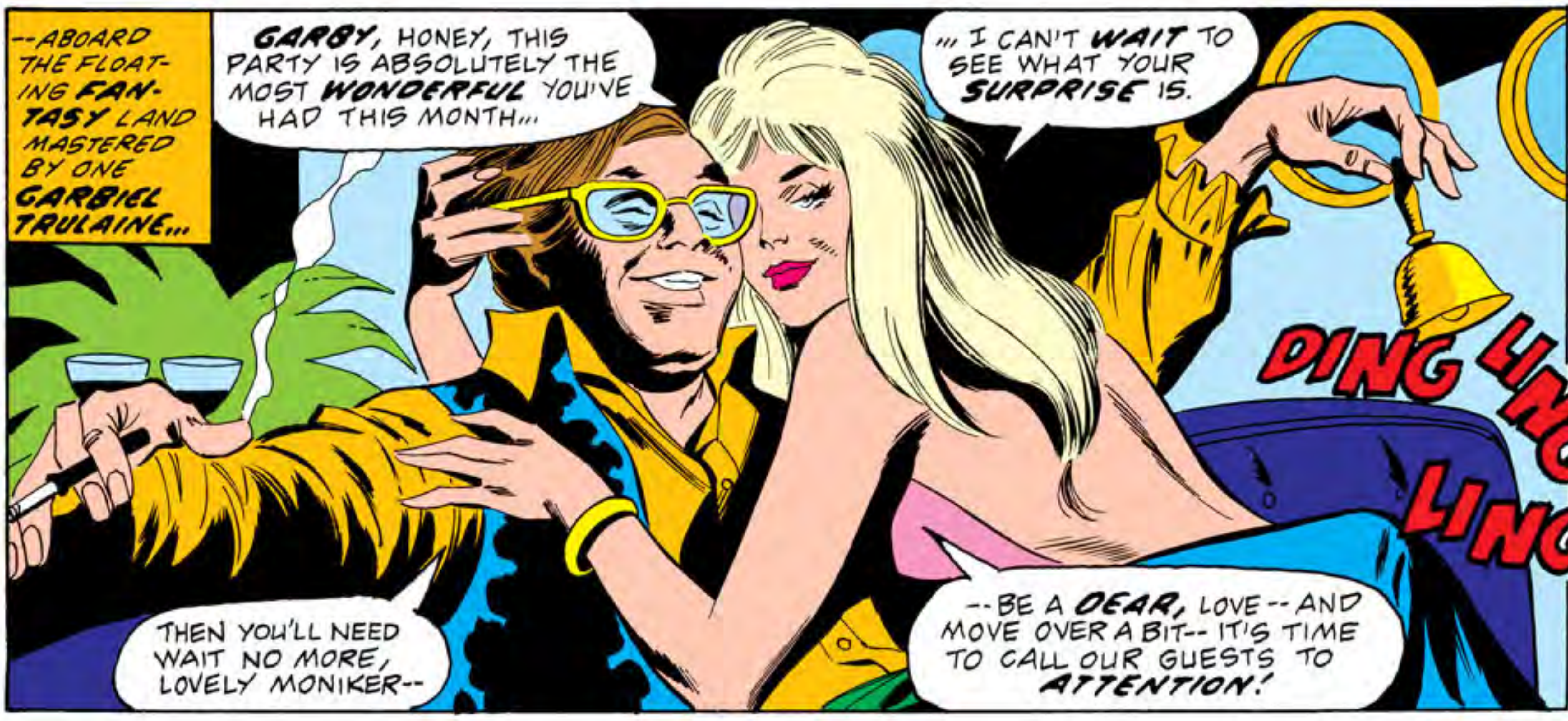

FALLING TO THE COLD CONCRETE GROUND, THE BAT TURNS AND DIES--
NO, YOU'RE NOT THE ONE-- BUT IT DON'T REALLY MATTER MUCH...
-- DIES, AND BEGINS TO CHANGE --NOT TO THE HUMAN-VAMPIRE HE HAD BECOME JUST A FEW SHORT DAYS AGO--
... JUST MEANS THERE'S LESS OF YOU FILTHY BLOODSUCKERS STALKIN' THE STREETS!
--BUT TO THE YOUTH HE HAD BEEN FOR THE FIRST EIGHTEEN YEARS OF HIS LIFE-- BEFORE DRACULA CURSED HIM WITH THE PLAGUE OF VAMPIRISM.
BUT HE WAS ONLY A CHILD, BLADE... A CHILD.
WHO IN H--?
OH, IT'S YOU, HARKER. WHAT HOLE'D YOU CRAWL OUT OF?
I HAD A CALL* THAT YOU WERE IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY--
--AND THAT YOU'D BE HERE. YOU KNOW YOU JUST KILLED A TEENAGER, BLADE!
*LAST ISSUE-RT.
THAT'S MISTER BLADE, HARKER-- AND, FRANKLY, I DON'T GIVE A FLYING HOOT!
HE WAS A STINKIN' VAMPIRE-- AN' BETTER OFF DEAD!
'SIDES, SINCE WHEN DID YOU START GOOD-MOUTHIN' THE UNDEAD?
YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, MR. BLADE-- BUT THIS STUPID ACT OF YOURS HAS COST ME WEEKS OF PLANNING.
THESE VAMPIRES WERE MEMBERS OF DRACULA'S LEGION--THEY WOULD HAVE LED ME TO HIM.
THEN WHAT, POPS? YOU'VE BEEN DANCING WITH THE COUNT LONG ENOUGH.
THERE WOULD BE NO DANCING, MR. BLADE-- MY ORGANIZATION HAS WEAPONS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY DRACULA.
AND WITH HIM GONE OTHER VAMPIRES WOULD BE EASY PREY.
BUT NOW, YOU'VE DESTROYED ALL CHANCE FOR THAT.

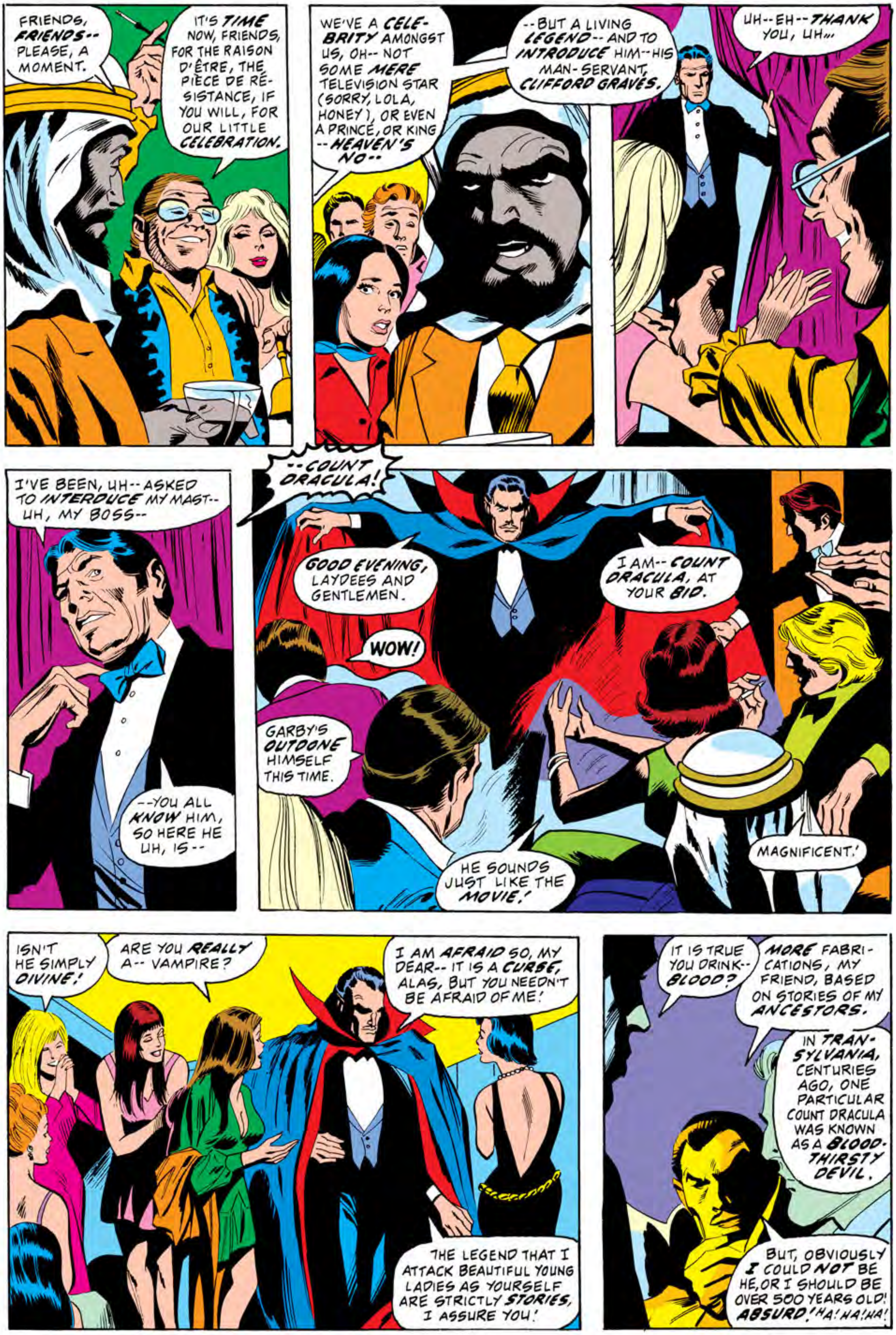

TELL ME MORE, HARKER-- LIKE HOW YOU'VE BEEN FAILIN' TO DO THAT ONE LITTLE THING FOR SIXTY YEARS.
SO DON'T BUG ME-- I DON'T NEED ALL THEM FANCY GADGETS --THIS KNIFE IS MY BABY, AND THAT'S IT!

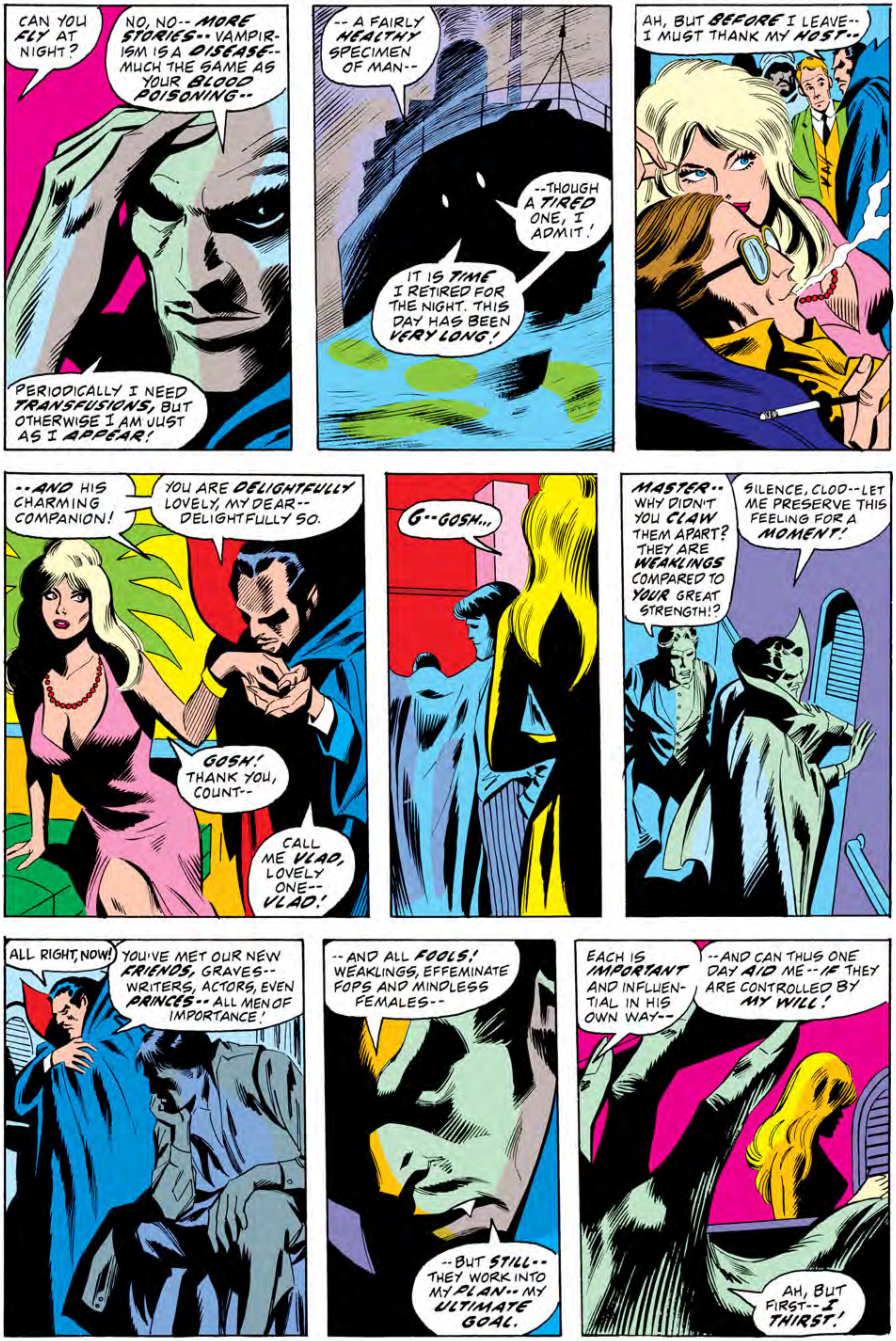

I'LL FIND THE COUNT MY WAY, POPS-- AN' I'LL KILL 'IM LIKE THAT, TOO.
GOTTA BE GOIN' NOW-- CHECK UP ON SOME CLUES I GOT.
SEEYA, GRAMPS-- AN' SHARPEN UP YOUR WOODEN NICKELS, DIG?
THAT MAN IS POSITIVELY THE RUDEST PERSON I'VE EVER MET.
PERHAPS, EDITH-- BUT IN HIS OWN WAY, HE GETS THE JOB DONE...

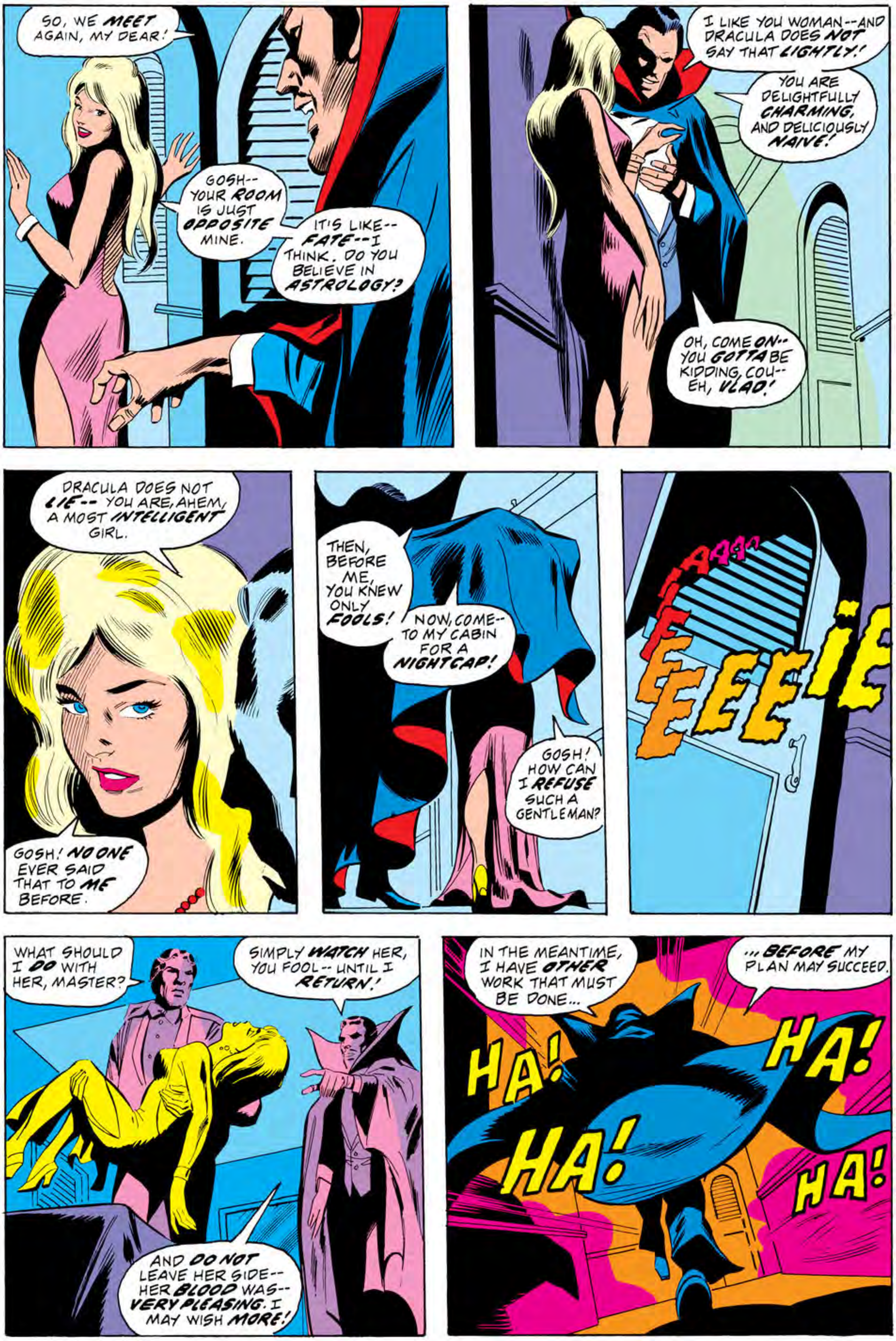

"AND SOMEDAY I HOPE WE CAN SWAY HIM TO OUR SIDE-- TO JOIN OUR LITTLE GROUP-- HE WOULD PROVE A VERY VALUABLE ADDITION."
NOW WE SHIFT OUR ATTENTIONS ELSEWHERE -- ALMOST 700 MILES TO THE SOUTH AND EAST...

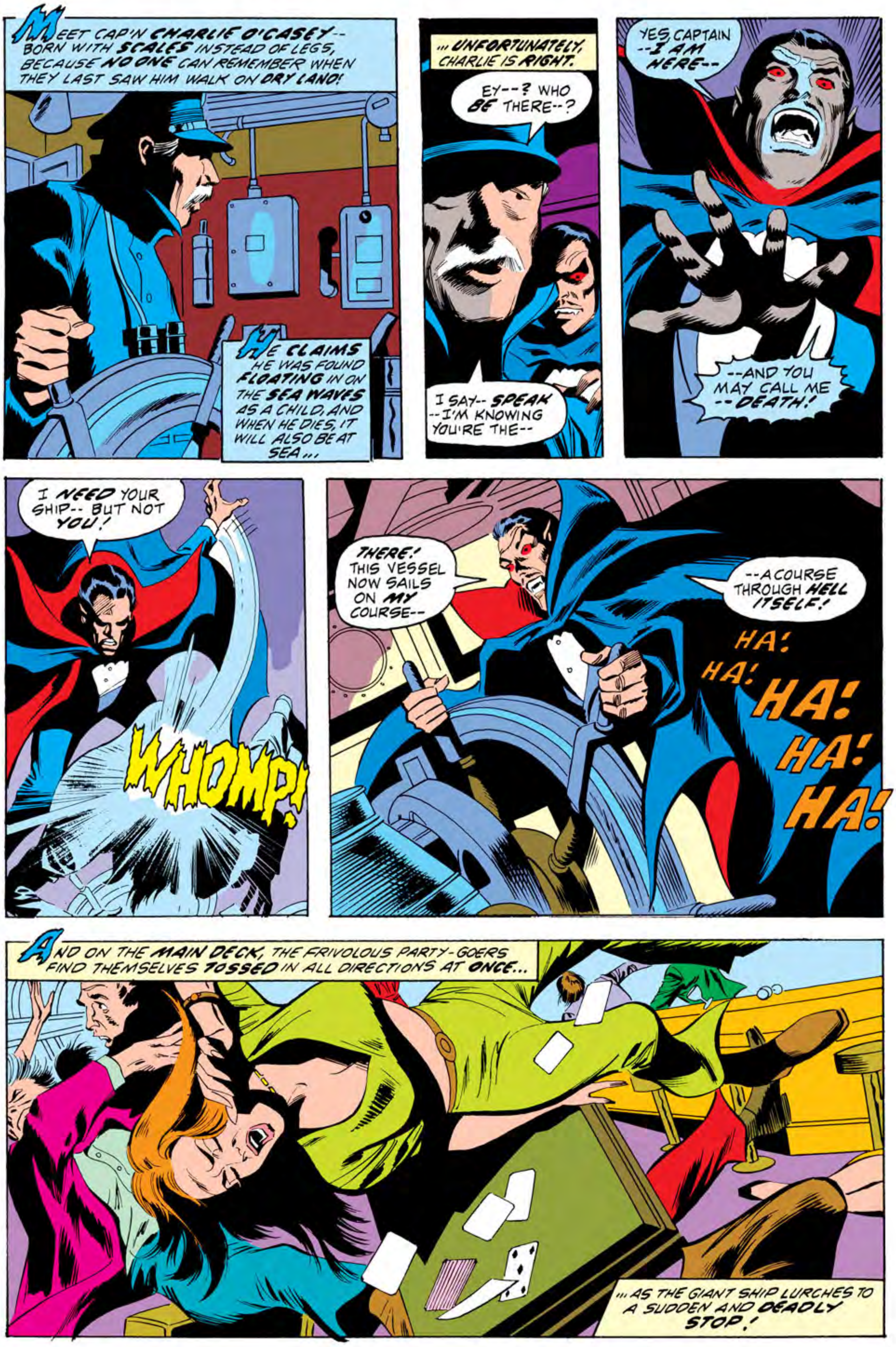

-- TO THE OCEAN LINER, MICHELE -- A 160,000 HORSEPOWER PARTY-SHIP...
... WHERE THE ELITE SQUANDERERS OF FAMILY FORTUNES, AND INHERITORS OF NOW-MEANINGLESS TITLES, SEEK AN ESCAPE FROM THE OUTSIDE REAL WORLD--

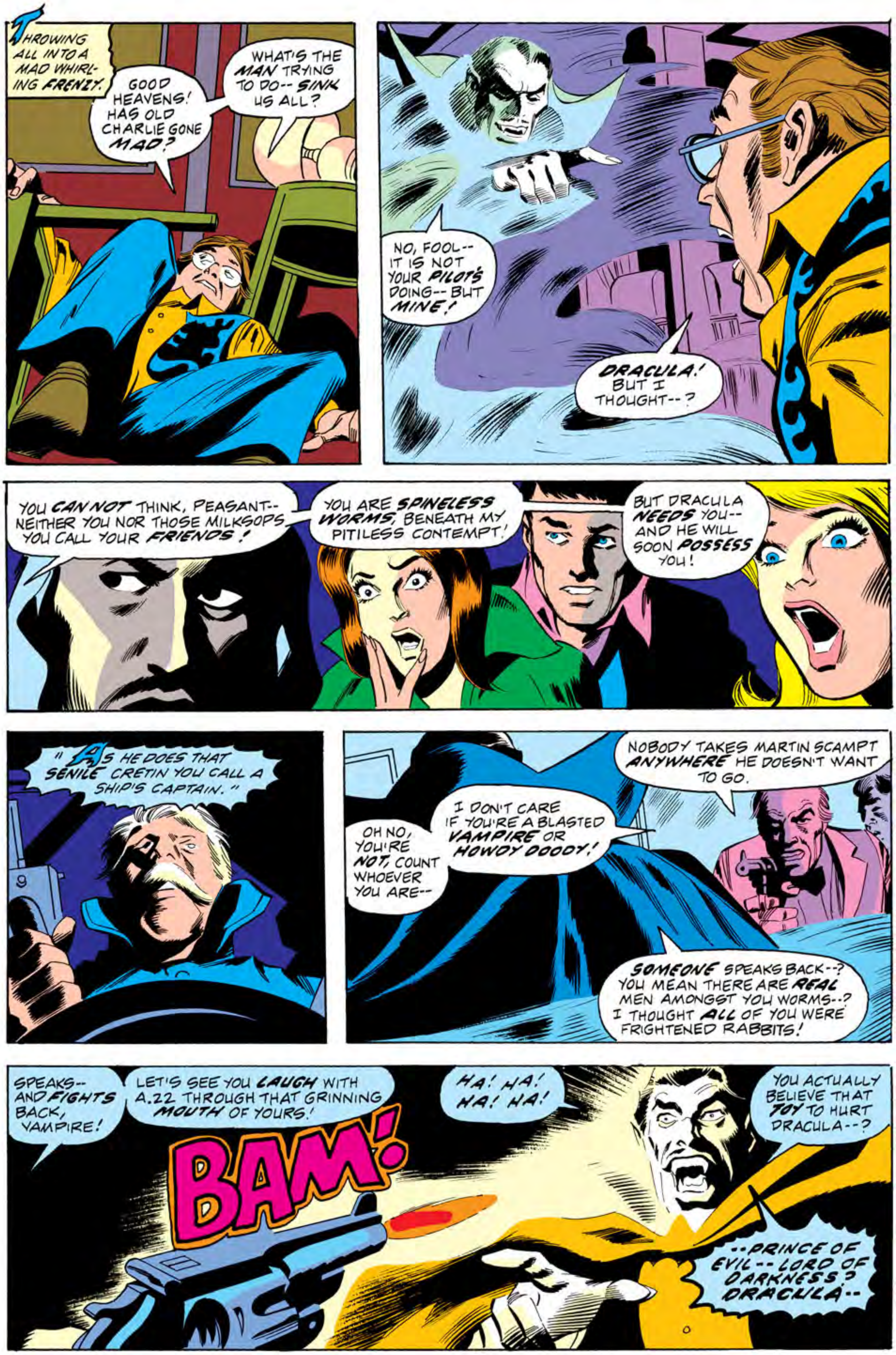

--ABOARD THE FLOATING FANTASY LAND MASTERED BY ONE GARBIEL TRULAINE...
GARBY, HONEY, THIS PARTY IS ABSOLUTELY THE MOST WONDERFUL YOU'VE HAD THIS MONTH...
... I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT YOUR SURPRISE IS.
DING LING LING
THEN YOU'LL NEED WAIT NO MORE, LOVELY MONIKER--
--BE A DEAR, LOVE -- AND MOVE OVER A BIT-- IT'S TIME TO CALL OUR GUESTS TO ATTENTION!

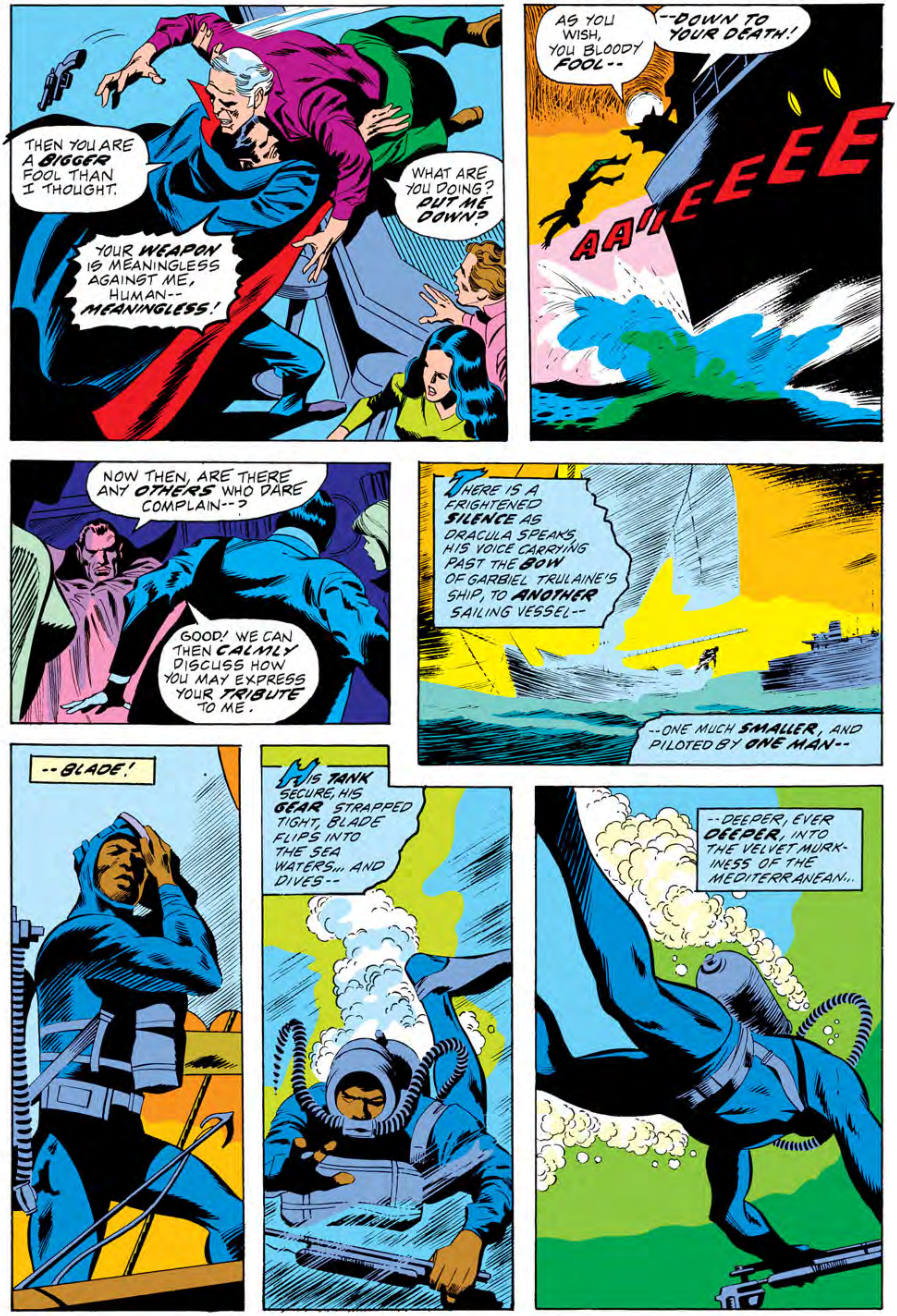

FRIENDS, *FRIENDS--* PLEASE, A MOMENT.
IT'S *TIME* NOW, FRIENDS, FOR THE RAISON D'ÊTRE, THE PIÈCE DE RÉSISTANCE, IF YOU WILL, FOR OUR LITTLE *CELEBRATION.*
WE'VE A *CELEBRITY* AMONGST US, OH-- NOT SOME *MERE* TELEVISION STAR (SORRY, LOLA, HONEY), OR EVEN A PRINCE, OR KING --*HEAVEN'S NO--*
--BUT A LIVING *LEGEND--* AND TO *INTRODUCE* HIM--HIS MAN-SERVANT, *CLIFFORD GRAVES.*
UH--EH--*THANK* YOU, UH...
I'VE BEEN, UH--ASKED TO *INTERDUCE* MY MAST-- UH, MY BOSS--
--YOU ALL *KNOW* HIM, SO HERE HE UH, IS--
--*COUNT DRACULA!*
GOOD EVENING, LAYDEES AND GENTLEMEN.
I AM-- *COUNT DRACULA,* AT YOUR *BID.*
WOW!
GARBY'S *OUTDONE* HIMSELF THIS TIME.
HE SOUNDS JUST LIKE THE *MOVIE!*
MAGNIFICENT!
ISN'T HE SIMPLY *DIVINE!*
ARE YOU *REALLY* A-- VAMPIRE?
I AM *AFRAID* SO, MY DEAR-- IT IS A *CURSE,* ALAS, BUT YOU NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF ME!
THE LEGEND THAT I ATTACK BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES AS YOURSELF ARE STRICTLY *STORIES,* I ASSURE YOU!
IT IS TRUE YOU DRINK-- *BLOOD?*
MORE FABRICATIONS, MY FRIEND, BASED ON STORIES OF MY *ANCESTORS.*
IN *TRANSYLVANIA,* CENTURIES AGO, ONE PARTICULAR COUNT DRACULA WAS KNOWN AS A *BLOOD-THIRSTY DEVIL.*
BUT, OBVIOUSLY *I* COULD *NOT* BE HE, OR I SHOULD BE OVER 500 YEARS OLD! *ABSURD!* HA! HA! HA!

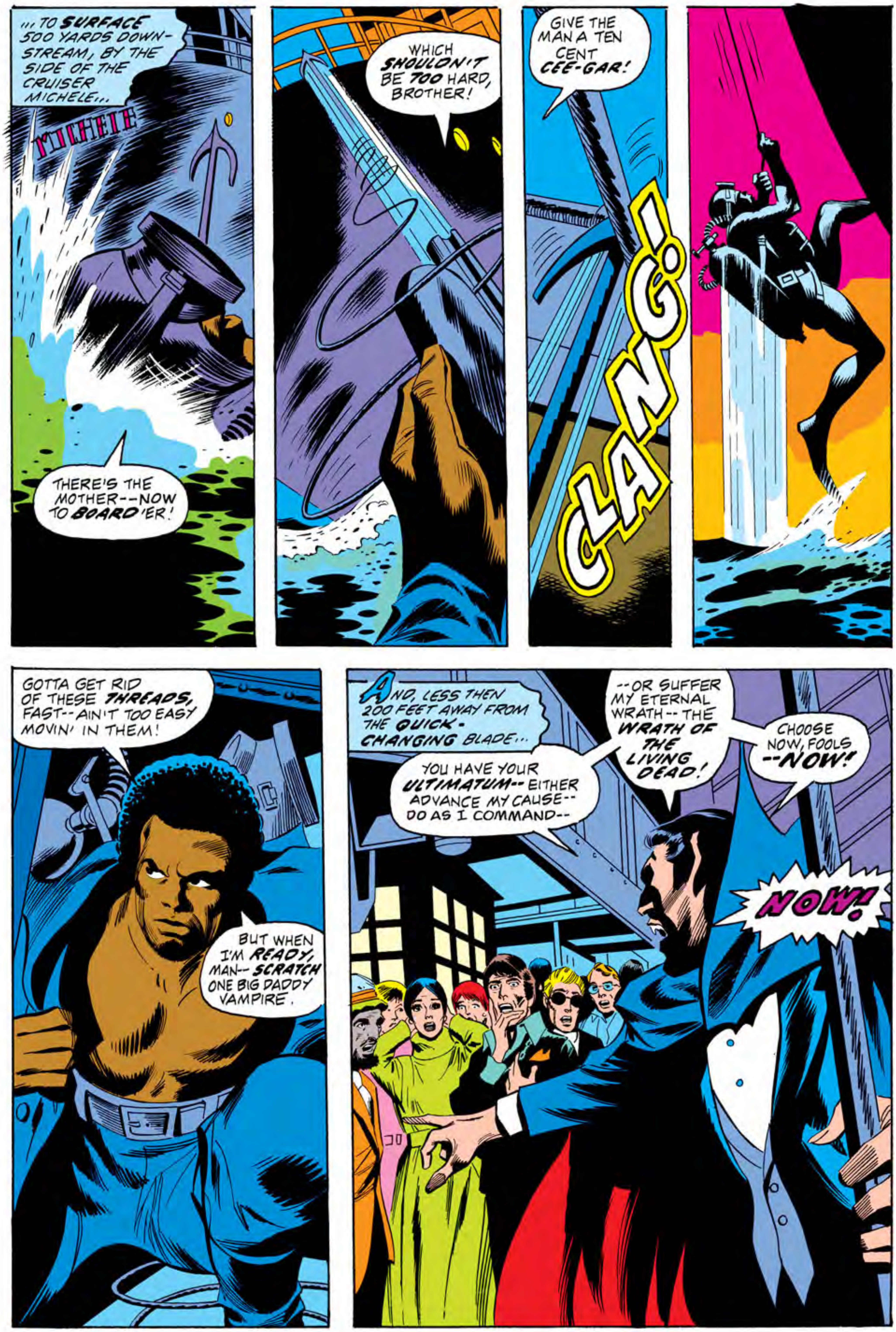

CAN YOU FLY AT NIGHT?
NO, NO-- MORE STORIES-- VAMPIRISM IS A DISEASE-- MUCH THE SAME AS YOUR BLOOD POISONING--
PERIODICALLY I NEED TRANSFUSIONS, BUT OTHERWISE I AM JUST AS I APPEAR!
-- A FAIRLY HEALTHY SPECIMEN OF MAN--
--THOUGH A TIRED ONE, I ADMIT!
IT IS TIME I RETIRED FOR THE NIGHT. THIS DAY HAS BEEN VERY LONG!
AH, BUT BEFORE I LEAVE-- I MUST THANK MY HOST--
--AND HIS CHARMING COMPANION!
YOU ARE DELIGHTFULLY LOVELY, MY DEAR-- DELIGHTFULLY SO.
GOSH! THANK YOU, COUNT--
CALL ME VLAD, LOVELY ONE-- VLAD!
G--GOSH...
MASTER-- WHY DIDN'T YOU CLAW THEM APART? THEY ARE WEAKLINGS COMPARED TO YOUR GREAT STRENGTH!?
SILENCE, CLOD--LET ME PRESERVE THIS FEELING FOR A MOMENT!
ALL RIGHT, NOW!
YOU'VE MET OUR NEW FRIENDS, GRAVES-- WRITERS, ACTORS, EVEN PRINCES-- ALL MEN OF IMPORTANCE!
--AND ALL FOOLS! WEAKLINGS, EFFEMINATE FOPS AND MINDLESS FEMALES--
--BUT STILL-- THEY WORK INTO MY PLAN-- MY ULTIMATE GOAL.
EACH IS IMPORTANT AND INFLUENTIAL IN HIS OWN WAY--
--AND CAN THUS ONE DAY AID ME-- IF THEY ARE CONTROLLED BY MY WILL!
AH, BUT FIRST-- I THIRST!

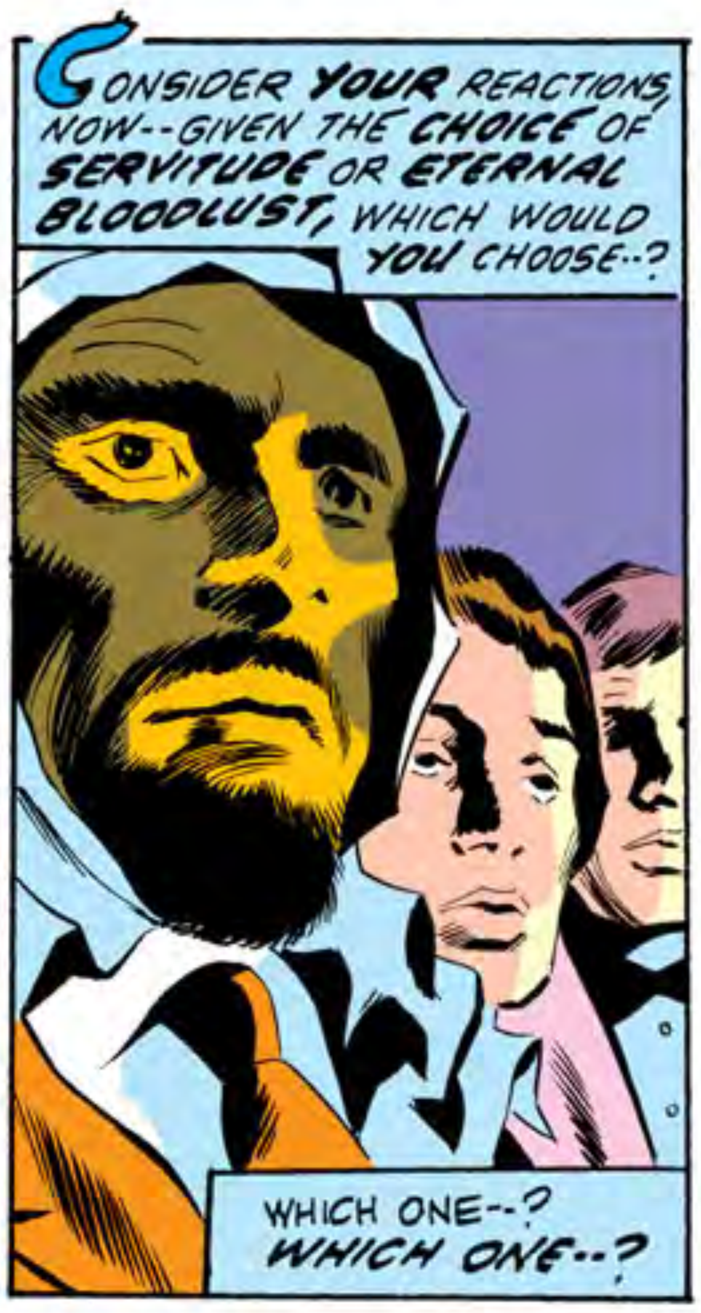

SO, WE *MEET* AGAIN, MY DEAR!
GOSH-- YOUR *ROOM* IS JUST *OPPOSITE* MINE.
IT'S LIKE-- *FATE*--I THINK. DO YOU BELIEVE IN *ASTROLOGY?*
I LIKE YOU WOMAN--AND DRACULA DOES *NOT* SAY THAT *LIGHTLY!*
YOU ARE DELIGHTFULLY *CHARMING,* AND DELICIOUSLY *NAIVE!*
OH, COME *ON*-- YOU *GOTTA* BE KIDDING, COU-- EH, *VLAD!*
DRACULA DOES NOT *LIE*-- YOU ARE, AHEM, A MOST *INTELLIGENT* GIRL.
GOSH! *NO ONE* EVER SAID THAT TO *ME* BEFORE.
THEN, BEFORE ME, YOU KNEW ONLY *FOOLS!*
NOW, COME-- TO MY CABIN FOR A *NIGHTCAP!*
GOSH! HOW CAN I *REFUSE* SUCH A GENTLEMAN?
AAAAIIEEEEEEIE
WHAT SHOULD I *DO* WITH HER, MASTER?
SIMPLY *WATCH* HER, YOU FOOL-- UNTIL I *RETURN!*
AND *DO NOT* LEAVE HER SIDE-- HER *BLOOD* WAS-- *VERY PLEASING.* I MAY WISH *MORE!*
IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVE *OTHER* WORK THAT MUST BE DONE...
...*BEFORE* MY PLAN MAY SUCCEED.
HA! HA! HA! HA!

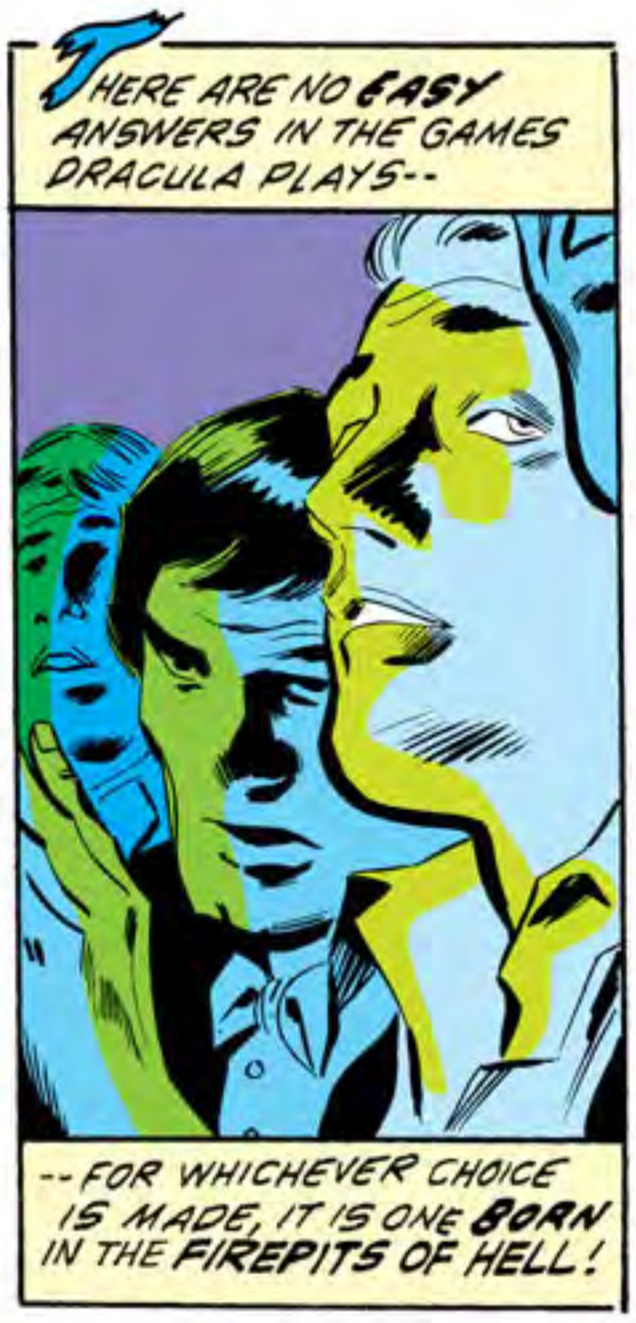

MEET CAP'N CHARLIE O'CASEY--BORN WITH SCALES INSTEAD OF LEGS, BECAUSE NO ONE CAN REMEMBER WHEN THEY LAST SAW HIM WALK ON DRY LAND!
HE CLAIMS HE WAS FOUND FLOATING IN ON THE SEA WAVES AS A CHILD, AND WHEN HE DIES, IT WILL ALSO BE AT SEA...
...UNFORTUNATELY, CHARLIE IS RIGHT.
EY--? WHO BE THERE--?
I SAY-- SPEAK --I'M KNOWING YOU'RE THE--
YES, CAPTAIN --I AM HERE--
--AND YOU MAY CALL ME --DEATH!
I NEED YOUR SHIP-- BUT NOT YOU!
WHOMP!
THERE! THIS VESSEL NOW SAILS ON MY COURSE--
--A COURSE THROUGH HELL ITSELF!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
AND ON THE MAIN DECK, THE FRIVOLOUS PARTY-GOERS FIND THEMSELVES TOSSED IN ALL DIRECTIONS AT ONCE...
...AS THE GIANT SHIP LURCHES TO A SUDDEN AND DEADLY STOP!

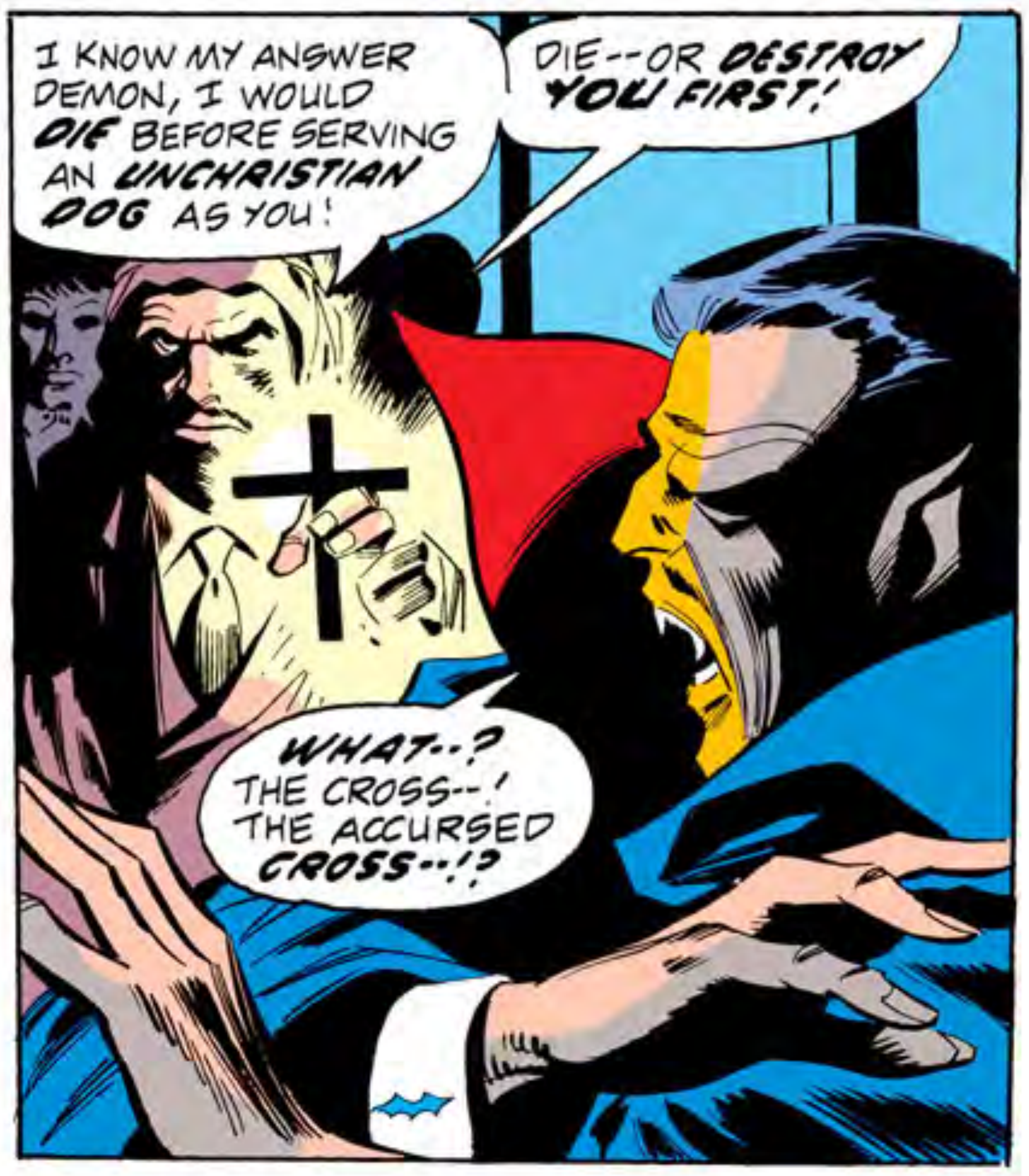

THROWING ALL INTO A MAD WHIRLING FRENZY.
GOOD HEAVENS! HAS OLD CHARLIE GONE MAD?
WHAT'S THE MAN TRYING TO DO-- SINK US ALL?
NO, FOOL-- IT IS NOT YOUR PILOT'S DOING-- BUT MINE!
DRACULA! BUT I THOUGHT--?
YOU CANNOT THINK, PEASANT-- NEITHER YOU NOR THOSE MILKSOPS YOU CALL YOUR FRIENDS!
YOU ARE SPINELESS WORMS, BENEATH MY PITILESS CONTEMPT!
BUT DRACULA NEEDS YOU-- AND HE WILL SOON POSSESS YOU!
"AS HE DOES THAT SENILE CRETIN YOU CALL A SHIP'S CAPTAIN."
OH NO, YOU'RE NOT, COUNT WHOEVER YOU ARE--
I DON'T CARE IF YOU'RE A BLASTED VAMPIRE OR HOWDY DOODY!
NOBODY TAKES MARTIN SCAMPT ANYWHERE HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO.
SOMEONE SPEAKS BACK--? YOU MEAN THERE ARE REAL MEN AMONGST YOU WORMS--? I THOUGHT ALL OF YOU WERE FRIGHTENED RABBITS!
SPEAKS-- AND FIGHTS BACK, VAMPIRE!
LET'S SEE YOU LAUGH WITH A .22 THROUGH THAT GRINNING MOUTH OF YOURS!
BAM!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
YOU ACTUALLY BELIEVE THAT TOY TO HURT DRACULA--?
--PRINCE OF EVIL-- LORD OF DARKNESS? DRACULA--

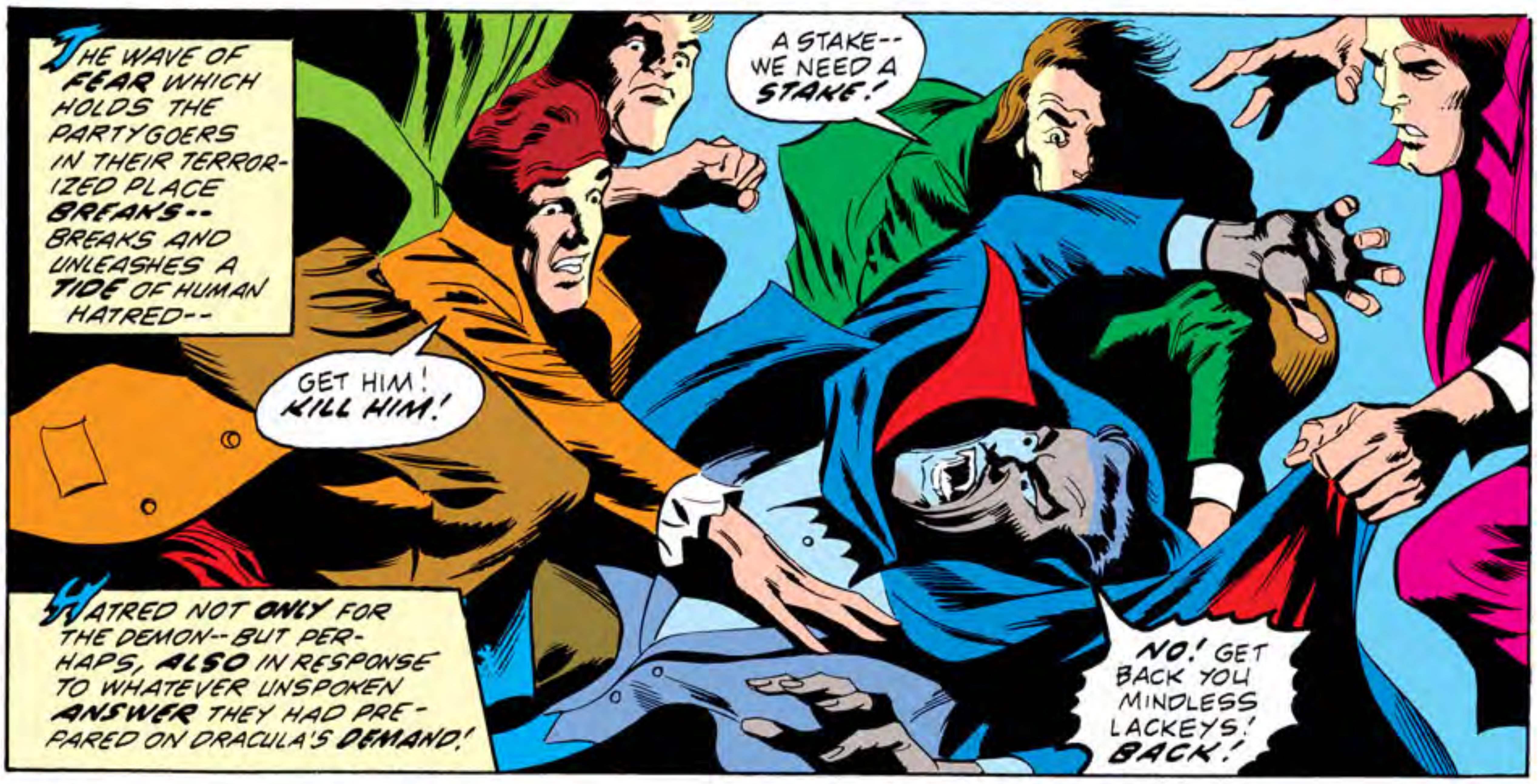

THEN YOU ARE A BIGGER FOOL THAN I THOUGHT.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? PUT ME DOWN!
YOUR WEAPON IS MEANINGLESS AGAINST ME, HUMAN-- MEANINGLESS!
AS YOU WISH, YOU BLOODY FOOL--
--DOWN TO YOUR DEATH!
AAIIEEEEEE
NOW THEN, ARE THERE ANY OTHERS WHO DARE COMPLAIN--?
GOOD! WE CAN THEN CALMLY DISCUSS HOW YOU MAY EXPRESS YOUR TRIBUTE TO ME.
THERE IS A FRIGHTENED SILENCE AS DRACULA SPEAKS, HIS VOICE CARRYING PAST THE BOW OF GARBIEL TRULAINE'S SHIP, TO ANOTHER SAILING VESSEL--
--ONE MUCH SMALLER, AND PILOTED BY ONE MAN--
--BLADE!
HIS TANK SECURE, HIS GEAR STRAPPED TIGHT, BLADE FLIPS INTO THE SEA WATERS... AND DIVES--
--DEEPER, EVER DEEPER, INTO THE VELVET MURKINESS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN...

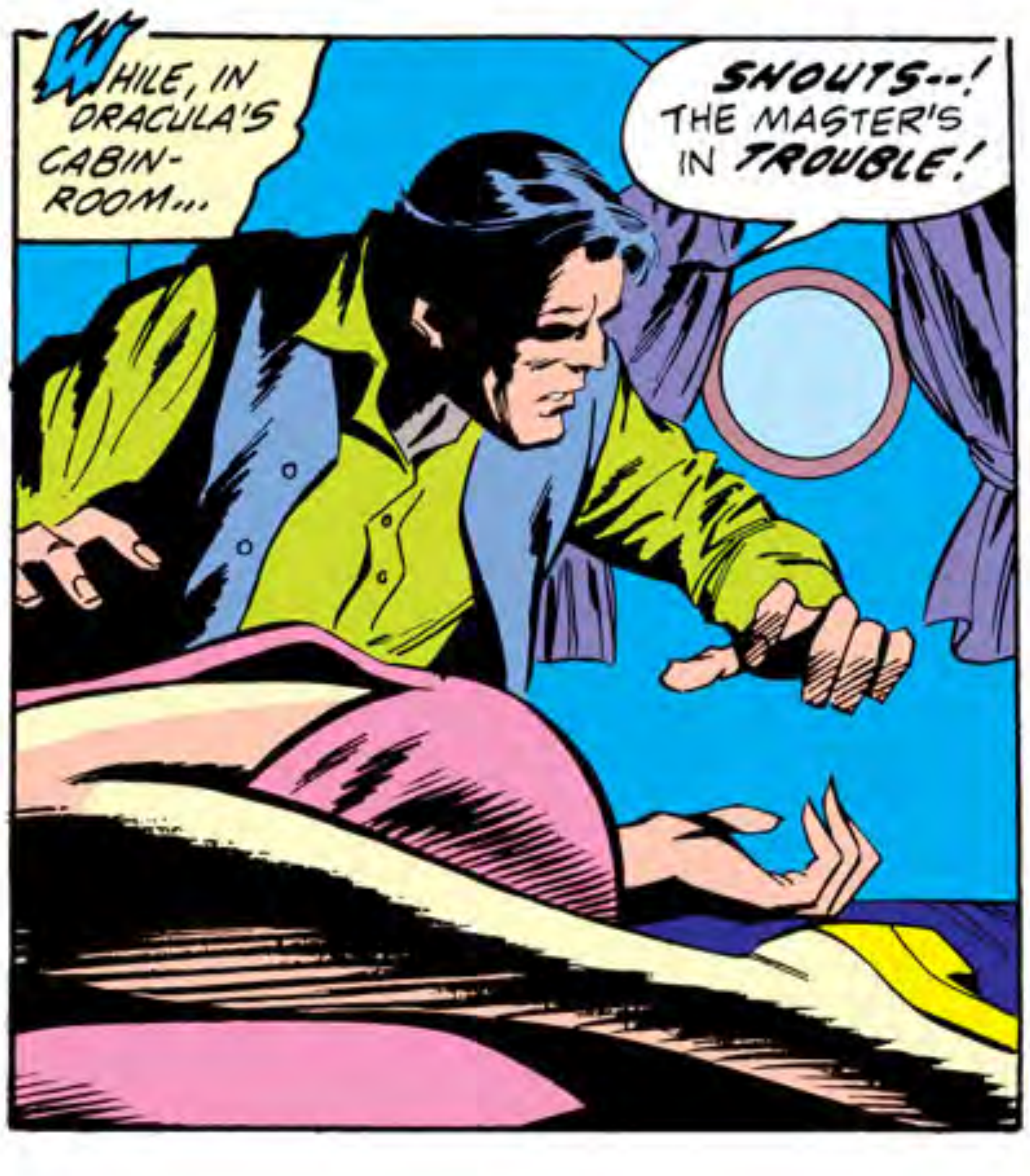

...TO SURFACE 500 YARDS DOWNSTREAM, BY THE SIDE OF THE CRUISER MICHELE...
MICHELE
THERE'S THE MOTHER--NOW TO BOARD 'ER!
WHICH SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD, BROTHER!
GIVE THE MAN A TEN CENT CEE-GAR!
CLANG!
GOTTA GET RID OF THESE THREADS, FAST--AIN'T TOO EASY MOVIN' IN THEM!
BUT WHEN I'M READY, MAN--SCRATCH ONE BIG DADDY VAMPIRE.
AND, LESS THEN 200 FEET AWAY FROM THE QUICK-CHANGING BLADE...
YOU HAVE YOUR ULTIMATUM--EITHER ADVANCE MY CAUSE--DO AS I COMMAND--
--OR SUFFER MY ETERNAL WRATH--THE WRATH OF THE LIVING DEAD!
CHOOSE NOW, FOOLS --NOW!
NOW!

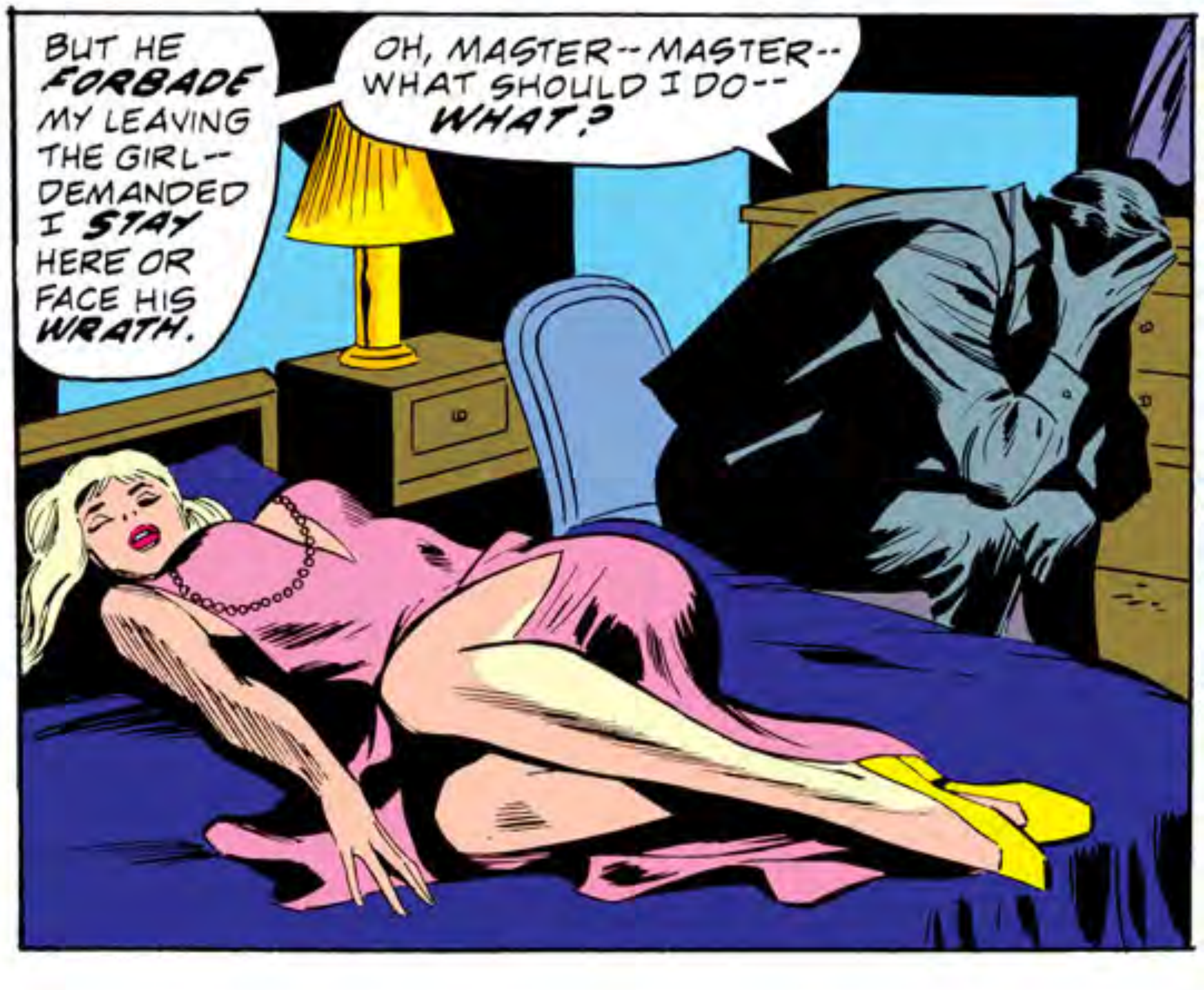

CONSIDER YOUR REACTIONS NOW--GIVEN THE CHOICE OF SERVITUDE OR ETERNAL BLOODLUST, WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE--?
WHICH ONE--? WHICH ONE--?

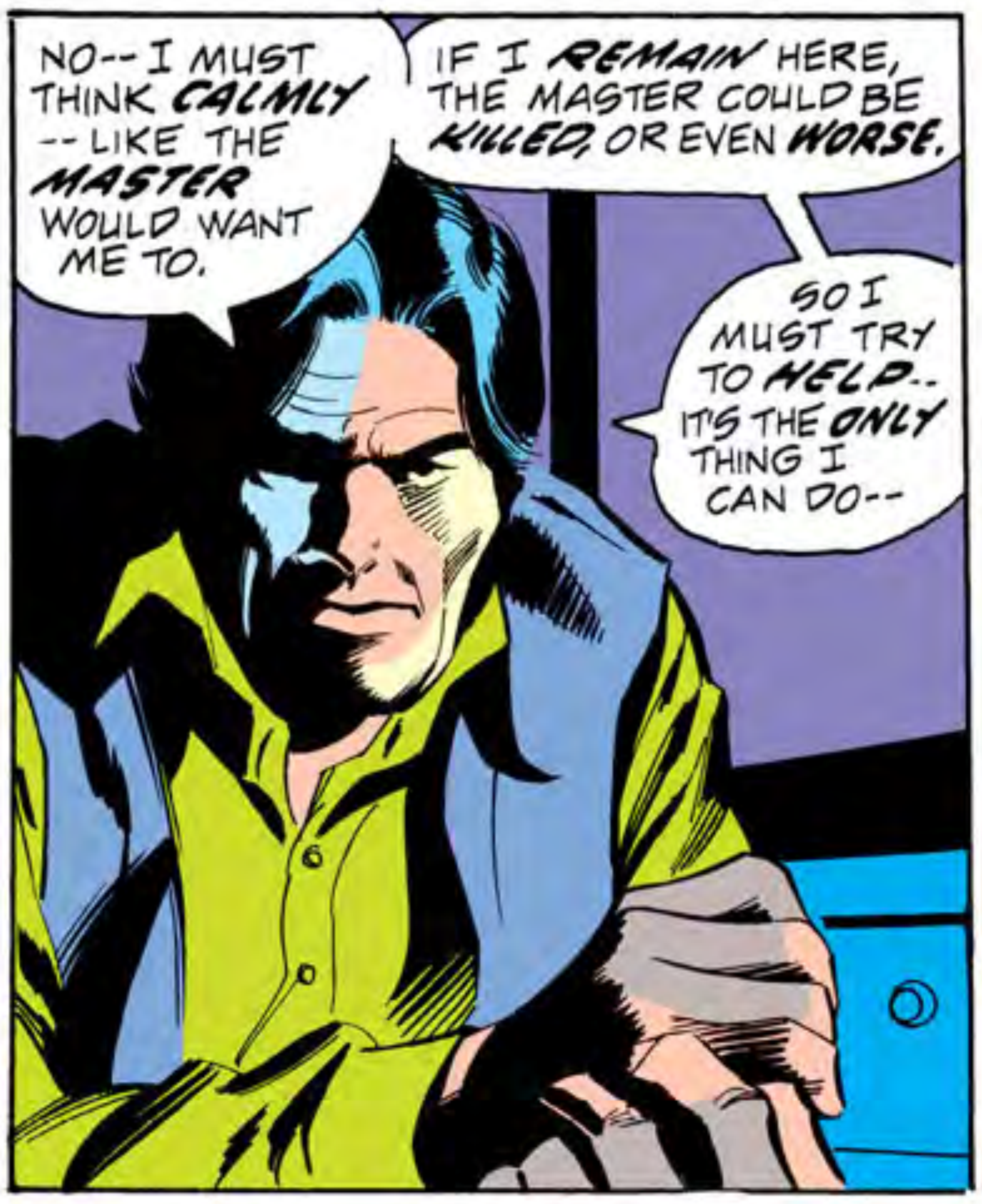

THERE ARE NO EASY ANSWERS IN THE GAMES DRACULA PLAYS--
--FOR WHICHEVER CHOICE IS MADE, IT IS ONE BORN IN THE FIREPITS OF HELL!

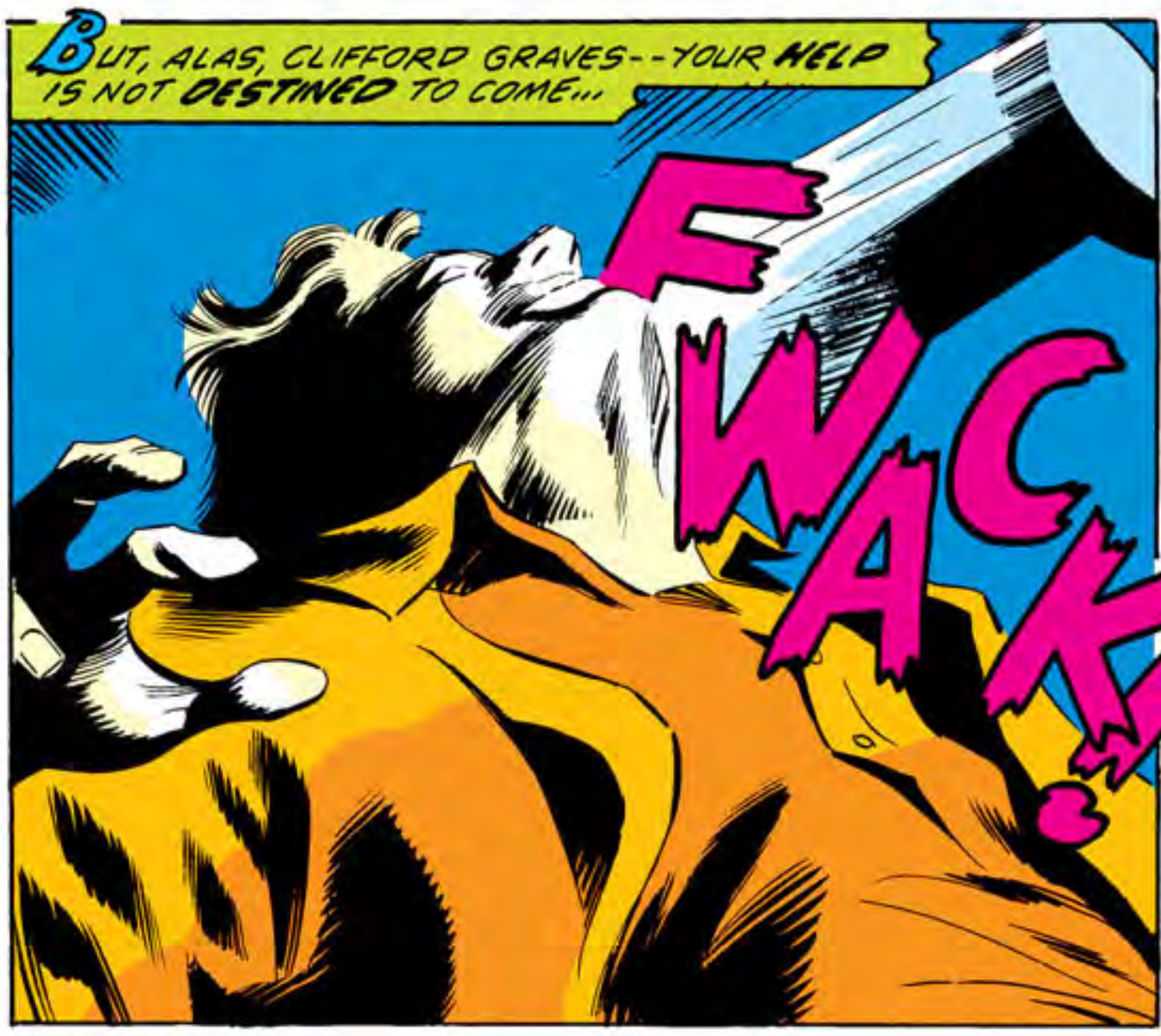

I KNOW MY ANSWER DEMON, I WOULD DIE BEFORE SERVING AN UNCHRISTIAN DOG AS YOU!
DIE--OR DESTROY YOU FIRST!
WHAT--? THE CROSS--! THE ACCURSED CROSS--!?

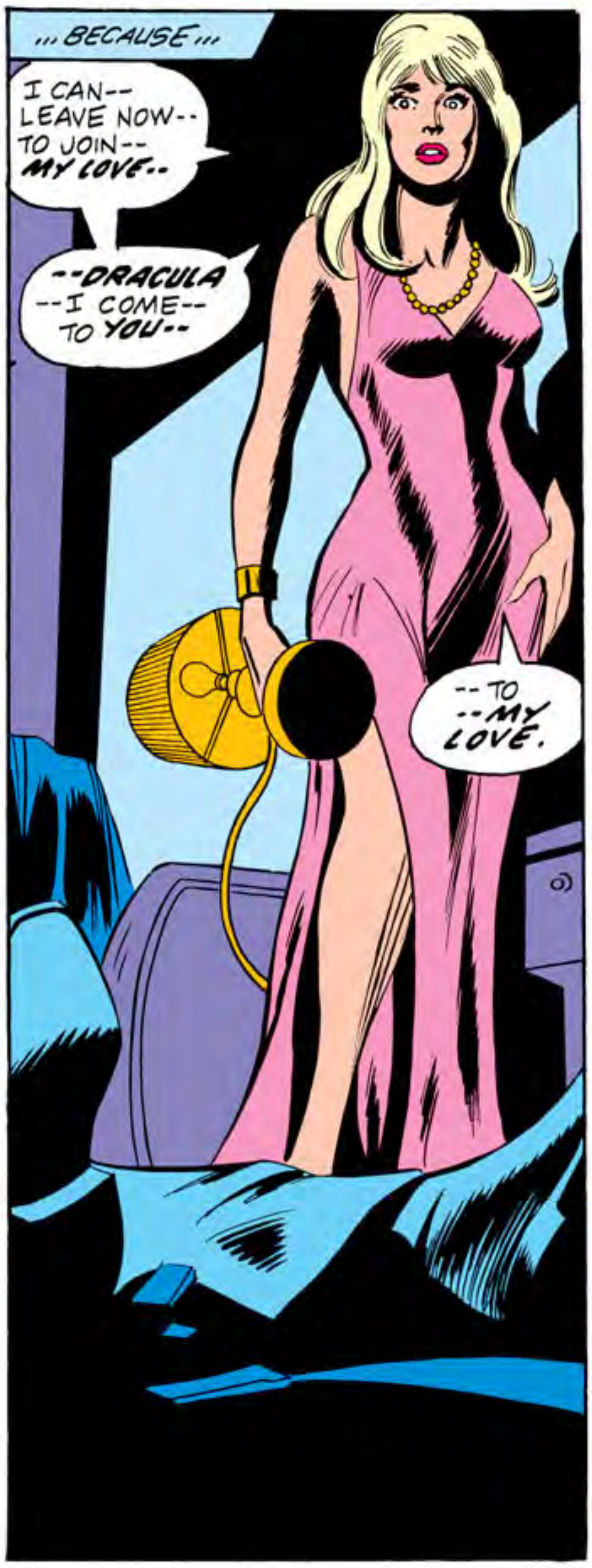

THE WAVE OF FEAR WHICH HOLDS THE PARTYGOERS IN THEIR TERRORIZED PLACE BREAKS-- BREAKS AND UNLEASHES A TIDE OF HUMAN HATRED--
A STAKE-- WE NEED A STAKE!
GET HIM! KILL HIM!
HATRED NOT ONLY FOR THE DEMON--BUT PERHAPS, ALSO IN RESPONSE TO WHATEVER UNSPOKEN ANSWER THEY HAD PREPARED ON DRACULA'S DEMAND!
NO! GET BACK YOU MINDLESS LACKEYS! BACK!

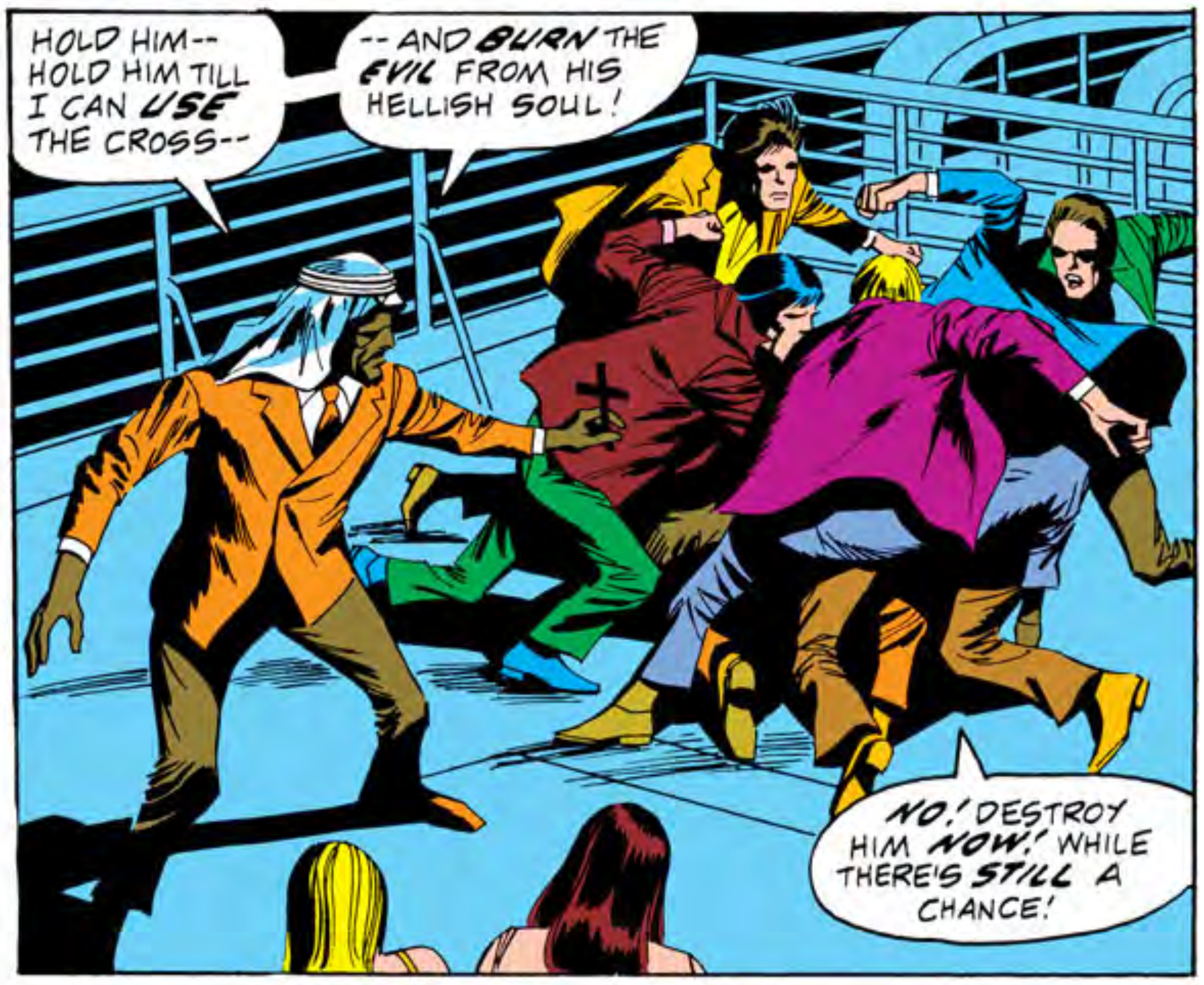

WHILE, IN DRACULA'S CABIN-ROOM...
SHOUTS--! THE MASTER'S IN TROUBLE!

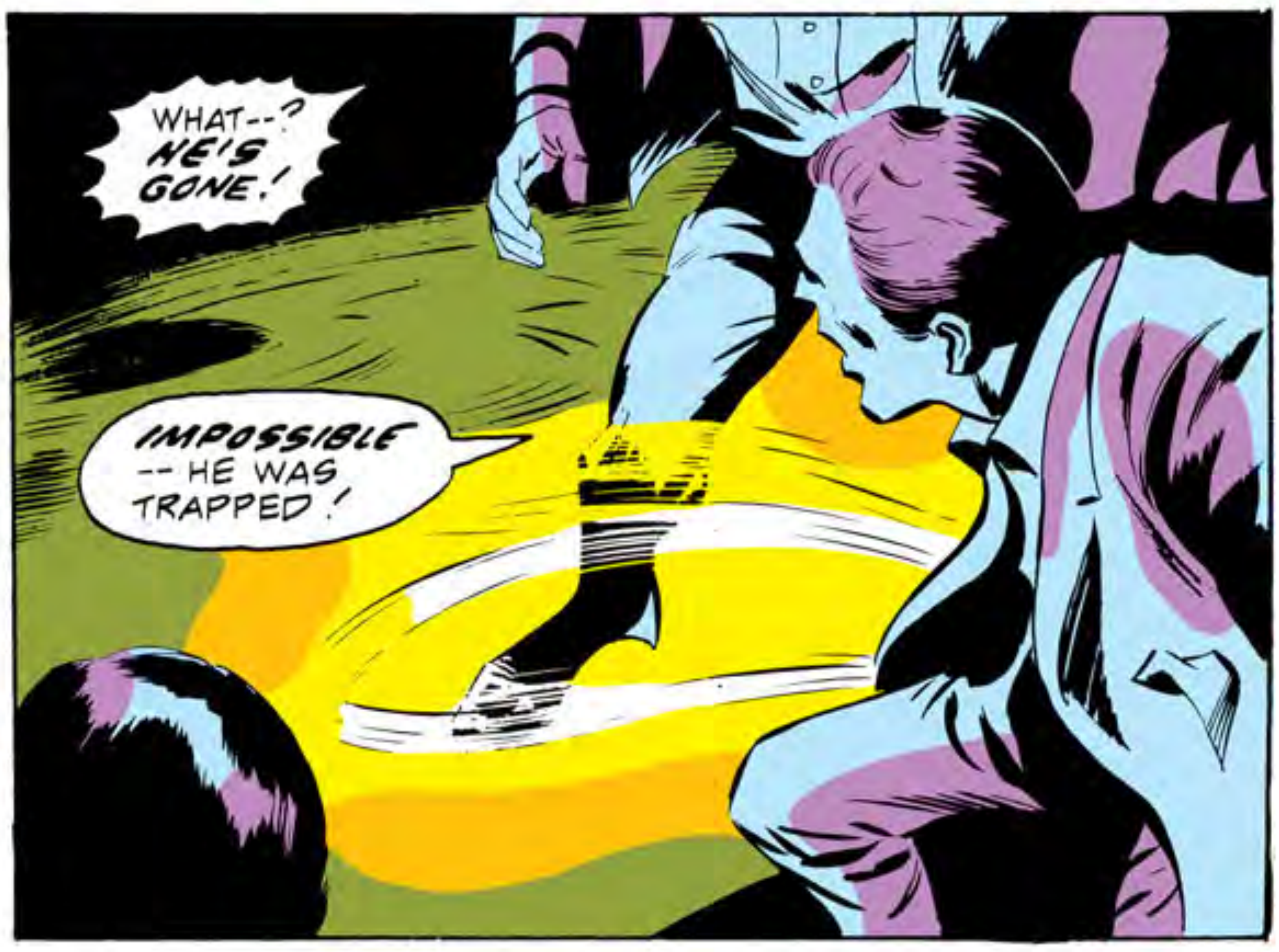

BUT HE FORBADE MY LEAVING THE GIRL--DEMANDED I STAY HERE OR FACE HIS WRATH.
OH, MASTER--MASTER-- WHAT SHOULD I DO-- WHAT?

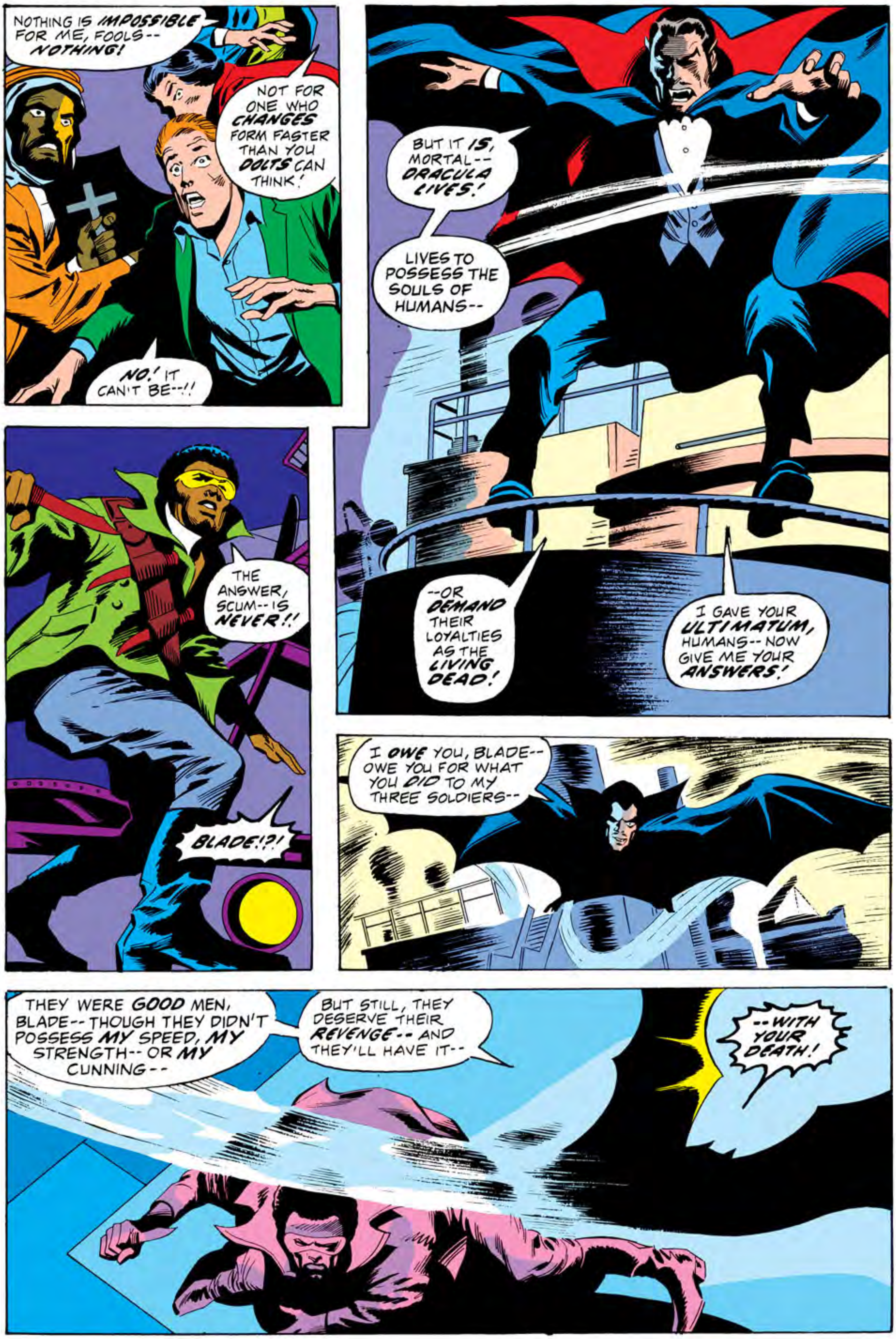

NO-- I MUST THINK *CALMLY* -- LIKE THE *MASTER* WOULD WANT ME TO.
IF I *REMAIN* HERE, THE MASTER COULD BE *KILLED*, OR EVEN *WORSE*.
SO I MUST TRY TO *HELP*.. IT'S THE *ONLY* THING I CAN DO--

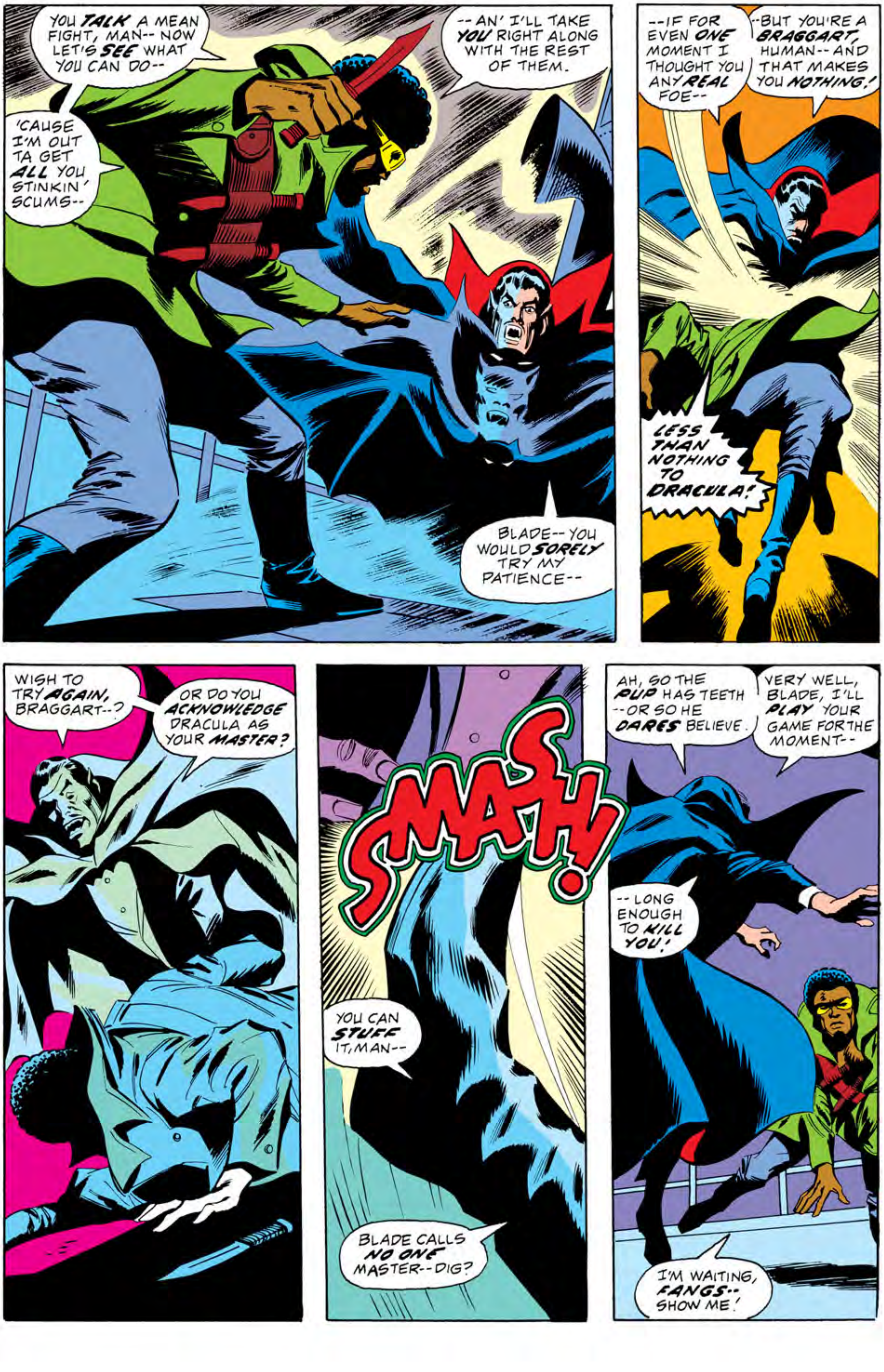

BUT, ALAS, CLIFFORD GRAVES--YOUR *HELP* IS NOT *DESTINED* TO COME...
FWACK!

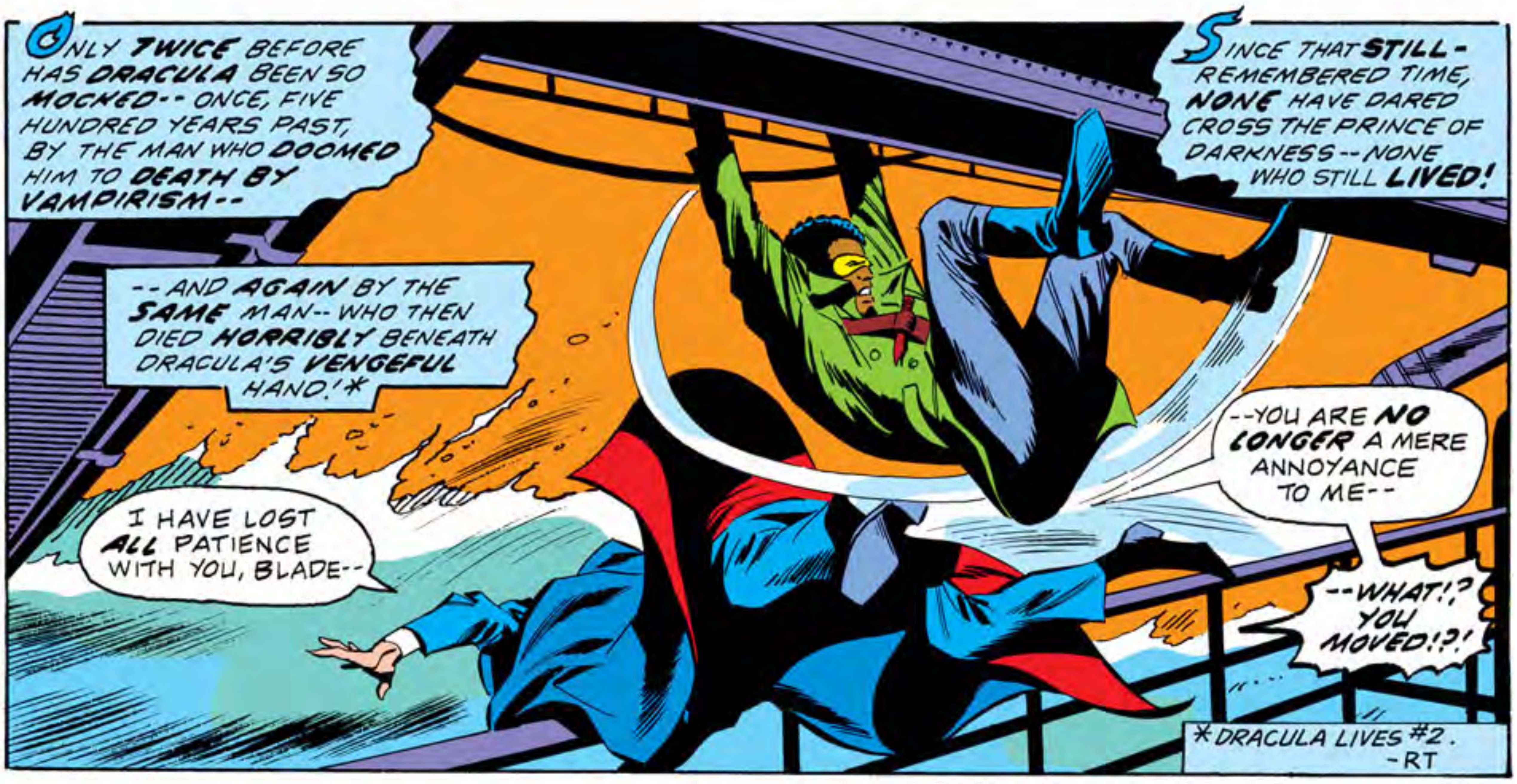

...BECAUSE...
I CAN-- LEAVE NOW-- TO JOIN-- *MY LOVE*--
--*DRACULA* --I COME-- TO *YOU*--
-- TO --*MY LOVE*.

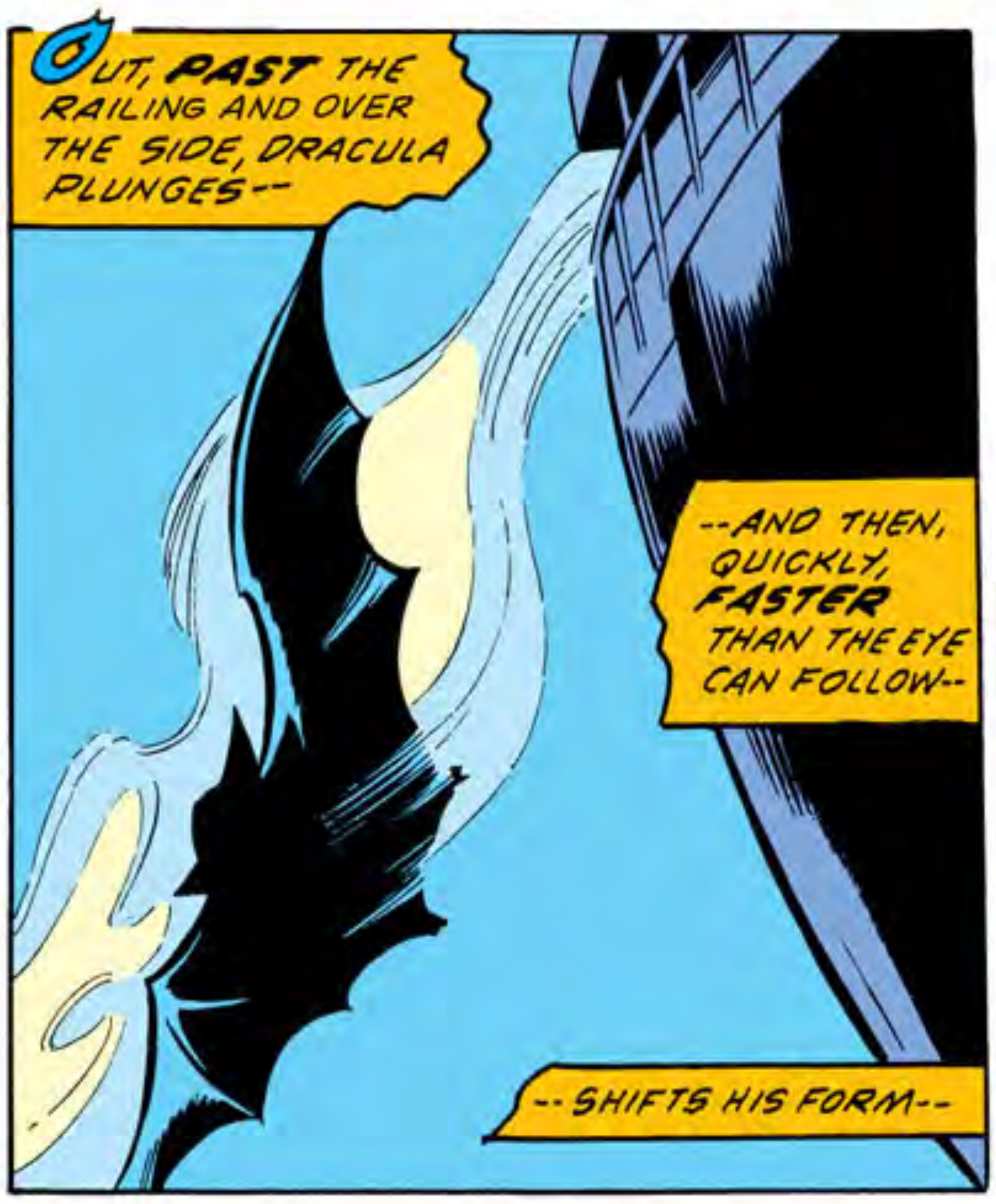

HOLD HIM-- HOLD HIM TILL I CAN *USE* THE CROSS--
-- AND *BURN* THE *EVIL* FROM HIS HELLISH SOUL!
NO! DESTROY HIM *NOW!* WHILE THERE'S *STILL* A CHANCE!

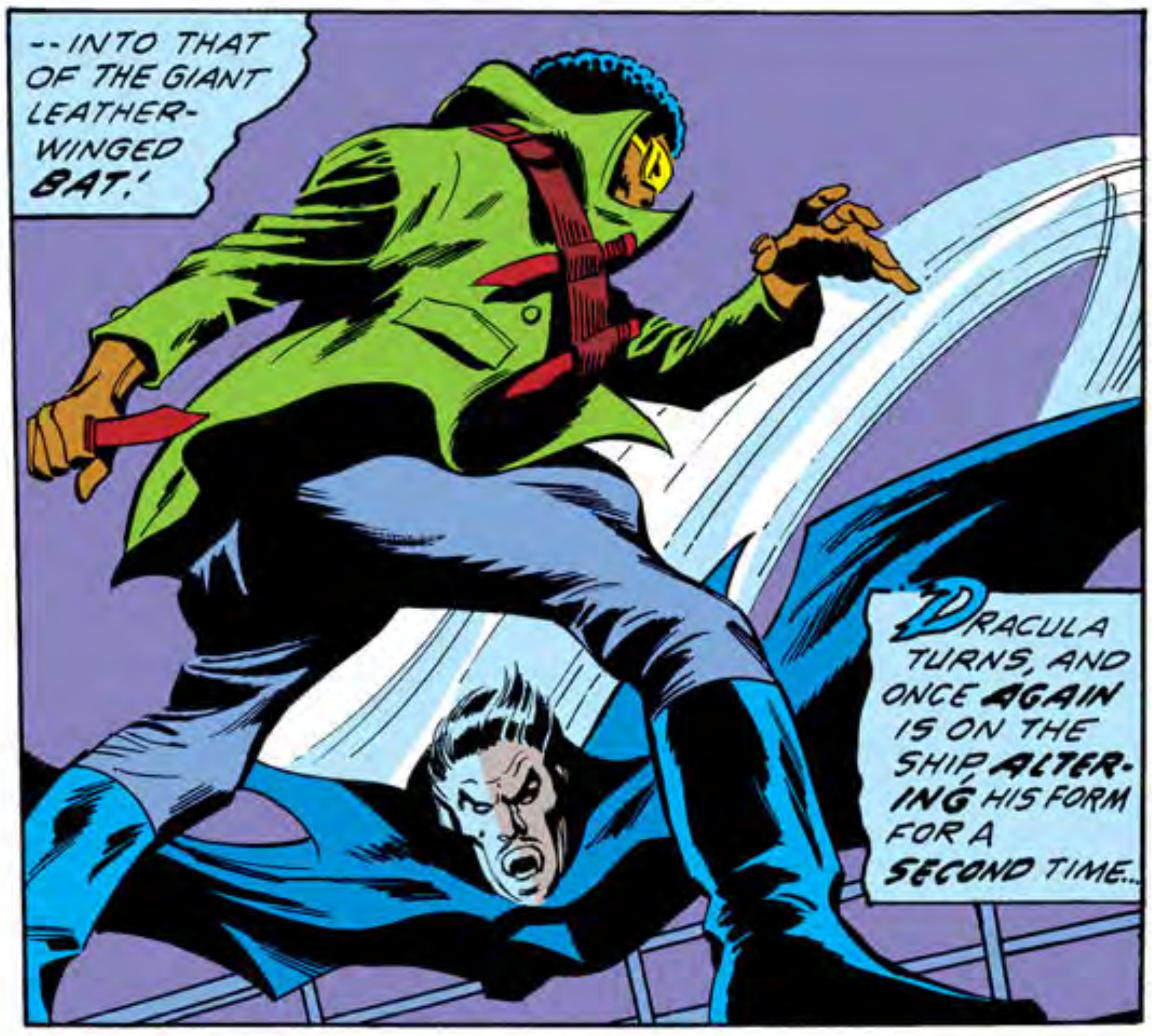

WHAT--? *HE'S GONE!*
IMPOSSIBLE -- HE WAS TRAPPED!

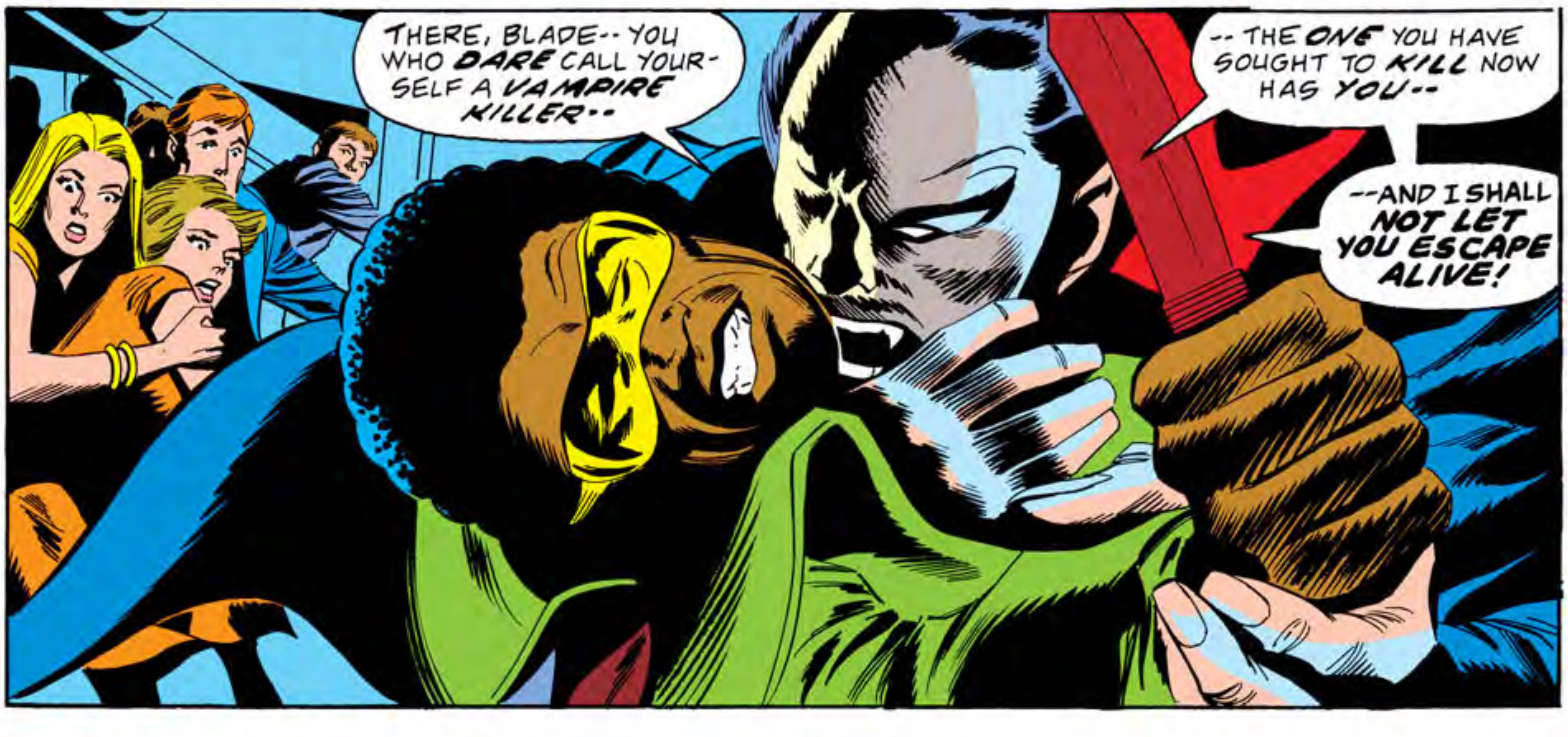

NOTHING IS *IMPOSSIBLE* FOR ME, FOOLS-- *NOTHING!*
NOT FOR ONE WHO *CHANGES* FORM FASTER THAN YOU *DOLTS* CAN THINK!
NO! IT CAN'T BE--!!
BUT IT *IS*, MORTAL-- *DRACULA LIVES!*
LIVES TO POSSESS THE SOULS OF HUMANS--
--OR *DEMAND* THEIR LOYALTIES AS THE *LIVING DEAD!*
I GAVE YOUR *ULTIMATUM*, HUMANS-- NOW GIVE ME YOUR *ANSWERS!*
THE ANSWER, SCUM-- IS *NEVER!!*
BLADE!?!
I *OWE* YOU, BLADE-- OWE YOU FOR WHAT YOU *DID* TO MY THREE SOLDIERS--
THEY WERE *GOOD* MEN, BLADE-- THOUGH THEY DIDN'T POSSESS *MY* SPEED, *MY* STRENGTH-- OR *MY* CUNNING--
BUT STILL, THEY DESERVE THEIR *REVENGE--* AND THEY'LL HAVE IT--
--WITH YOUR DEATH!

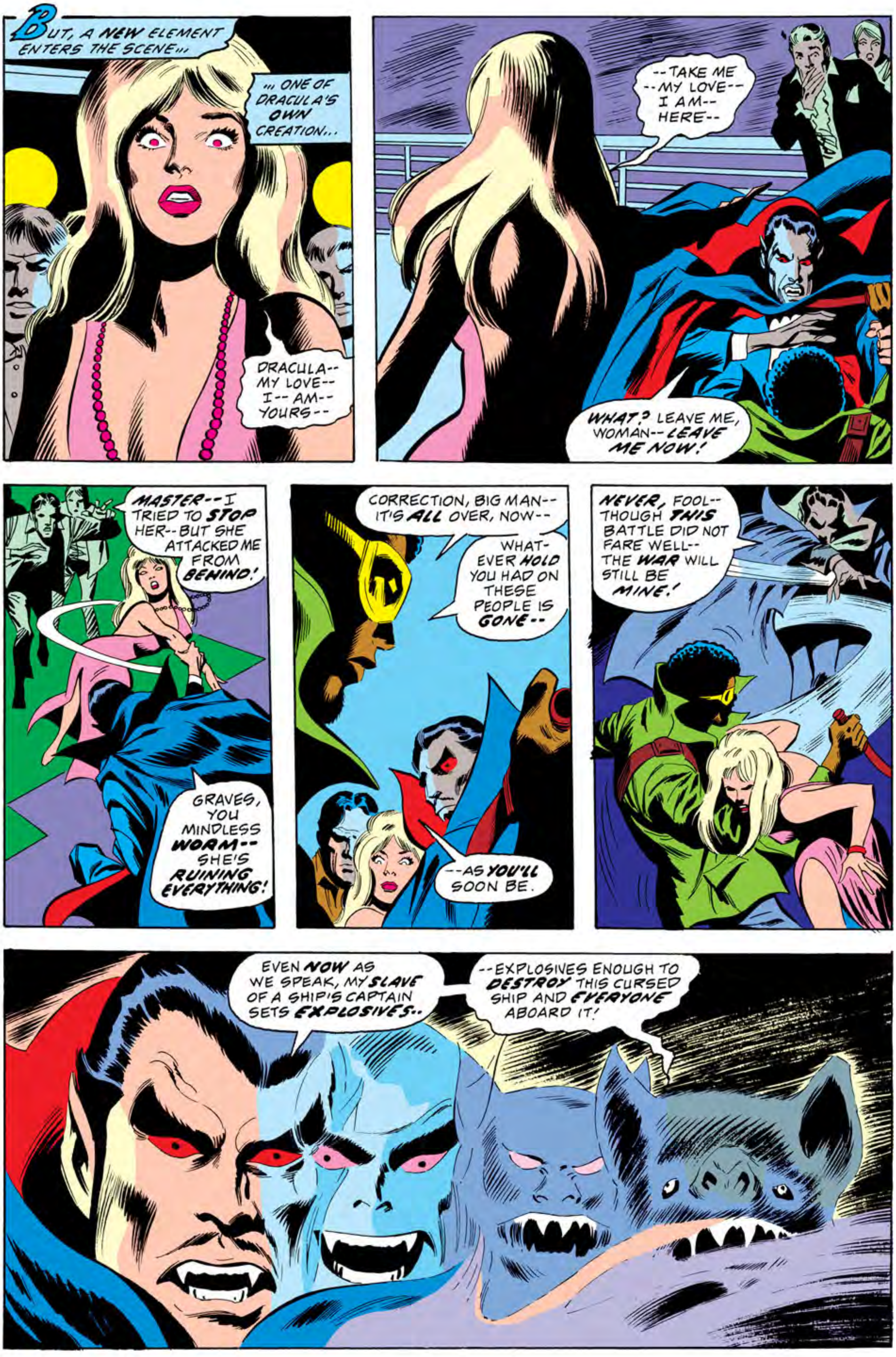

YOU TALK A MEAN FIGHT, MAN-- NOW LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO--
'CAUSE I'M OUT TA GET ALL YOU STINKIN' SCUMS--
--AN' I'LL TAKE YOU RIGHT ALONG WITH THE REST OF THEM.
BLADE-- YOU WOULD SORELY TRY MY PATIENCE--
--IF FOR EVEN ONE MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU ANY REAL FOE--
--BUT YOU'RE A BRAGGART, HUMAN-- AND THAT MAKES YOU NOTHING!
LESS THAN NOTHING TO DRACULA!
WISH TO TRY AGAIN, BRAGGART--?
OR DO YOU ACKNOWLEDGE DRACULA AS YOUR MASTER?
SMASH!
YOU CAN STUFF IT, MAN--
BLADE CALLS NO ONE MASTER-- DIG?
AH, SO THE PUP HAS TEETH --OR SO HE DARES BELIEVE.
VERY WELL, BLADE, I'LL PLAY YOUR GAME FOR THE MOMENT--
--LONG ENOUGH TO KILL YOU!
I'M WAITING, FANGS-- SHOW ME!

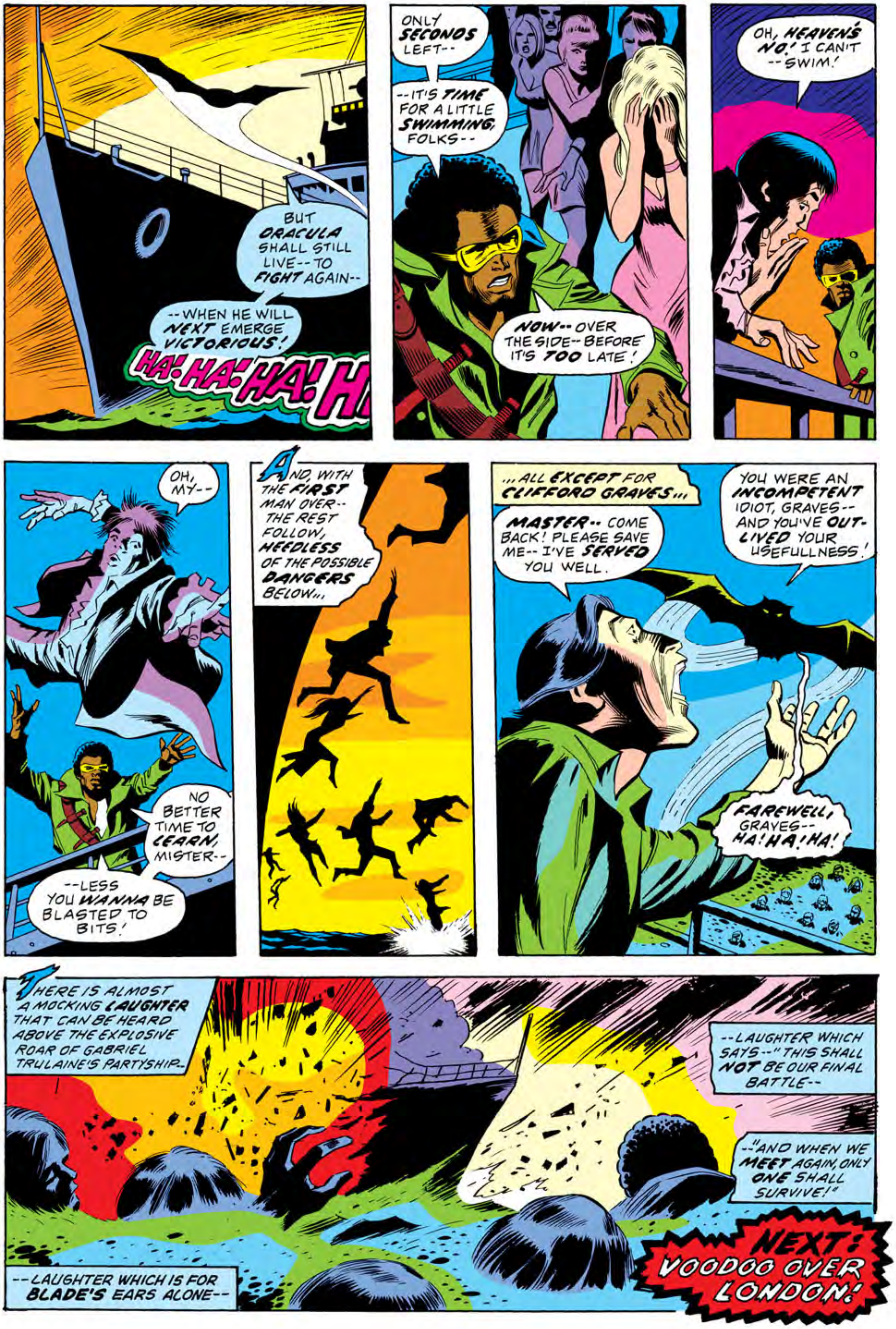

ONLY TWICE BEFORE HAS DRACULA BEEN SO MOCKED-- ONCE, FIVE HUNDRED YEARS PAST, BY THE MAN WHO DOOMED HIM TO DEATH BY VAMPIRISM--
SINCE THAT STILL-REMEMBERED TIME, NONE HAVE DARED CROSS THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS--NONE WHO STILL LIVED!
--AND AGAIN BY THE SAME MAN-- WHO THEN DIED HORRIBLY BENEATH DRACULA'S VENGEFUL HAND!*
I HAVE LOST ALL PATIENCE WITH YOU, BLADE--
--YOU ARE NO LONGER A MERE ANNOYANCE TO ME--
--WHAT!? YOU MOVED!?!
*DRACULA LIVES #2. -RT

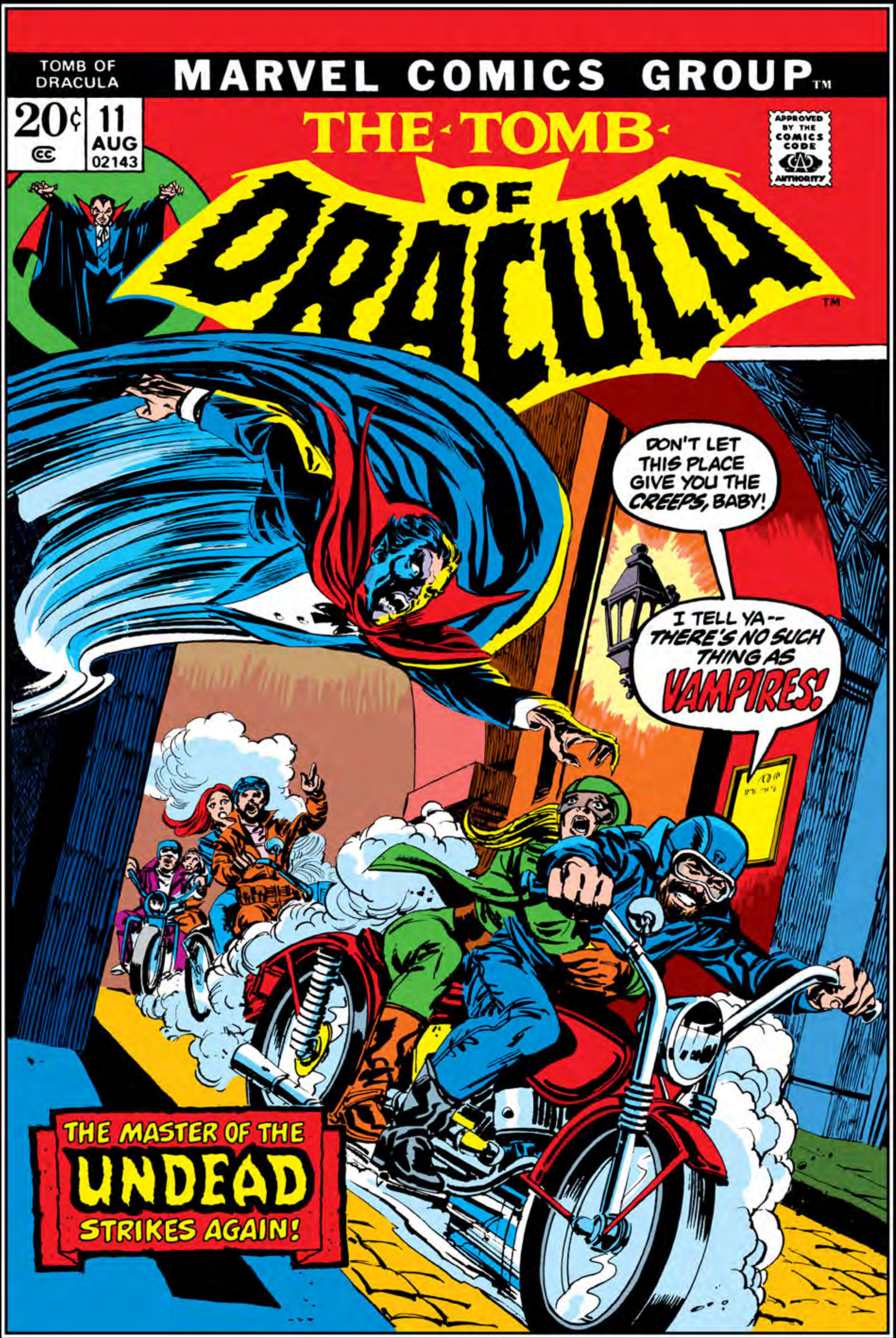

OUT, PAST THE RAILING AND OVER THE SIDE, DRACULA PLUNGES--
--AND THEN, QUICKLY, FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW--
--SHIFTS HIS FORM--


--INTO THAT OF THE GIANT LEATHER-WINGED BAT!
DRACULA TURNS, AND ONCE AGAIN IS ON THE SHIP, ALTERING HIS FORM FOR A SECOND TIME.


THERE, BLADE-- YOU WHO DARE CALL YOURSELF A VAMPIRE KILLER--
-- THE ONE YOU HAVE SOUGHT TO KILL NOW HAS YOU--
--AND I SHALL NOT LET YOU ESCAPE ALIVE!


BUT, A NEW ELEMENT ENTERS THE SCENE...
... ONE OF DRACULA'S OWN CREATION...
DRACULA-- MY LOVE-- I-- AM-- YOURS--
--TAKE ME --MY LOVE-- I AM-- HERE--
WHAT? LEAVE ME, WOMAN-- LEAVE ME NOW!
MASTER-- I TRIED TO STOP HER-- BUT SHE ATTACKED ME FROM BEHIND!
GRAVES, YOU MINDLESS WORM-- SHE'S RUINING EVERYTHING!
CORRECTION, BIG MAN-- IT'S ALL OVER, NOW--
WHATEVER HOLD YOU HAD ON THESE PEOPLE IS GONE--
--AS YOU'LL SOON BE.
NEVER, FOOL-- THOUGH THIS BATTLE DID NOT FARE WELL-- THE WAR WILL STILL BE MINE!
EVEN NOW AS WE SPEAK, MY SLAVE OF A SHIP'S CAPTAIN SETS EXPLOSIVES..
--EXPLOSIVES ENOUGH TO DESTROY THIS CURSED SHIP AND EVERYONE ABOARD IT!


BUT DRACULA SHALL STILL LIVE--TO FIGHT AGAIN--
--WHEN HE WILL NEXT EMERGE VICTORIOUS!
HA! HA! HA! H
ONLY SECONDS LEFT--
--IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE SWIMMING, FOLKS--
NOW--OVER THE SIDE--BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!
OH, HEAVEN'S NO! I CAN'T --SWIM!
OH, MY--
NO BETTER TIME TO LEARN, MISTER--
--LESS YOU WANNA BE BLASTED TO BITS!
AND, WITH THE FIRST MAN OVER--THE REST FOLLOW, HEEDLESS OF THE POSSIBLE DANGERS BELOW...
...ALL EXCEPT FOR CLIFFORD GRAVES...
MASTER--COME BACK! PLEASE SAVE ME--I'VE SERVED YOU WELL.
YOU WERE AN INCOMPETENT IDIOT, GRAVES--AND YOU'VE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULLNESS!
FAREWELL, GRAVES--HA! HA! HA!
THERE IS ALMOST A MOCKING LAUGHTER THAT CAN BE HEARD ABOVE THE EXPLOSIVE ROAR OF GABRIEL TRULAINE'S PARTYSHIP--
--LAUGHTER WHICH SAYS--"THIS SHALL NOT BE OUR FINAL BATTLE--
--"AND WHEN WE MEET AGAIN, ONLY ONE SHALL SURVIVE!"
--LAUGHTER WHICH IS FOR BLADE'S EARS ALONE--
NEXT: VOODOO OVER LONDON!


TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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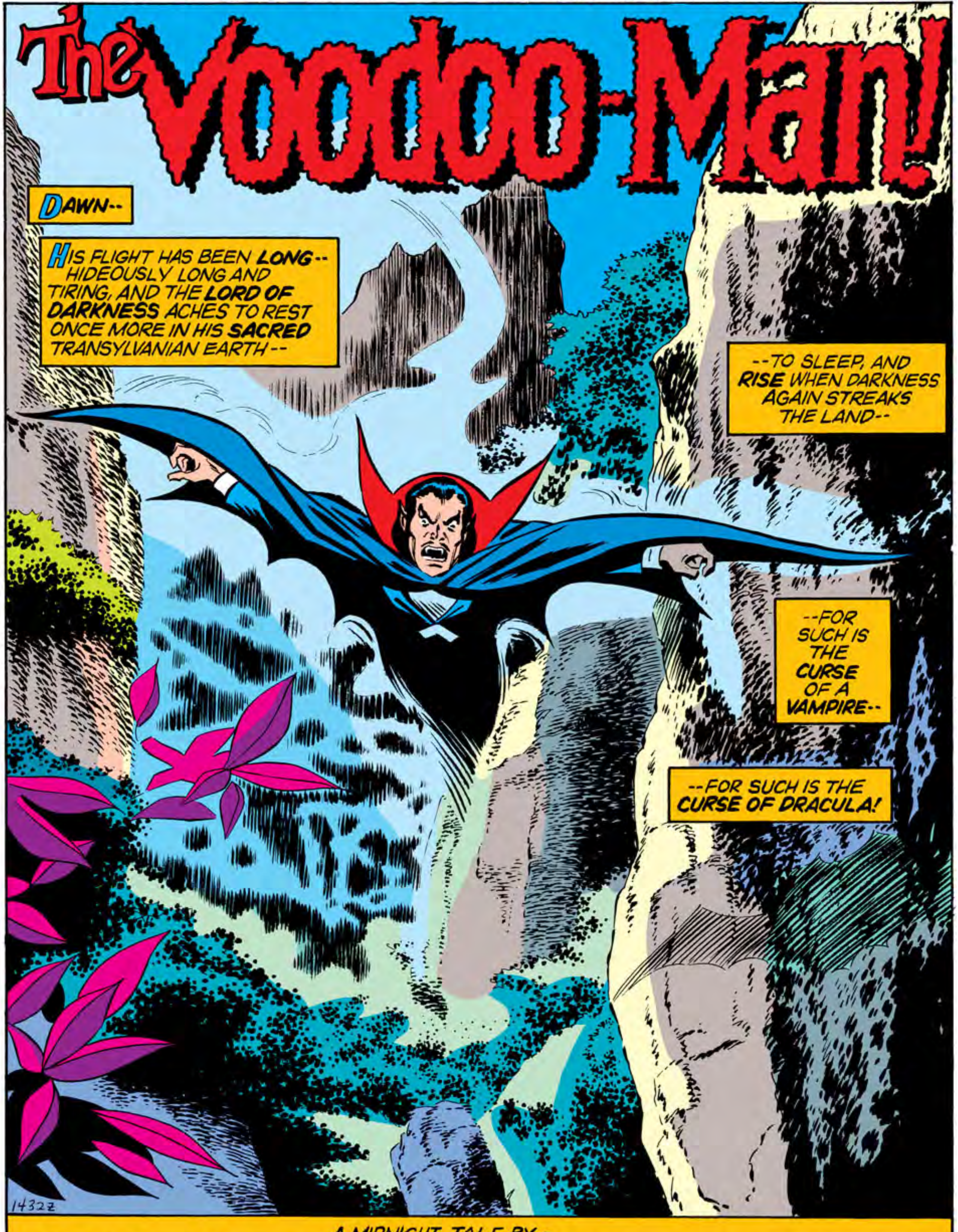
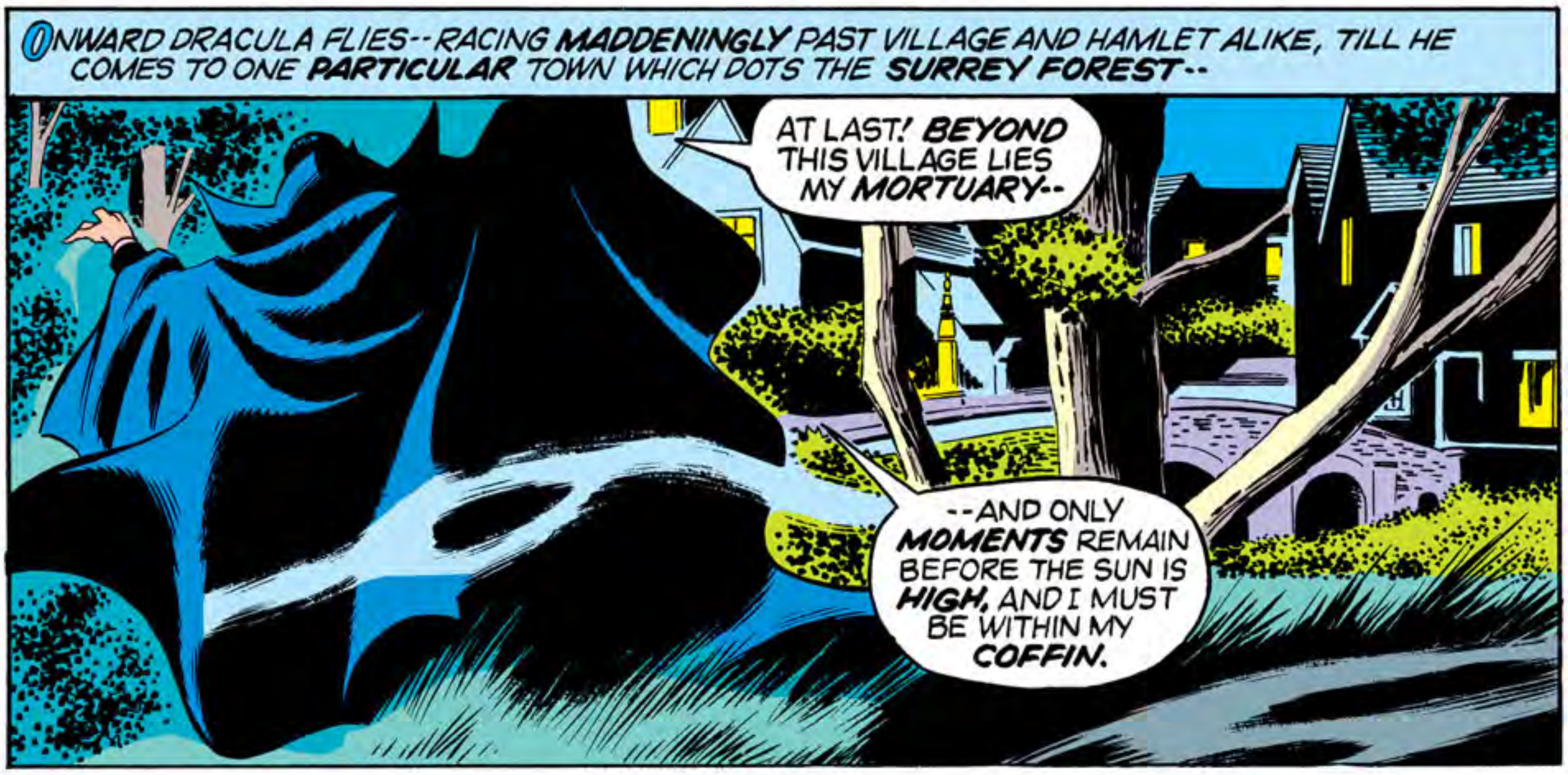
THE TOMB OF DRACULA™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE CA AUTHORITY
DON'T LET THIS PLACE GIVE YOU THE CREEPS, BABY!
I TELL YA-- THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS VAMPIRES!
THE MASTER OF THE UNDEAD STRIKES AGAIN!

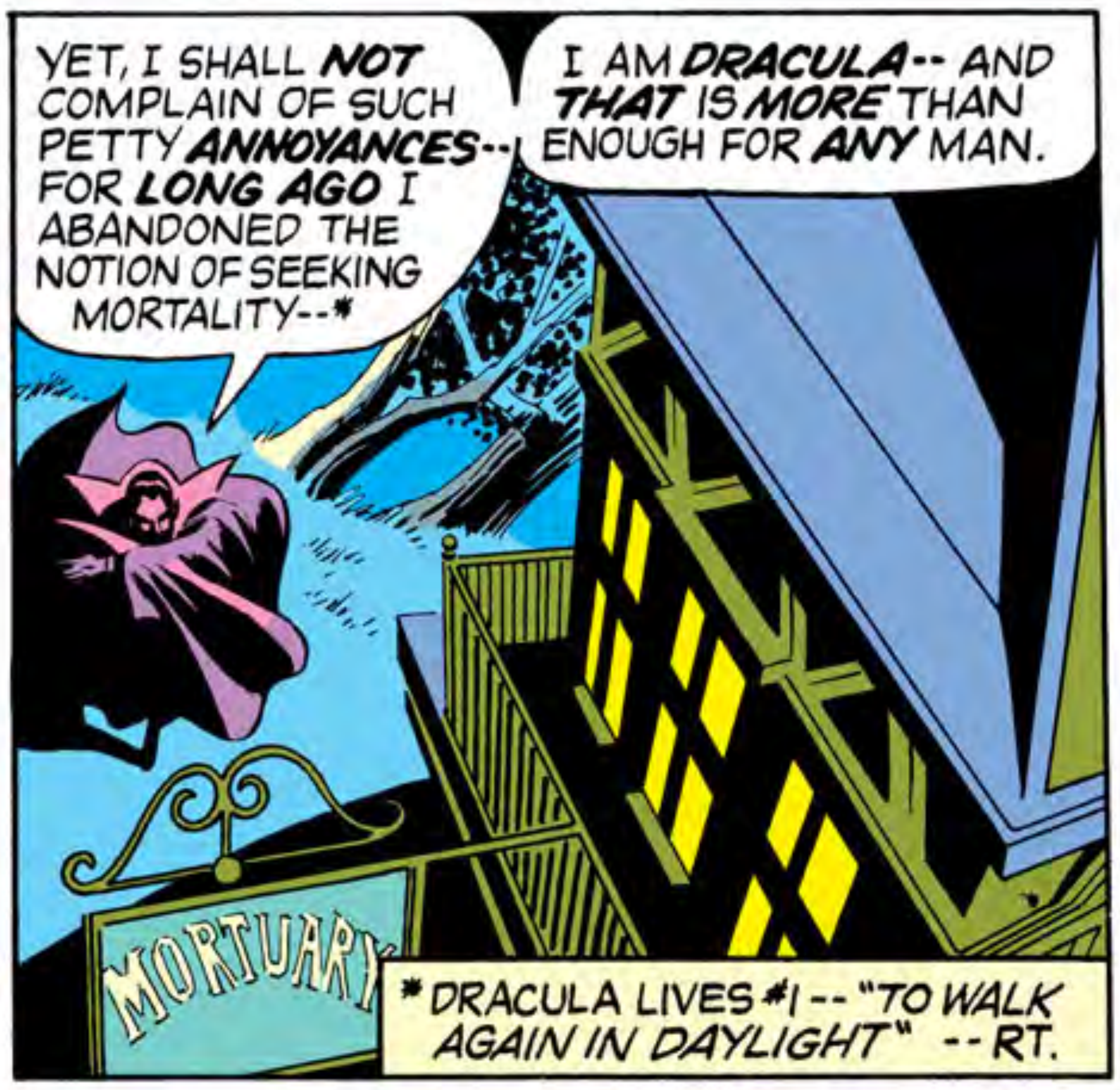
Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™

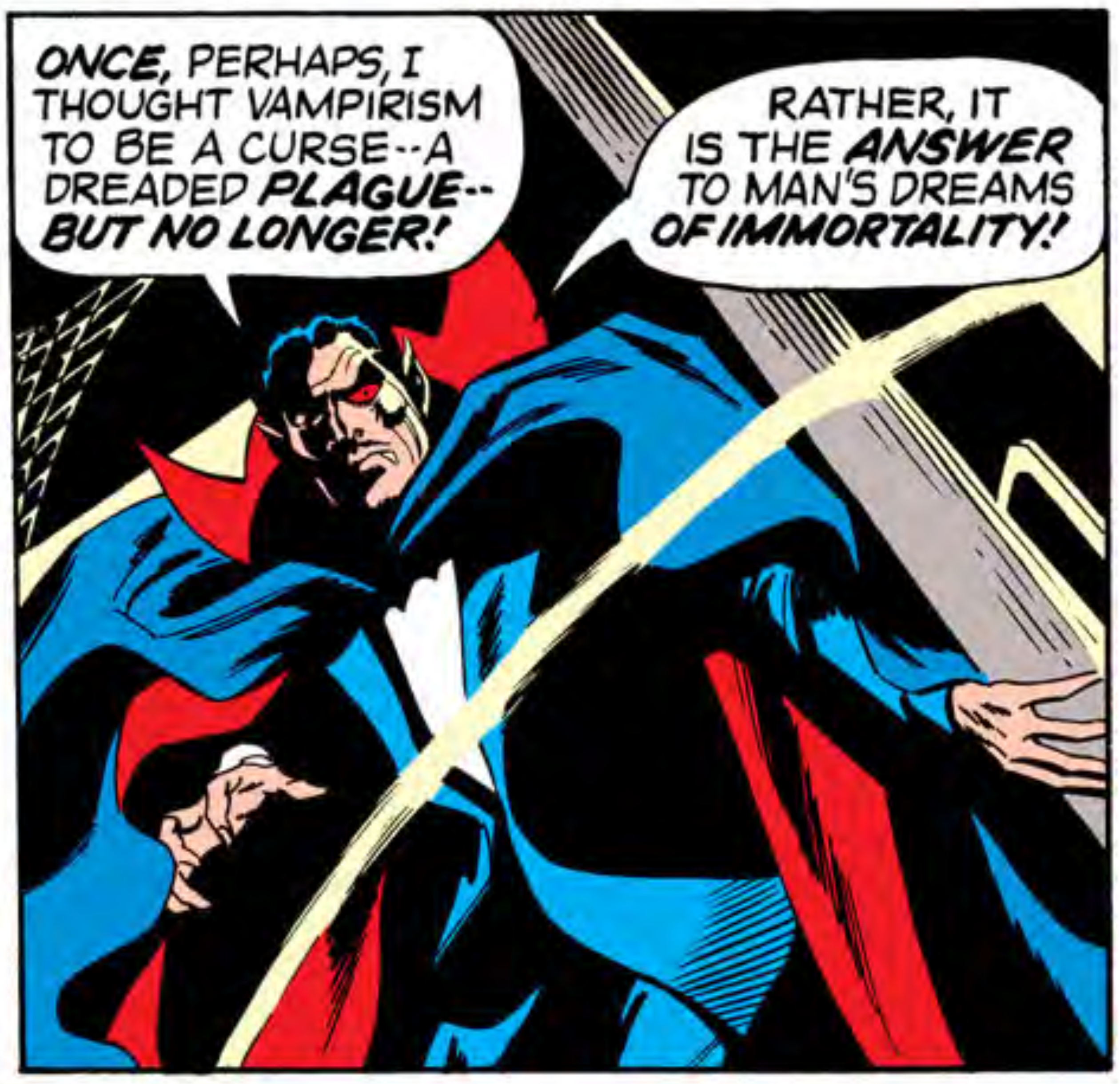
The Voodoo-Man!

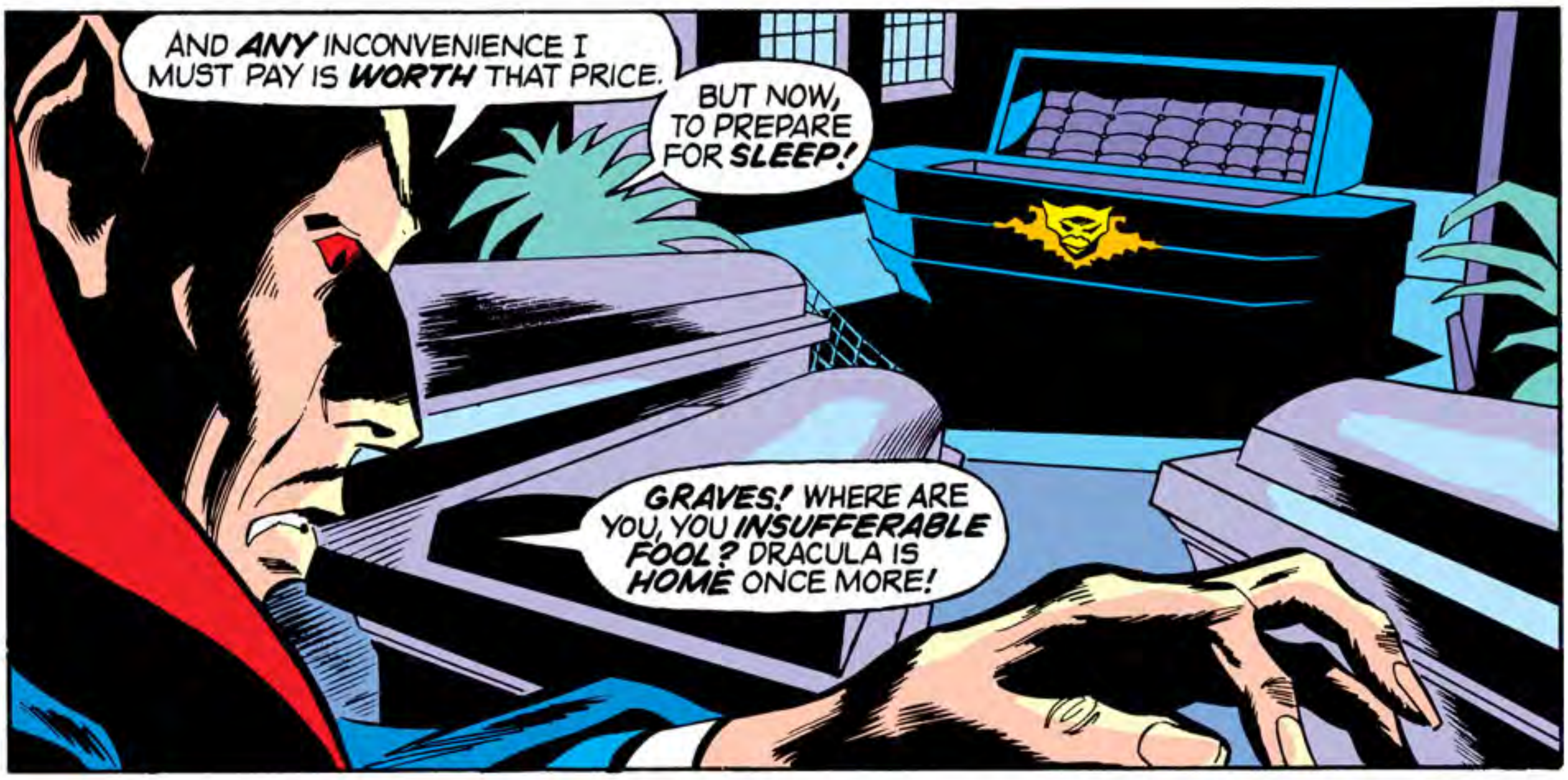

DAWN--
HIS FLIGHT HAS BEEN LONG-- HIDEOUSLY LONG AND TIRING, AND THE LORD OF DARKNESS ACHES TO REST ONCE MORE IN HIS SACRED TRANSYLVANIAN EARTH--
--TO SLEEP, AND RISE WHEN DARKNESS AGAIN STREAKS THE LAND--
--FOR SUCH IS THE CURSE OF A VAMPIRE--
--FOR SUCH IS THE CURSE OF DRACULA!
1432Z

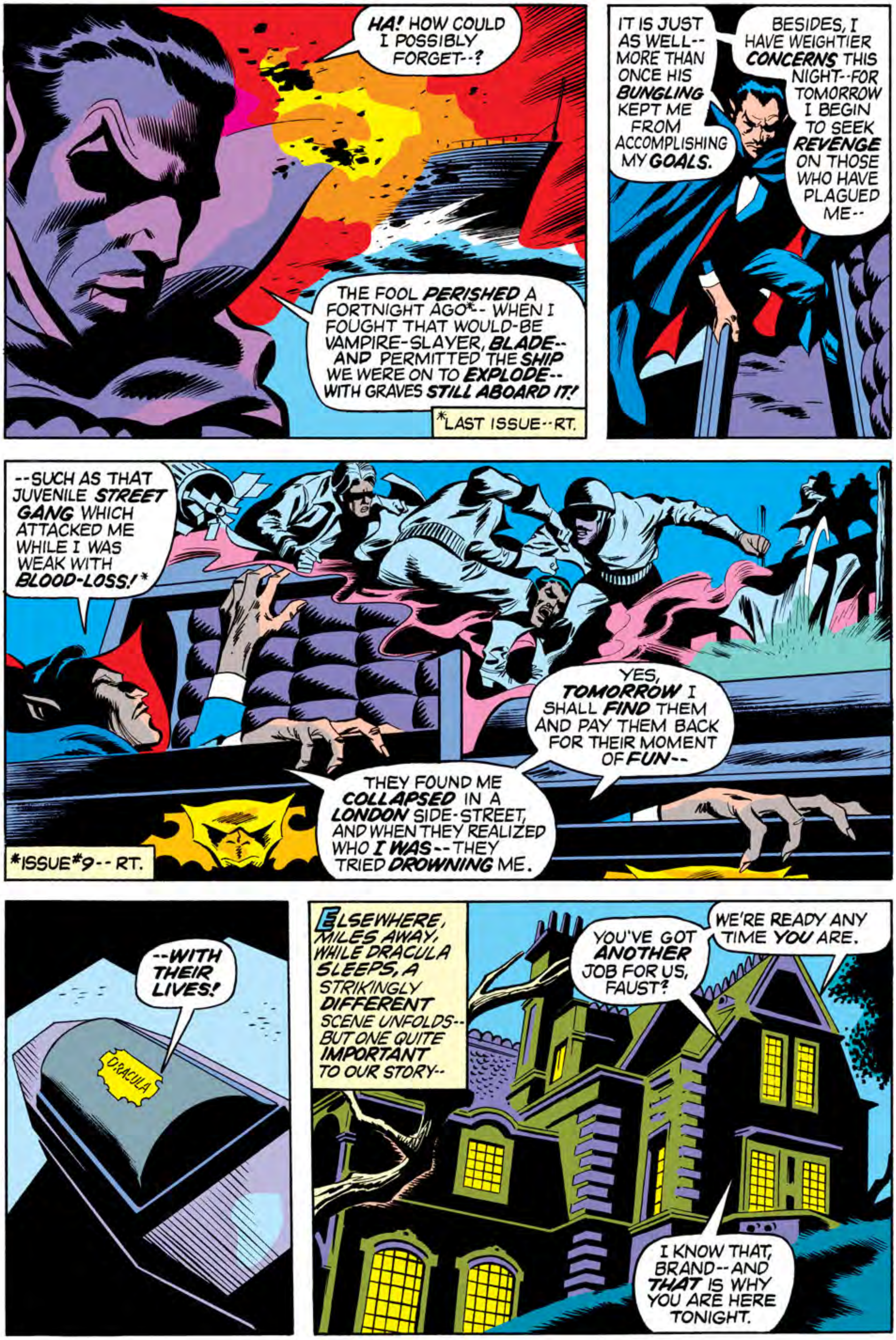
A MIDNIGHT TALE BY--
MARV WOLFMAN WRITER // **GENE COLAN** ARTIST // **JACK ABEL** INKER // **TOM ORZECHOWSKI,** LETTERER **P. GOLDBERG,** COLORIST // **ROY THOMAS** EDITOR

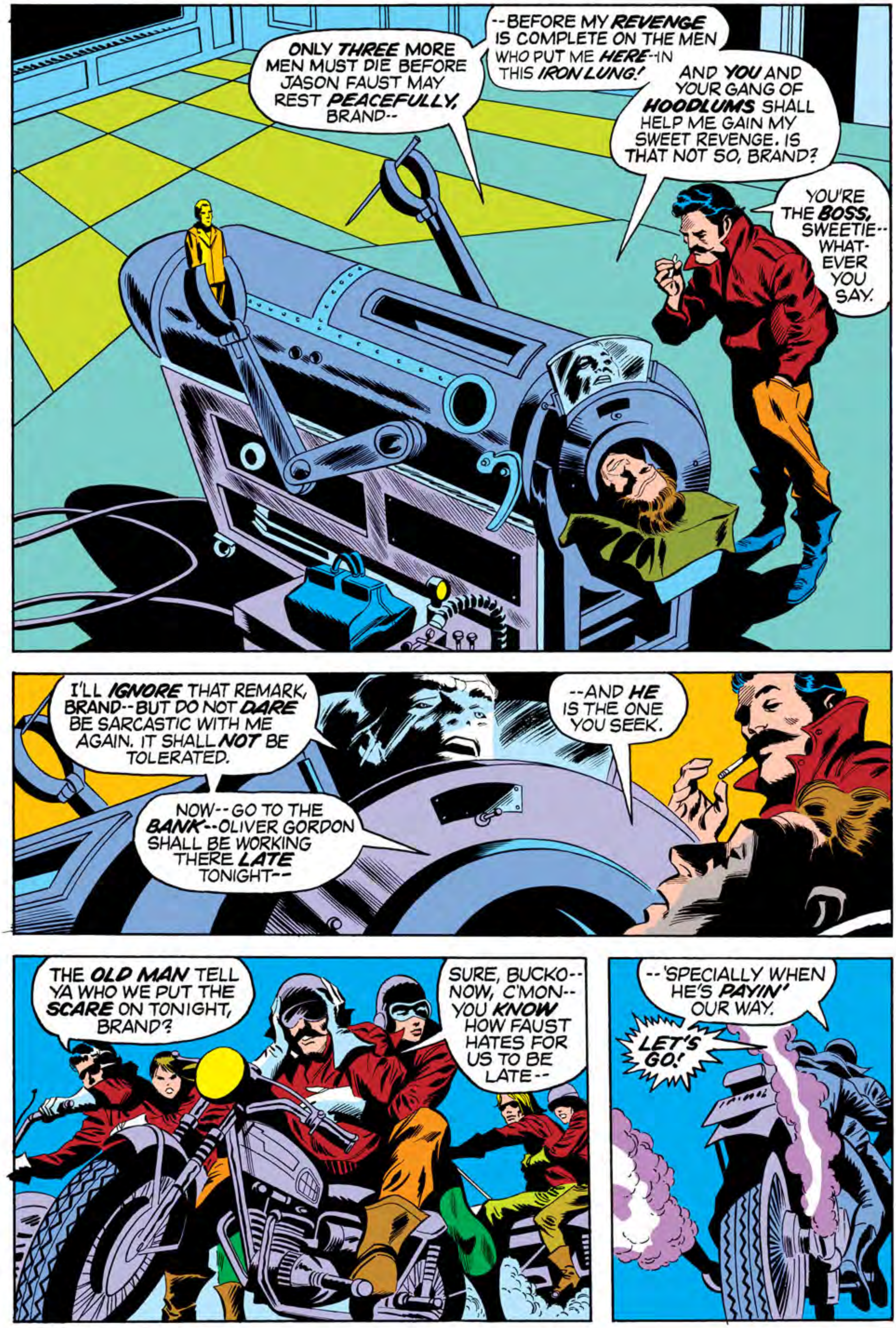

ONWARD DRACULA FLIES--RACING MADDENINGLY PAST VILLAGE AND HAMLET ALIKE, TILL HE COMES TO ONE PARTICULAR TOWN WHICH DOTS THE SURREY FOREST--
AT LAST! BEYOND THIS VILLAGE LIES MY MORTUARY--
--AND ONLY MOMENTS REMAIN BEFORE THE SUN IS HIGH, AND I MUST BE WITHIN MY COFFIN.

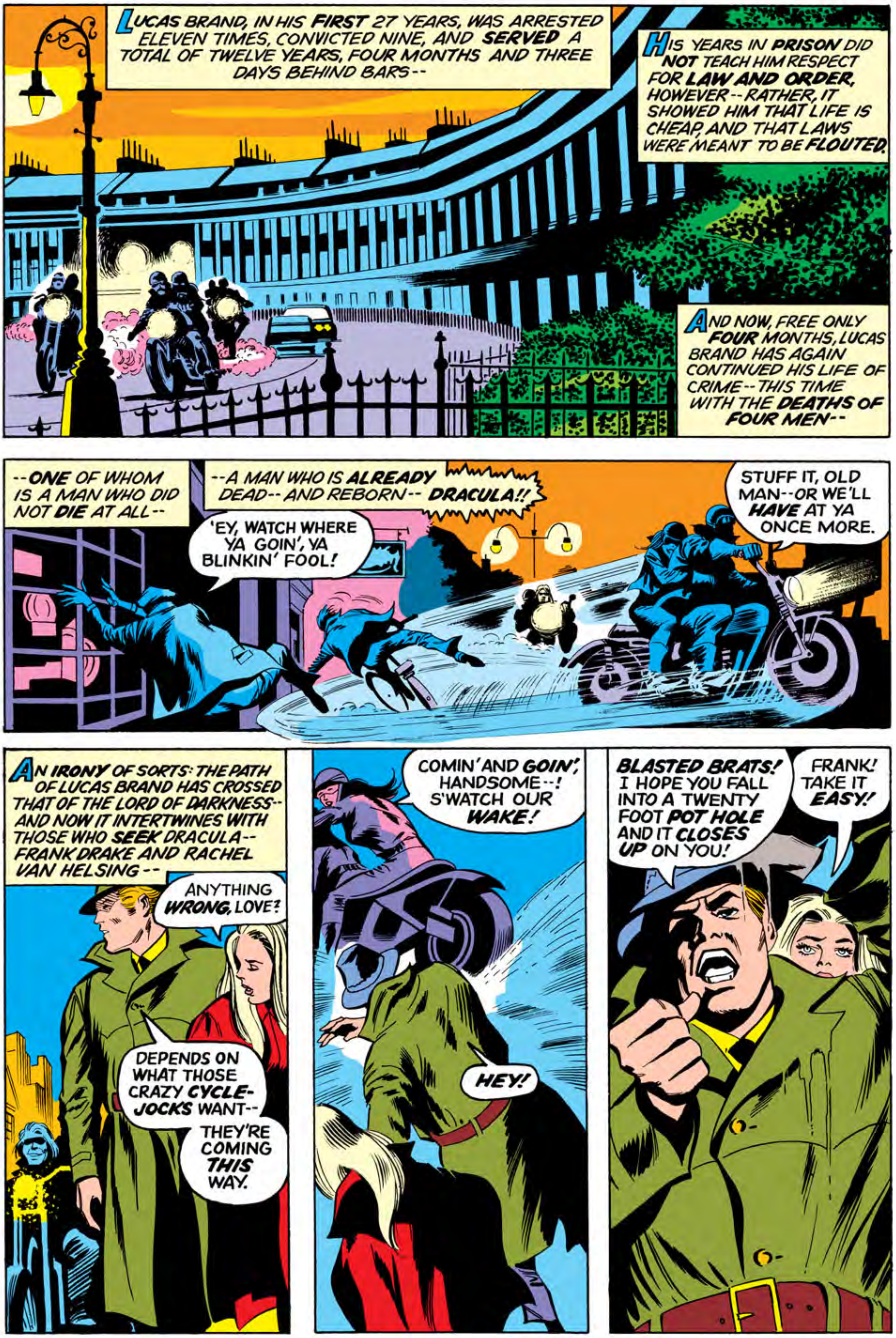

YET, I SHALL NOT COMPLAIN OF SUCH PETTY ANNOYANCES--FOR LONG AGO I ABANDONED THE NOTION OF SEEKING MORTALITY--*
I AM DRACULA-- AND THAT IS MORE THAN ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN.
MORTUARY
* DRACULA LIVES #1 -- "TO WALK AGAIN IN DAYLIGHT" -- RT.

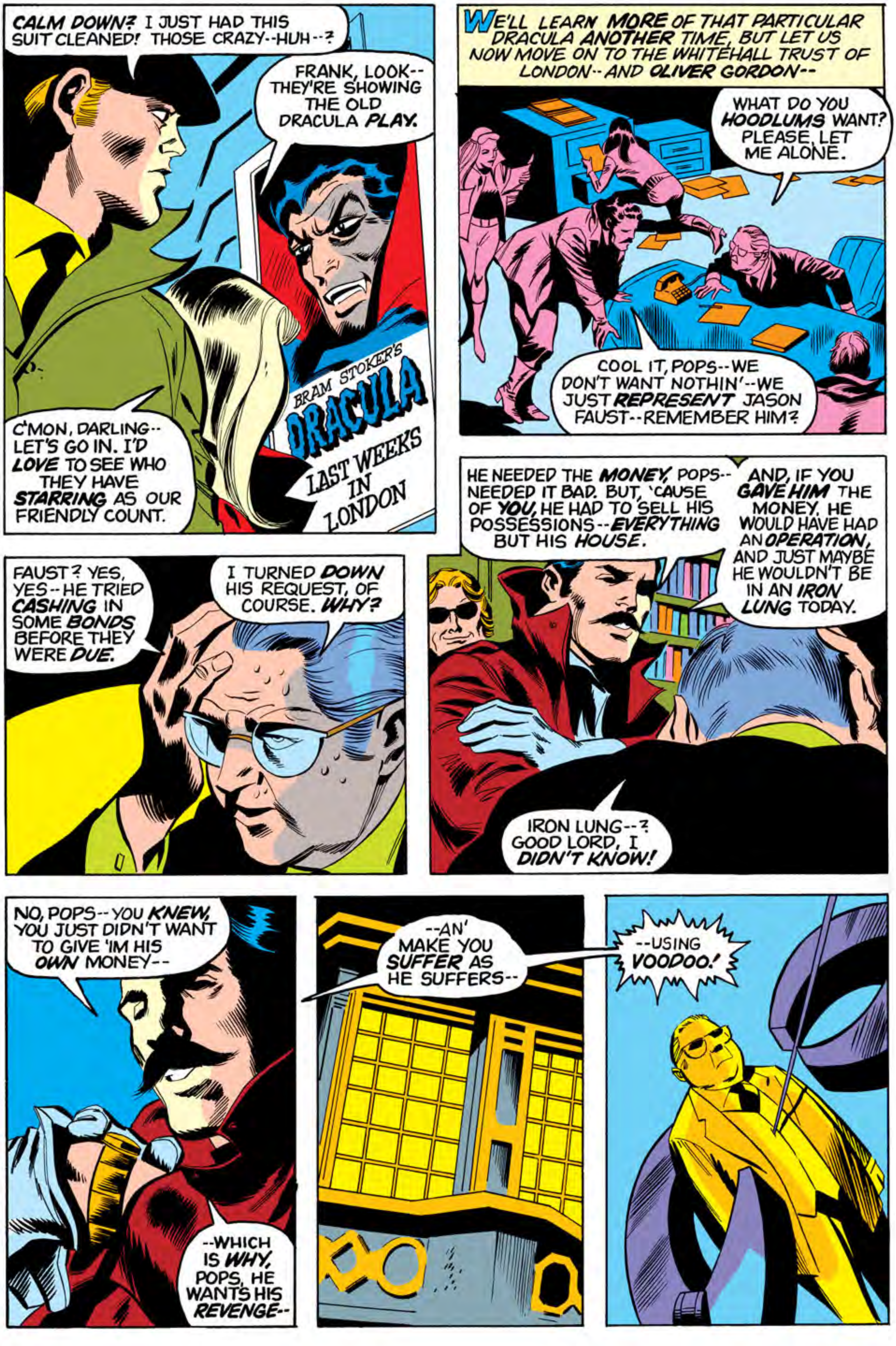

ONCE, PERHAPS, I THOUGHT VAMPIRISM TO BE A CURSE--A DREADED PLAGUE--BUT NO LONGER!
RATHER, IT IS THE ANSWER TO MAN'S DREAMS OF IMMORTALITY!

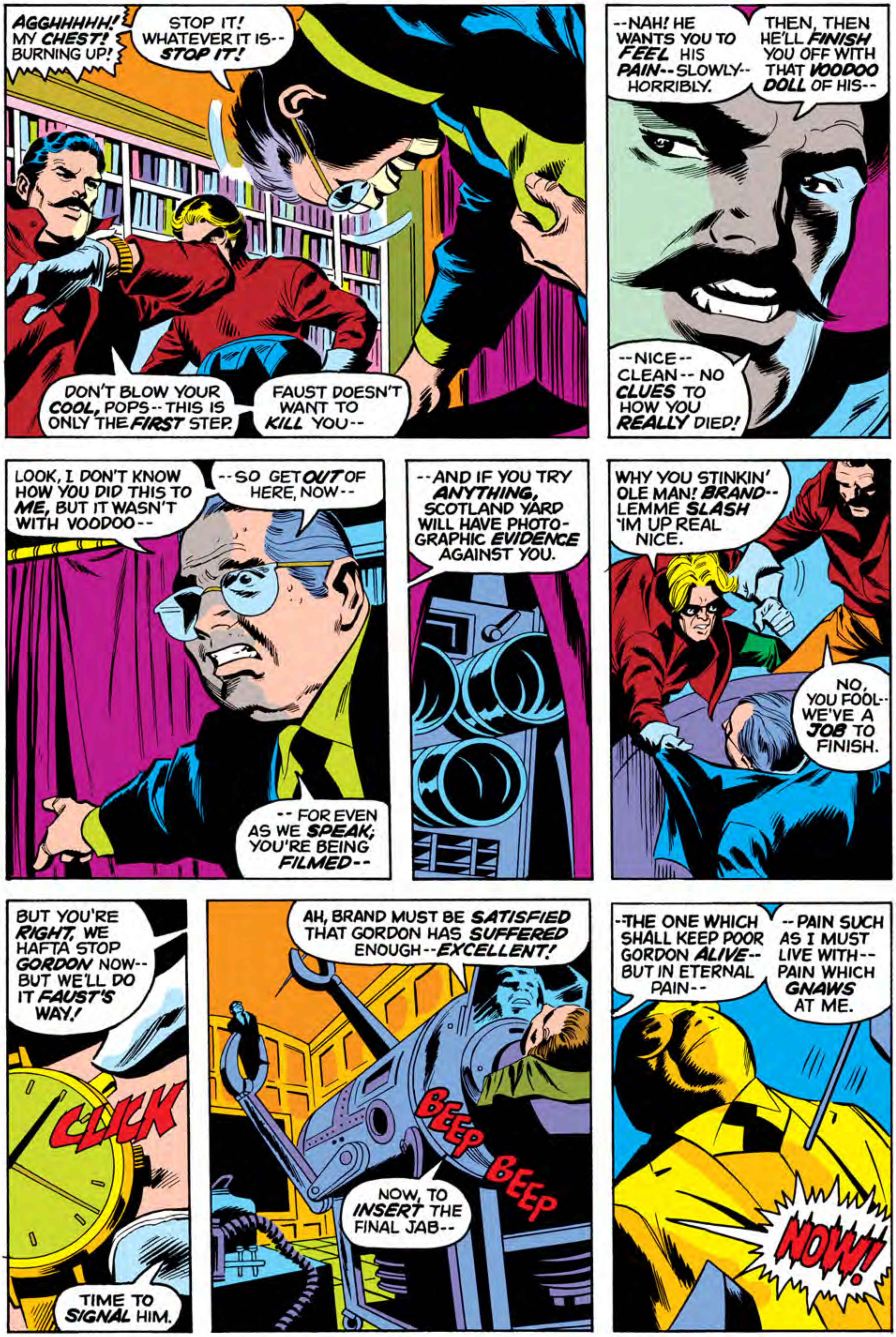

AND ANY INCONVENIENCE I MUST PAY IS WORTH THAT PRICE.
BUT NOW, TO PREPARE FOR SLEEP!
GRAVES! WHERE ARE YOU, YOU INSUFFERABLE FOOL? DRACULA IS HOME ONCE MORE!

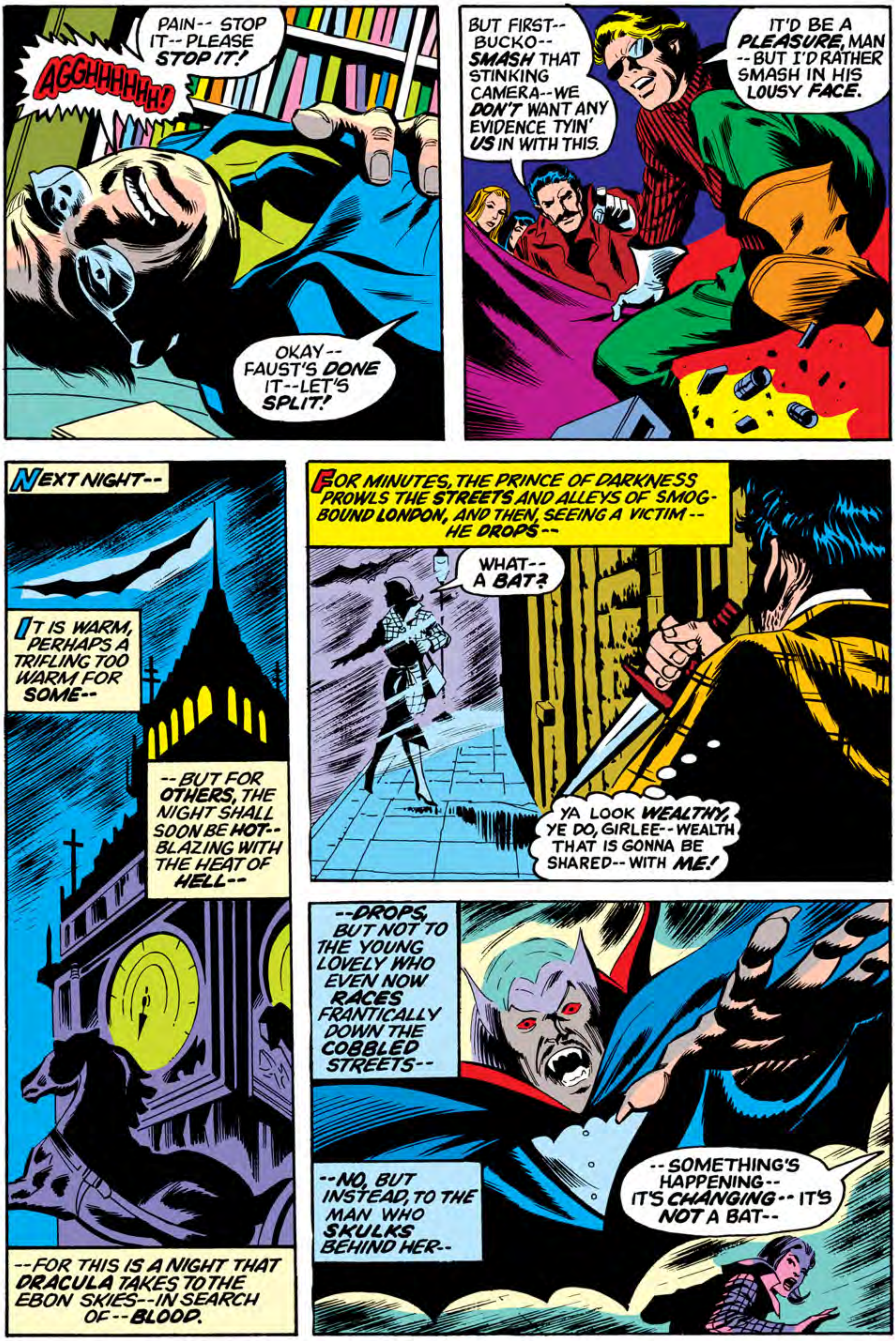

HA! HOW COULD I POSSIBLY FORGET--?
THE FOOL PERISHED A FORTNIGHT AGO*-- WHEN I FOUGHT THAT WOULD-BE VAMPIRE-SLAYER, BLADE-- AND PERMITTED THE SHIP WE WERE ON TO EXPLODE-- WITH GRAVES STILL ABOARD IT!
*LAST ISSUE--RT.
IT IS JUST AS WELL-- MORE THAN ONCE HIS BUNGLING KEPT ME FROM ACCOMPLISHING MY GOALS.
BESIDES, I HAVE WEIGHTIER CONCERNS THIS NIGHT--FOR TOMORROW I BEGIN TO SEEK REVENGE ON THOSE WHO HAVE PLAGUED ME--
--SUCH AS THAT JUVENILE STREET GANG WHICH ATTACKED ME WHILE I WAS WEAK WITH BLOOD-LOSS!*
THEY FOUND ME COLLAPSED IN A LONDON SIDE-STREET, AND WHEN THEY REALIZED WHO I WAS--THEY TRIED DROWNING ME.
YES, TOMORROW I SHALL FIND THEM AND PAY THEM BACK FOR THEIR MOMENT OF FUN--
*ISSUE #9--RT.
--WITH THEIR LIVES!
DRACULA
ELSEWHERE, MILES AWAY, WHILE DRACULA SLEEPS, A STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT SCENE UNFOLDS-- BUT ONE QUITE IMPORTANT TO OUR STORY--
YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR US, FAUST?
WE'RE READY ANY TIME YOU ARE.
I KNOW THAT, BRAND--AND THAT IS WHY YOU ARE HERE TONIGHT.

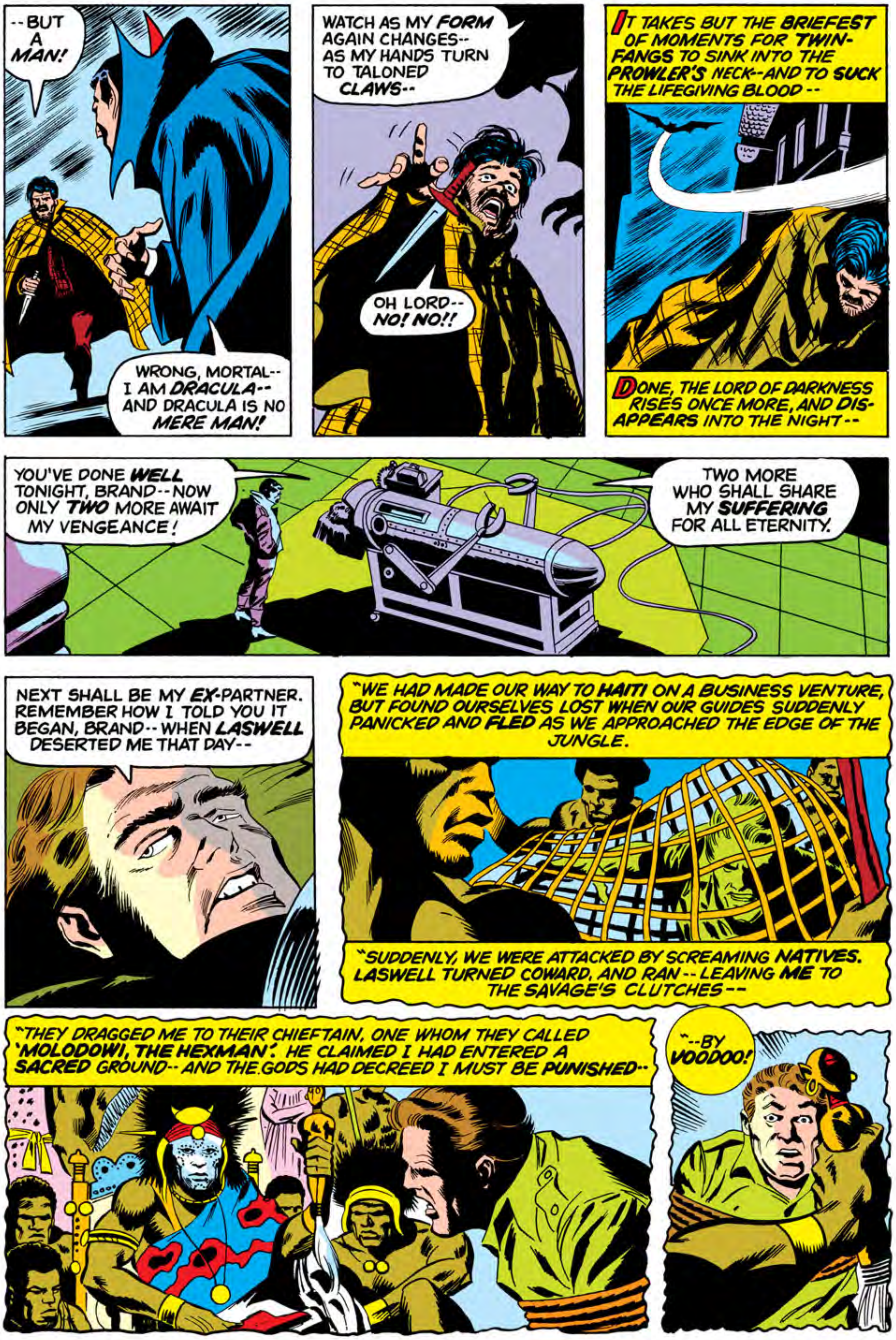

ONLY *THREE* MORE MEN MUST DIE BEFORE JASON FAUST MAY REST *PEACEFULLY,* BRAND--
--BEFORE MY *REVENGE* IS COMPLETE ON THE MEN WHO PUT ME *HERE*--IN THIS *IRON LUNG!*
AND *YOU* AND YOUR GANG OF *HOODLUMS* SHALL HELP ME GAIN MY SWEET REVENGE. IS THAT NOT SO, BRAND?
YOU'RE THE *BOSS,* SWEETIE--WHATEVER YOU SAY.
I'LL *IGNORE* THAT REMARK, BRAND--BUT DO NOT *DARE* BE SARCASTIC WITH ME AGAIN. IT SHALL *NOT* BE TOLERATED.
NOW--GO TO THE *BANK*--OLIVER GORDON SHALL BE WORKING THERE *LATE* TONIGHT--
--AND *HE* IS THE ONE YOU SEEK.
THE *OLD MAN* TELL YA WHO WE PUT THE *SCARE* ON TONIGHT, BRAND?
SURE, BUCKO--NOW, C'MON--YOU *KNOW* HOW FAUST HATES FOR US TO BE LATE--
--'SPECIALLY WHEN HE'S *PAYIN'* OUR WAY.
LET'S GO!

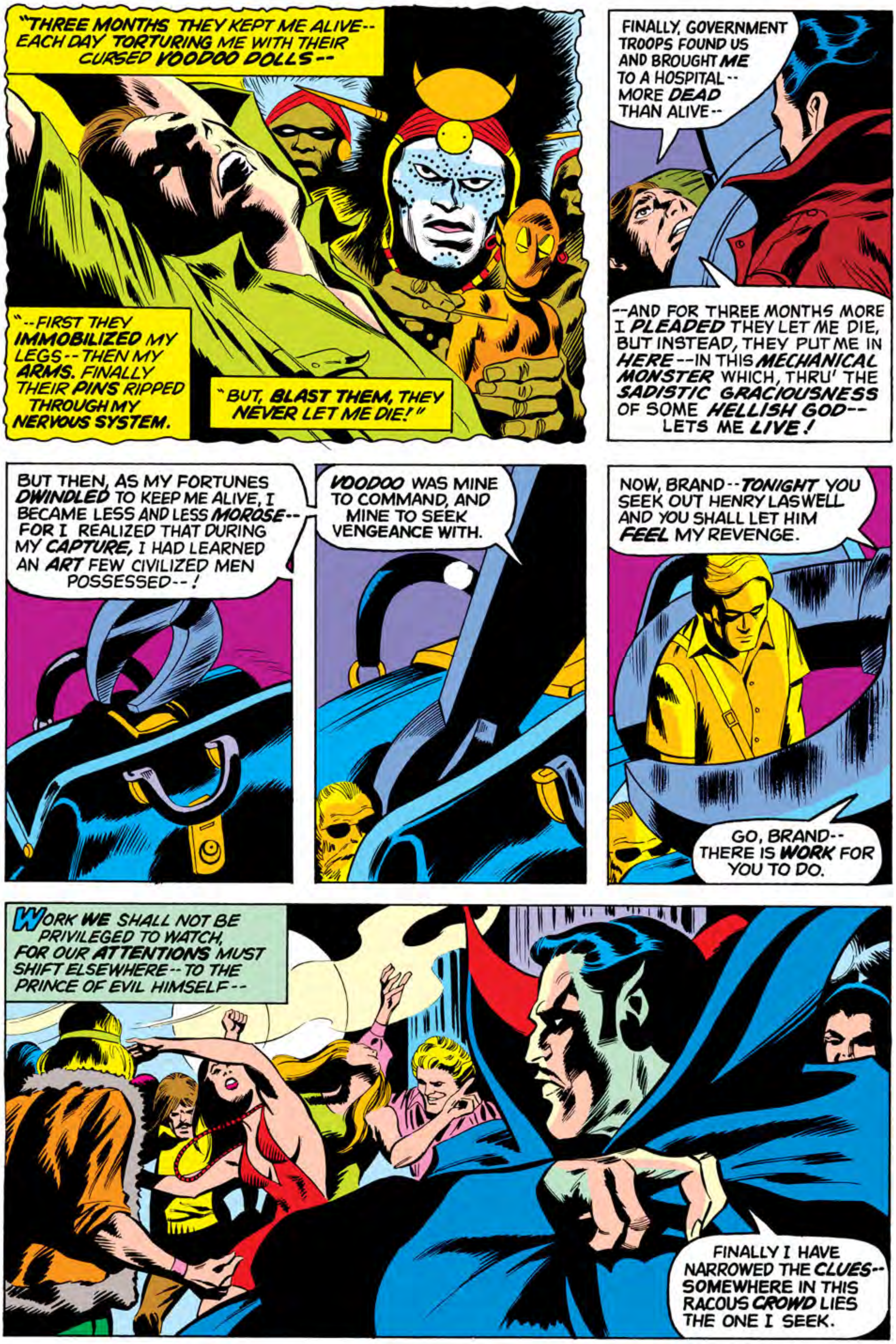

LUCAS BRAND, IN HIS FIRST 27 YEARS, WAS ARRESTED ELEVEN TIMES, CONVICTED NINE, AND SERVED A TOTAL OF TWELVE YEARS, FOUR MONTHS AND THREE DAYS BEHIND BARS--
HIS YEARS IN PRISON DID NOT TEACH HIM RESPECT FOR LAW AND ORDER, HOWEVER--RATHER, IT SHOWED HIM THAT LIFE IS CHEAP, AND THAT LAWS WERE MEANT TO BE FLOUTED.
AND NOW, FREE ONLY FOUR MONTHS, LUCAS BRAND HAS AGAIN CONTINUED HIS LIFE OF CRIME--THIS TIME WITH THE DEATHS OF FOUR MEN--
--ONE OF WHOM IS A MAN WHO DID NOT DIE AT ALL--
--A MAN WHO IS ALREADY DEAD--AND REBORN--DRACULA!!
'EY, WATCH WHERE YA GOIN', YA BLINKIN' FOOL!
STUFF IT, OLD MAN--OR WE'LL HAVE AT YA ONCE MORE.
AN IRONY OF SORTS: THE PATH OF LUCAS BRAND HAS CROSSED THAT OF THE LORD OF DARKNESS--AND NOW IT INTERTWINES WITH THOSE WHO SEEK DRACULA--FRANK DRAKE AND RACHEL VAN HELSING--
ANYTHING WRONG, LOVE?
DEPENDS ON WHAT THOSE CRAZY CYCLE-JOCKS WANT--
THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY.
COMIN' AND GOIN', HANDSOME--! S'WATCH OUR WAKE!
HEY!
BLASTED BRATS! I HOPE YOU FALL INTO A TWENTY FOOT POT HOLE AND IT CLOSES UP ON YOU!
FRANK! TAKE IT EASY!

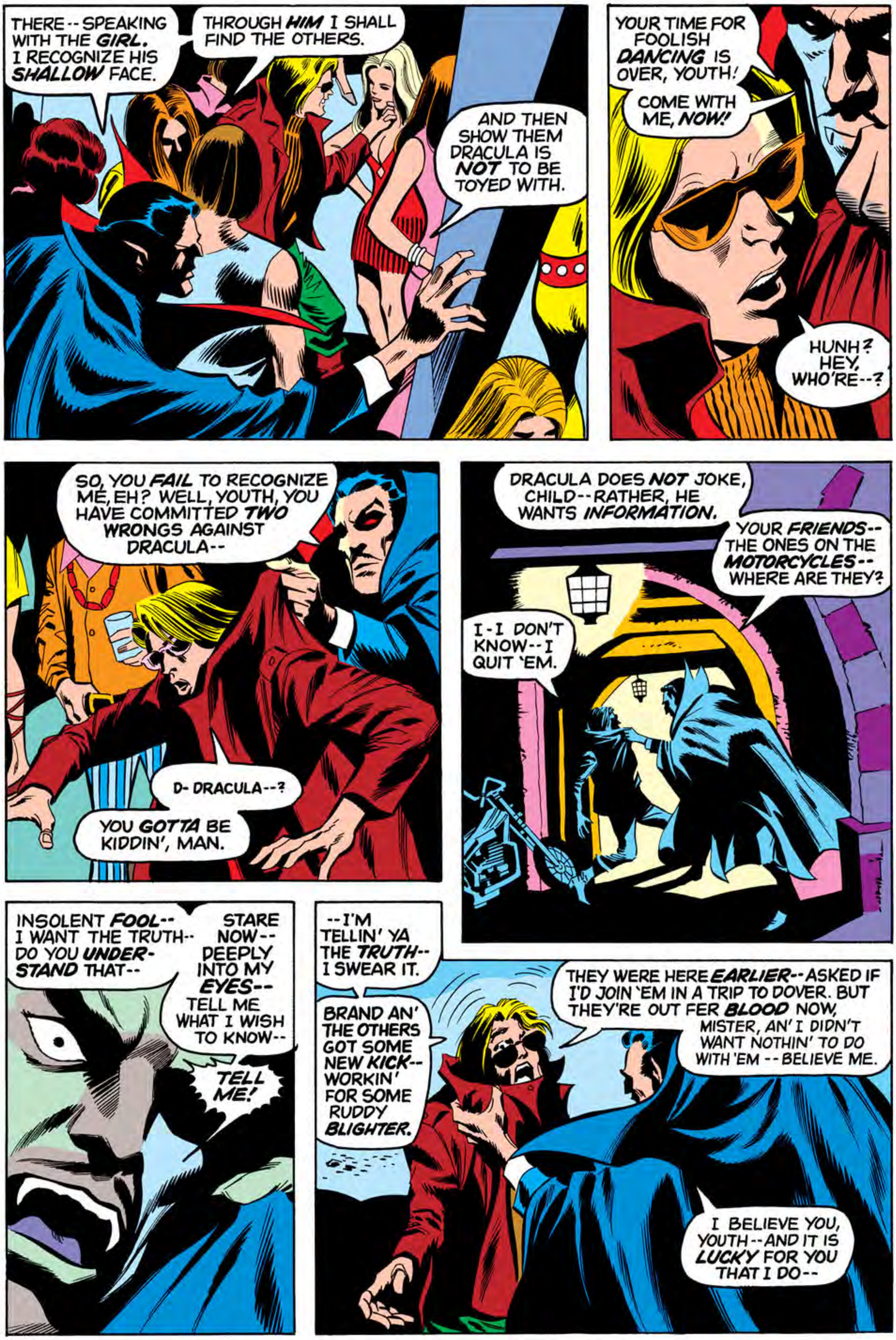

CALM DOWN? I JUST HAD THIS SUIT CLEANED! THOSE CRAZY--HUH--?
FRANK, LOOK-- THEY'RE SHOWING THE OLD DRACULA PLAY.
BRAM STOKER'S DRACULA LAST WEEKS IN LONDON
C'MON, DARLING-- LET'S GO IN. I'D LOVE TO SEE WHO THEY HAVE STARRING AS OUR FRIENDLY COUNT.
WE'LL LEARN MORE OF THAT PARTICULAR DRACULA ANOTHER TIME, BUT LET US NOW MOVE ON TO THE WHITEHALL TRUST OF LONDON--AND OLIVER GORDON--
WHAT DO YOU HOODLUMS WANT? PLEASE, LET ME ALONE.
COOL IT, POPS--WE DON'T WANT NOTHIN'--WE JUST REPRESENT JASON FAUST--REMEMBER HIM?
FAUST? YES, YES--HE TRIED CASHING IN SOME BONDS BEFORE THEY WERE DUE.
I TURNED DOWN HIS REQUEST, OF COURSE. WHY?
HE NEEDED THE MONEY, POPS-- NEEDED IT BAD. BUT, 'CAUSE OF YOU, HE HAD TO SELL HIS POSSESSIONS--EVERYTHING BUT HIS HOUSE.
AND, IF YOU GAVE HIM THE MONEY, HE WOULD HAVE HAD AN OPERATION, AND JUST MAYBE HE WOULDN'T BE IN AN IRON LUNG TODAY.
IRON LUNG--? GOOD LORD, I DIDN'T KNOW!
NO, POPS--YOU KNEW, YOU JUST DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE 'IM HIS OWN MONEY--
--WHICH IS WHY, POPS, HE WANTS HIS REVENGE--
--AN' MAKE YOU SUFFER AS HE SUFFERS--
--USING VOODOO!

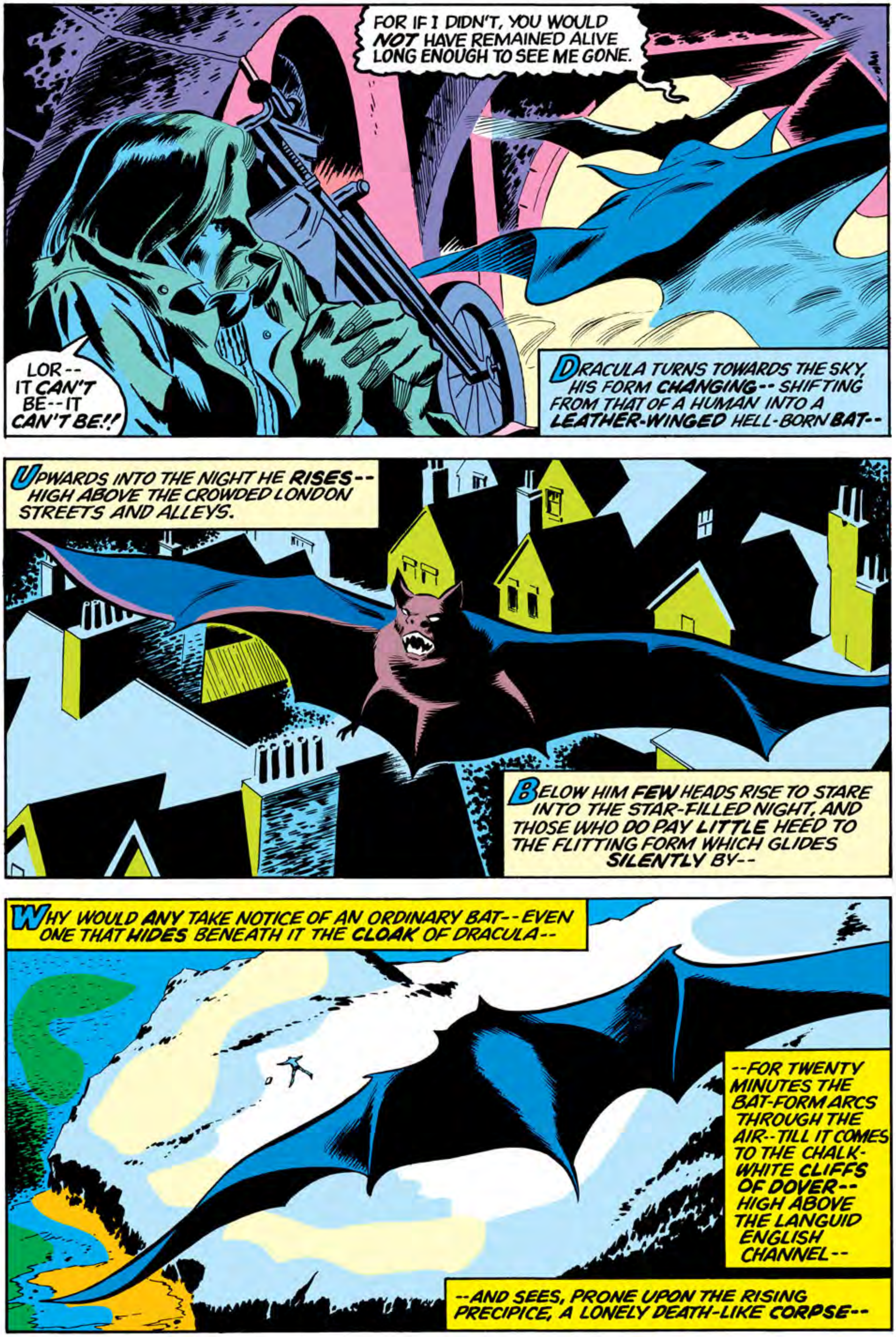

AGGHHHHH! MY CHEST! BURNING UP!
STOP IT! WHATEVER IT IS-- STOP IT!
DON'T BLOW YOUR COOL, POPS--THIS IS ONLY THE FIRST STEP.
FAUST DOESN'T WANT TO KILL YOU--
--NAH! HE WANTS YOU TO FEEL HIS PAIN--SLOWLY--HORRIBLY.
THEN, THEN HE'LL FINISH YOU OFF WITH THAT VOODOO DOLL OF HIS--
--NICE--CLEAN--NO CLUES TO HOW YOU REALLY DIED!
LOOK, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID THIS TO ME, BUT IT WASN'T WITH VOODOO--
--SO GET OUT OF HERE, NOW--
--FOR EVEN AS WE SPEAK; YOU'RE BEING FILMED--
--AND IF YOU TRY ANYTHING, SCOTLAND YARD WILL HAVE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU.
WHY YOU STINKIN' OLE MAN! BRAND--LEMME SLASH 'IM UP REAL NICE.
NO, YOU FOOL--WE'VE A JOB TO FINISH.
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT, WE HAFTA STOP GORDON NOW--BUT WE'LL DO IT FAUST'S WAY!
CLICK
TIME TO SIGNAL HIM.
AH, BRAND MUST BE SATISFIED THAT GORDON HAS SUFFERED ENOUGH--EXCELLENT!
BEEP BEEP
NOW, TO INSERT THE FINAL JAB--
--THE ONE WHICH SHALL KEEP POOR GORDON ALIVE--BUT IN ETERNAL PAIN--
--PAIN SUCH AS I MUST LIVE WITH--PAIN WHICH GNAWS AT ME.
NOW!

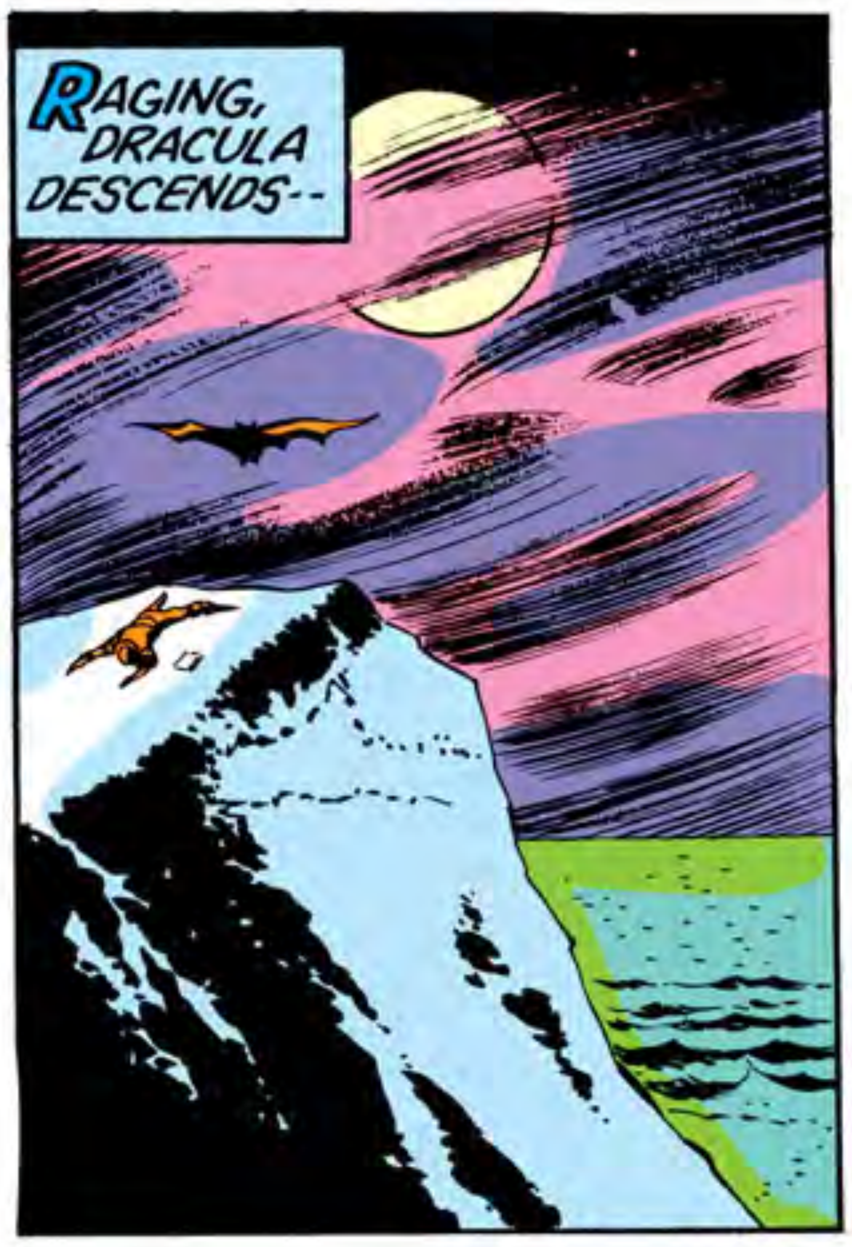

AGGHHHHHH!
PAIN-- STOP IT-- PLEASE STOP IT!
OKAY-- FAUST'S DONE IT--LET'S SPLIT!
BUT FIRST-- BUCKO-- SMASH THAT STINKING CAMERA--WE DON'T WANT ANY EVIDENCE TYIN' US IN WITH THIS.
IT'D BE A PLEASURE, MAN --BUT I'D RATHER SMASH IN HIS LOUSY FACE.
NEXT NIGHT--
IT IS WARM, PERHAPS A TRIFLING TOO WARM FOR SOME--
--BUT FOR OTHERS, THE NIGHT SHALL SOON BE HOT-- BLAZING WITH THE HEAT OF HELL--
--FOR THIS IS A NIGHT THAT DRACULA TAKES TO THE EBON SKIES--IN SEARCH OF--BLOOD.
FOR MINUTES, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS PROWLS THE STREETS AND ALLEYS OF SMOG-BOUND LONDON, AND THEN, SEEING A VICTIM-- HE DROPS--
WHAT-- A BAT?
YA LOOK WEALTHY, YE DO, GIRLEE--WEALTH THAT IS GONNA BE SHARED--WITH ME!
--DROPS, BUT NOT TO THE YOUNG LOVELY WHO EVEN NOW RACES FRANTICALLY DOWN THE COBBLED STREETS--
--NO, BUT INSTEAD, TO THE MAN WHO SKULKS BEHIND HER--
--SOMETHING'S HAPPENING-- IT'S CHANGING-- IT'S NOT A BAT--

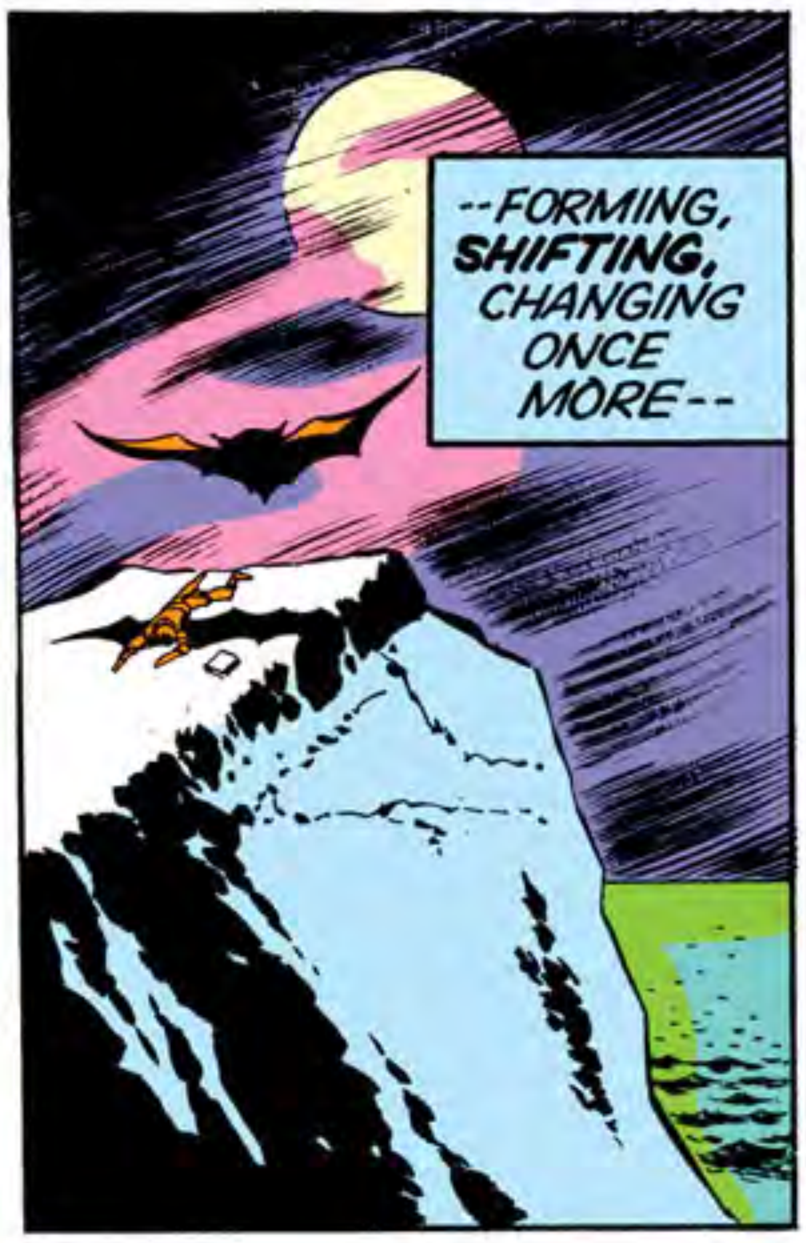

--BUT A MAN!
WRONG, MORTAL-- I AM DRACULA-- AND DRACULA IS NO MERE MAN!
WATCH AS MY FORM AGAIN CHANGES-- AS MY HANDS TURN TO TALONED CLAWS--
OH LORD-- NO! NO!!
IT TAKES BUT THE BRIEFEST OF MOMENTS FOR TWIN-FANGS TO SINK INTO THE PROWLER'S NECK--AND TO SUCK THE LIFEGIVING BLOOD--
DONE, THE LORD OF DARKNESS RISES ONCE MORE, AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT--
YOU'VE DONE WELL TONIGHT, BRAND--NOW ONLY TWO MORE AWAIT MY VENGEANCE!
TWO MORE WHO SHALL SHARE MY SUFFERING FOR ALL ETERNITY.
NEXT SHALL BE MY EX-PARTNER. REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU IT BEGAN, BRAND-- WHEN LASWELL DESERTED ME THAT DAY--
"WE HAD MADE OUR WAY TO HAITI ON A BUSINESS VENTURE, BUT FOUND OURSELVES LOST WHEN OUR GUIDES SUDDENLY PANICKED AND FLED AS WE APPROACHED THE EDGE OF THE JUNGLE.
"SUDDENLY, WE WERE ATTACKED BY SCREAMING NATIVES. LASWELL TURNED COWARD, AND RAN -- LEAVING ME TO THE SAVAGE'S CLUTCHES --
"THEY DRAGGED ME TO THEIR CHIEFTAIN, ONE WHOM THEY CALLED 'MOLODOWI, THE HEXMAN'. HE CLAIMED I HAD ENTERED A SACRED GROUND-- AND THE GODS HAD DECREED I MUST BE PUNISHED--
"--BY VOODOO!

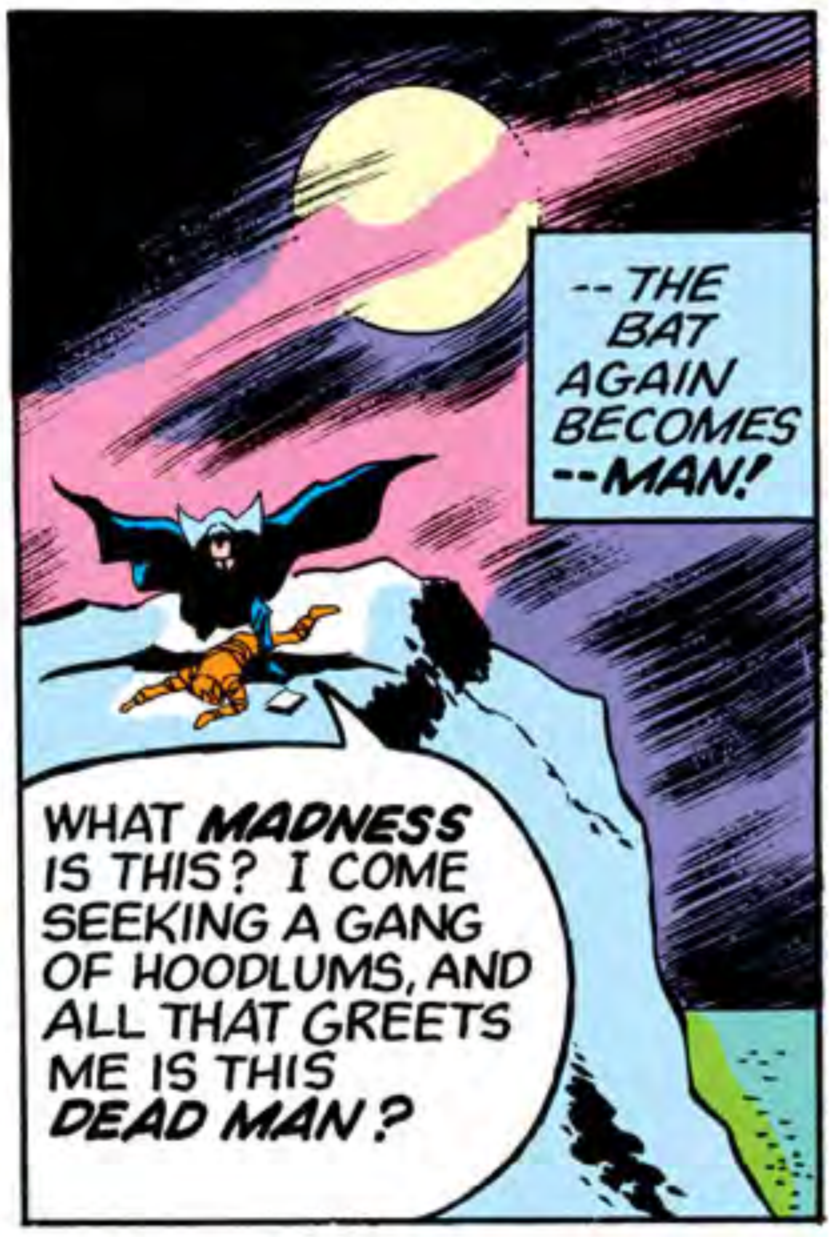

"THREE MONTHS THEY KEPT ME ALIVE-- EACH DAY TORTURING ME WITH THEIR CURSED VOODOO DOLLS--
"--FIRST THEY IMMOBILIZED MY LEGS--THEN MY ARMS. FINALLY THEIR PINS RIPPED THROUGH MY NERVOUS SYSTEM.
"BUT, BLAST THEM, THEY NEVER LET ME DIE!"
FINALLY, GOVERNMENT TROOPS FOUND US AND BROUGHT ME TO A HOSPITAL--MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE--
--AND FOR THREE MONTHS MORE I PLEADED THEY LET ME DIE, BUT INSTEAD, THEY PUT ME IN HERE--IN THIS MECHANICAL MONSTER WHICH, THRU' THE SADISTIC GRACIOUSNESS OF SOME HELLISH GOD--LETS ME LIVE!
BUT THEN, AS MY FORTUNES DWINDLED TO KEEP ME ALIVE, I BECAME LESS AND LESS MOROSE--FOR I REALIZED THAT DURING MY CAPTURE, I HAD LEARNED AN ART FEW CIVILIZED MEN POSSESSED--!
VOODOO WAS MINE TO COMMAND, AND MINE TO SEEK VENGEANCE WITH.
NOW, BRAND--TONIGHT YOU SEEK OUT HENRY LASWELL AND YOU SHALL LET HIM FEEL MY REVENGE.
GO, BRAND--THERE IS WORK FOR YOU TO DO.
WORK WE SHALL NOT BE PRIVILEGED TO WATCH, FOR OUR ATTENTIONS MUST SHIFT ELSEWHERE--TO THE PRINCE OF EVIL HIMSELF--
FINALLY I HAVE NARROWED THE CLUES--SOMEWHERE IN THIS RACOUS CROWD LIES THE ONE I SEEK.

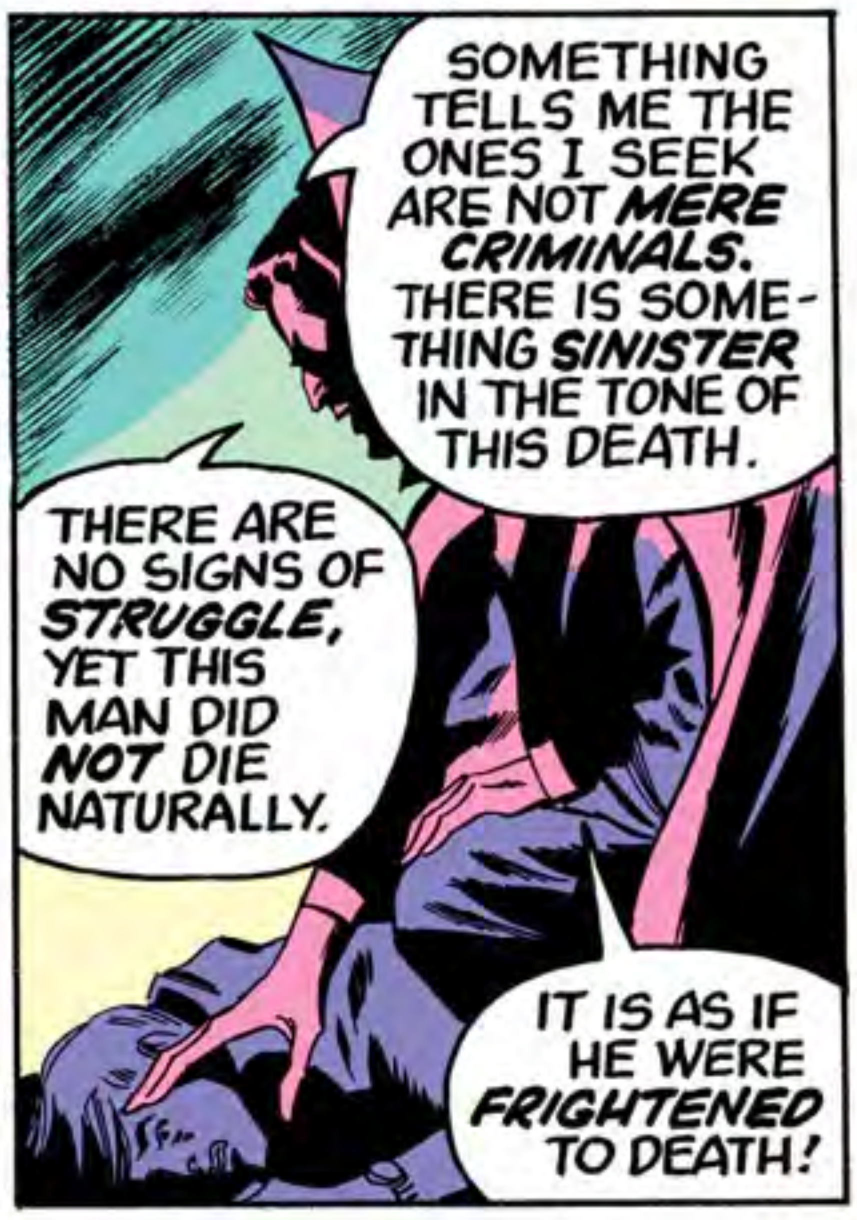

THERE -- SPEAKING WITH THE *GIRL.* I RECOGNIZE HIS *SHALLOW* FACE.
THROUGH *HIM* I SHALL FIND THE OTHERS.
AND THEN SHOW THEM DRACULA IS *NOT* TO BE TOYED WITH.
YOUR TIME FOR FOOLISH *DANCING* IS OVER, YOUTH!
COME WITH ME, *NOW!*
HUNH? HEY, WHO'RE--?
SO, YOU *FAIL* TO RECOGNIZE ME, EH? WELL, YOUTH, YOU HAVE COMMITTED *TWO* WRONGS AGAINST DRACULA--
D- DRACULA--?
YOU *GOTTA* BE KIDDIN', MAN.
DRACULA DOES *NOT* JOKE, CHILD--RATHER, HE WANTS *INFORMATION.*
YOUR *FRIENDS*-- THE ONES ON THE *MOTORCYCLES*-- WHERE ARE THEY?
I-I DON'T KNOW--I QUIT 'EM.
INSOLENT *FOOL*-- I WANT THE TRUTH-- DO YOU *UNDERSTAND* THAT--
STARE NOW-- DEEPLY INTO MY *EYES*-- TELL ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW--
TELL ME!
--I'M TELLIN' YA THE *TRUTH*-- I SWEAR IT.
BRAND AN' THE OTHERS GOT SOME NEW *KICK*-- WORKIN' FOR SOME RUDDY *BLIGHTER.*
THEY WERE HERE *EARLIER*-- ASKED IF I'D JOIN 'EM IN A TRIP TO DOVER. BUT THEY'RE OUT FER *BLOOD* NOW, MISTER, AN' I DIDN'T WANT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH 'EM -- BELIEVE ME.
I BELIEVE YOU, YOUTH--AND IT IS *LUCKY* FOR YOU THAT I DO--

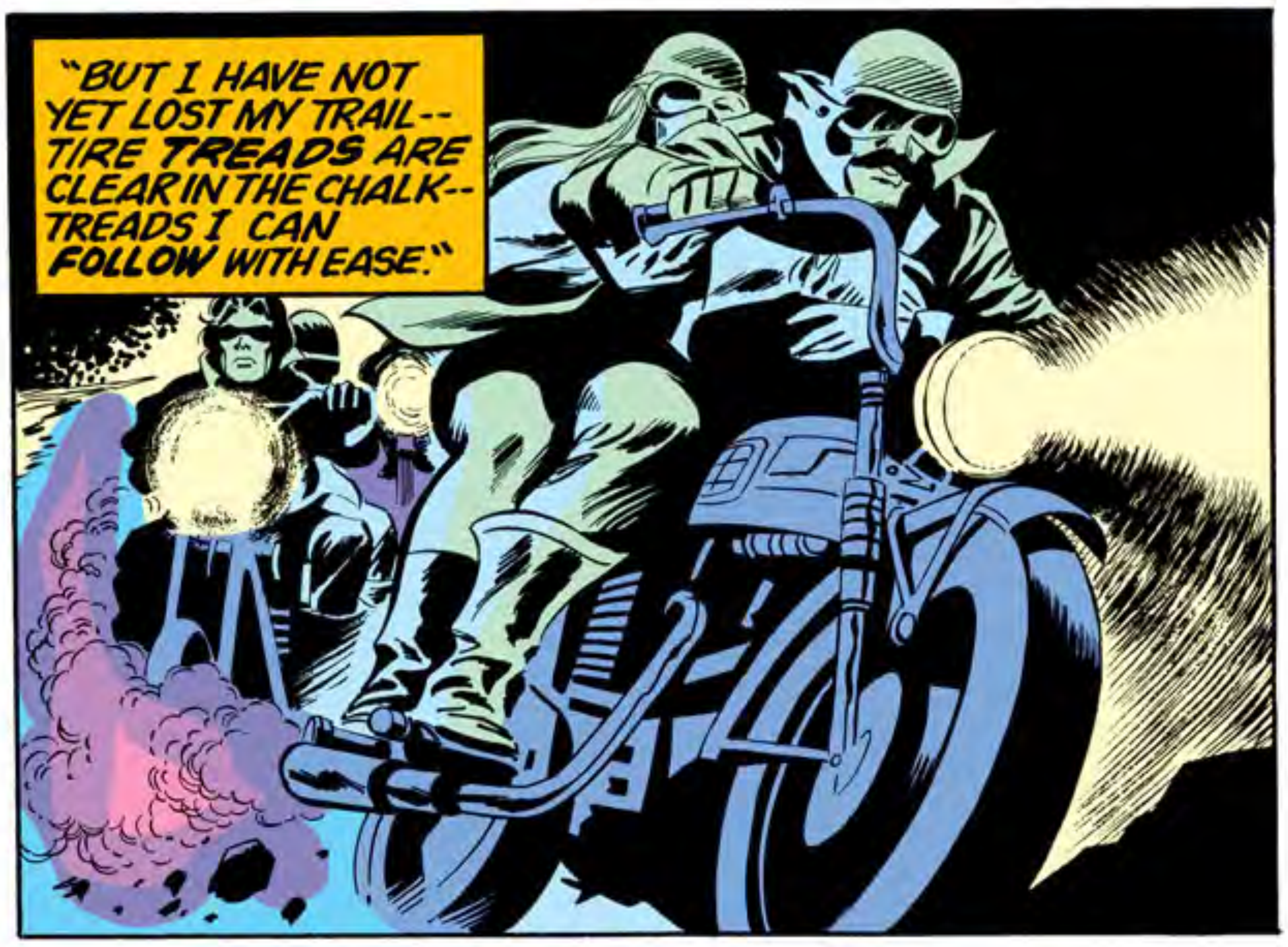

FOR IF I DIDN'T, YOU WOULD *NOT* HAVE REMAINED ALIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE ME GONE.
LOR-- IT *CAN'T* BE--IT *CAN'T BE!!*
DRACULA TURNS TOWARDS THE SKY, HIS FORM **CHANGING**-- SHIFTING FROM THAT OF A HUMAN INTO A **LEATHER-WINGED** HELL-BORN **BAT**--
UPWARDS INTO THE NIGHT HE **RISES**-- HIGH **ABOVE** THE CROWDED LONDON STREETS AND ALLEYS.
BELOW HIM **FEW** HEADS RISE TO STARE INTO THE STAR-FILLED NIGHT, AND THOSE WHO **DO** PAY **LITTLE** HEED TO THE FLITTING FORM WHICH GLIDES **SILENTLY** BY--
WHY WOULD **ANY** TAKE NOTICE OF AN ORDINARY BAT--EVEN ONE THAT **HIDES** BENEATH IT THE **CLOAK** OF DRACULA--
--FOR TWENTY MINUTES THE BAT-FORM ARCS THROUGH THE AIR--TILL IT COMES TO THE CHALK-WHITE **CLIFFS OF DOVER**-- HIGH ABOVE THE LANGUID ENGLISH CHANNEL--
--AND SEES, PRONE UPON THE RISING PRECIPICE, A LONELY DEATH-LIKE **CORPSE**--

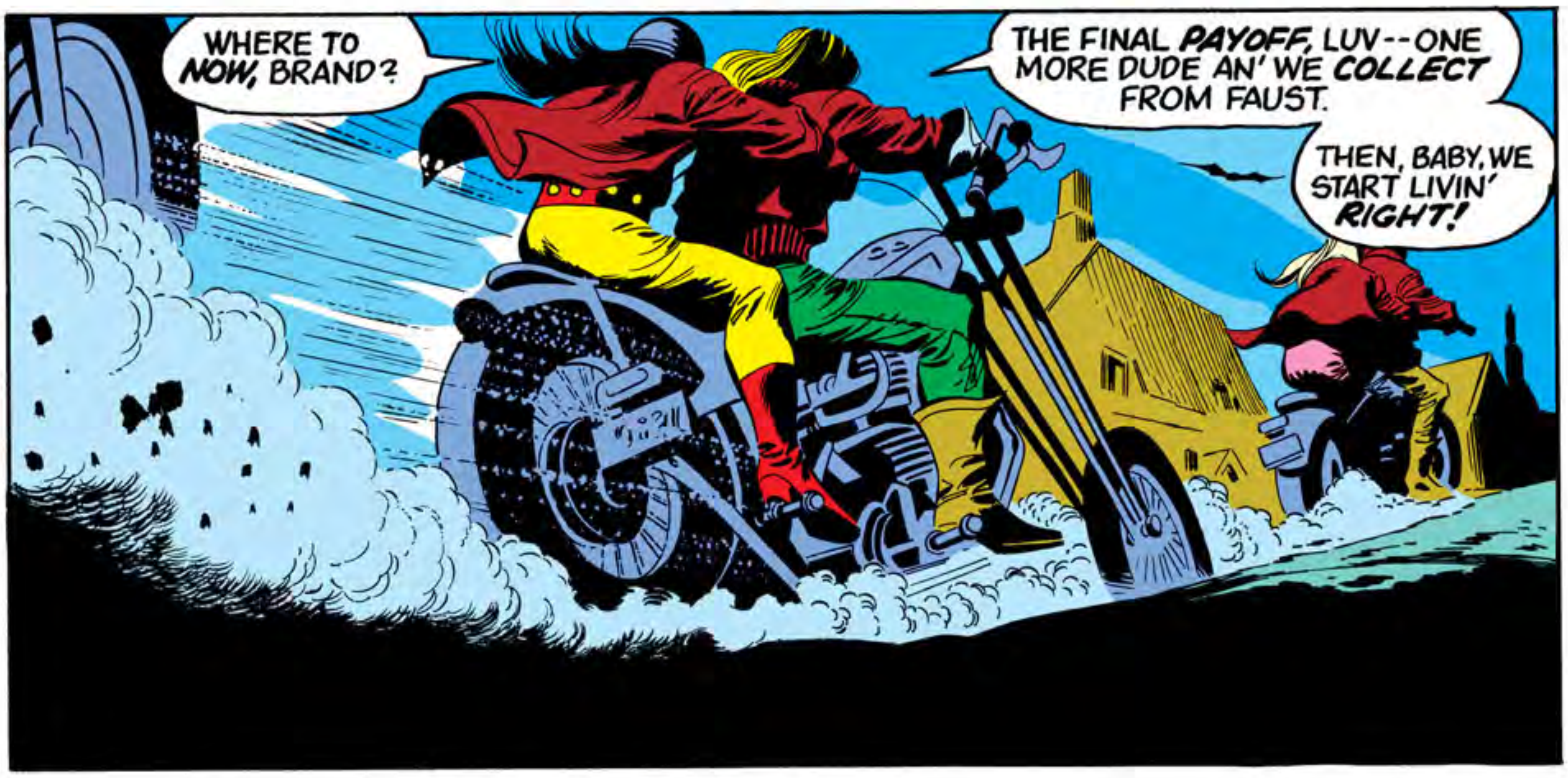

RAGING, DRACULA DESCENDS--

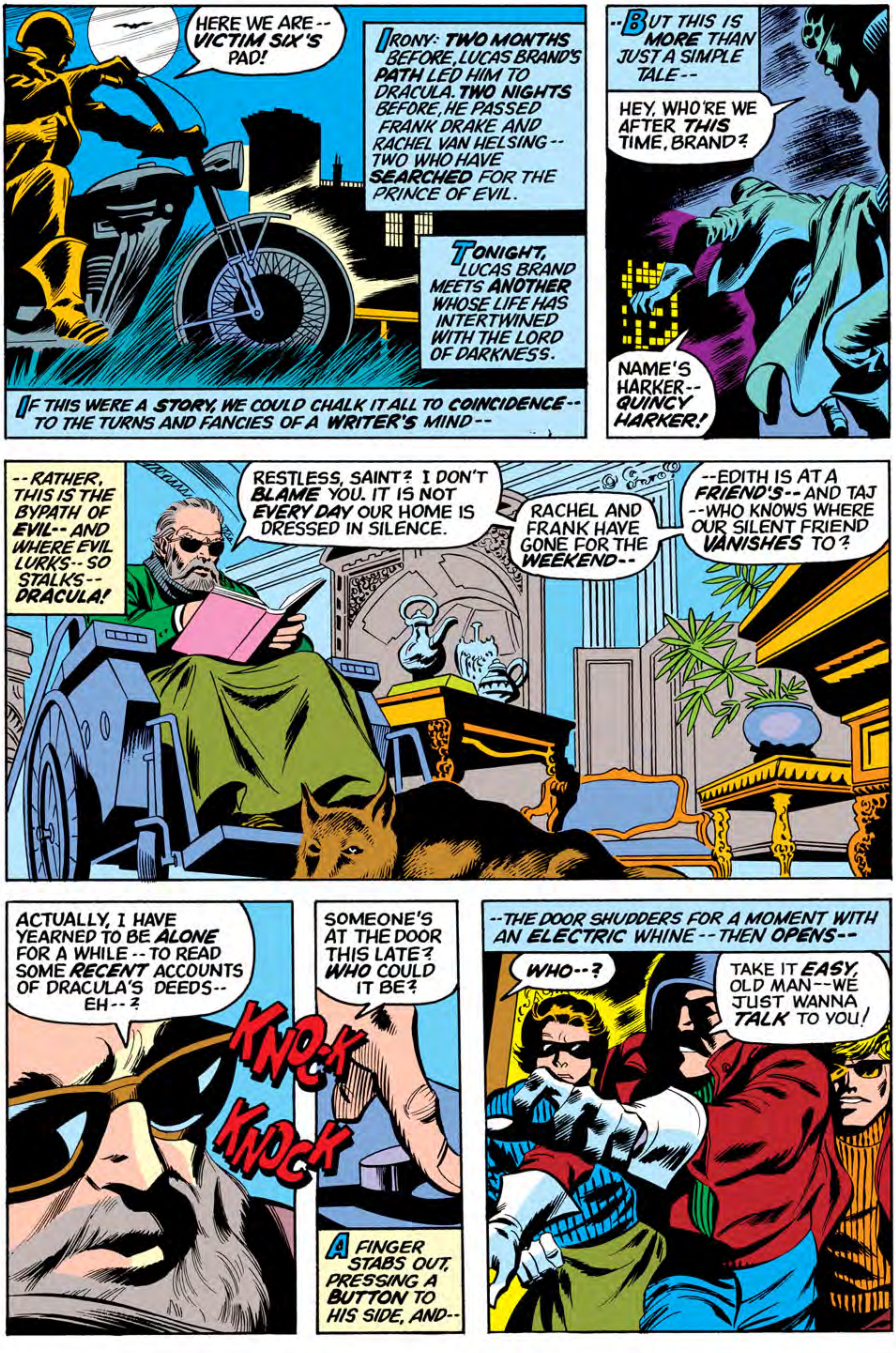

--FORMING, SHIFTING, CHANGING ONCE MORE--

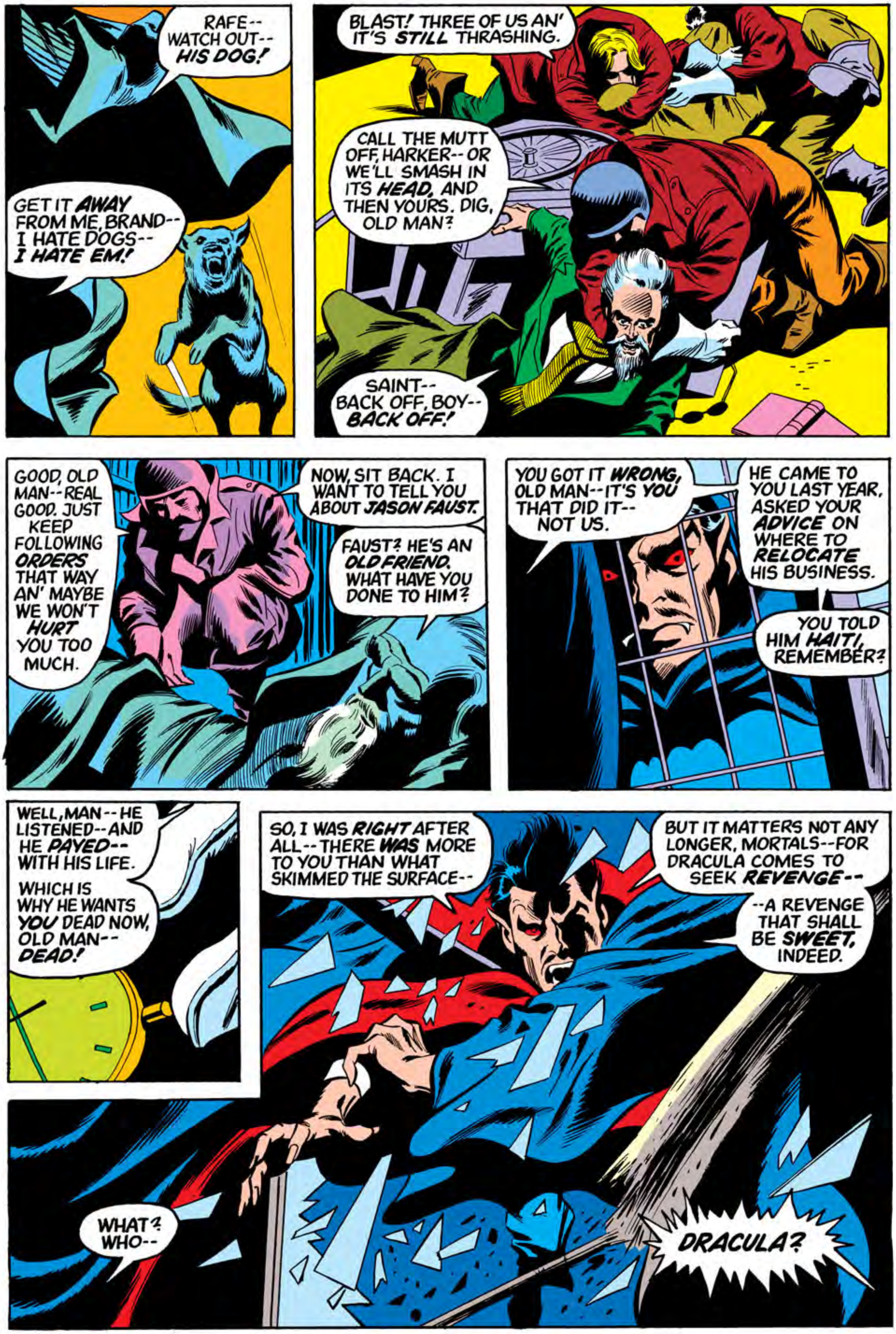

--THE BAT AGAIN BECOMES --MAN!
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? I COME SEEKING A GANG OF HOODLUMS, AND ALL THAT GREETS ME IS THIS DEAD MAN?

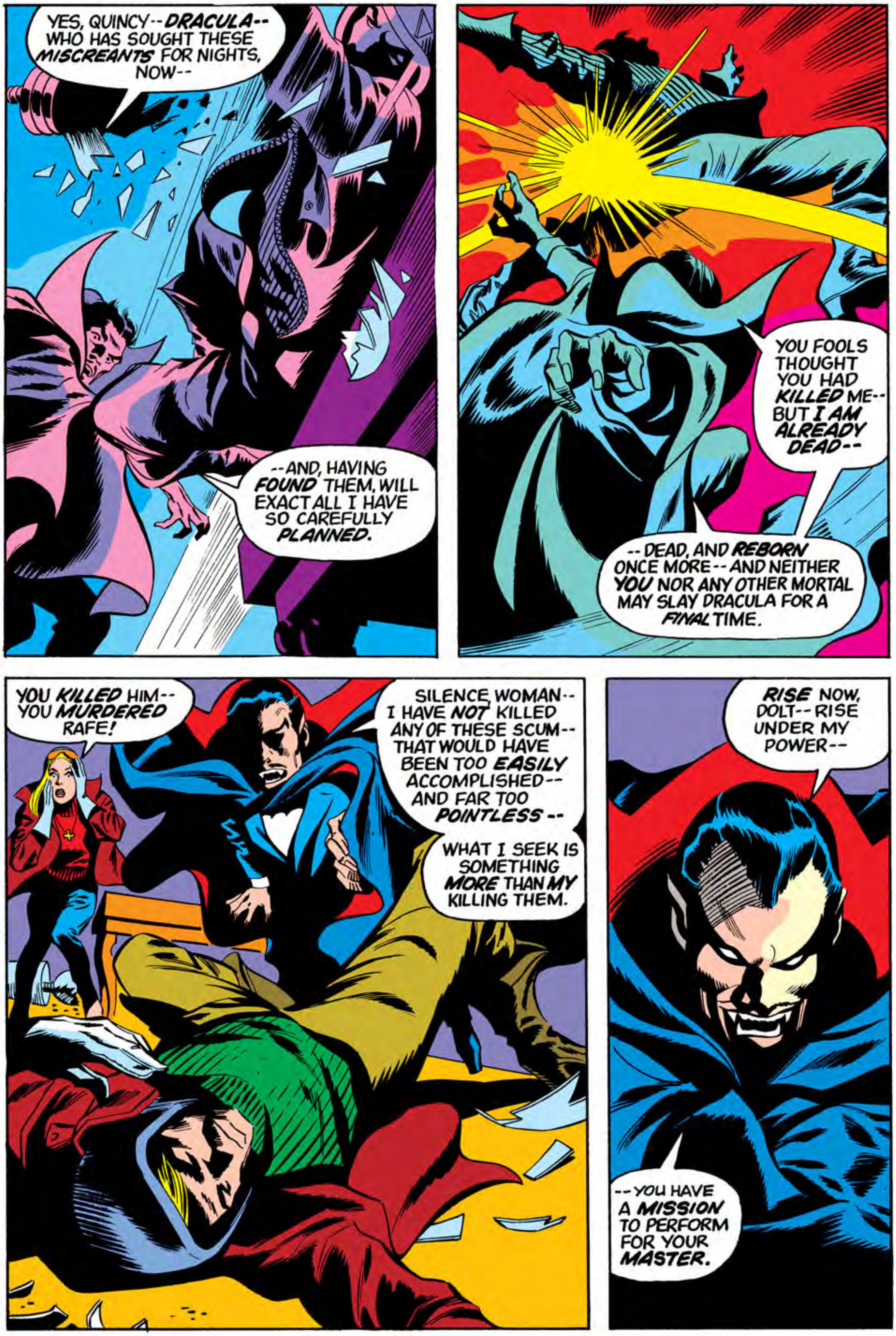

SOMETHING TELLS ME THE ONES I SEEK ARE NOT MERE CRIMINALS. THERE IS SOMETHING SINISTER IN THE TONE OF THIS DEATH.
THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF STRUGGLE, YET THIS MAN DID NOT DIE NATURALLY.
IT IS AS IF HE WERE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH!

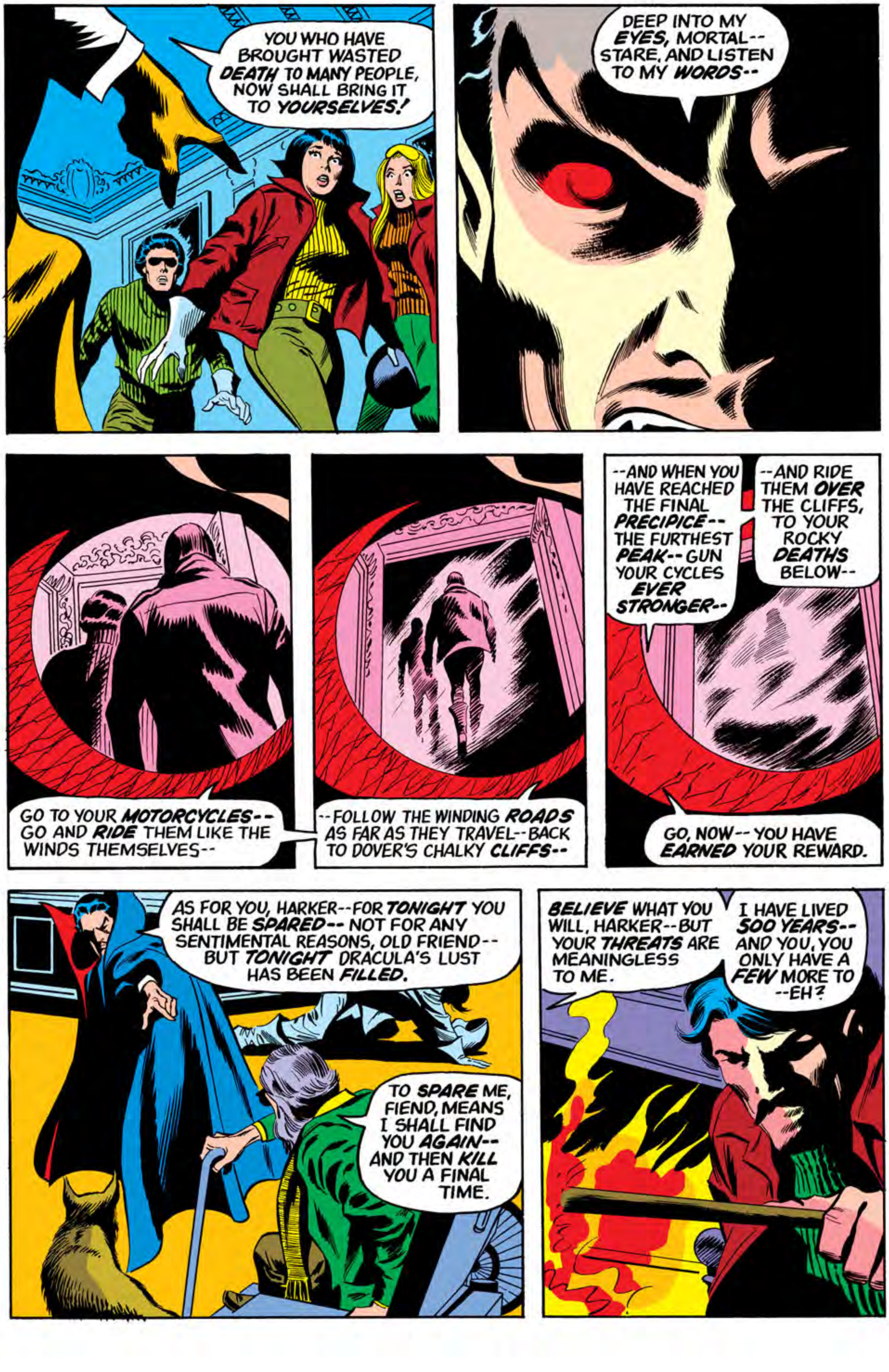

"BUT I HAVE NOT YET LOST MY TRAIL-- TIRE TREADS ARE CLEAR IN THE CHALK-- TREADS I CAN FOLLOW WITH EASE."

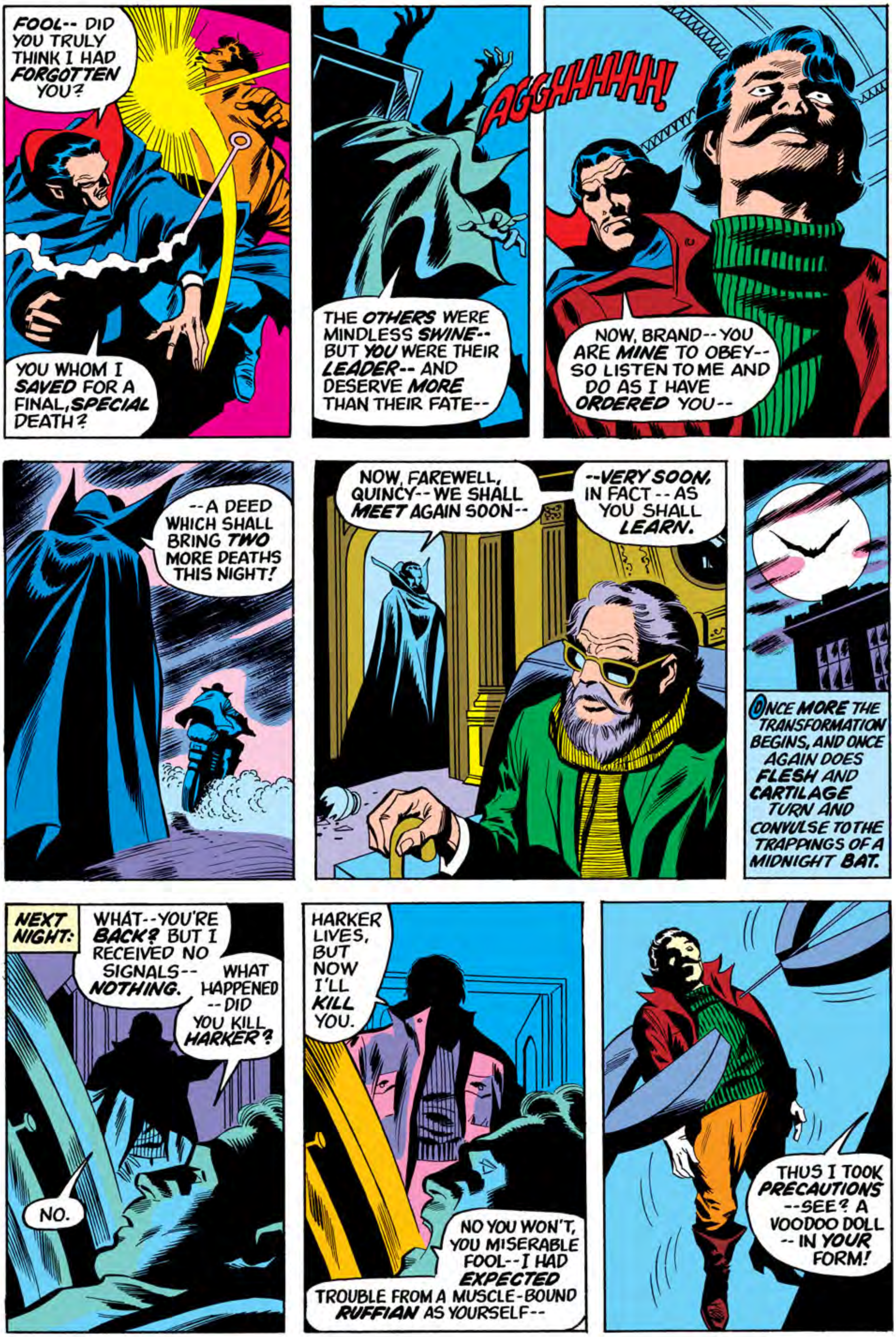

WHERE TO NOW, BRAND?
THE FINAL PAYOFF, LUV--ONE MORE DUDE AN' WE COLLECT FROM FAUST.
THEN, BABY, WE START LIVIN' RIGHT!

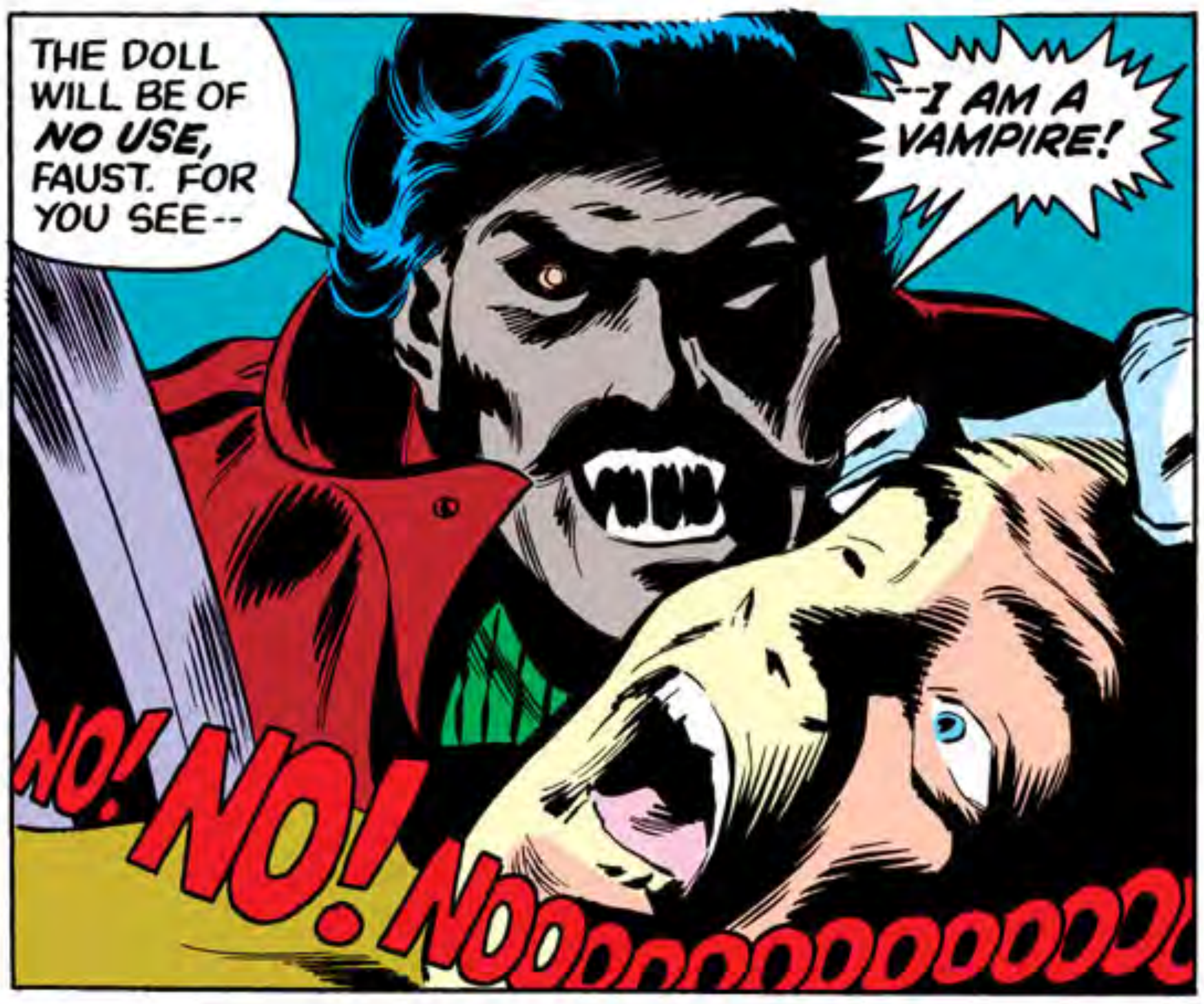

HERE WE ARE-- VICTIM SIX'S PAD!
IRONY: TWO MONTHS BEFORE, LUCAS BRAND'S PATH LED HIM TO DRACULA. TWO NIGHTS BEFORE, HE PASSED FRANK DRAKE AND RACHEL VAN HELSING-- TWO WHO HAVE SEARCHED FOR THE PRINCE OF EVIL.
TONIGHT, LUCAS BRAND MEETS ANOTHER WHOSE LIFE HAS INTERTWINED WITH THE LORD OF DARKNESS.
IF THIS WERE A STORY, WE COULD CHALK IT ALL TO COINCIDENCE-- TO THE TURNS AND FANCIES OF A WRITER'S MIND--
--BUT THIS IS MORE THAN JUST A SIMPLE TALE--
HEY, WHO'RE WE AFTER THIS TIME, BRAND?
NAME'S HARKER-- QUINCY HARKER!
--RATHER, THIS IS THE BYPATH OF EVIL-- AND WHERE EVIL LURKS-- SO STALKS-- DRACULA!
RESTLESS, SAINT? I DON'T BLAME YOU. IT IS NOT EVERY DAY OUR HOME IS DRESSED IN SILENCE.
RACHEL AND FRANK HAVE GONE FOR THE WEEKEND--
--EDITH IS AT A FRIEND'S-- AND TAJ --WHO KNOWS WHERE OUR SILENT FRIEND VANISHES TO?
ACTUALLY, I HAVE YEARNED TO BE ALONE FOR A WHILE-- TO READ SOME RECENT ACCOUNTS OF DRACULA'S DEEDS-- EH--?
KNOCK KNOCK
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR THIS LATE? WHO COULD IT BE?
A FINGER STABS OUT, PRESSING A BUTTON TO HIS SIDE, AND--
--THE DOOR SHUDDERS FOR A MOMENT WITH AN ELECTRIC WHINE-- THEN OPENS--
WHO--?
TAKE IT EASY, OLD MAN--WE JUST WANNA TALK TO YOU!

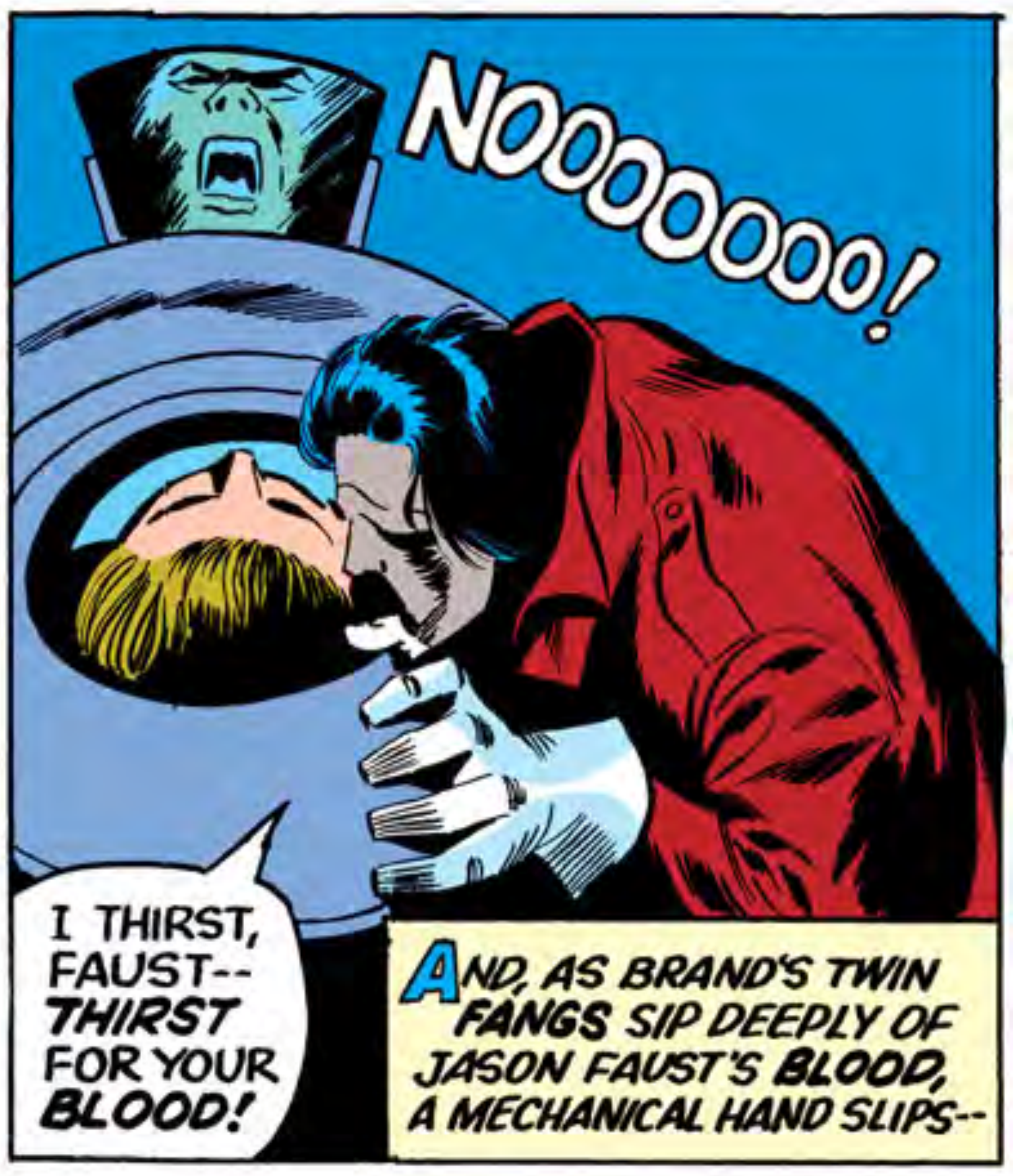

RAFE-- WATCH OUT-- HIS DOG!
GET IT AWAY FROM ME, BRAND-- I HATE DOGS-- I HATE EM!
BLAST! THREE OF US AN' IT'S STILL THRASHING.
CALL THE MUTT OFF, HARKER-- OR WE'LL SMASH IN ITS HEAD, AND THEN YOURS. DIG, OLD MAN?
SAINT-- BACK OFF, BOY-- BACK OFF!
GOOD, OLD MAN-- REAL GOOD. JUST KEEP FOLLOWING ORDERS THAT WAY AN' MAYBE WE WON'T HURT YOU TOO MUCH.
NOW, SIT BACK. I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT JASON FAUST.
FAUST? HE'S AN OLD FRIEND. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HIM?
YOU GOT IT WRONG, OLD MAN-- IT'S YOU THAT DID IT-- NOT US.
HE CAME TO YOU LAST YEAR, ASKED YOUR ADVICE ON WHERE TO RELOCATE HIS BUSINESS.
YOU TOLD HIM HAITI, REMEMBER?
WELL, MAN-- HE LISTENED-- AND HE PAYED-- WITH HIS LIFE.
WHICH IS WHY HE WANTS YOU DEAD NOW, OLD MAN-- DEAD!
SO, I WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL-- THERE WAS MORE TO YOU THAN WHAT SKIMMED THE SURFACE--
BUT IT MATTERS NOT ANY LONGER, MORTALS-- FOR DRACULA COMES TO SEEK REVENGE--
--A REVENGE THAT SHALL BE SWEET, INDEED.
WHAT? WHO--
DRACULA?

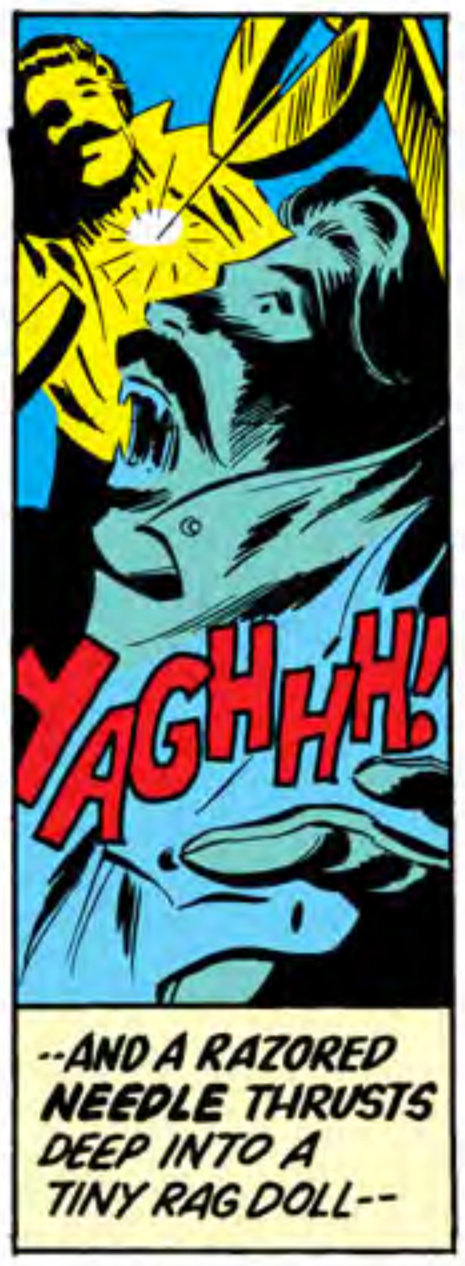

YES, QUINCY--DRACULA-- WHO HAS SOUGHT THESE MISCREANTS FOR NIGHTS, NOW--
--AND, HAVING FOUND THEM, WILL EXACT ALL I HAVE SO CAREFULLY PLANNED.
YOU FOOLS THOUGHT YOU HAD KILLED ME-- BUT I AM ALREADY DEAD--
--DEAD, AND REBORN ONCE MORE--AND NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OTHER MORTAL MAY SLAY DRACULA FOR A FINAL TIME.
YOU KILLED HIM-- YOU MURDERED RAFE!
SILENCE, WOMAN-- I HAVE NOT KILLED ANY OF THESE SCUM-- THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO EASILY ACCOMPLISHED-- AND FAR TOO POINTLESS--
WHAT I SEEK IS SOMETHING MORE THAN MY KILLING THEM.
RISE NOW, DOLT--RISE UNDER MY POWER--
--YOU HAVE A MISSION TO PERFORM FOR YOUR MASTER.

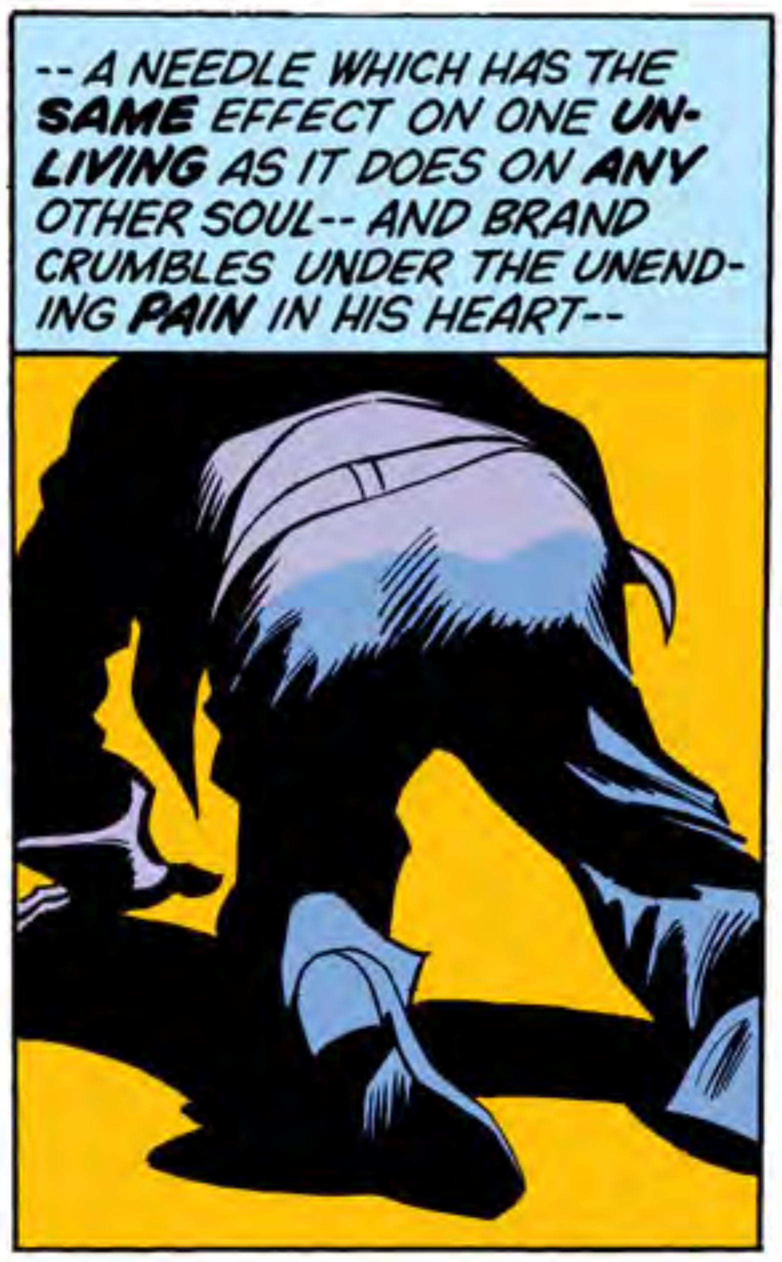

YOU WHO HAVE BROUGHT WASTED DEATH TO MANY PEOPLE, NOW SHALL BRING IT TO YOURSELVES!
DEEP INTO MY EYES, MORTAL-- STARE, AND LISTEN TO MY WORDS--
GO TO YOUR MOTORCYCLES-- GO AND RIDE THEM LIKE THE WINDS THEMSELVES--
--FOLLOW THE WINDING ROADS AS FAR AS THEY TRAVEL--BACK TO DOVER'S CHALKY CLIFFS--
--AND WHEN YOU HAVE REACHED THE FINAL PRECIPICE-- THE FURTHEST PEAK-- GUN YOUR CYCLES EVER STRONGER--
--AND RIDE THEM OVER THE CLIFFS, TO YOUR ROCKY DEATHS BELOW--
GO, NOW-- YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR REWARD.
AS FOR YOU, HARKER--FOR TONIGHT YOU SHALL BE SPARED-- NOT FOR ANY SENTIMENTAL REASONS, OLD FRIEND-- BUT TONIGHT DRACULA'S LUST HAS BEEN FILLED.
TO SPARE ME, FIEND, MEANS I SHALL FIND YOU AGAIN-- AND THEN KILL YOU A FINAL TIME.
BELIEVE WHAT YOU WILL, HARKER--BUT YOUR THREATS ARE MEANINGLESS TO ME.
I HAVE LIVED 500 YEARS-- AND YOU, YOU ONLY HAVE A FEW MORE TO --EH?

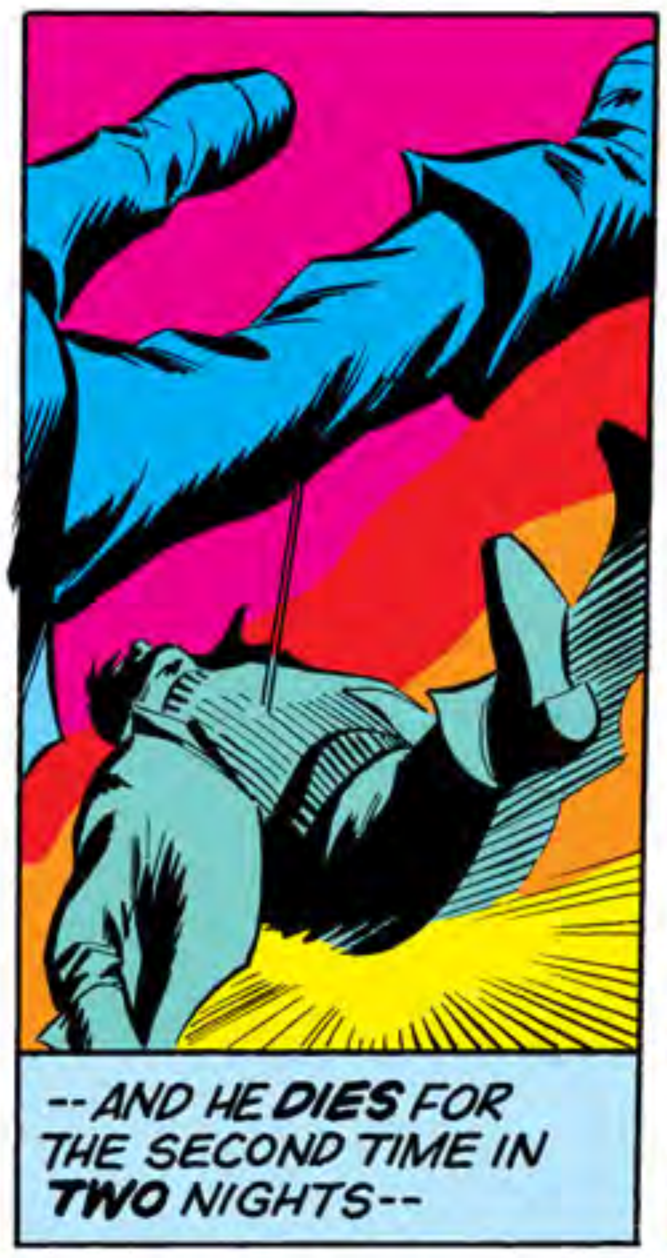

FOOL-- DID YOU TRULY THINK I HAD FORGOTTEN YOU?
YOU WHOM I SAVED FOR A FINAL, SPECIAL DEATH?
AGGHHHHH!
THE OTHERS WERE MINDLESS SWINE-- BUT YOU WERE THEIR LEADER-- AND DESERVE MORE THAN THEIR FATE--
NOW, BRAND-- YOU ARE MINE TO OBEY-- SO LISTEN TO ME AND DO AS I HAVE ORDERED YOU--
--A DEED WHICH SHALL BRING TWO MORE DEATHS THIS NIGHT!
NOW, FAREWELL, QUINCY-- WE SHALL MEET AGAIN SOON--
--VERY SOON, IN FACT-- AS YOU SHALL LEARN.
ONCE MORE THE TRANSFORMATION BEGINS, AND ONCE AGAIN DOES FLESH AND CARTILAGE TURN AND CONVULSE TO THE TRAPPINGS OF A MIDNIGHT BAT.
NEXT NIGHT:
WHAT-- YOU'RE BACK? BUT I RECEIVED NO SIGNALS-- NOTHING. WHAT HAPPENED -- DID YOU KILL HARKER?
NO.
HARKER LIVES, BUT NOW I'LL KILL YOU.
NO YOU WON'T, YOU MISERABLE FOOL-- I HAD EXPECTED TROUBLE FROM A MUSCLE-BOUND RUFFIAN AS YOURSELF--
THUS I TOOK PRECAUTIONS --SEE? A VOODOO DOLL -- IN YOUR FORM!

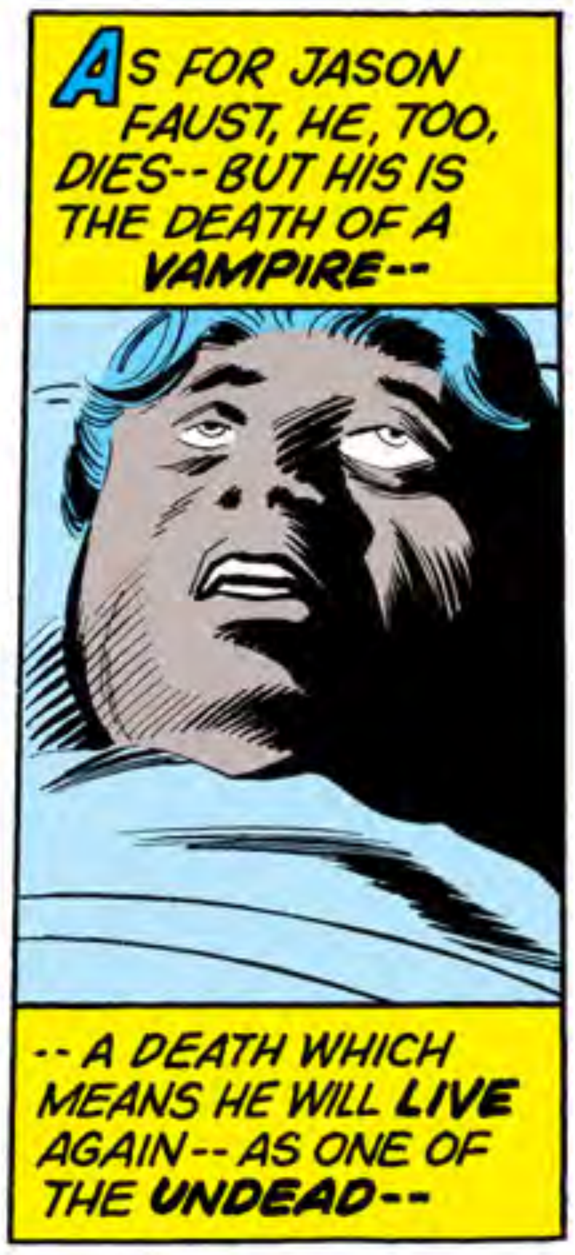

THE DOLL WILL BE OF NO USE, FAUST. FOR YOU SEE--
--I AM A VAMPIRE!
NO! NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOO

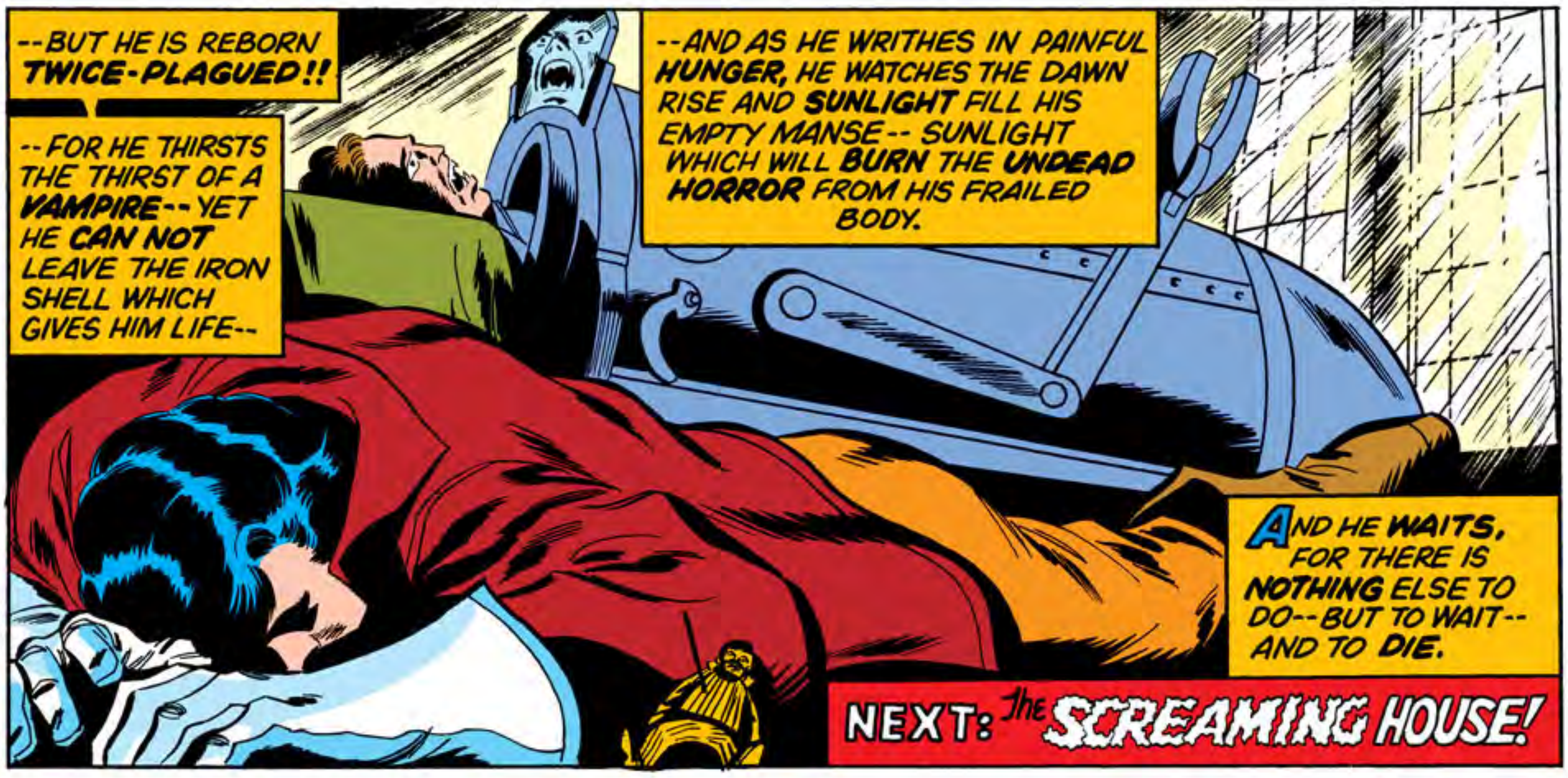

NOOOOOOOO!
I THIRST, FAUST-- THIRST FOR YOUR BLOOD!
AND, AS BRAND'S TWIN FANGS SIP DEEPLY OF JASON FAUST'S BLOOD, A MECHANICAL HAND SLIPS--


YAGHHH!
--AND A RAZORED NEEDLE THRUSTS DEEP INTO A TINY RAG DOLL--

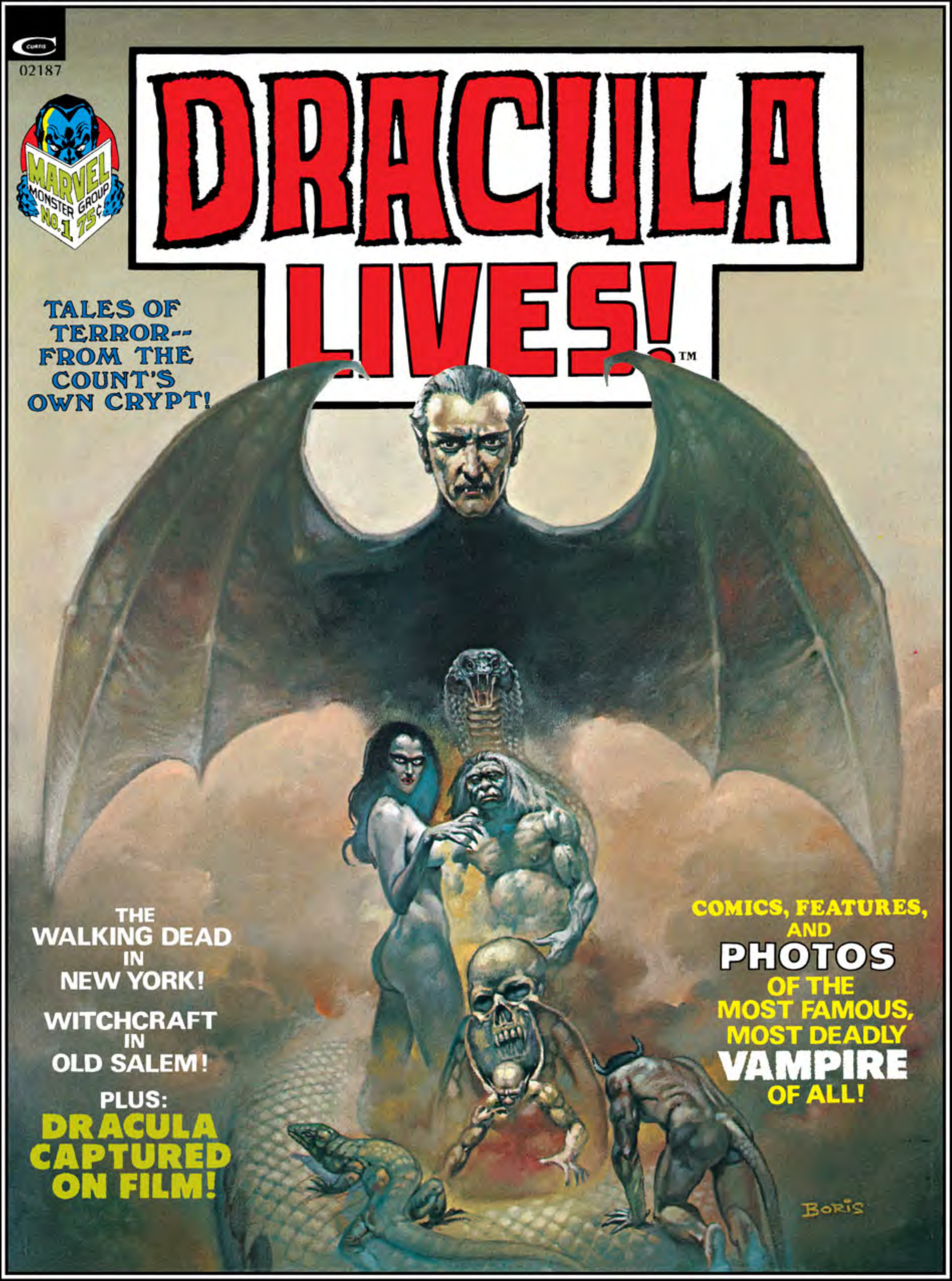

-- A NEEDLE WHICH HAS THE SAME EFFECT ON ONE UN-LIVING AS IT DOES ON ANY OTHER SOUL-- AND BRAND CRUMBLES UNDER THE UNENDING PAIN IN HIS HEART--


--AND HE DIES FOR THE SECOND TIME IN TWO NIGHTS--


AS FOR JASON FAUST, HE, TOO, DIES--BUT HIS IS THE DEATH OF A VAMPIRE--
-- A DEATH WHICH MEANS HE WILL LIVE AGAIN-- AS ONE OF THE UNDEAD--


--BUT HE IS REBORN TWICE-PLAGUED!!
--FOR HE THIRSTS THE THIRST OF A VAMPIRE--YET HE CAN NOT LEAVE THE IRON SHELL WHICH GIVES HIM LIFE--
--AND AS HE WRITHES IN PAINFUL HUNGER, HE WATCHES THE DAWN RISE AND SUNLIGHT FILL HIS EMPTY MANSE-- SUNLIGHT WHICH WILL BURN THE UNDEAD HORROR FROM HIS FRAILED BODY.
AND HE WAITS, FOR THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO DO--BUT TO WAIT-- AND TO DIE.
NEXT: The SCREAMING HOUSE!

SPECIAL BONUS: Concurrent with *The Tomb of Dracula* #8, Marvel launched the black-and-white magazine *Dracula Lives!* The two series starred Dracula, but, by design, did not carry a shared continuity. A handful of stories from *Dracula Lives!* are referenced in *The Tomb of Dracula* and so are featured here.


CURTIS
02187
MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
No. 1 75¢
DRACULA LIVES!™
TALES OF TERROR-- FROM THE COUNT'S OWN CRYPT!
THE WALKING DEAD IN NEW YORK!
WITCHCRAFT IN OLD SALEM!
PLUS: DRACULA CAPTURED ON FILM!
COMICS, FEATURES, AND PHOTOS OF THE MOST FAMOUS, MOST DEADLY VAMPIRE OF ALL!
BORIS

NO. 1 1973

DRACULA LIVES!™

Publisher:
STAN LEE
Editor: **ROY THOMAS** Production: **SOL BRODSKY**
Writers This Issue: **GERRY CONWAY, STEVE GERBER, STAN LEE, ROY THOMAS, MARV WOLFMAN**
Artists This Issue: **RICH BUCKLER, GENE COLAN, TONY DiPRETA, DICK GIORDANO, RUSS HEATH, PABLO MARCOS, TOM PALMER, ALAN WEISS**
Technical Advisor In Absentia: **BRAM STOKER** (who else?)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

"A POISON OF THE BLOOD!" 5
Everybody's favorite vampire comes to New York and proceeds to take a kingsize bite out of the Big Apple.

"SUFFER NOT A WITCH" 19
In *which* it be showne that ye olde Salem Trials were not all *witch* they were cracked up to be.

DRACULA IS ALIVE AND WELL ON MADISON AVENUE 32
The editorial page with a message—namely, *please buy this magazine before the sun comes up!*

"ZOMBIE!" 35
A timeless tale of terror and of the Walking Dead! (You thought maybe they took the *subway*?)

WH...? I DON'T WANT TO GO!
I'M BEING PULLED! WHERE?

"GHOST OF A CHANCE!" 43
A quiversome quickie. 'Nuff said!

"WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A 500-YEAR-OLD VAMPIRE WHO REFUSES TO DIE?" 46
Titanic text feature, with festoons of fearful photos—mostly of you-know-who!

"FRIGHT!" 53
A pot-boiler which proves that not *all* the monsters in this world sleep in coffins during the 9-to-5 shift.

--AND DRACULA BURNS!

"TO WALK AGAIN IN DAYLIGHT!" 63
An apple a day may keep the doctor away—but how does the doc himself get rid of a terminal case of Count Dracula?

AN EDITORIAL

DRACULA IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING ON MADISON AVENUE!

So here it is: Yesterday's nightmare transformed into today's dark dream, for your enlightenment and edification.

In 1970 Marvel's then-publisher, Martin Goodman, had a brainstorm. He communicated his idea to editor Stan Lee—and when publishers talk, editors have a tendency to listen (the *more* so when they happen to think the idea is a *good* one in the first place).

The idea was DRACULA.

Stan and the Bullpen had already begun work on a black-and-white comics magazine called SAVAGE TALES (remember it?). It was M.G.'s suggestion that a second b&w be added, as well. Stan enthusiastically concurred. He and Roy Thomas conferred on a general plotline, which was then handed over to one of comicdom's finest artists, Gene Colan—who set to work with a vengeance that would do our cape-swishing Count proud. Later, Gerry Conway would work with equal fervor on the actual script.

Unfortunately, the dice-tossing Fates decided against Marvel's gaining a real toehold in the black-and-white comics market at that time, so TOMB OF DRACULA (as Stan had christened it) was turned into a full-color 20-cent comic instead, with a few alterations in art and storyline. As such, DRACULA has been one of the biggest blockbusters of the 1970's to date, to the point where the mag itself is now published monthly—and now, with the first fearless issue of DRACULA LIVES!, there are no fewer than eighteen Marvel publications about Drac each year!

Spider-Man, look out! Here comes the Timeless Terror from Transylvania!

WE HEAR A STRANGLED CRY:

Why Marvel's sudden renewed interest in *doing* a black-and-white comic-book, after the untimely demise of SAVAGE TALES (not to mention the fact that even our first b&w effort, THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN of half-a-decade's vintage, went to full color by its second issue)?

The reasons are both philosophic and economic.

To dispose of the baser matter first: It's our firm conviction that at least a sizable portion of the future of comics lies in a larger, more expensive, even more mature product than today's color-comics market is structured to allow. In a day when *Playboy* and other magazines sell for a buck (and *more*, on such gala holidays as Christmas, New Year, and Hugh Hefner's birthday)—in a day when a forty- or fifty-cent cover price is possible only to a magazine of tremendous initial circulation—in short, in a time of creeping inflation and rampant overcrowding of the newsstands—we felt that, even though Marvel's popularity is at an all-time high, we'd be fools and klutzes not to experiment with other prices, other sizes, other formats.

And so, not liking to be fools and klutzes . . . here we are.

But the reasons go *deeper* than that, too. For there are things that can be attempted in black-and-white magazines which are impossible in a full-color comic today. For one thing, we're nearly certain to reach a somewhat older audience (even though Marvel's biggest boosters include countless thousands of college students and graduates); and that means we can gradually work toward an ever more sophisticated, more complex storyline.

In addition, the better printing and sharper contrast in these b&w magazines make it possible to unleash our artists to strive for even greater artistic effects, an ever-closer meshing of storytelling (which is and must ever remain the *prime* element in any comic worth its salt) and illustration (which is nice, too).

Thus, economics and publishing philosophy met and molded in one awesome orgy of common sense.

And who at mighty Marvel could ignore a combo like that?

SO: WHY A COUPLE OF REPRINTS?

We'll level with you, friends and neighbors.

This is an expensive magazine to produce.

Man, is it expensive.

Marvel has always believed in paying its artists and writers the highest rate it possibly can—which generally means at least as high as any in the industry, and much higher than those on most other black-and-white publications.

This means that, despite the dozen or so pages of material represented from the pre-Marvel days of the fabulous 1950's, this premier issue of DRACULA LIVES! cost more to produce than just about anything in its field.

So, in order not to charge even more for the mag, we dug into our past and came up with some of the best-written, best-drawn tales we could find from the halcyon days of the "horror" comics (which for the most part were never nearly so "horrible" as certain screamers and psychologists have painted them—see for yourself).

We've selected tales illustrated by talented titans like Russ Heath and others—stories which for the most part look as good in black-and-white as ever they did in their original four-color, long-out-of-print form.

They're good stories, people—and we think you're gonna groove on 'em.

AND NOW, OUR ORIGINAL CAST—

Speaking of good stories—we couldn't write another paragraph without blowing our bugle just a bit for the stalwarts who produced the three undying Dracula sagas for this issue.

Gene Colan was a must, of course—since it's his matchless pencils which have accounted in large part for the success of our sister-mag TOMB OF DRACULA—and who better to ink his work than a fella named Tom Palmer?

Add to the list the names of relative newcomers Rich Buckler and Alan Weiss—of whom we predict you're going to be hearing a lot more in the months and issues to come—plus scripters like editor Roy Thomas, Gerry Conway, and neo-talent Steve Gerber—and who can blame us if we think we've got a surefire winner on our taloned hands?

SOMETHING FOR EVERY—ER—TASTE!

But, though we started out with the idea of producing a full-scale, oversize comic-book, somehow we found we couldn't stop there.

There are other aspects to the immortal, immoral Count Dracula and his vampriic ilk than simply the comics page.

And so, our new assistant editor Marv Wolfman (his real name—honest!) has delved into the realm of cinematic yesteryear and come up with some macabre memories of some of the most famous screen portrayers of ol' Drac ever to draw blood in six delicious colors!

Add to this the inclusion of those phantasmagorical full-page *photos* which introduce each and every story—our own humble way of introducing a host of "narrators" for each tale without simply traveling the well-worn path of old radio programs like "Inner Sanctum" which have been emulated by comics ever since—and we sincerely believe that this first fear-laden issue of DRACULA LIVES! may just go down in history as one of the most important comic-mag events of all time!

But then, that's our opinion. What's *yours?*

Let us know, okay?

Send us your bouquets and boutonnieres, your brickbats and *vampire* bats—but speak your mind.

Suggest new features (we've already got some firmly in mind, but there've got to be others).

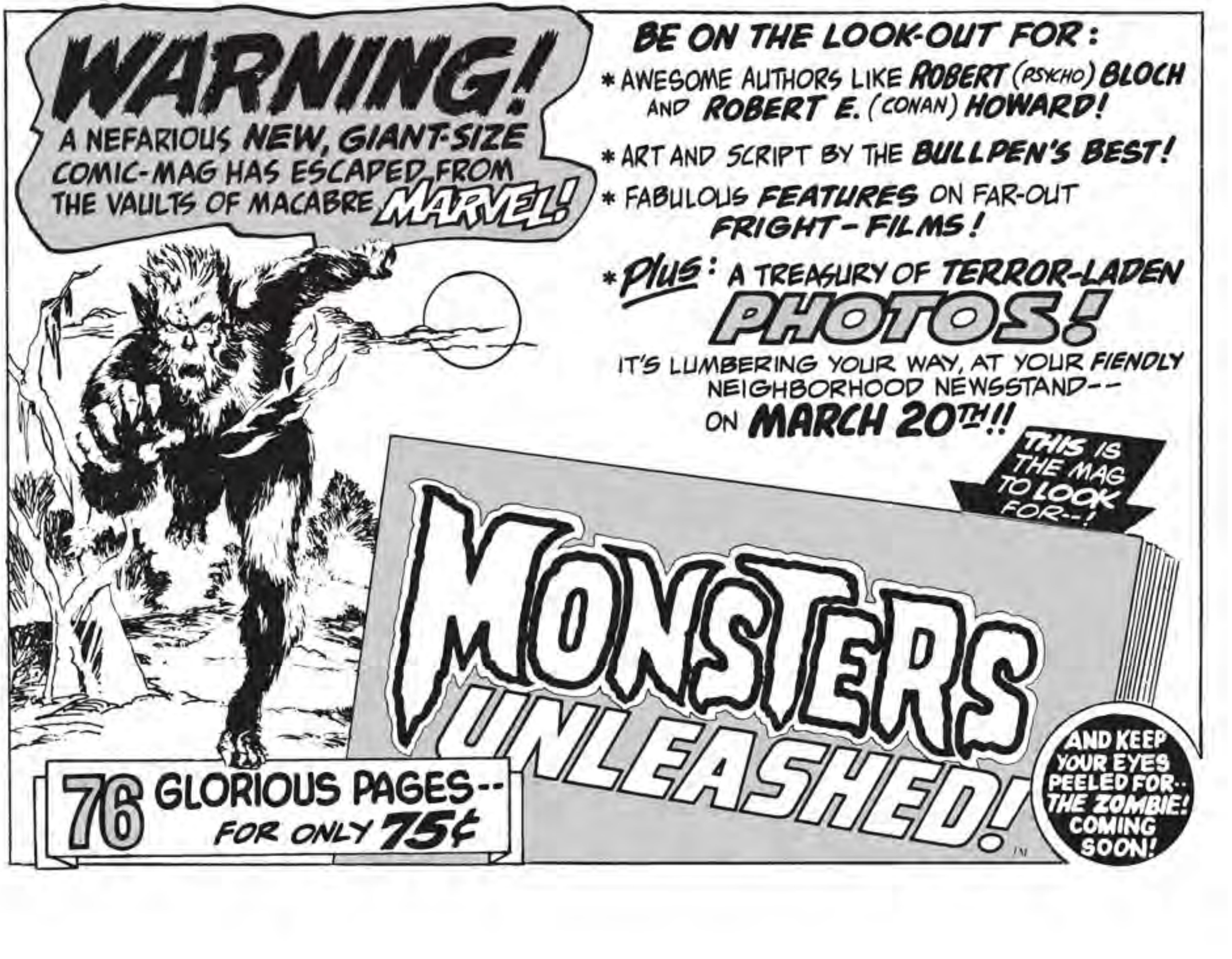
Criticize and comment and even carp to your staked-out heart's content—but *write.*

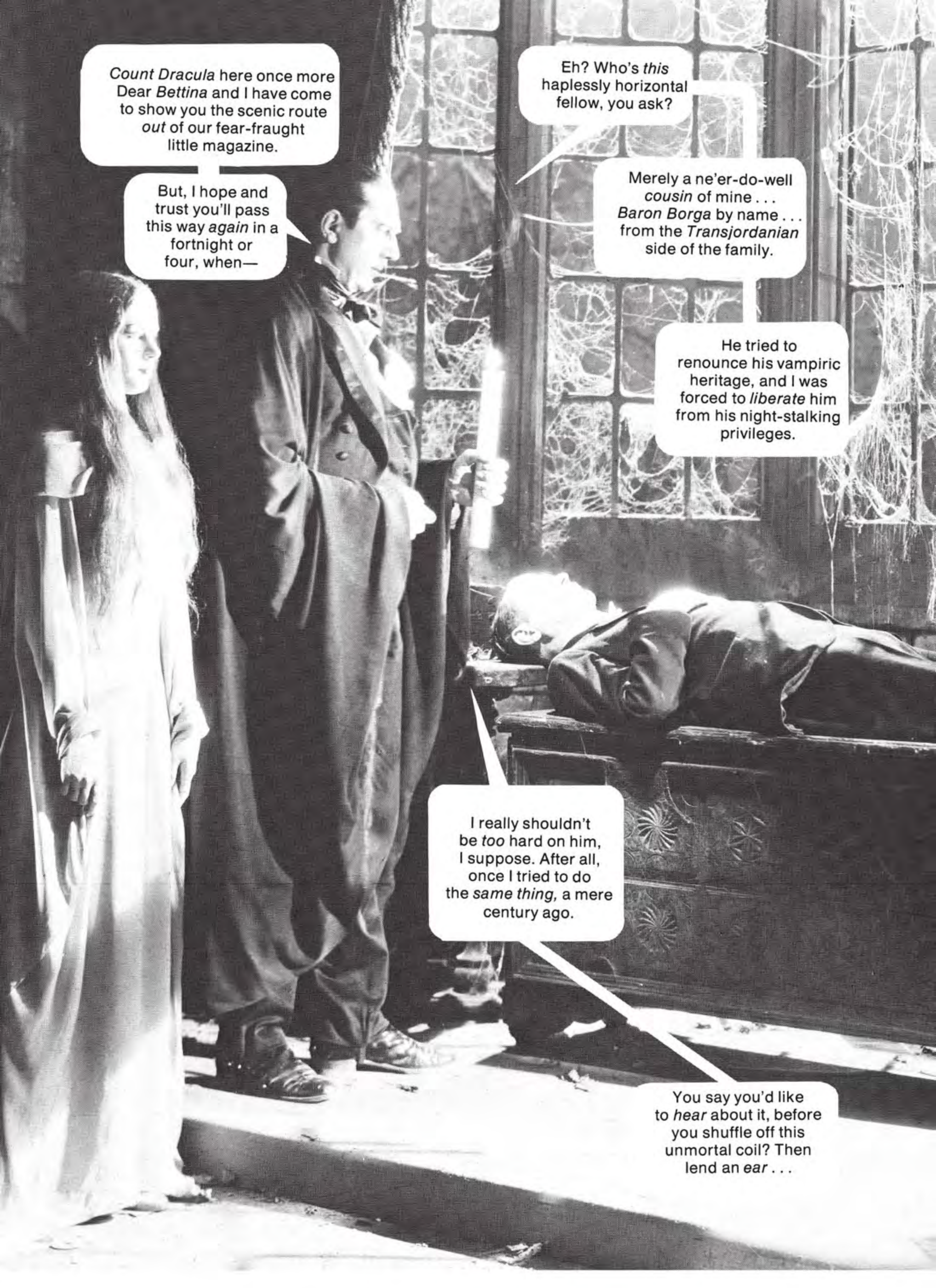
(Which is probably the most unnecessary admonishment since Drac himself was advised to give up eating garlic bread!)

Send those cards, letters, and singing telegrams to:

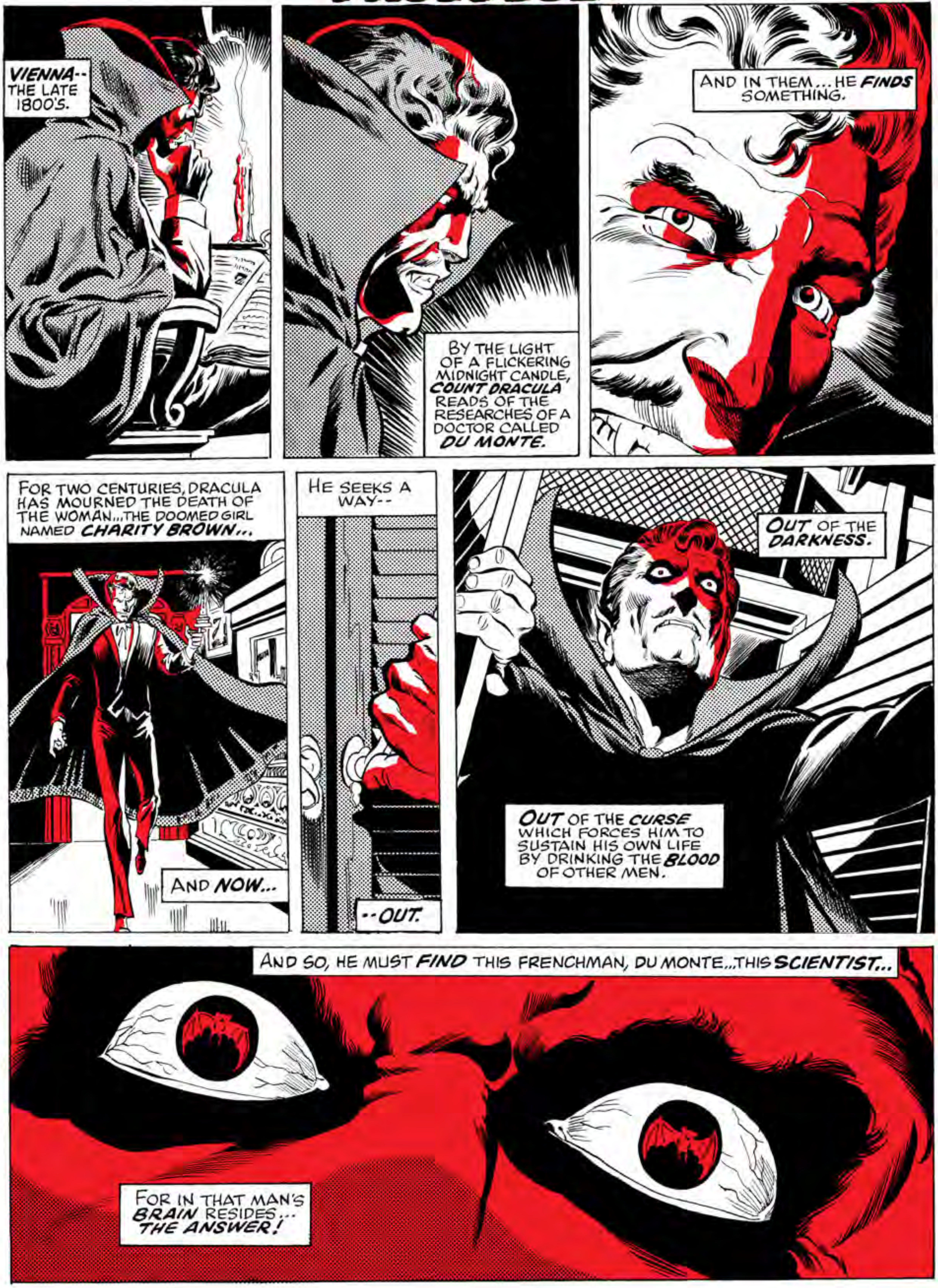
DRACULA LIVES!
c/o Marvel Monster Group, 9th Floor
575 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10022

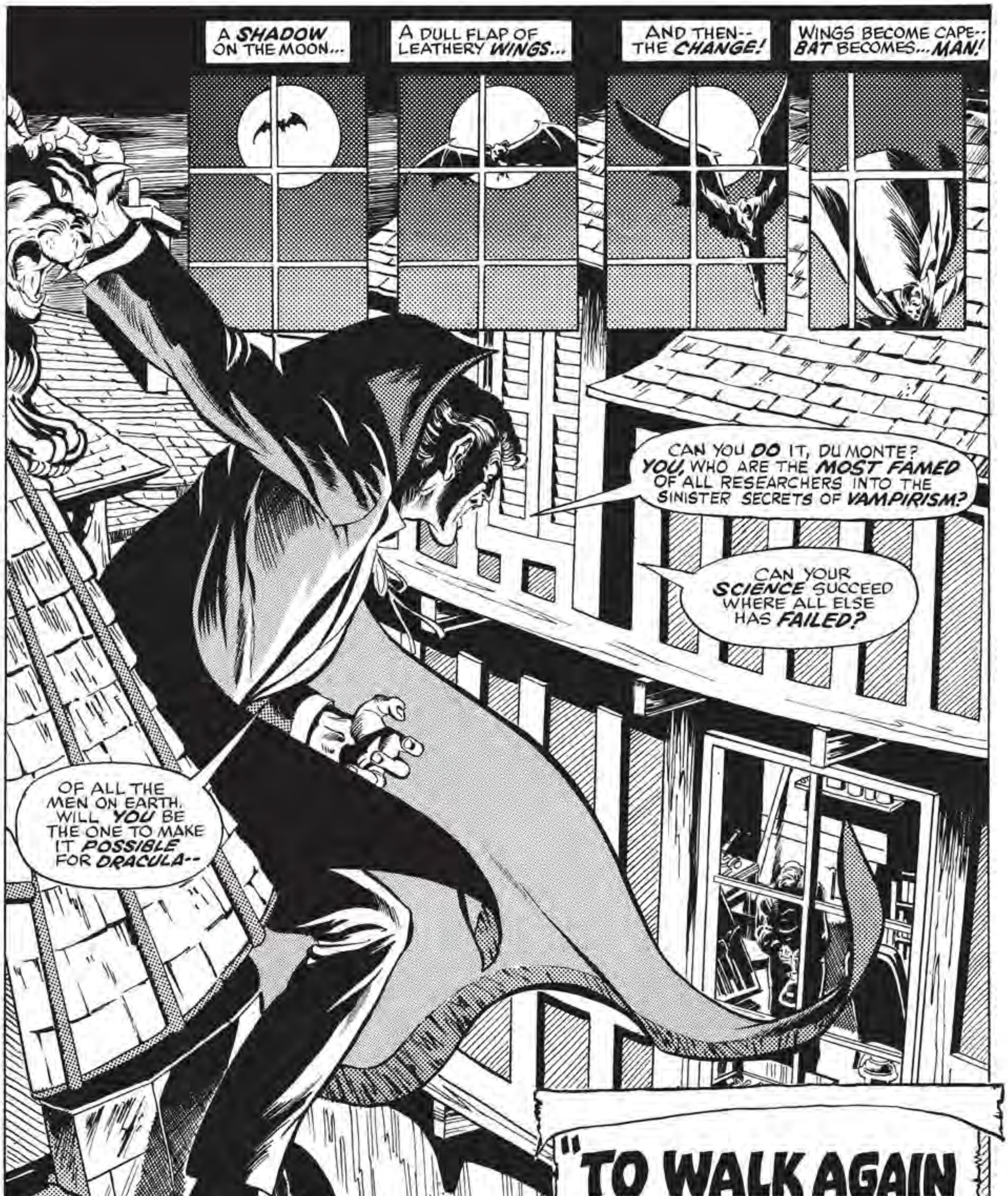
We'll be seeing you—in two short risings of the full moon!


WARNING!
A NEFARIOUS NEW, GIANT-SIZE COMIC-MAG HAS ESCAPED FROM THE VAULTS OF MACABRE MARVEL!
BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR:
* AWESOME AUTHORS LIKE ROBERT (PSYCHO) BLOCH AND ROBERT E. (CONAN) HOWARD!
* ART AND SCRIPT BY THE BULLPEN'S BEST!
* FABULOUS FEATURES ON FAR-OUT FRIGHT-FILMS!
* PLUS: A TREASURY OF TERROR-LADEN PHOTOS!
IT'S LUMBERING YOUR WAY, AT YOUR FIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD NEWSSTAND-- ON MARCH 20TH!!
THIS IS THE MAG TO LOOK FOR--!
MONSTERS UNLEASHED!
76 GLORIOUS PAGES-- FOR ONLY 75¢
AND KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THE ZOMBIE! COMING SOON!

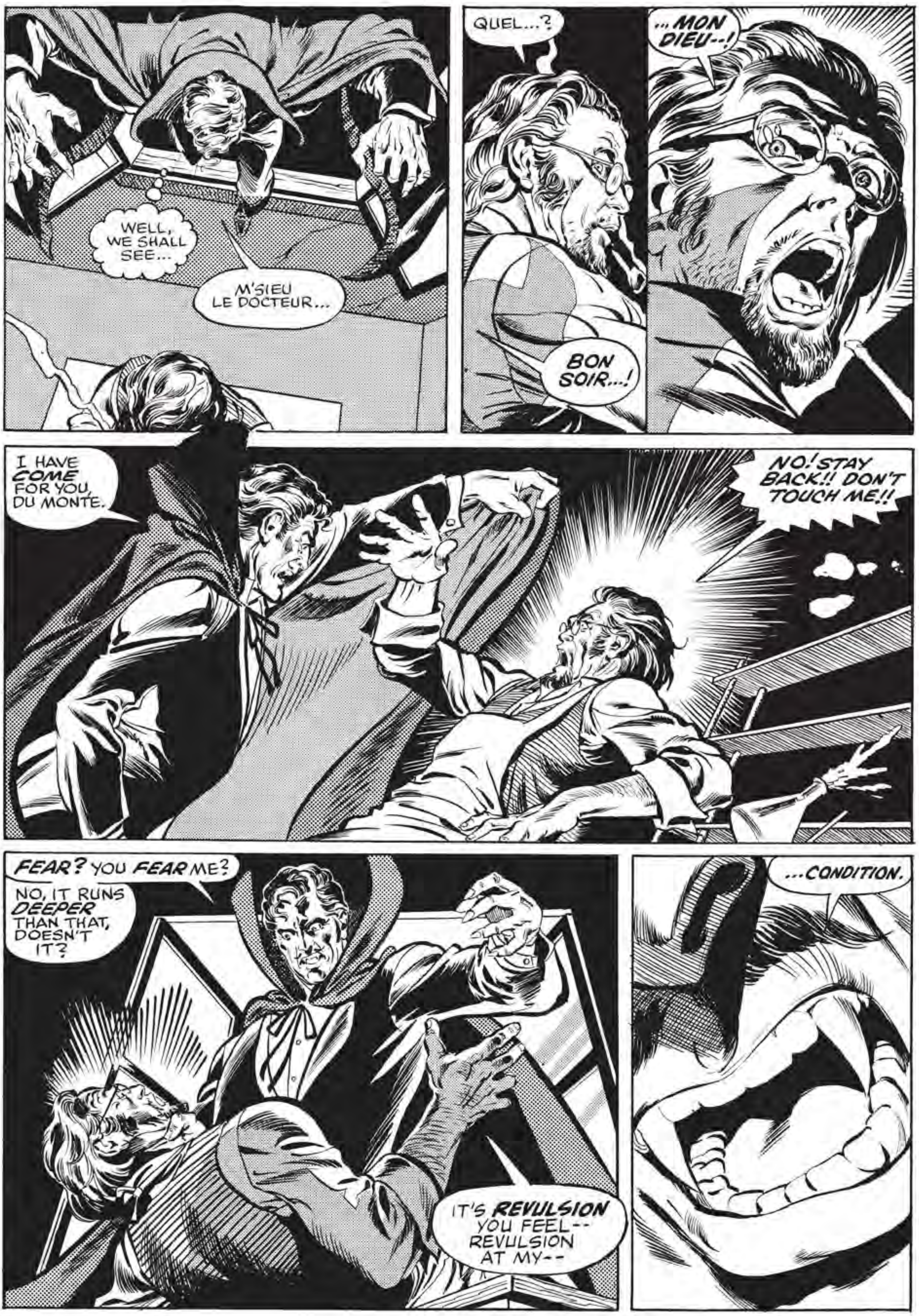

Count Dracula here once more Dear *Bettina* and I have come to show you the scenic route *out* of our fear-fraught little magazine.
But, I hope and trust you'll pass this way *again* in a fortnight or four, when—
Eh? Who's *this* haplessly horizontal fellow, you ask?
Merely a ne'er-do-well *cousin* of mine . . . *Baron Borga* by name . . . from the *Transjordanian* side of the family.
He tried to renounce his vampiric heritage, and I was forced to *liberate* him from his night-stalking privileges.
I really shouldn't be *too* hard on him, I suppose. After all, once I tried to do the *same thing,* a mere century ago.
You say you'd like to *hear* about it, before you shuffle off this unmortal coil? Then lend an *ear* . . .

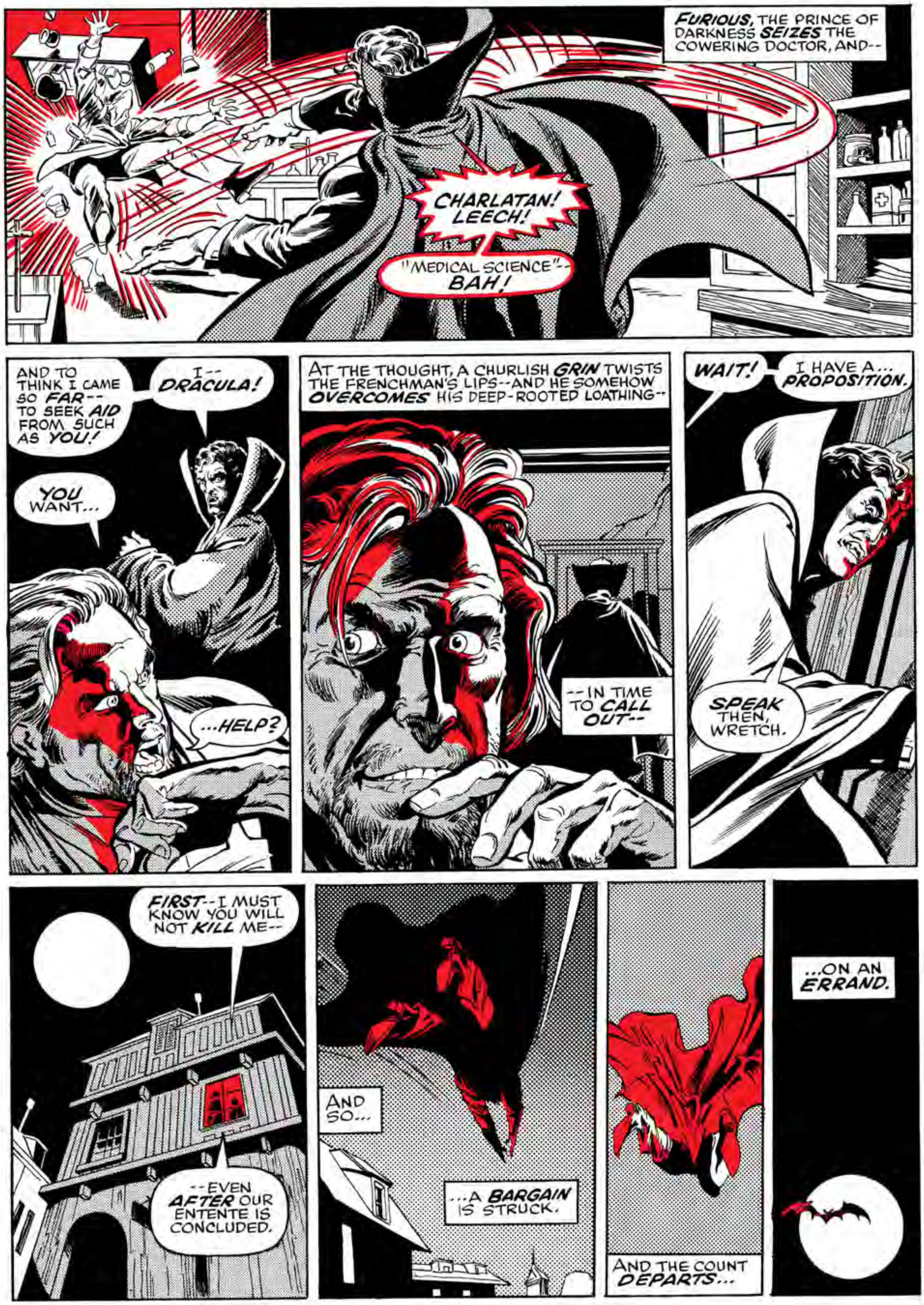
PROLOGUE:

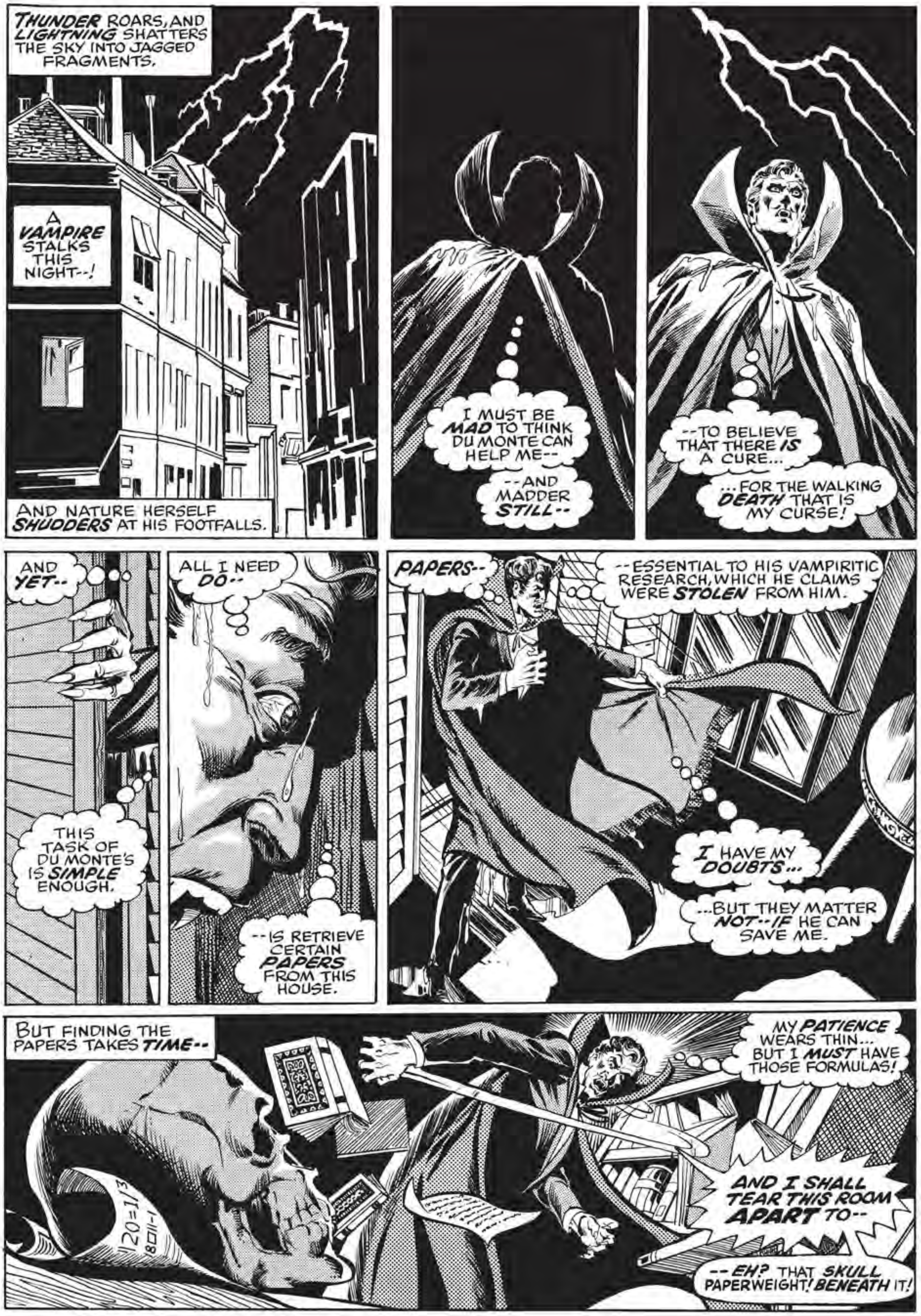

VIENNA-- THE LATE 1800'S.
BY THE LIGHT OF A FLICKERING MIDNIGHT CANDLE, COUNT DRACULA READS OF THE RESEARCHES OF A DOCTOR CALLED DU MONTE.
AND IN THEM... HE FINDS SOMETHING.
FOR TWO CENTURIES, DRACULA HAS MOURNED THE DEATH OF THE WOMAN... THE DOOMED GIRL NAMED CHARITY BROWN...
AND NOW...
HE SEEKS A WAY--
--OUT.
OUT OF THE DARKNESS.
OUT OF THE CURSE WHICH FORCES HIM TO SUSTAIN HIS OWN LIFE BY DRINKING THE BLOOD OF OTHER MEN.
AND SO, HE MUST FIND THIS FRENCHMAN, DU MONTE... THIS SCIENTIST...
FOR IN THAT MAN'S BRAIN RESIDES... THE ANSWER!

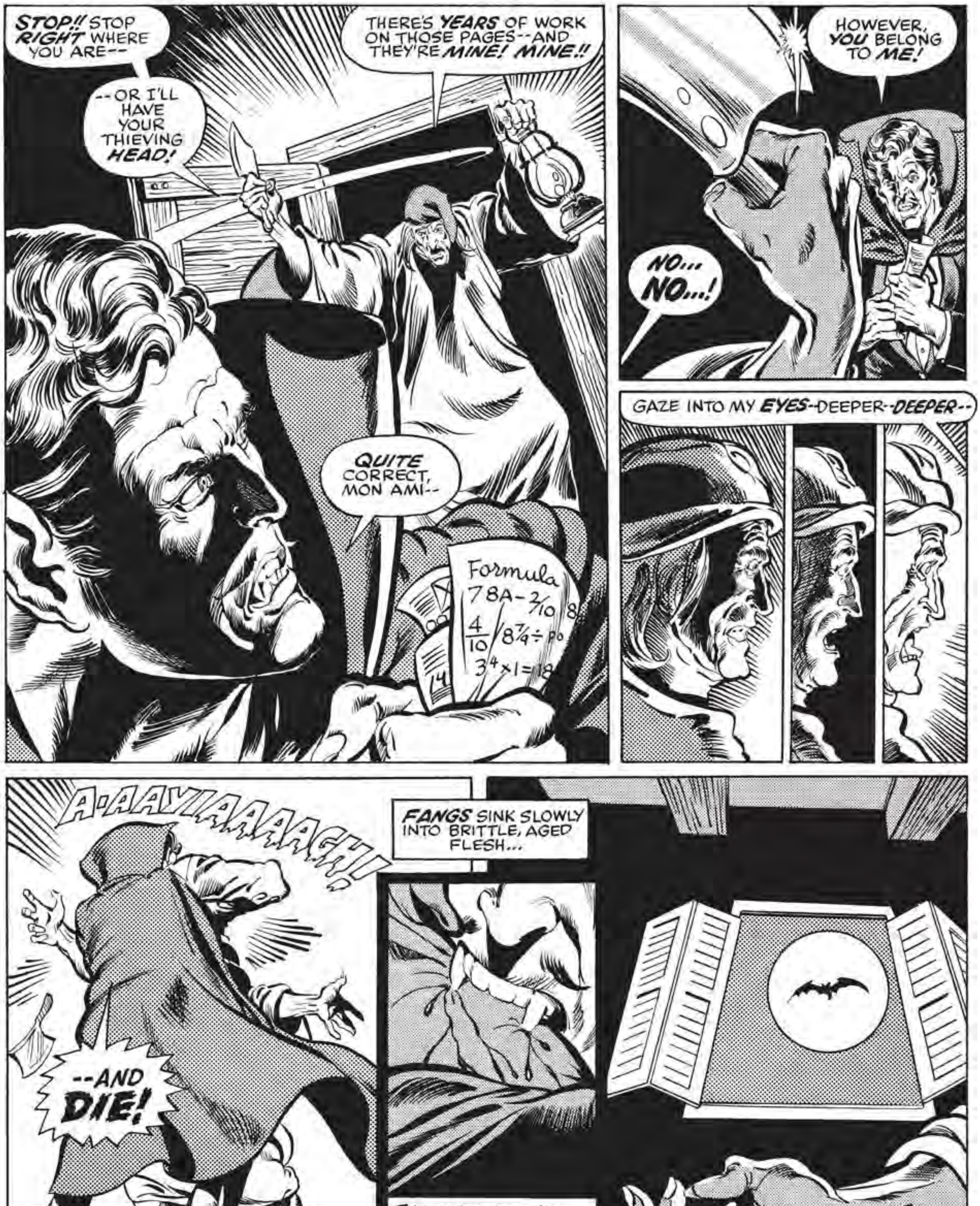

A SHADOW ON THE MOON...
A DULL FLAP OF LEATHERY WINGS...
AND THEN-- THE CHANGE!
WINGS BECOME CAPE-- BAT BECOMES... MAN!
CAN YOU DO IT, DU MONTE? YOU, WHO ARE THE MOST FAMED OF ALL RESEARCHERS INTO THE SINISTER SECRETS OF VAMPIRISM?
CAN YOUR SCIENCE SUCCEED WHERE ALL ELSE HAS FAILED?
OF ALL THE MEN ON EARTH, WILL YOU BE THE ONE TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR DRACULA--
"TO WALK AGAIN IN DAYLIGHT!"
SCRIPT STEVE GERBER
ART RICH BUCKLER and PABLO MARCOS
HOTEL IMAGE

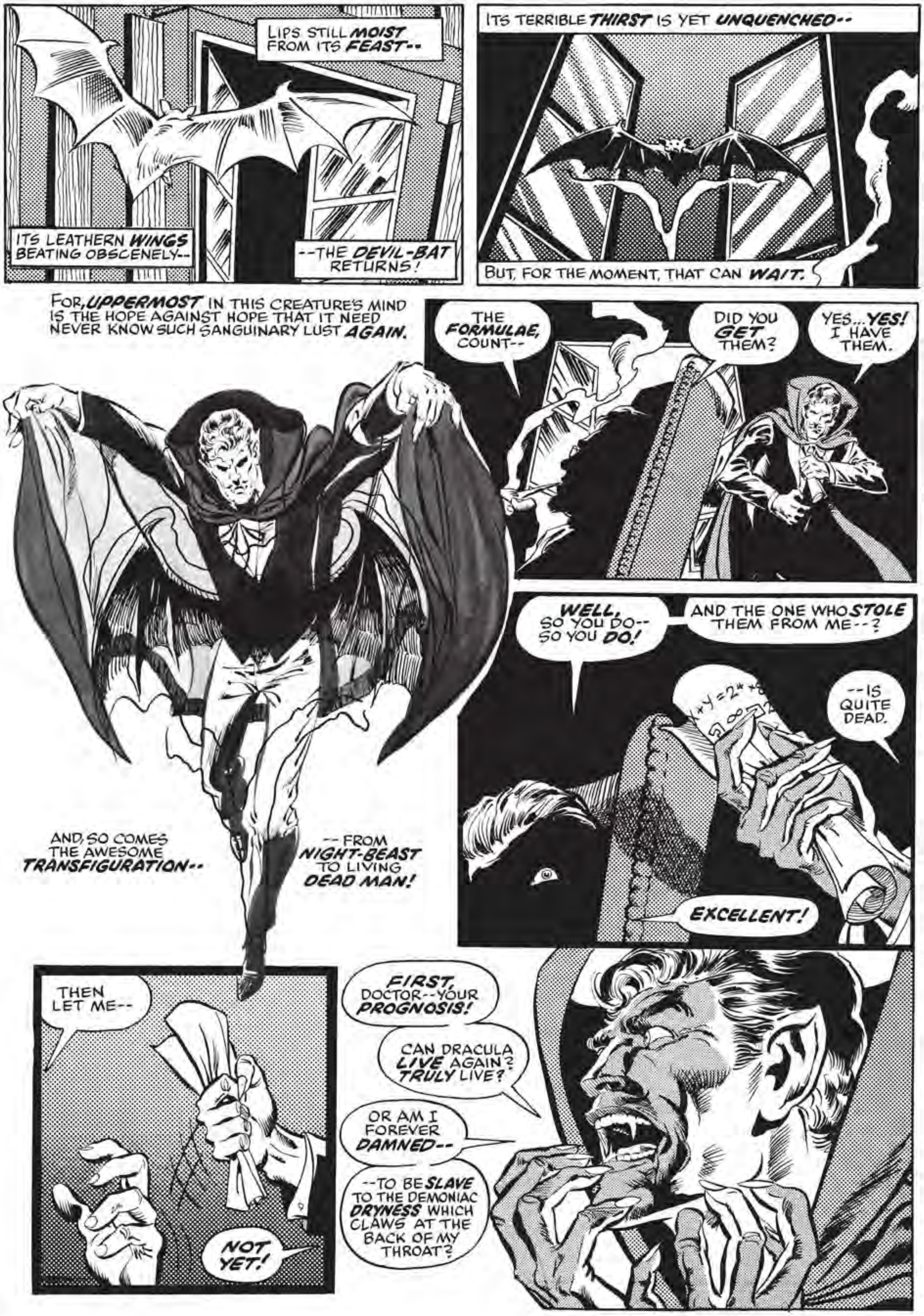
Letterer: Joe Rosen
Art Restoration: Michael Kelleher & Kellustration

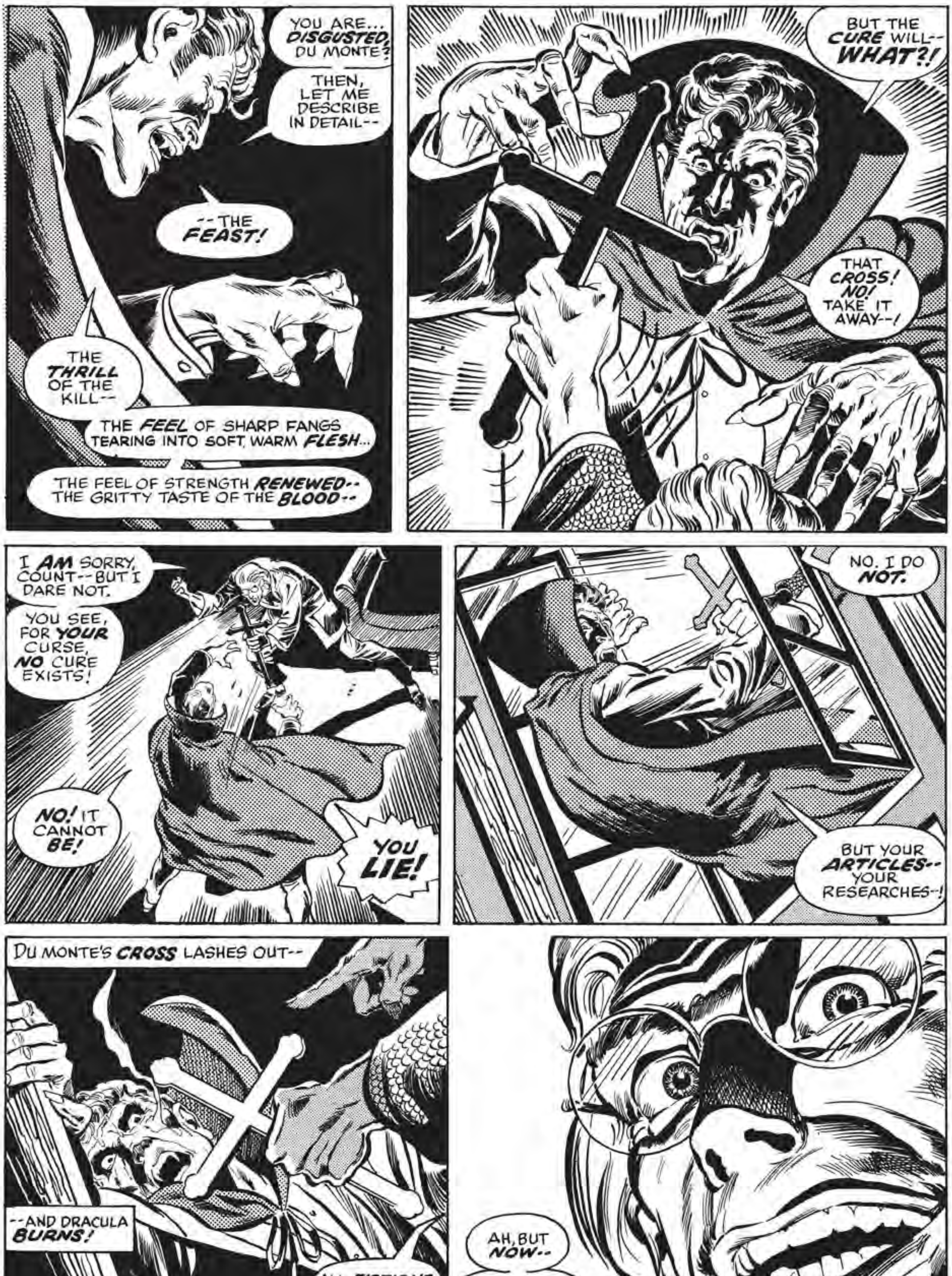

WELL, WE SHALL SEE...
M'SIEU LE DOCTEUR...
QUEL...?
BON SOIR...!
...MON DIEU--!
I HAVE *COME* FOR YOU, DU MONTE.
NO! STAY BACK!! DON'T TOUCH ME!!
FEAR? YOU *FEAR* ME?
NO, IT RUNS *DEEPER* THAN THAT, DOESN'T IT?
IT'S *REVULSION* YOU FEEL-- REVULSION AT MY--
...CONDITION.

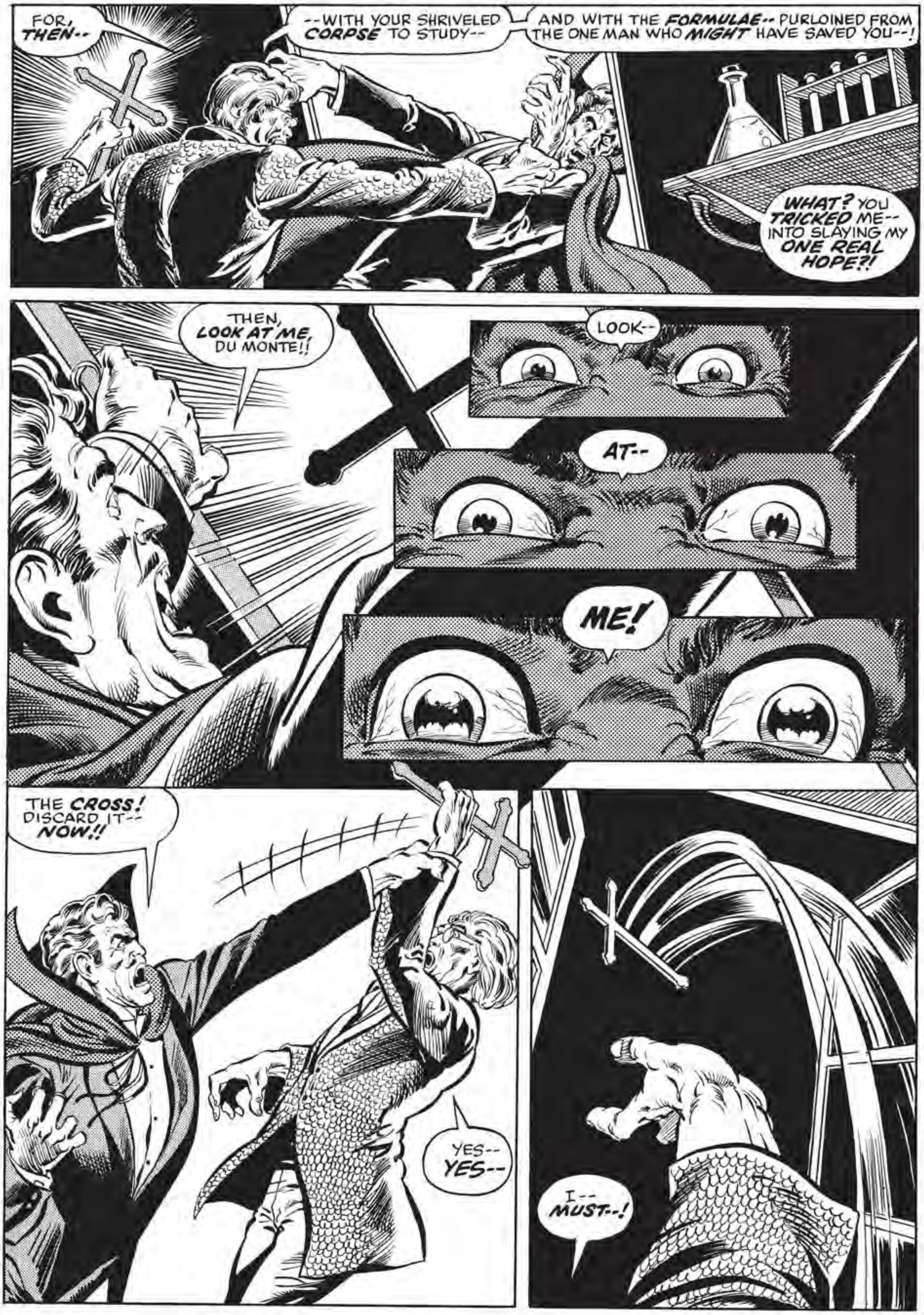

FURIOUS, THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS SEIZES THE COWERING DOCTOR, AND--
CHARLATAN! LEECH!
"MEDICAL SCIENCE"-- BAH!
AND TO THINK I CAME SO FAR-- TO SEEK AID FROM SUCH AS YOU!
I-- DRACULA!
YOU WANT...
...HELP?
AT THE THOUGHT, A CHURLISH GRIN TWISTS THE FRENCHMAN'S LIPS--AND HE SOMEHOW OVERCOMES HIS DEEP-ROOTED LOATHING--
--IN TIME TO CALL OUT--
WAIT!
I HAVE A... PROPOSITION.
SPEAK THEN, WRETCH.
FIRST--I MUST KNOW YOU WILL NOT KILL ME--
--EVEN AFTER OUR ENTENTE IS CONCLUDED.
AND SO...
...A BARGAIN IS STRUCK.
AND THE COUNT DEPARTS...
...ON AN ERRAND.

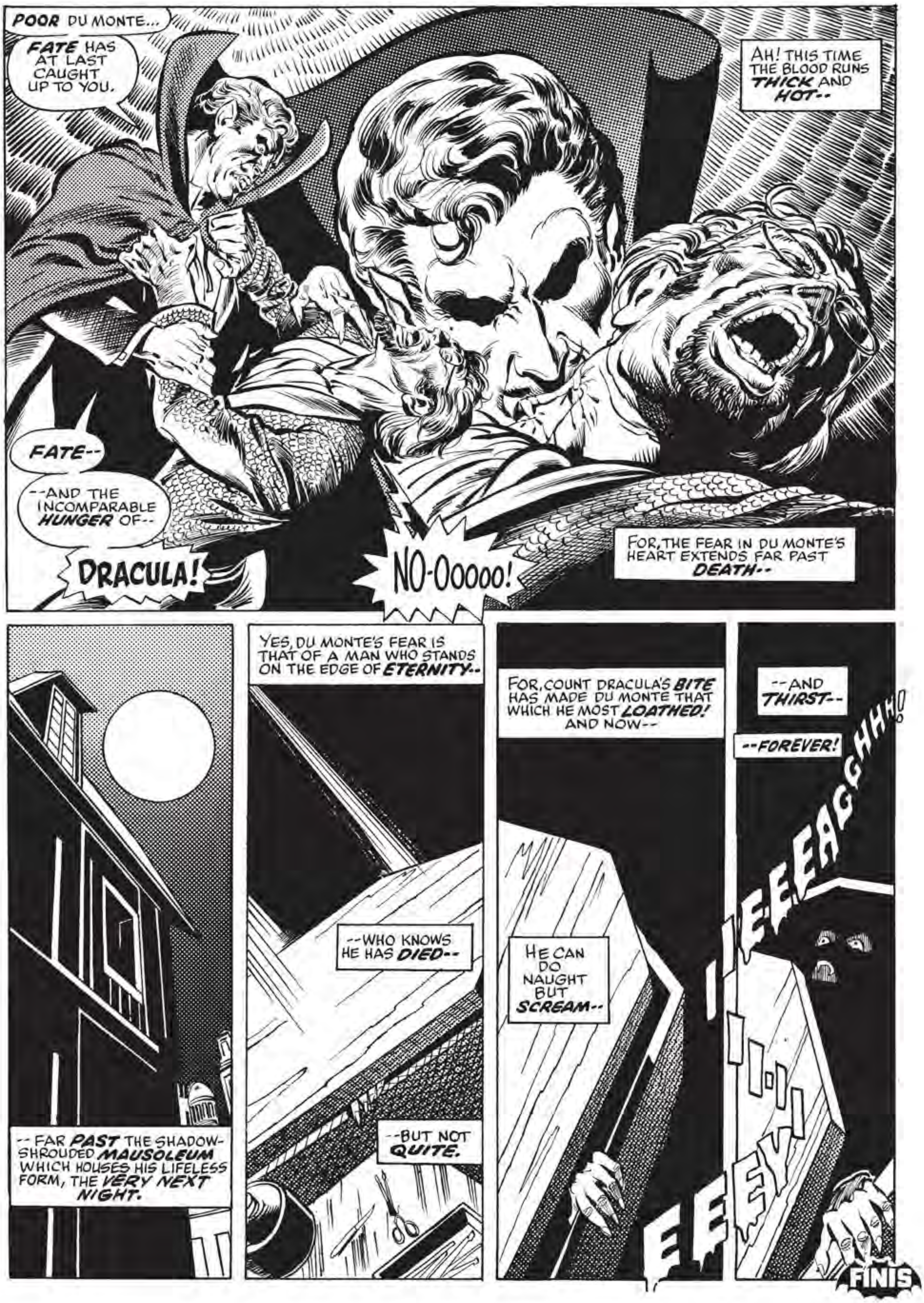

THUNDER ROARS, AND LIGHTNING SHATTERS THE SKY INTO JAGGED FRAGMENTS.
A VAMPIRE STALKS THIS NIGHT--!
AND NATURE HERSELF SHUDDERS AT HIS FOOTFALLS.
I MUST BE MAD TO THINK DU MONTE CAN HELP ME--
--AND MADDER STILL--
--TO BELIEVE THAT THERE IS A CURE...
...FOR THE WALKING DEATH THAT IS MY CURSE!
AND YET--
THIS TASK OF DU MONTE'S IS SIMPLE ENOUGH.
ALL I NEED DO--
--IS RETRIEVE CERTAIN PAPERS FROM THIS HOUSE.
PAPERS--
--ESSENTIAL TO HIS VAMPIRITIC RESEARCH, WHICH HE CLAIMS WERE STOLEN FROM HIM.
I HAVE MY DOUBTS...
...BUT THEY MATTER NOT--IF HE CAN SAVE ME.
BUT FINDING THE PAPERS TAKES TIME--
MY PATIENCE WEARS THIN... BUT I MUST HAVE THOSE FORMULAS!
AND I SHALL TEAR THIS ROOM APART TO--
--EH? THAT SKULL PAPERWEIGHT! BENEATH IT!

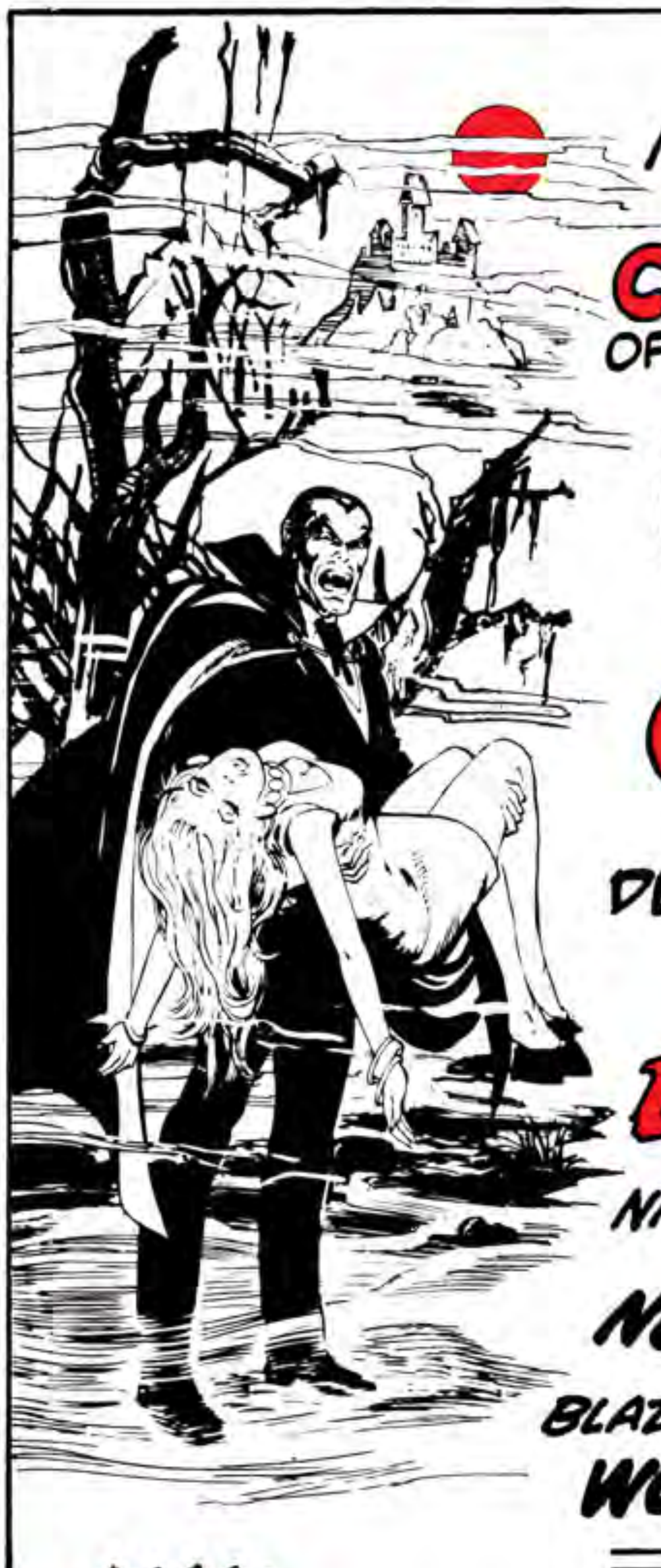

STOP!! STOP RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE--
--OR I'LL HAVE YOUR THIEVING HEAD!
THERE'S YEARS OF WORK ON THOSE PAGES--AND THEY'RE MINE! MINE!!
QUITE CORRECT, MON AMI--
Formula
HOWEVER, YOU BELONG TO ME!
NO... NO...!
GAZE INTO MY EYES--DEEPER--DEEPER--
A-AAYIAAAAAGH!!
--AND DIE!
FANGS SINK SLOWLY INTO BRITTLE, AGED FLESH...
THE TASTE OF THE BLOOD IS WEAK, UNSATISFYING--
BUT DRACULA SAVORS EVERY DROP--EVERY DROP, SUCKING IT SLOWLY, DELICATELY...
...DRAINING THE CORPSE DRY.


LIPS STILL MOIST FROM ITS FEAST--
ITS LEATHERN WINGS BEATING OBSCENELY--
--THE DEVIL-BAT RETURNS!
ITS TERRIBLE THIRST IS YET UNQUENCHED--
BUT, FOR THE MOMENT, THAT CAN WAIT.
FOR, UPPERMOST IN THIS CREATURE'S MIND IS THE HOPE AGAINST HOPE THAT IT NEED NEVER KNOW SUCH SANGUINARY LUST AGAIN.
THE FORMULAE, COUNT--
DID YOU GET THEM?
YES... YES! I HAVE THEM.
AND, SO COMES THE AWESOME TRANSFIGURATION--
--FROM NIGHT-BEAST TO LIVING DEAD MAN!
WELL, SO YOU DO-- SO YOU DO!
AND THE ONE WHO STOLE THEM FROM ME--?
--IS QUITE DEAD.
EXCELLENT!
THEN LET ME--
NOT YET!
FIRST, DOCTOR--YOUR PROGNOSIS!
CAN DRACULA LIVE AGAIN? TRULY LIVE?
OR AM I FOREVER DAMNED--
--TO BE SLAVE TO THE DEMONIAC DRYNESS WHICH CLAWS AT THE BACK OF MY THROAT?


YOU ARE... DISGUSTED, DU MONTE?
THEN, LET ME DESCRIBE IN DETAIL--
--THE FEAST!
THE THRILL OF THE KILL--
THE FEEL OF SHARP FANGS TEARING INTO SOFT, WARM FLESH...
THE FEEL OF STRENGTH RENEWED-- THE GRITTY TASTE OF THE BLOOD--
BUT THE CURE WILL-- WHAT?!
THAT CROSS! NO! TAKE IT AWAY--!
I AM SORRY, COUNT--BUT I DARE NOT.
YOU SEE, FOR YOUR CURSE, NO CURE EXISTS!
NO! IT CANNOT BE!
YOU LIE!
NO, I DO NOT.
BUT YOUR ARTICLES-- YOUR RESEARCHES--!
DU MONTE'S CROSS LASHES OUT--
--AND DRACULA BURNS!
ALL FICTIONS, I FEAR--
--BASED ON OTHER MEN'S WORK.
AH, BUT NOW--
I NEED ONLY WAIT UNTIL DAWN---!


FOR, THEN--
--WITH YOUR SHRIVELED CORPSE TO STUDY--
AND WITH THE FORMULAE-- PURLOINED FROM THE ONE MAN WHO MIGHT HAVE SAVED YOU--!
WHAT? YOU TRICKED ME-- INTO SLAYING MY ONE REAL HOPE?!
THEN, LOOK AT ME, DU MONTE!!
LOOK--
AT--
ME!
THE CROSS! DISCARD IT-- NOW!!
YES-- YES--
I-- MUST--!


POOR DU MONTE...
FATE HAS AT LAST CAUGHT UP TO YOU.
AH! THIS TIME THE BLOOD RUNS THICK AND HOT--
FATE--
--AND THE INCOMPARABLE HUNGER OF--
DRACULA!
NO-OOOOO!
FOR, THE FEAR IN DU MONTE'S HEART EXTENDS FAR PAST DEATH--
--FAR PAST THE SHADOW-SHROUDED MAUSOLEUM WHICH HOUSES HIS LIFELESS FORM, THE VERY NEXT NIGHT.
YES, DU MONTE'S FEAR IS THAT OF A MAN WHO STANDS ON THE EDGE OF ETERNITY--
--WHO KNOWS HE HAS DIED--
--BUT NOT QUITE.
FOR, COUNT DRACULA'S BITE HAS MADE DU MONTE THAT WHICH HE MOST LOATHED! AND NOW--
HE CAN DO NAUGHT BUT SCREAM--
--AND THIRST--
--FOREVER!
EEEYI-I-I-IEEEEAGGHHH!
FINIS



AND *NOW*, MONSTERPHILES-- A CREAKING **COFFIN-FULL** OF COMING ATTRACTIONS FROM OUR

NEXT ISSUE:

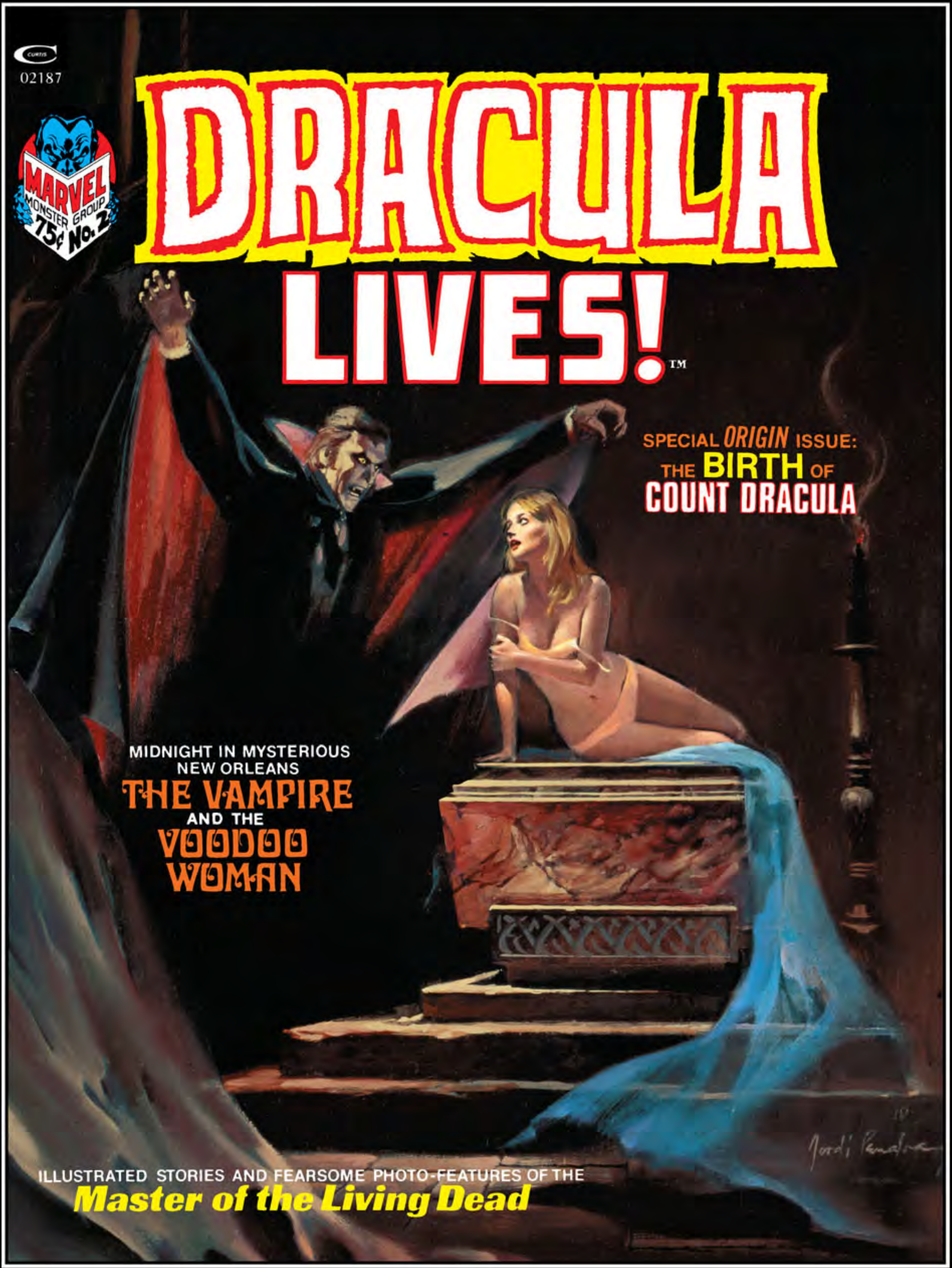
THE TERRIFYING BUT *TRUE* **ORIGIN** OF THE MOST DEADLY VAMPIRE OF ALL!

PLUS: ***DRACULA*** *STALKS THE NIGHT-DARK STREETS OF* ***NEW ORLEANS***-- *and the* *BLAZING BATTLEFIELDS OF* ***WORLD WAR TWO!***

BONUS! MORE *FEATURES*, MORE *FANTASY*, MORE FAR-OUT *PHOTOS* THAN EVER!! IT'S ALL COMING YOUR WAY ON *APRIL 17TH*, TO PROVE BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT THAT--

DRACULA LIVES!™

BELIEVE IT, VAMPIRE-LOVER!


CURTIS
02187
MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
75¢ No. 2
DRACULA
LIVES!™
SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE:
THE BIRTH OF
COUNT DRACULA
MIDNIGHT IN MYSTERIOUS
NEW ORLEANS
THE VAMPIRE
AND THE
VOODOO
WOMAN
ILLUSTRATED STORIES AND FEARSOME PHOTO-FEATURES OF THE
Master of the Living Dead
Jordi Penalva

NO. 2 **STAN LEE** Presents 1973

DRACULA LIVES!

Editor **ROY THOMAS** Production **SOL BRODSKY**
Editorial Staff: **MARV WOLFMAN, GERRY CONWAY, DON McGREGOR, TONY ISABELLA**
Writers This Issue: **CHRIS CLAREMONT, STEVE GERBER, TONY ISABELLA, STAN LEE, ROY THOMAS, MARV WOLFMAN**
Artists This Issue: **NEAL ADAMS, GENE COLAN, DICK GIORDANO, FRED KIDA, SYD SHORES, JIM STARLIN, JOE SINNOTT**
Cover: **PENALVA** Technical Advisor: **BRAM STOKER** (Deceased)

THAT DRACULA MAY LIVE AGAIN! 5
Now it can be told! The tale that Bram Stoker forgot– but Marvel didn't! The awesome origin of the most astonishing man-**and**-bat since Babe Ruth.

ENTER FREELY AND OF YOUR OWN WILL 18
An eerie Editorial, as our erudite Count extends you an invitation you dare not spurn– and makes you an offer you can't refuse.

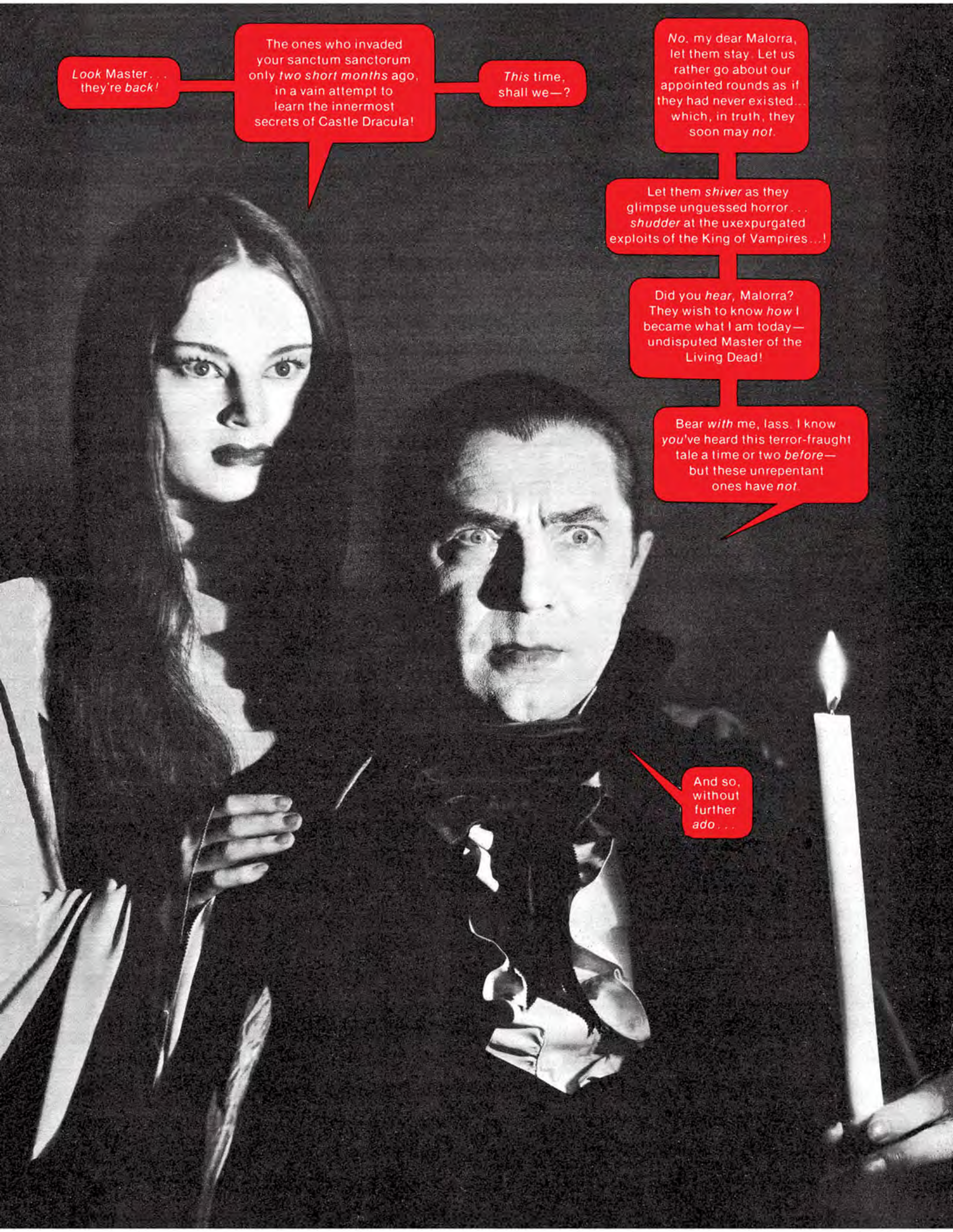
VAMPIRES DRINK DEEP 21
As Calvin Coolidge once said: "The business of business is– blood!" No wonder he didn't choose to run; he could *fly.*

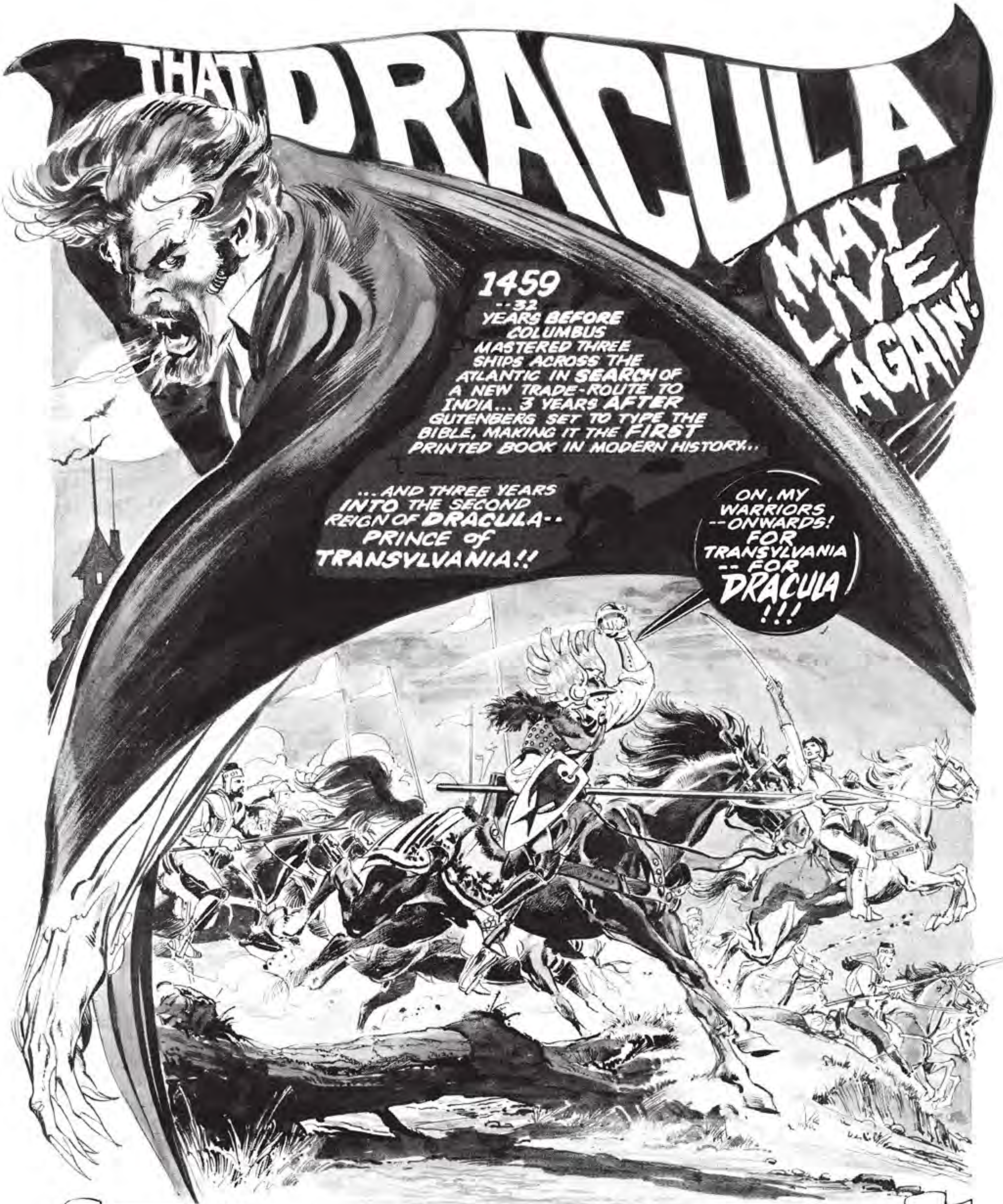
WHO IS BRAM STOKER AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME? 28
At last! Dracula himself tells the full, true story of how he became Master of the Living Dead– and if you believe *this* one, he'll tell you *another!*

THE TERROR THAT STALKED CASTLE DRACULA 35
In its stalking feet, no less. Come with us now to the blazing battlefields of World War Two! (At least, it's a lot safer than *schlepping* around in Transylvania!)

ONE CORPSE– ONE VOTE! 49
Harry Snide used names he found on tombstones to make himself mayor. A tale of a disputed election that turned out to be a very grave matter, indeed.

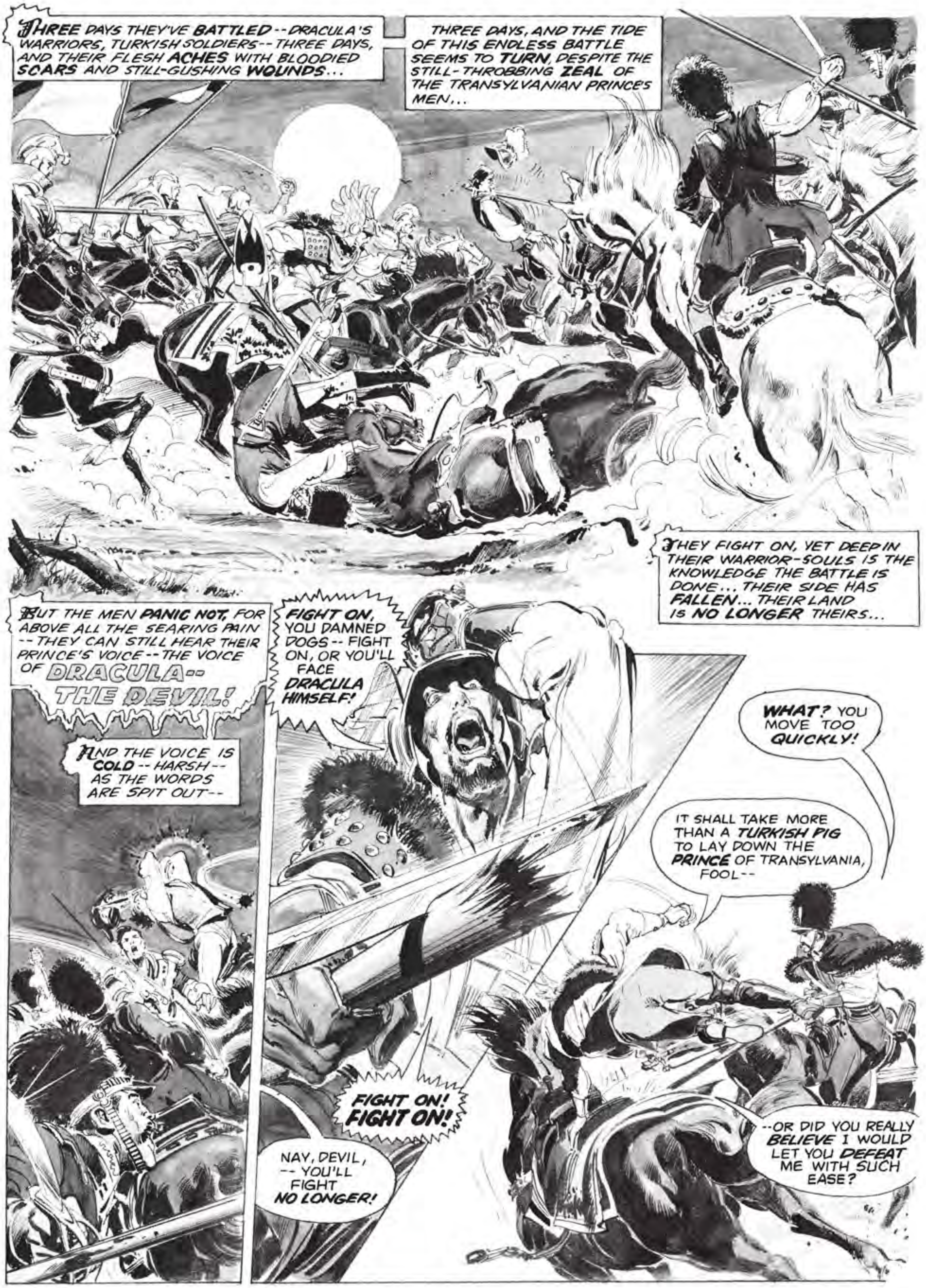
THE VOODOO QUEEN OF NEW ORLEANS 57
Quoth Dracula: "Marry me and you'll live forever! You'll be a vampire bat– but you'll live forever!" Any takers?

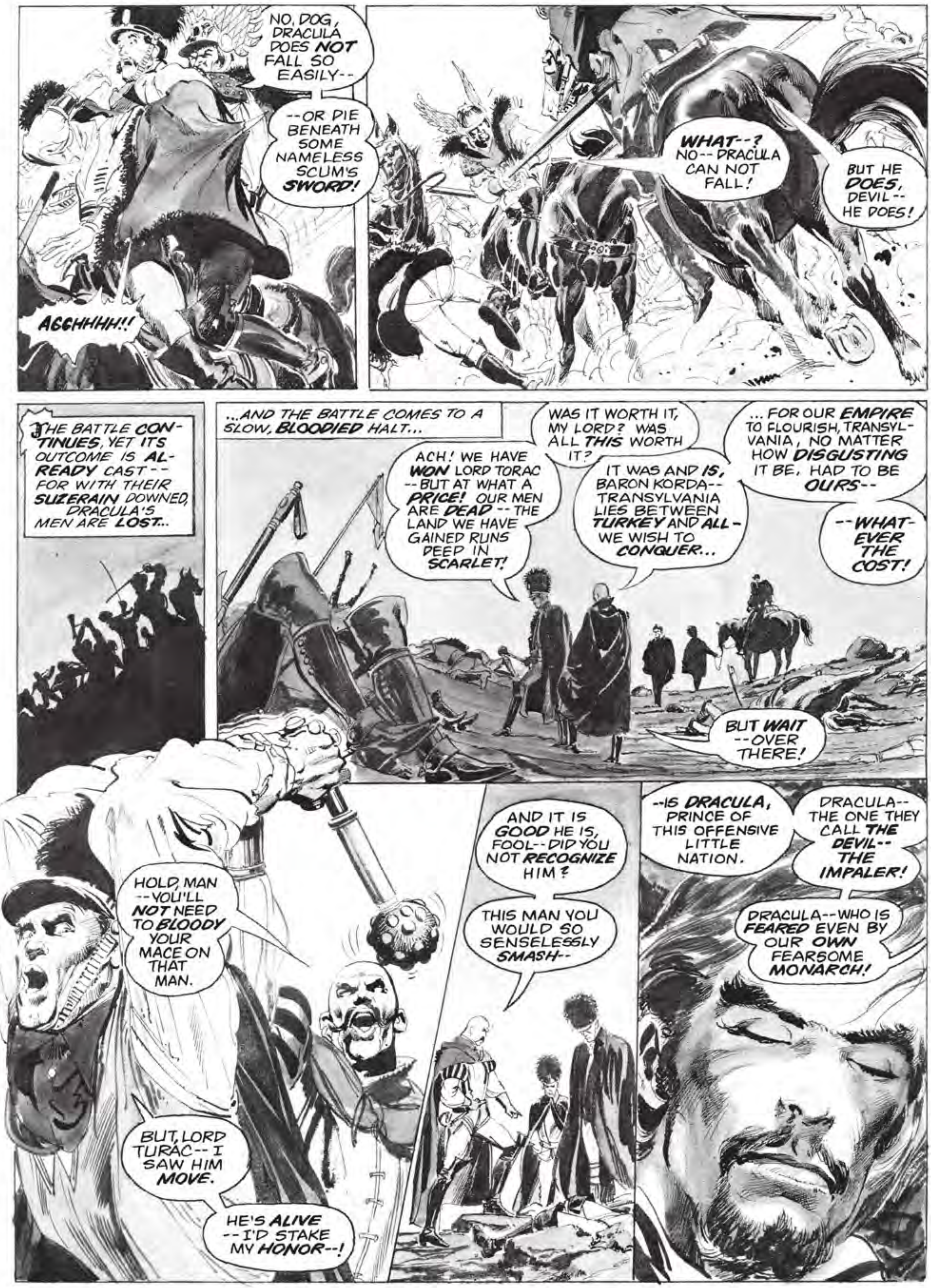

Look Master . . . they're *back!*
The ones who invaded your sanctum sanctorum only *two short months* ago, in a vain attempt to learn the innermost secrets of Castle Dracula!
This time, shall we—?
No, my dear Malorra, let them stay. Let us rather go about our appointed rounds as if they had never existed . . . which, in truth, they soon may *not.*
Let them *shiver* as they glimpse unguessed horror . . . *shudder* at the uxexpurgated exploits of the King of Vampires . . .!
Did you *hear,* Malorra? They wish to know *how* I became what I am today—undisputed Master of the Living Dead!
Bear *with* me, lass. I know *you've* heard this terror-fraught tale a time or two *before*—but these unrepentant ones have *not.*
And so, without further *ado* . . .

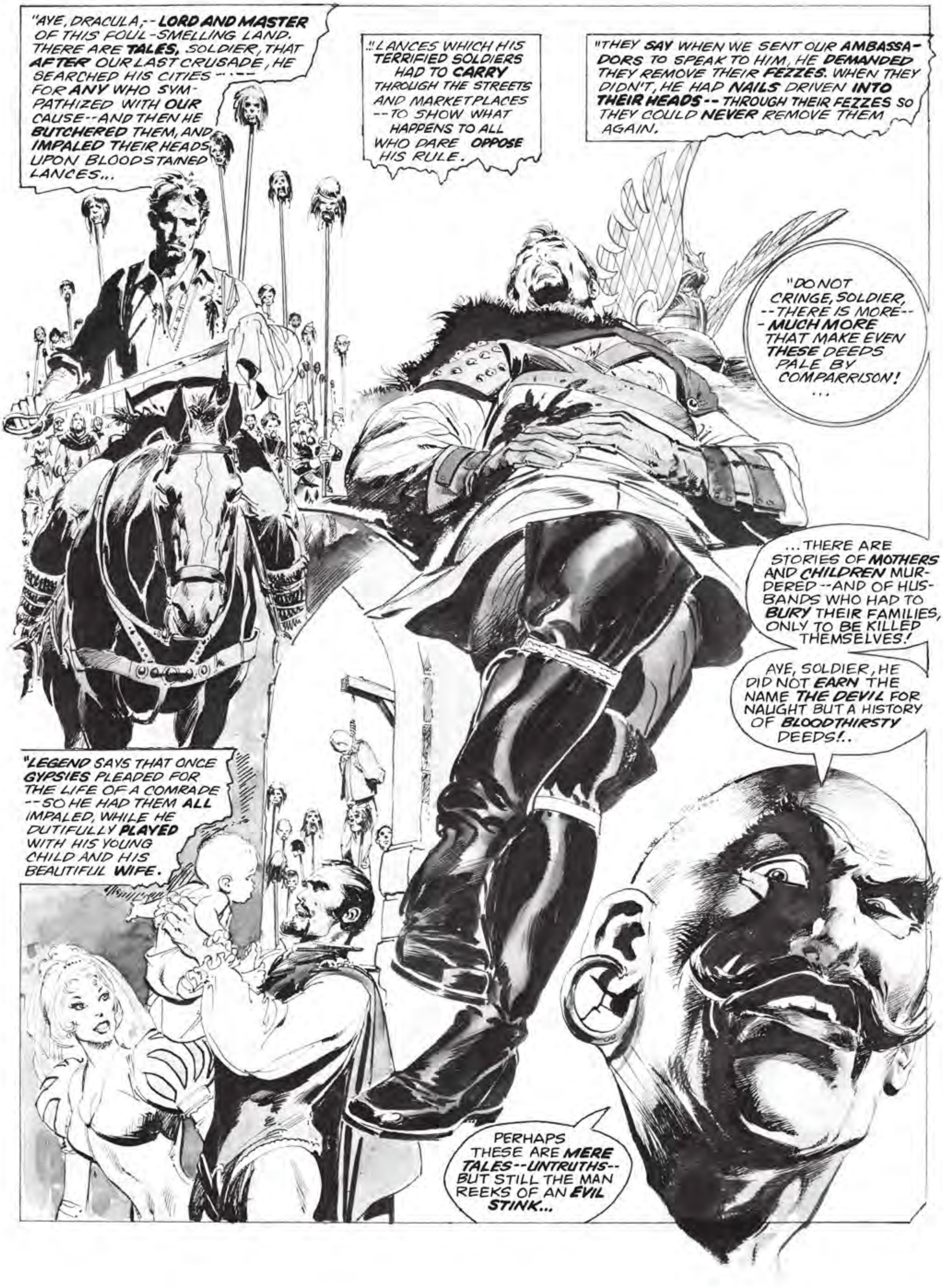

THAT DRACULA MAY LIVE AGAIN!
1459 --32 YEARS BEFORE COLUMBUS MASTERED THREE SHIPS ACROSS THE ATLANTIC IN SEARCH OF A NEW TRADE-ROUTE TO INDIA... 3 YEARS AFTER GUTENBERG SET TO TYPE THE BIBLE, MAKING IT THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK IN MODERN HISTORY...
...AND THREE YEARS INTO THE SECOND REIGN OF DRACULA-- PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA!!
ON, MY WARRIORS --ONWARDS! FOR TRANSYLVANIA -- FOR DRACULA !!!
TWICE BEFORE HAD THE EASTERN HORDES BROKEN THROUGH--TWICE BEFORE THERE WAS THE CLASH OF STEEL UPON STEEL, BONE UPON BONE, AS SOLDIERS OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE FOUGHT TO POSSESS TRANSYLVANIA AND ALL LANDS WESTWARD... AND TWICE BEFORE HAD THE WARRIORS OF DRACULA RESISTED THEM-- FOUGHT THEM BACK--AND KEPT THE LAND AS THEIR OWN!

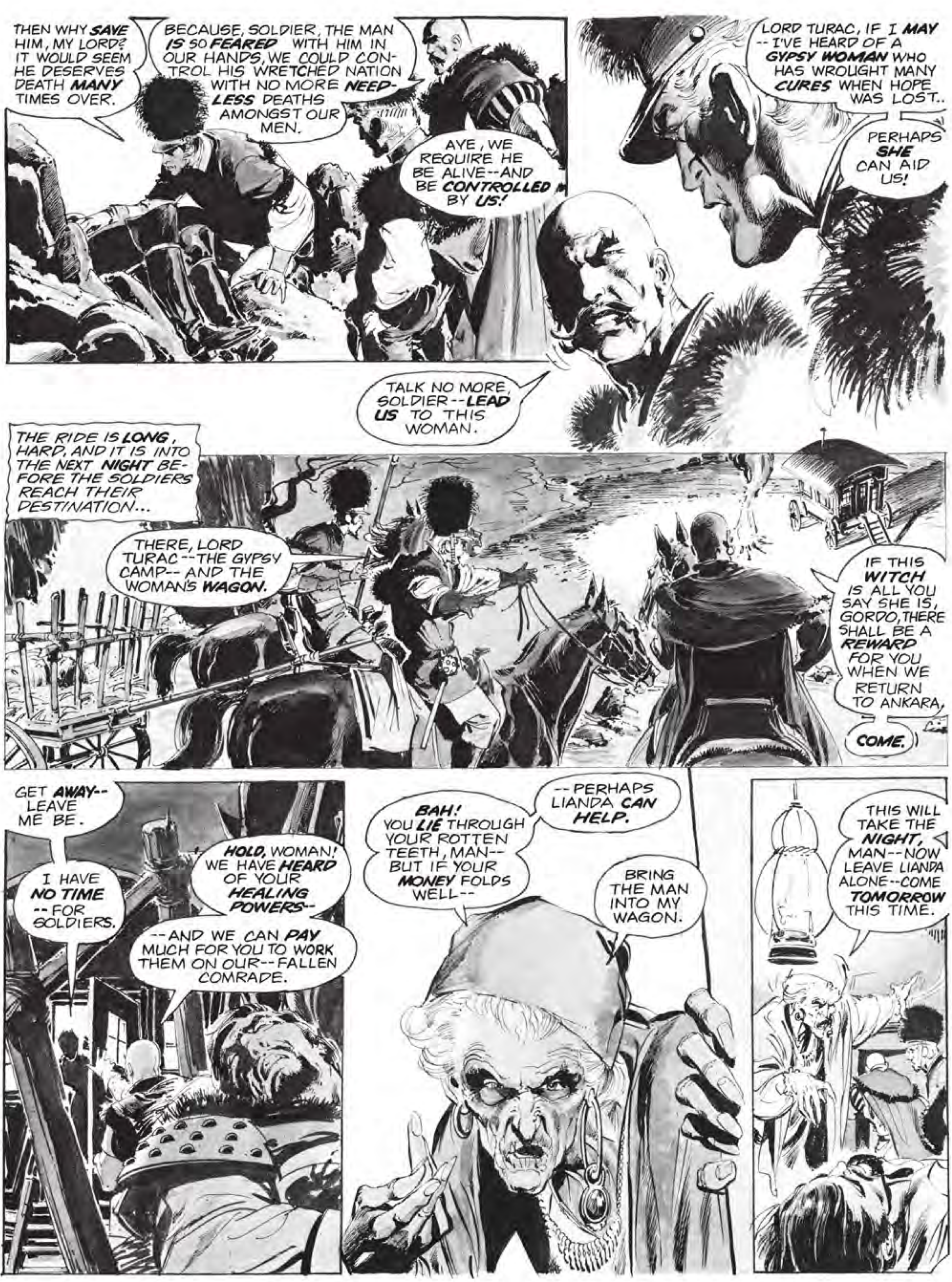
STORY: **MARV WOLFMAN** | ART: **NEAL ADAMS** | **ARCHIE GOODWIN:** SPIRITUAL ADVISOR

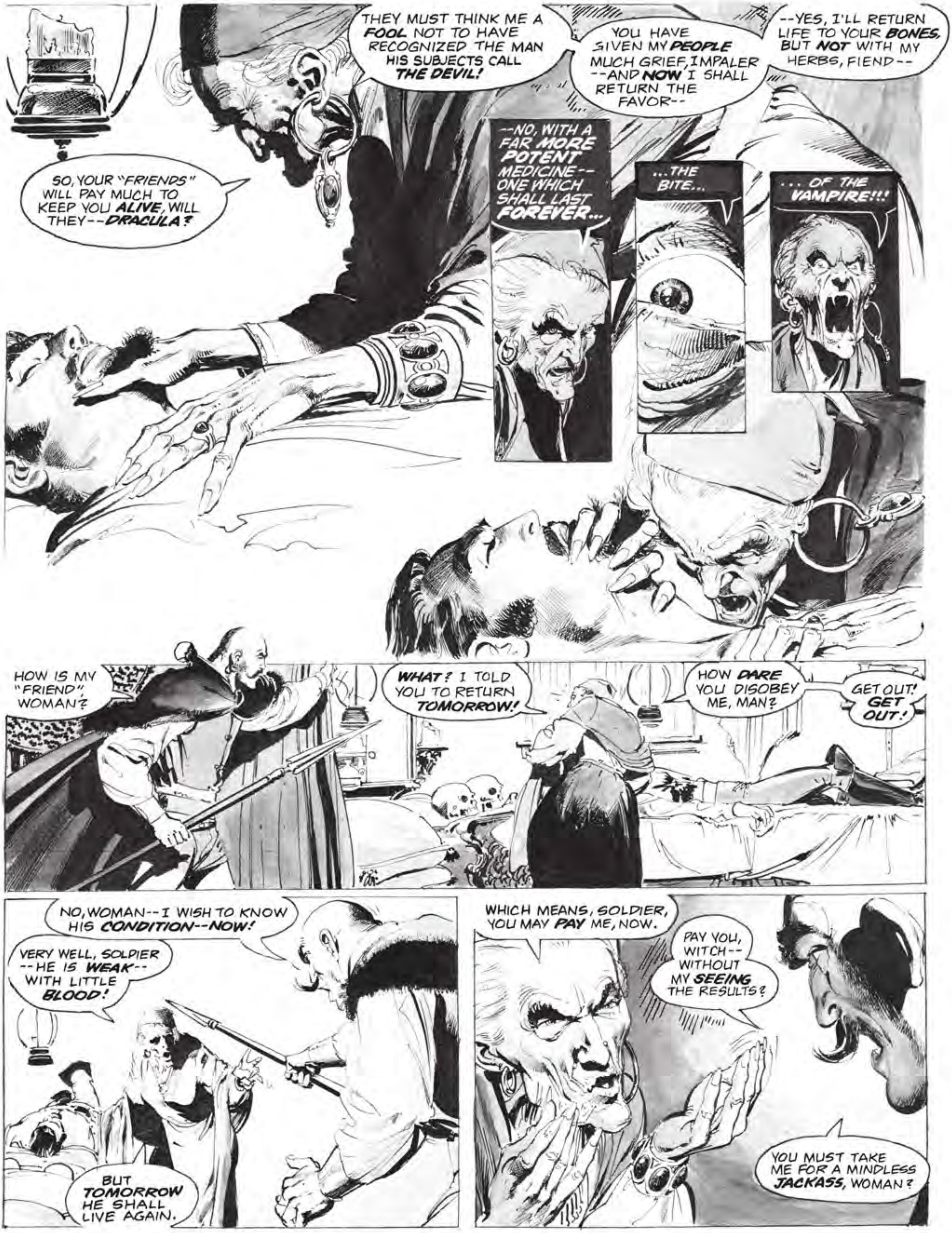
Letterer: Unknown | **Art Restoration:** Michael Kelleher & Kellustration

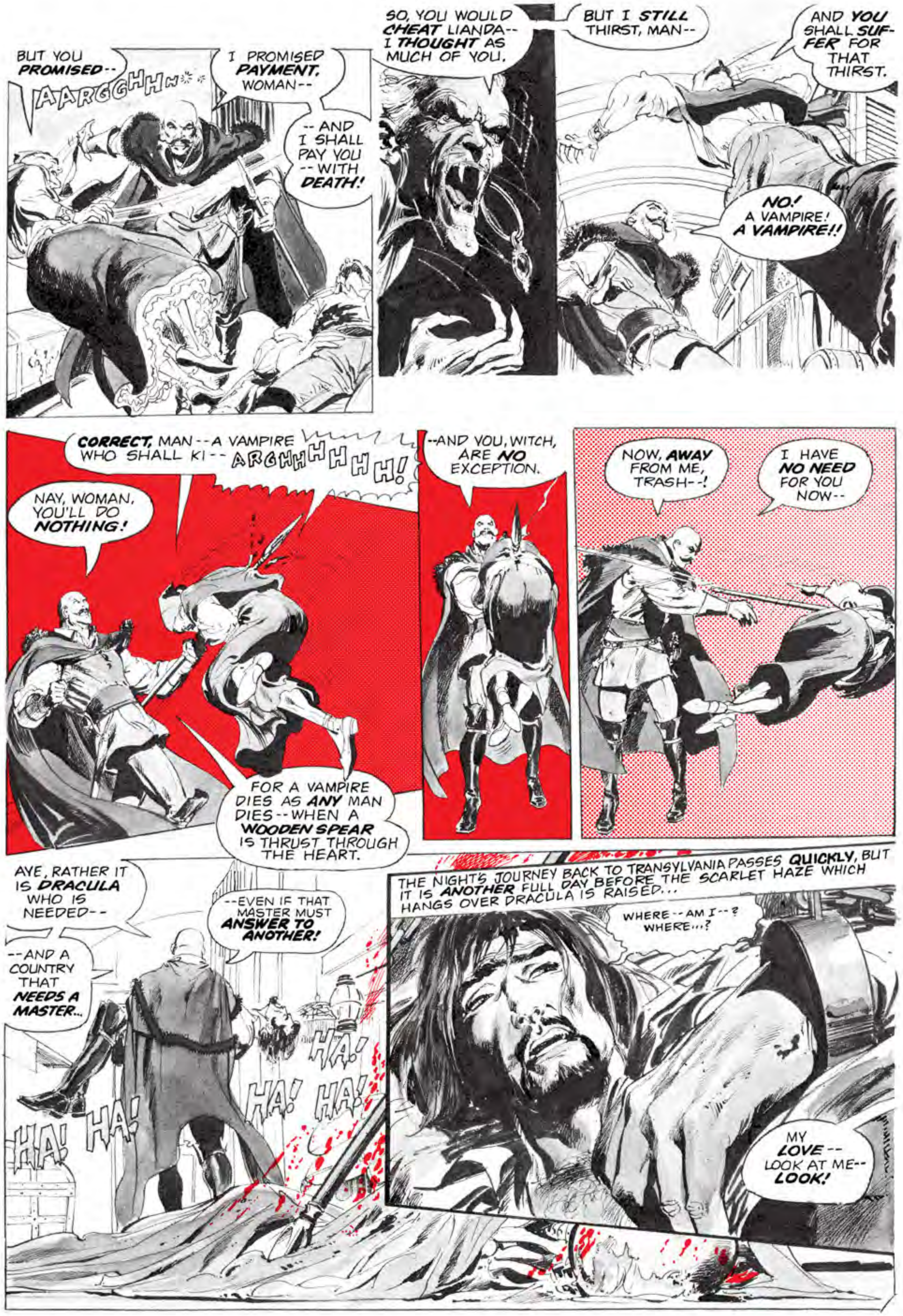

THREE DAYS THEY'VE BATTLED -- DRACULA'S WARRIORS, TURKISH SOLDIERS -- THREE DAYS, AND THEIR FLESH ACHES WITH BLOODIED SCARS AND STILL-GUSHING WOUNDS...
THREE DAYS, AND THE TIDE OF THIS ENDLESS BATTLE SEEMS TO TURN, DESPITE THE STILL-THROBBING ZEAL OF THE TRANSYLVANIAN PRINCE'S MEN...
THEY FIGHT ON, YET DEEP IN THEIR WARRIOR-SOULS IS THE KNOWLEDGE THE BATTLE IS DONE... THEIR SIDE HAS FALLEN... THEIR LAND IS NO LONGER THEIRS...
BUT THE MEN PANIC NOT, FOR ABOVE ALL THE SEARING PAIN -- THEY CAN STILL HEAR THEIR PRINCE'S VOICE -- THE VOICE OF DRACULA -- THE DEVIL!
AND THE VOICE IS COLD -- HARSH -- AS THE WORDS ARE SPIT OUT --
FIGHT ON, YOU DAMNED DOGS -- FIGHT ON, OR YOU'LL FACE DRACULA HIMSELF!
FIGHT ON! FIGHT ON!
NAY, DEVIL, -- YOU'LL FIGHT NO LONGER!
WHAT? YOU MOVE TOO QUICKLY!
IT SHALL TAKE MORE THAN A TURKISH PIG TO LAY DOWN THE PRINCE OF TRANSYLVANIA, FOOL --
-- OR DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE I WOULD LET YOU DEFEAT ME WITH SUCH EASE?

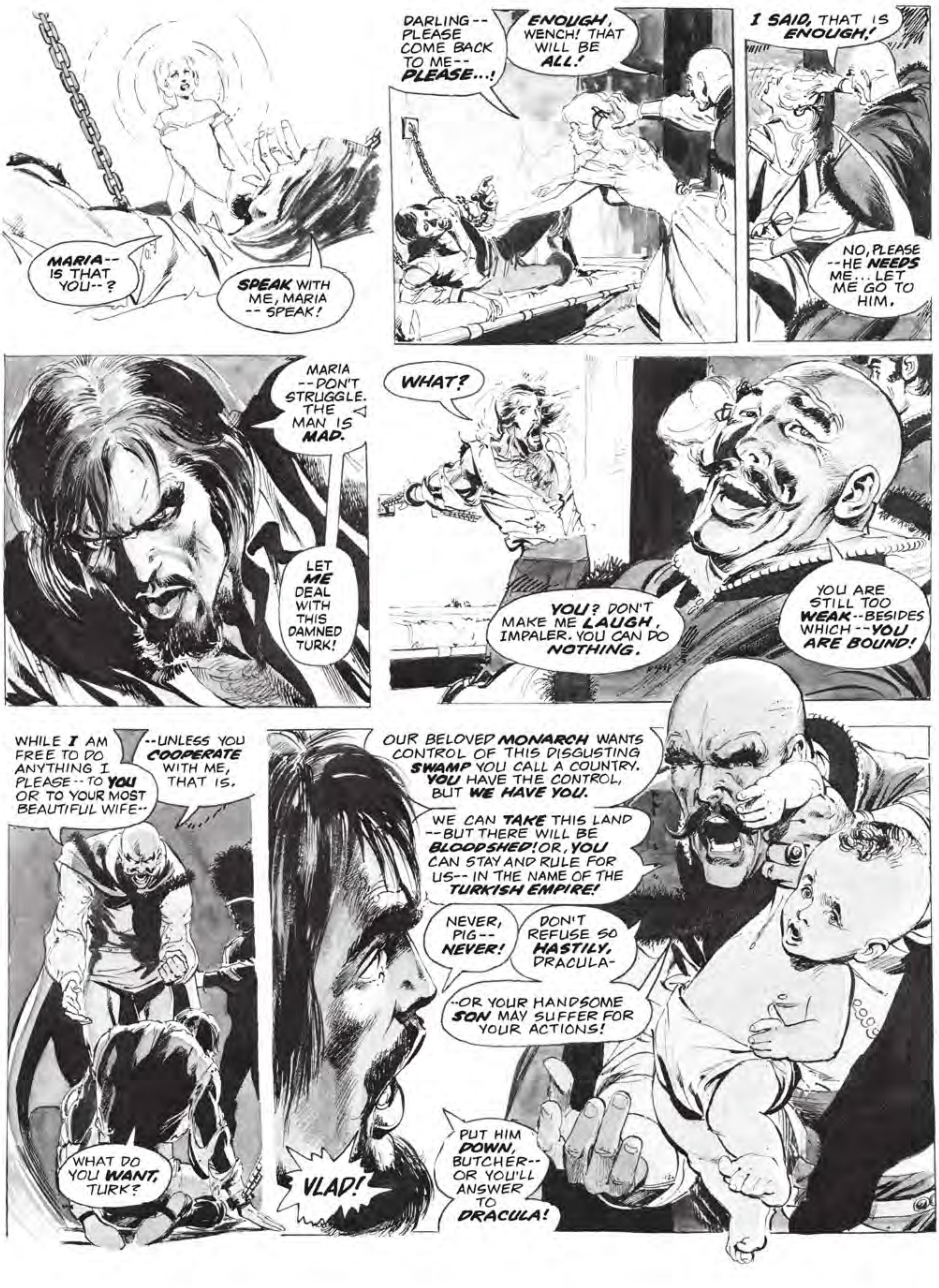

NO, DOG, DRACULA DOES NOT FALL SO EASILY--
--OR DIE BENEATH SOME NAMELESS SCUM'S SWORD!
AGGHHHH!!
WHAT--? NO-- DRACULA CAN NOT FALL!
BUT HE DOES, DEVIL-- HE DOES!
THE BATTLE CONTINUES, YET ITS OUTCOME IS ALREADY CAST-- FOR WITH THEIR SUZERAIN DOWNED, DRACULA'S MEN ARE LOST...
...AND THE BATTLE COMES TO A SLOW, BLOODIED HALT...
ACH! WE HAVE WON LORD TORAC --BUT AT WHAT A PRICE! OUR MEN ARE DEAD --THE LAND WE HAVE GAINED RUNS DEEP IN SCARLET!
WAS IT WORTH IT, MY LORD? WAS ALL THIS WORTH IT?
IT WAS AND IS, BARON KORDA-- TRANSYLVANIA LIES BETWEEN TURKEY AND ALL-WE WISH TO CONQUER...
... FOR OUR EMPIRE TO FLOURISH, TRANSYLVANIA, NO MATTER HOW DISGUSTING IT BE, HAD TO BE OURS--
--WHATEVER THE COST!
BUT WAIT --OVER THERE!
HOLD, MAN --YOU'LL NOT NEED TO BLOODY YOUR MACE ON THAT MAN.
BUT, LORD TURAC-- I SAW HIM MOVE.
HE'S ALIVE --I'D STAKE MY HONOR--!
AND IT IS GOOD HE IS, FOOL--DID YOU NOT RECOGNIZE HIM?
THIS MAN YOU WOULD SO SENSELESSLY SMASH--
--IS DRACULA, PRINCE OF THIS OFFENSIVE LITTLE NATION.
DRACULA-- THE ONE THEY CALL THE DEVIL-- THE IMPALER!
DRACULA--WHO IS FEARED EVEN BY OUR OWN FEARSOME MONARCH!

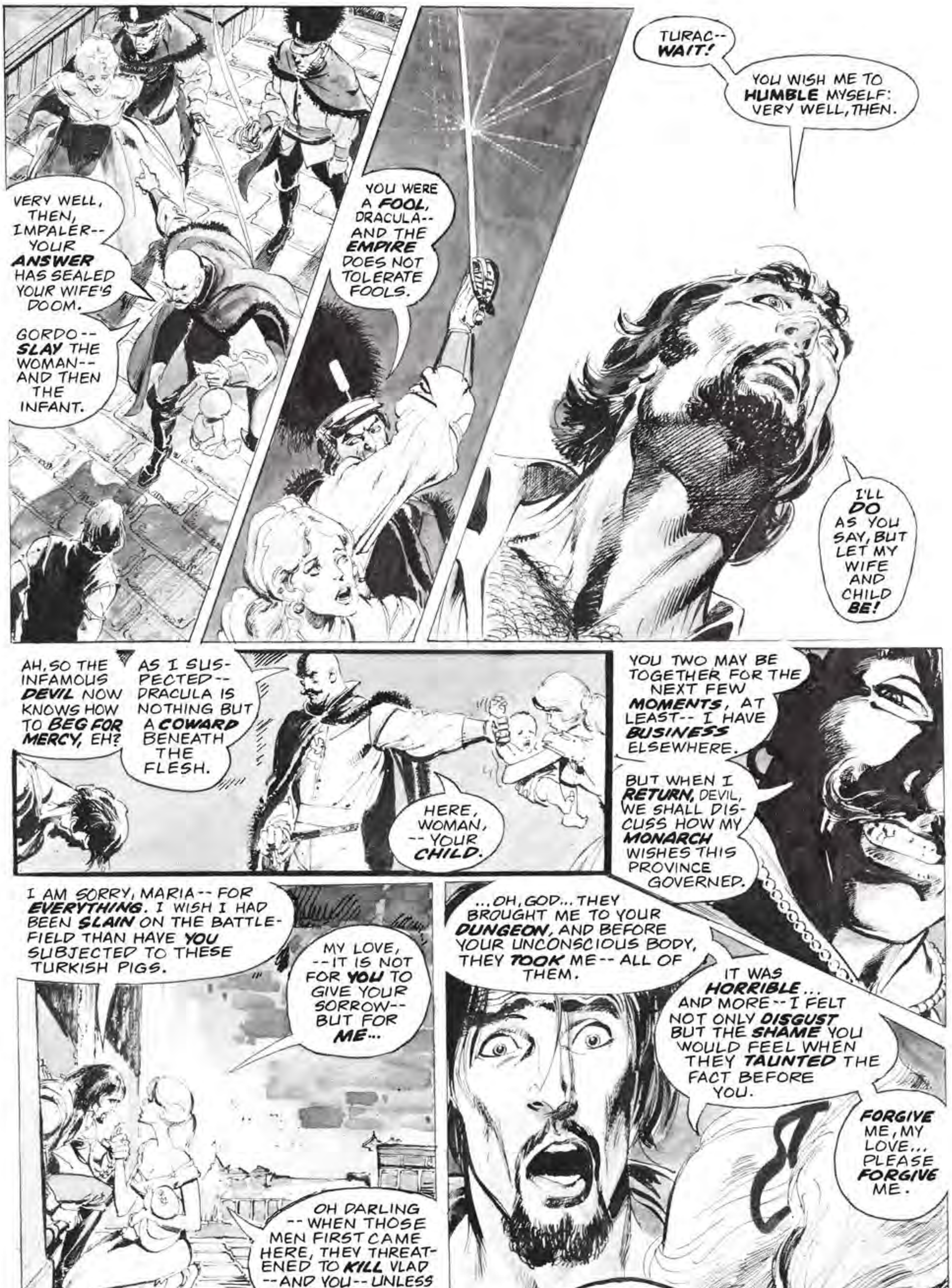

"AYE, DRACULA,-- LORD AND MASTER OF THIS FOUL-SMELLING LAND. THERE ARE TALES, SOLDIER, THAT AFTER OUR LAST CRUSADE, HE SEARCHED HIS CITIES---- FOR ANY WHO SYMPATHIZED WITH OUR CAUSE--AND THEN HE BUTCHERED THEM, AND IMPALED THEIR HEADS UPON BLOODSTANED LANCES...
...LANCES WHICH HIS TERRIFIED SOLDIERS HAD TO CARRY THROUGH THE STREETS AND MARKETPLACES --TO SHOW WHAT HAPPENS TO ALL WHO DARE OPPOSE HIS RULE.
"THEY SAY WHEN WE SENT OUR AMBASSADORS TO SPEAK TO HIM, HE DEMANDED THEY REMOVE THEIR FEZZES. WHEN THEY DIDN'T, HE HAD NAILS DRIVEN INTO THEIR HEADS -- THROUGH THEIR FEZZES SO THEY COULD NEVER REMOVE THEM AGAIN.
"DO NOT CRINGE, SOLDIER, --THERE IS MORE-- -MUCH MORE THAT MAKE EVEN THESE DEEDS PALE BY COMPARRISON! ...
...THERE ARE STORIES OF MOTHERS AND CHILDREN MURDERED --AND OF HUSBANDS WHO HAD TO BURY THEIR FAMILIES, ONLY TO BE KILLED THEMSELVES!
AYE, SOLDIER, HE DID NOT EARN THE NAME THE DEVIL FOR NAUGHT BUT A HISTORY OF BLOODTHIRSTY DEEDS!.
"LEGEND SAYS THAT ONCE GYPSIES PLEADED FOR THE LIFE OF A COMRADE --SO HE HAD THEM ALL IMPALED, WHILE HE DUTIFULLY PLAYED WITH HIS YOUNG CHILD AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE.
PERHAPS THESE ARE MERE TALES--UNTRUTHS-- BUT STILL THE MAN REEKS OF AN EVIL STINK...

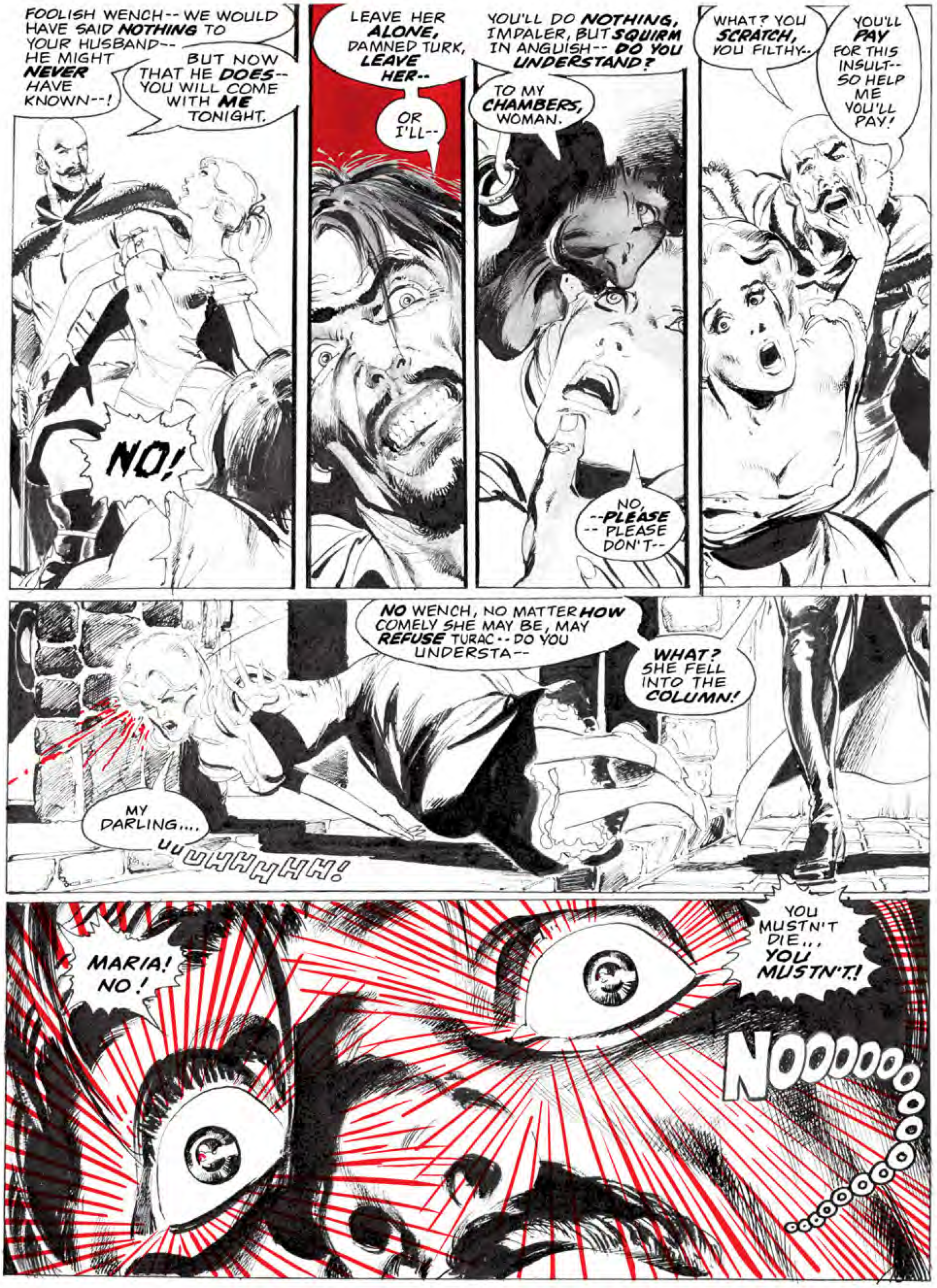

THEN WHY **SAVE** HIM, MY LORD? IT WOULD SEEM HE DESERVES DEATH **MANY** TIMES OVER.
BECAUSE, SOLDIER, THE MAN **IS** SO **FEARED** WITH HIM IN OUR HANDS, WE COULD CONTROL HIS WRETCHED NATION WITH NO MORE **NEEDLESS** DEATHS AMONGST OUR MEN.
AYE, WE REQUIRE HE BE ALIVE--AND BE **CONTROLLED** BY **US!**
LORD TURAC, IF I **MAY** -- I'VE HEARD OF A **GYPSY WOMAN** WHO HAS WROUGHT MANY **CURES** WHEN HOPE WAS LOST..
PERHAPS **SHE** CAN AID US!
TALK NO MORE, SOLDIER--**LEAD US** TO THIS WOMAN.
THE RIDE IS **LONG**, HARD, AND IT IS INTO THE NEXT **NIGHT** BEFORE THE SOLDIERS REACH THEIR DESTINATION...
THERE, LORD TURAC--THE GYPSY CAMP-- AND THE WOMAN'S **WAGON.**
IF THIS **WITCH** IS ALL YOU SAY SHE IS, GORDO, THERE SHALL BE A **REWARD** FOR YOU WHEN WE RETURN TO ANKARA.
COME.
GET **AWAY**-- LEAVE ME BE.
I HAVE **NO TIME** -- FOR SOLDIERS.
HOLD, WOMAN! WE HAVE **HEARD** OF YOUR **HEALING POWERS**--
--AND WE CAN **PAY** MUCH FOR YOU TO WORK THEM ON OUR--FALLEN COMRADE.
BAH! YOU **LIE** THROUGH YOUR ROTTEN TEETH, MAN-- BUT IF YOUR **MONEY** FOLDS WELL--
--PERHAPS LIANDA **CAN HELP.**
BRING THE MAN INTO MY WAGON.
THIS WILL TAKE THE **NIGHT,** MAN--NOW LEAVE LIANDA ALONE--COME **TOMORROW** THIS TIME.

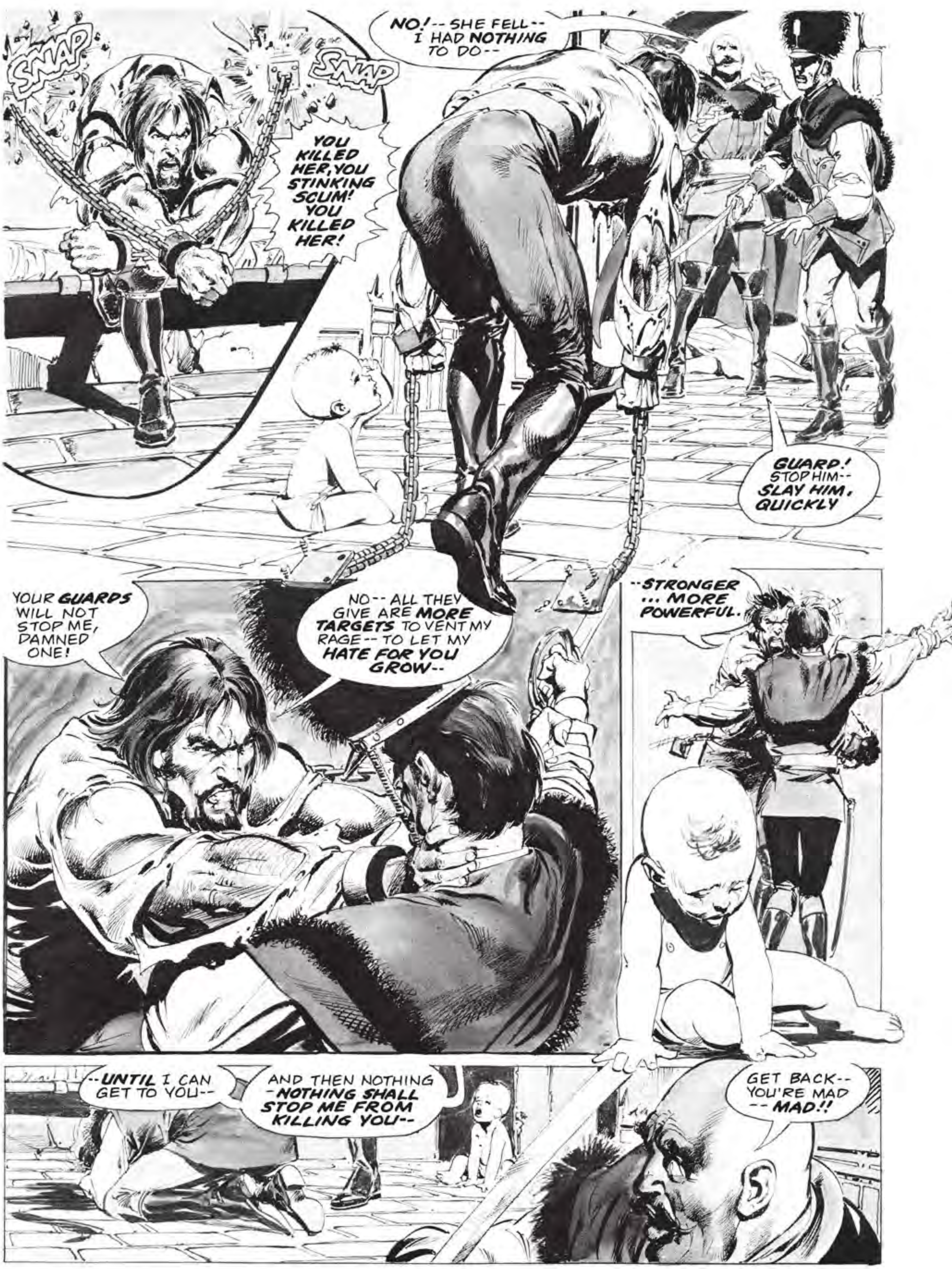

SO, YOUR "FRIENDS" WILL PAY MUCH TO KEEP YOU ALIVE, WILL THEY--DRACULA?
THEY MUST THINK ME A FOOL NOT TO HAVE RECOGNIZED THE MAN HIS SUBJECTS CALL THE DEVIL!
YOU HAVE GIVEN MY PEOPLE MUCH GRIEF, IMPALER --AND NOW I SHALL RETURN THE FAVOR--
--YES, I'LL RETURN LIFE TO YOUR BONES, BUT NOT WITH MY HERBS, FIEND--
--NO, WITH A FAR MORE POTENT MEDICINE-- ONE WHICH SHALL LAST FOREVER...
...THE BITE...
... OF THE VAMPIRE!!!
HOW IS MY "FRIEND", WOMAN?
WHAT? I TOLD YOU TO RETURN TOMORROW!
HOW DARE YOU DISOBEY ME, MAN?
GET OUT! GET OUT!
NO, WOMAN--I WISH TO KNOW HIS CONDITION--NOW!
VERY WELL, SOLDIER --HE IS WEAK-- WITH LITTLE BLOOD!
BUT TOMORROW HE SHALL LIVE AGAIN.
WHICH MEANS, SOLDIER, YOU MAY PAY ME, NOW.
PAY YOU, WITCH-- WITHOUT MY SEEING THE RESULTS?
YOU MUST TAKE ME FOR A MINDLESS JACKASS, WOMAN?

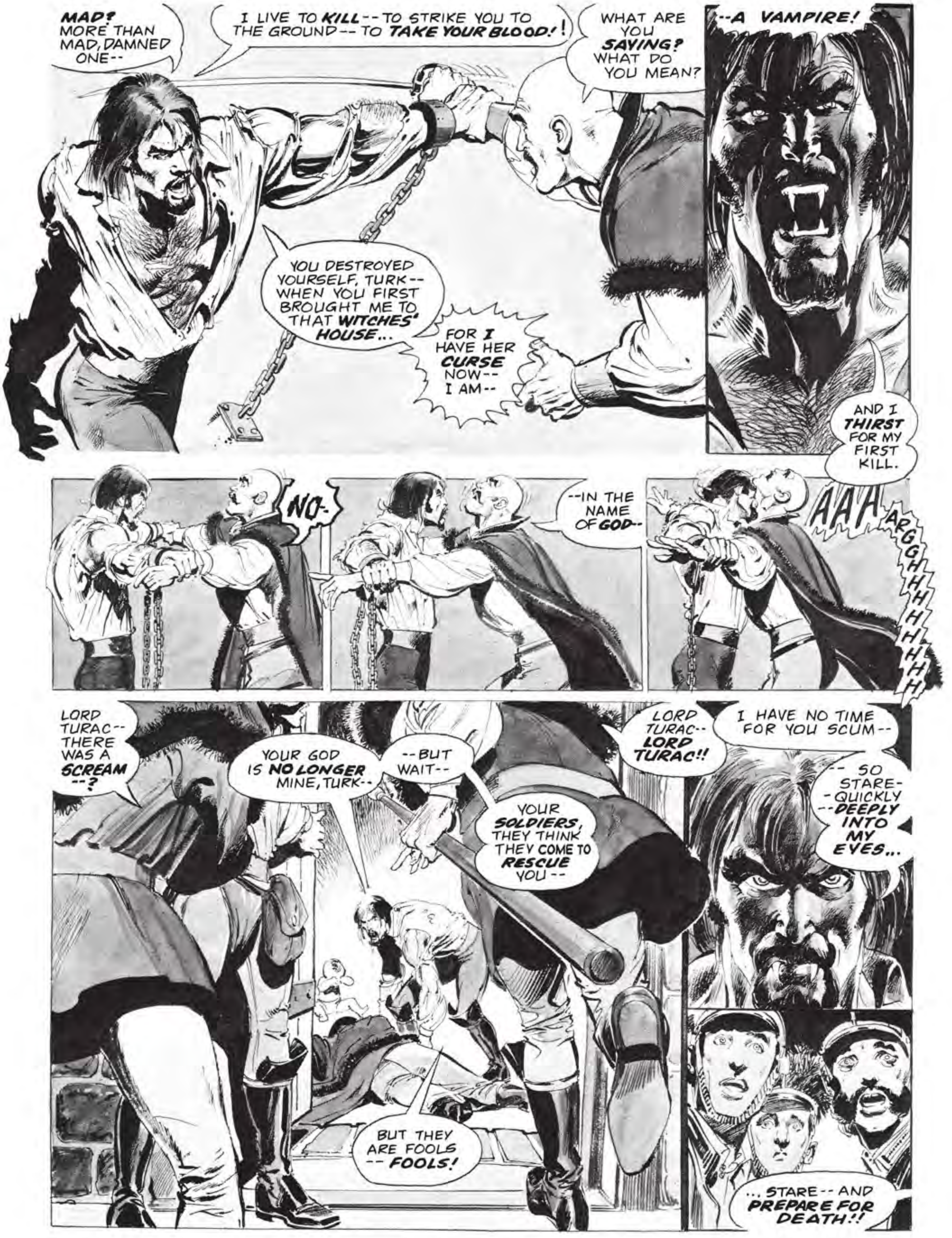

BUT YOU PROMISED--
AARGGHHH
I PROMISED PAYMENT, WOMAN--
--AND I SHALL PAY YOU --WITH DEATH!
SO, YOU WOULD CHEAT LIANDA-- I THOUGHT AS MUCH OF YOU.
BUT I STILL THIRST, MAN--
AND YOU SHALL SUFFER FOR THAT THIRST.
NO! A VAMPIRE! A VAMPIRE!!
CORRECT, MAN--A VAMPIRE WHO SHALL KI-- ARGHHHHHHH!
NAY, WOMAN, YOU'LL DO NOTHING!
FOR A VAMPIRE DIES AS ANY MAN DIES--WHEN A WOODEN SPEAR IS THRUST THROUGH THE HEART.
--AND YOU, WITCH, ARE NO EXCEPTION.
NOW, AWAY FROM ME, TRASH--!
I HAVE NO NEED FOR YOU NOW--
AYE, RATHER IT IS DRACULA WHO IS NEEDED--
--AND A COUNTRY THAT NEEDS A MASTER...
--EVEN IF THAT MASTER MUST ANSWER TO ANOTHER!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
THE NIGHT'S JOURNEY BACK TO TRANSYLVANIA PASSES QUICKLY, BUT IT IS ANOTHER FULL DAY BEFORE THE SCARLET HAZE WHICH HANGS OVER DRACULA IS RAISED...
WHERE--AM I--? WHERE...?
MY LOVE-- LOOK AT ME-- LOOK!

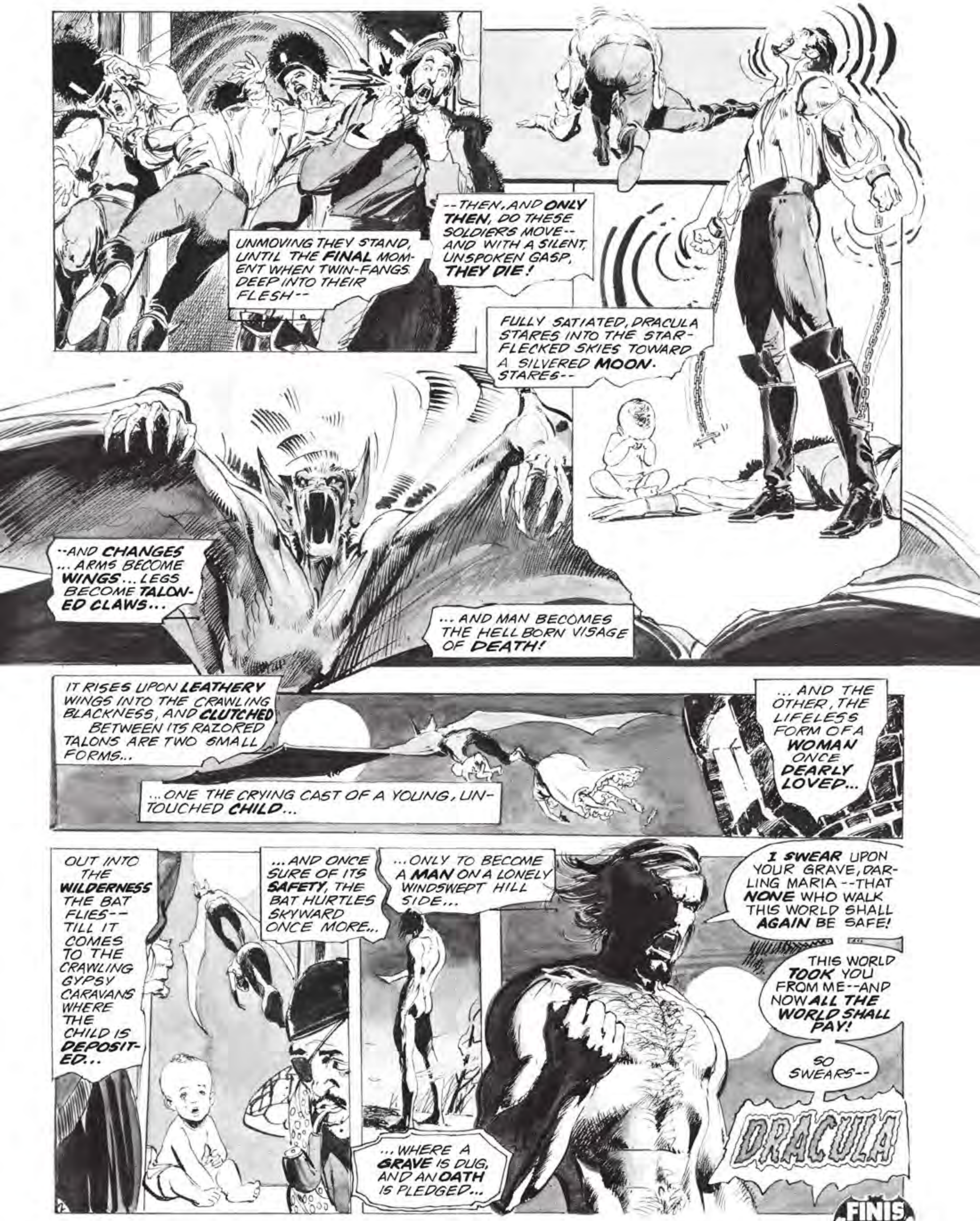

MARIA-- IS THAT YOU--?
SPEAK WITH ME, MARIA -- SPEAK!
DARLING-- PLEASE COME BACK TO ME-- PLEASE...!
ENOUGH, WENCH! THAT WILL BE ALL!
I SAID, THAT IS ENOUGH!
NO, PLEASE --HE NEEDS ME... LET ME GO TO HIM.
MARIA --DON'T STRUGGLE. THE MAN IS MAD.
LET ME DEAL WITH THIS DAMNED TURK!
WHAT?
YOU? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, IMPALER. YOU CAN DO NOTHING.
YOU ARE STILL TOO WEAK--BESIDES WHICH --YOU ARE BOUND!
WHILE I AM FREE TO DO ANYTHING I PLEASE--TO YOU OR TO YOUR MOST BEAUTIFUL WIFE--
--UNLESS YOU COOPERATE WITH ME, THAT IS.
WHAT DO YOU WANT, TURK?
OUR BELOVED MONARCH WANTS CONTROL OF THIS DISGUSTING SWAMP YOU CALL A COUNTRY. YOU HAVE THE CONTROL, BUT WE HAVE YOU.
WE CAN TAKE THIS LAND --BUT THERE WILL BE BLOODSHED! OR, YOU CAN STAY AND RULE FOR US-- IN THE NAME OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE!
NEVER, PIG-- NEVER!
DON'T REFUSE SO HASTILY, DRACULA-
--OR YOUR HANDSOME SON MAY SUFFER FOR YOUR ACTIONS!
VLAD!
PUT HIM DOWN, BUTCHER-- OR YOU'LL ANSWER TO DRACULA!

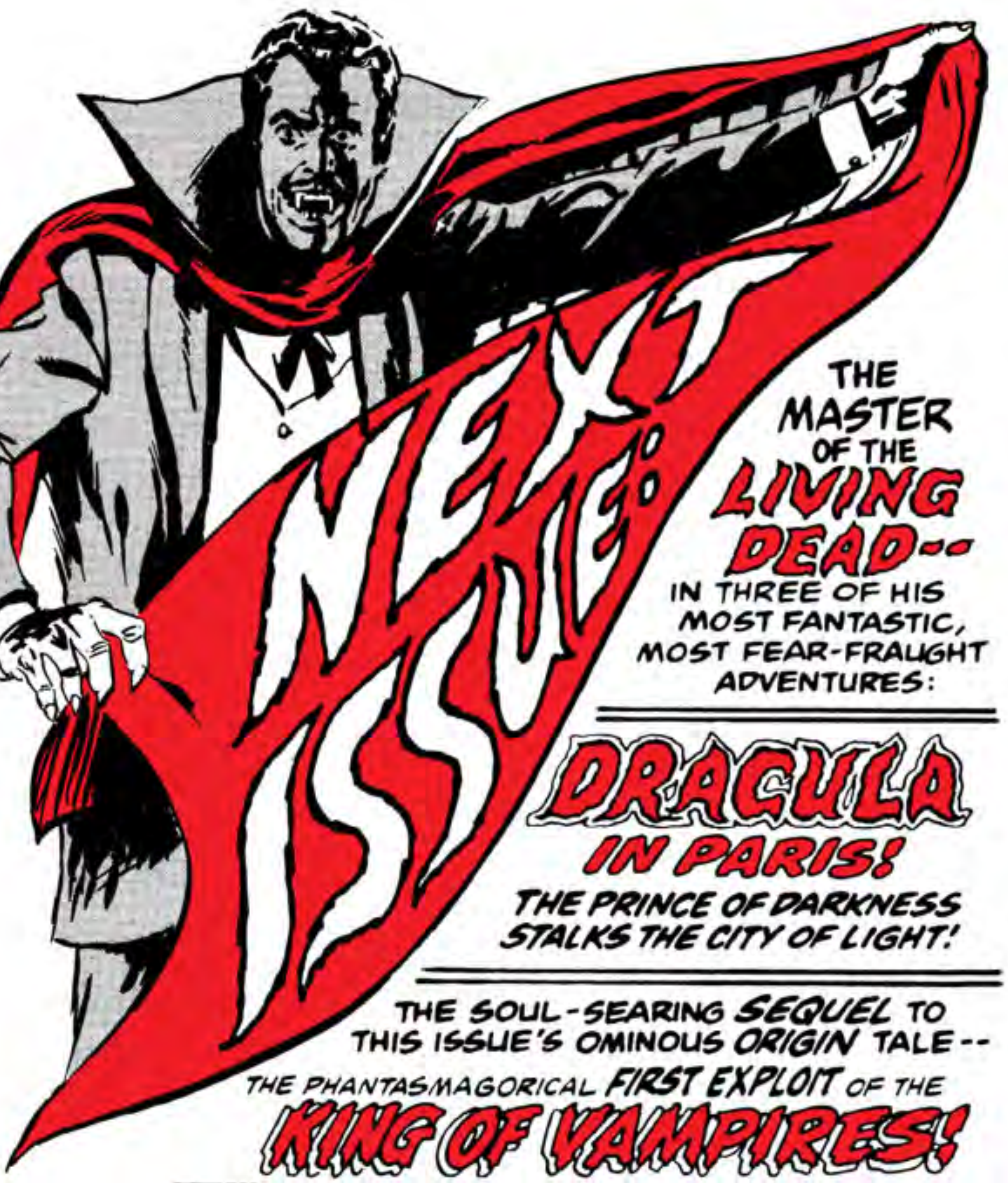

VERY WELL, THEN, IMPALER-- YOUR ANSWER HAS SEALED YOUR WIFE'S DOOM.
GORDO-- SLAY THE WOMAN-- AND THEN THE INFANT.
YOU WERE A FOOL, DRACULA-- AND THE EMPIRE DOES NOT TOLERATE FOOLS.
TURAC-- WAIT!
YOU WISH ME TO HUMBLE MYSELF: VERY WELL, THEN.
I'LL DO AS YOU SAY, BUT LET MY WIFE AND CHILD BE!
AH, SO THE INFAMOUS DEVIL NOW KNOWS HOW TO BEG FOR MERCY, EH?
AS I SUSPECTED-- DRACULA IS NOTHING BUT A COWARD BENEATH THE FLESH.
HERE, WOMAN, --YOUR CHILD.
YOU TWO MAY BE TOGETHER FOR THE NEXT FEW MOMENTS, AT LEAST-- I HAVE BUSINESS ELSEWHERE.
BUT WHEN I RETURN, DEVIL, WE SHALL DISCUSS HOW MY MONARCH WISHES THIS PROVINCE GOVERNED.
I AM SORRY, MARIA-- FOR EVERYTHING. I WISH I HAD BEEN SLAIN ON THE BATTLEFIELD THAN HAVE YOU SUBJECTED TO THESE TURKISH PIGS.
MY LOVE, --IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO GIVE YOUR SORROW-- BUT FOR ME...
OH DARLING --WHEN THOSE MEN FIRST CAME HERE, THEY THREATENED TO KILL VLAD --AND YOU--UNLESS I WENT WITH THEM...
...OH, GOD... THEY BROUGHT ME TO YOUR DUNGEON, AND BEFORE YOUR UNCONSCIOUS BODY, THEY TOOK ME-- ALL OF THEM.
IT WAS HORRIBLE... AND MORE-- I FELT NOT ONLY DISGUST BUT THE SHAME YOU WOULD FEEL WHEN THEY TAUNTED THE FACT BEFORE YOU.
FORGIVE ME, MY LOVE... PLEASE FORGIVE ME.


FOOLISH WENCH-- WE WOULD HAVE SAID **NOTHING** TO YOUR HUSBAND-- HE MIGHT **NEVER** HAVE KNOWN--!
BUT NOW THAT HE **DOES**-- YOU WILL COME WITH **ME** TONIGHT.
NO!
LEAVE HER **ALONE,** DAMNED TURK, **LEAVE HER--**
OR I'LL--
YOU'LL DO **NOTHING,** IMPALER, BUT **SQUIRM** IN ANGUISH-- **DO YOU UNDERSTAND?**
TO MY **CHAMBERS,** WOMAN.
NO, --**PLEASE** -- PLEASE DON'T--
WHAT? YOU **SCRATCH,** YOU FILTHY--
YOU'LL **PAY** FOR THIS INSULT-- SO HELP ME YOU'LL PAY!
NO WENCH, NO MATTER **HOW** COMELY SHE MAY BE, MAY **REFUSE** TURAC-- DO YOU UNDERSTA--
WHAT? SHE FELL INTO THE **COLUMN!**
MY DARLING....
UUUHHHHHHH!
MARIA! NO!
YOU MUSTN'T DIE... **YOU MUSTN'T!**
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO


SNAP
SNAP
NO! -- SHE FELL -- I HAD NOTHING TO DO --
YOU KILLED HER, YOU STINKING SCUM! YOU KILLED HER!
GUARD! STOP HIM -- SLAY HIM, QUICKLY
YOUR GUARDS WILL NOT STOP ME, DAMNED ONE!
NO -- ALL THEY GIVE ARE MORE TARGETS TO VENT MY RAGE -- TO LET MY HATE FOR YOU GROW --
-- STRONGER ... MORE POWERFUL.
-- UNTIL I CAN GET TO YOU --
AND THEN NOTHING -- NOTHING SHALL STOP ME FROM KILLING YOU --
GET BACK -- YOU'RE MAD -- MAD!!


MAD? MORE THAN MAD, DAMNED ONE--
I LIVE TO KILL--TO STRIKE YOU TO THE GROUND--TO TAKE YOUR BLOOD!!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU DESTROYED YOURSELF, TURK--WHEN YOU FIRST BROUGHT ME TO THAT WITCHES' HOUSE...
FOR I HAVE HER CURSE NOW--I AM--
--A VAMPIRE!
AND I THIRST FOR MY FIRST KILL.
NO-
--IN THE NAME OF GOD--
AAAARGGHHHHHHHHHH
LORD TURAC--THERE WAS A SCREAM--?
YOUR GOD IS NO LONGER MINE, TURK--
--BUT WAIT--
LORD TURAC--LORD TURAC!!
YOUR SOLDIERS, THEY THINK THEY COME TO RESCUE YOU--
BUT THEY ARE FOOLS--FOOLS!
I HAVE NO TIME FOR YOU SCUM--
--SO STARE--QUICKLY--DEEPLY INTO MY EYES...
...STARE--AND PREPARE FOR DEATH!!


UNMOVING THEY STAND, UNTIL THE FINAL MOMENT WHEN TWIN-FANGS DEEP INTO THEIR FLESH--
--THEN, AND ONLY THEN, DO THESE SOLDIERS MOVE-- AND WITH A SILENT, UNSPOKEN GASP, THEY DIE!
FULLY SATIATED, DRACULA STARES INTO THE STAR-FLECKED SKIES TOWARD A SILVERED MOON. STARES--
--AND CHANGES ... ARMS BECOME WINGS... LEGS BECOME TALONED CLAWS...
... AND MAN BECOMES THE HELL BORN VISAGE OF DEATH!
IT RISES UPON LEATHERY WINGS INTO THE CRAWLING BLACKNESS, AND CLUTCHED BETWEEN ITS RAZORED TALONS ARE TWO SMALL FORMS...
...ONE THE CRYING CAST OF A YOUNG, UNTOUCHED CHILD...
... AND THE OTHER, THE LIFELESS FORM OF A WOMAN ONCE DEARLY LOVED...
OUT INTO THE WILDERNESS THE BAT FLIES-- TILL IT COMES TO THE CRAWLING GYPSY CARAVANS WHERE THE CHILD IS DEPOSITED...
...AND ONCE SURE OF ITS SAFETY, THE BAT HURTLES SKYWARD ONCE MORE...
...ONLY TO BECOME A MAN ON A LONELY WINDSWEPT HILL SIDE...
...WHERE A GRAVE IS DUG, AND AN OATH IS PLEDGED...
I SWEAR UPON YOUR GRAVE, DARLING MARIA --THAT NONE WHO WALK THIS WORLD SHALL AGAIN BE SAFE!
THIS WORLD TOOK YOU FROM ME--AND NOW ALL THE WORLD SHALL PAY!
SO SWEARS--
DRACULA!
FINIS



THE MASTER OF THE *LIVING DEAD*-- IN THREE OF HIS MOST FANTASTIC, MOST FEAR-FRAUGHT ADVENTURES:

DRACULA IN PARIS!

THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS STALKS THE CITY OF LIGHT!

THE SOUL-SEARING *SEQUEL* TO THIS ISSUE'S OMINOUS *ORIGIN* TALE-- THE PHANTASMAGORICAL *FIRST EXPLOIT* OF THE **KING OF VAMPIRES!**

SPECIAL SURPRISE SHOCKER

DRACULA VS. SOLOMON KANE!

--FEATURING THE SWORD-WIELDING HERO CREATED BY ***ROBERT E. HOWARD,*** *AUTHOR OF* ***CONAN!***

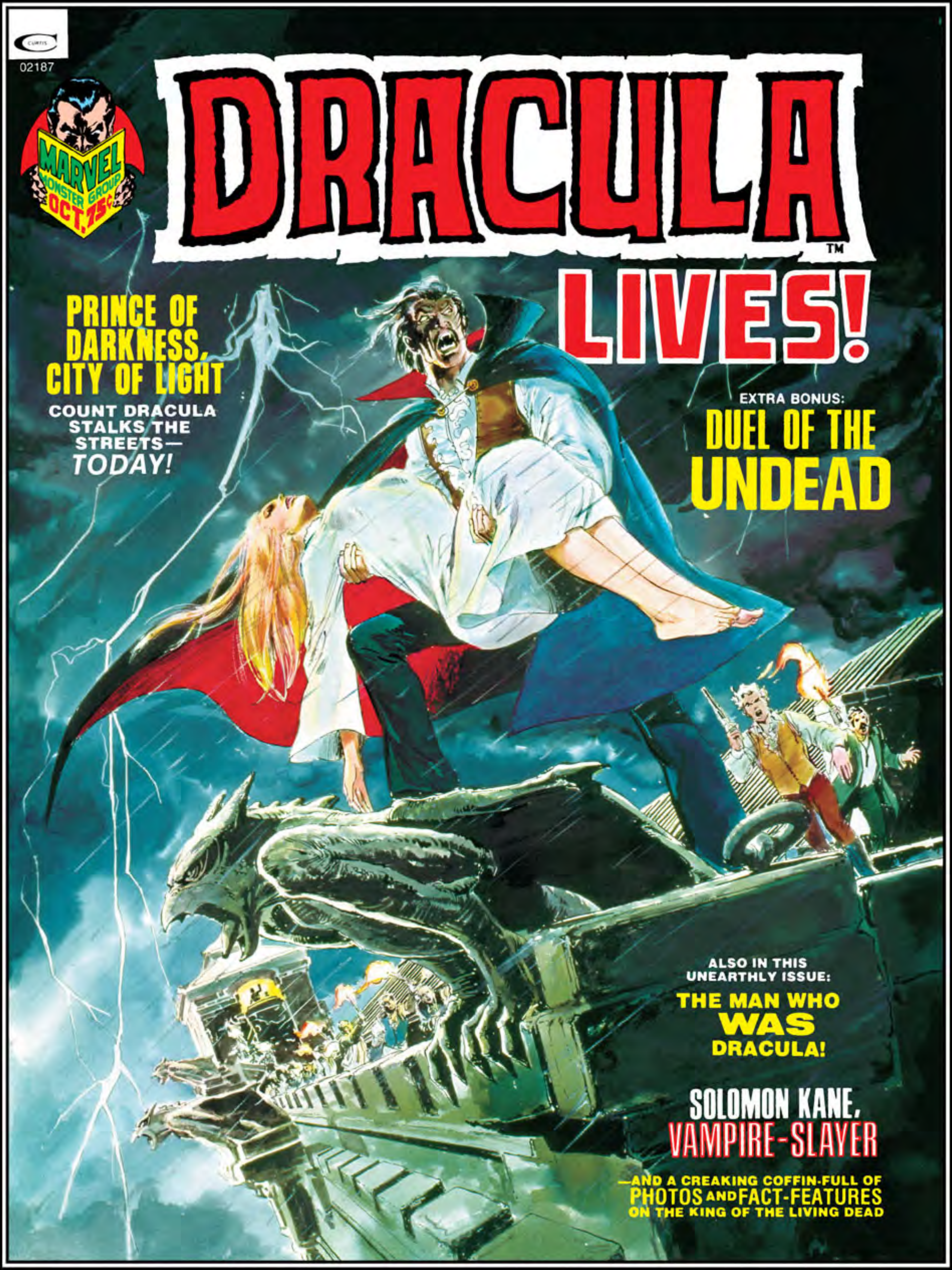
ALL THIS-- PLUS A CRYPTIC *CORNUCOPIA* OF *PHOTOS, FANTASY,* AND FRIGHT-FILLED *FEATURES*-- WILL BE RISING FROM THE COFFIN ON

JUNE 19!

BE THERE BY *SUNDOWN,* PILGRIM, AND LEARN THAT--

DRACULA LIVES!

ON SALE WHEREVER MACABRE MAGAZINES *ARE SOLD!*


CURTIS
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MARVEL MONSTER GROUP
OCT. 75¢
DRACULA
TM
LIVES!
PRINCE OF DARKNESS, CITY OF LIGHT
COUNT DRACULA STALKS THE STREETS— TODAY!
EXTRA BONUS:
DUEL OF THE UNDEAD
ALSO IN THIS UNEARTHLY ISSUE:
THE MAN WHO WAS DRACULA!
SOLOMON KANE, VAMPIRE-SLAYER
—AND A CREAKING COFFIN-FULL OF PHOTOS AND FACT-FEATURES ON THE KING OF THE LIVING DEAD

STAN LEE presents

DRACULA LIVES!

OCT. 1973 No. 3

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Table Of Contents

LORD OF DEATH, LORD OF HELL 5
Vampire vs. vampire! Count Dracula faces the King of the Undead in a duel to the finish! And to the victor goes the throne! The sinister sequel to last issue's origin epic.

DRACULA READS! 18
At last! A letters section featuring your comments on issue #1!

THE VAMPIRE-MAN 20
The setting: the late Victorian Era. The scene: vampire at work! But is he a true scion of the Living Dead—or something even worse?

BELA LUGOSI: STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, AND COFFIN 26
For over forty years, his name has been associated with that of the satanic Prince of Darkness. A penetrating in-depth analysis of the 1931 Dracula, replete with rare photos from Lugosi's career.

CASTLE OF THE UNDEAD 33
Robert E. Howard's Puritan adventurer, Solomon Kane, matches his power against that of the immortal Dracula. With two foes as mighty as these, can either survive the perilous battle?

I WAS ONCE A GENTLE MAN 46
Why have Abraham van Helsing and his descendants hounded Dracula for nearly a century? The reason is revealed at last in this chilling prose masterpiece.

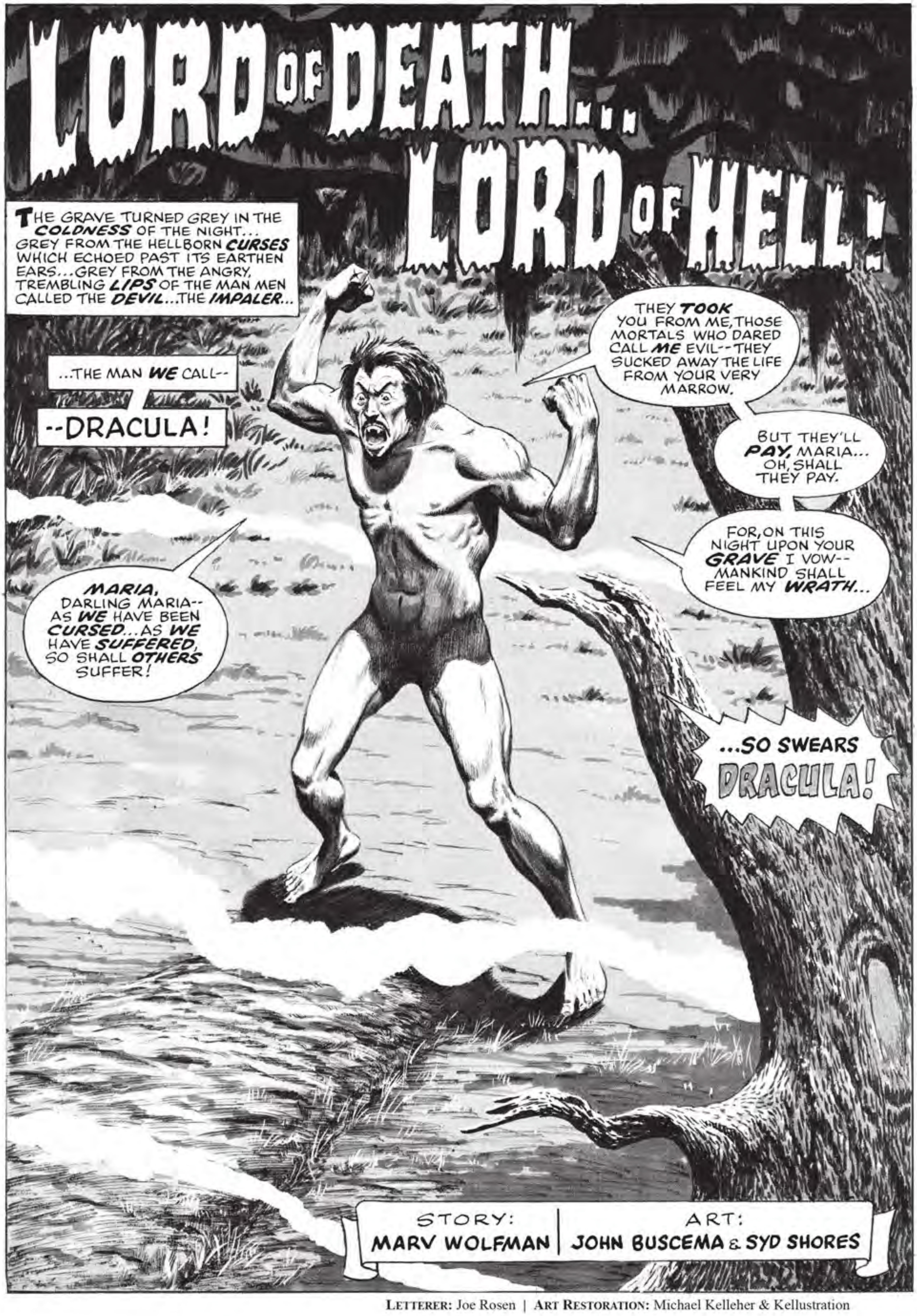
FIRE BURN AND CAULDRON BUBBLE 54
The three witches had prophesied that Macbeth would rule. But there was a fatal catch to his kingship. A terrifying second look at William Shakespeare's tale of tragedy.

SHADOW IN THE CITY OF LIGHT 61
Through the streets of Paris, Dracula is stalked by a hell-spawned agent of his ancient enemy, Cagliostro! For, this is the night of the Gargoyle.

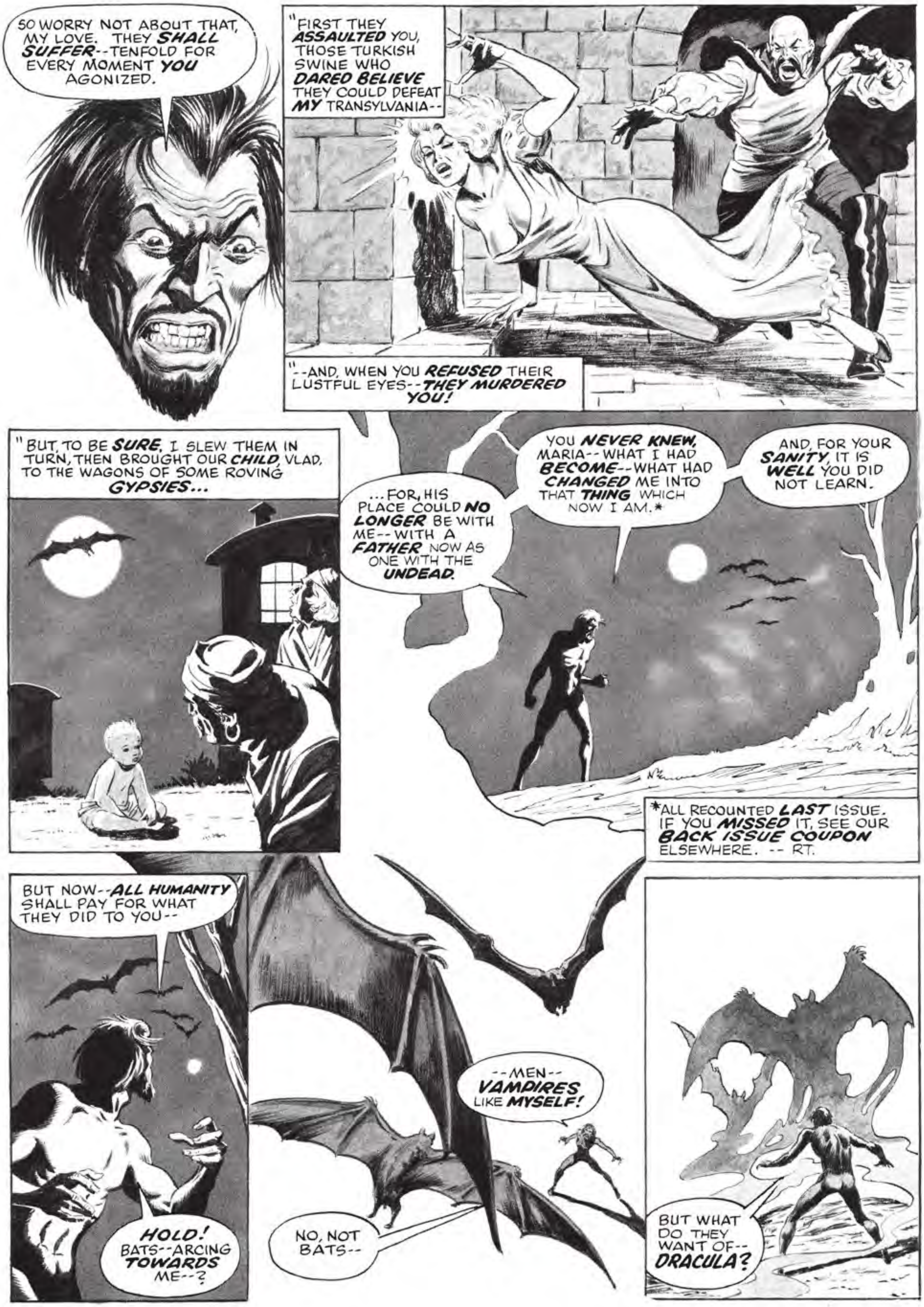
DRACULA LIVES! FEATURE PAGE 72
A special bonus—a biography of the man behind Dracula Lives! Plus: a review of a new paperback series starring the Lord of Vampires. All in a dynamic new format!

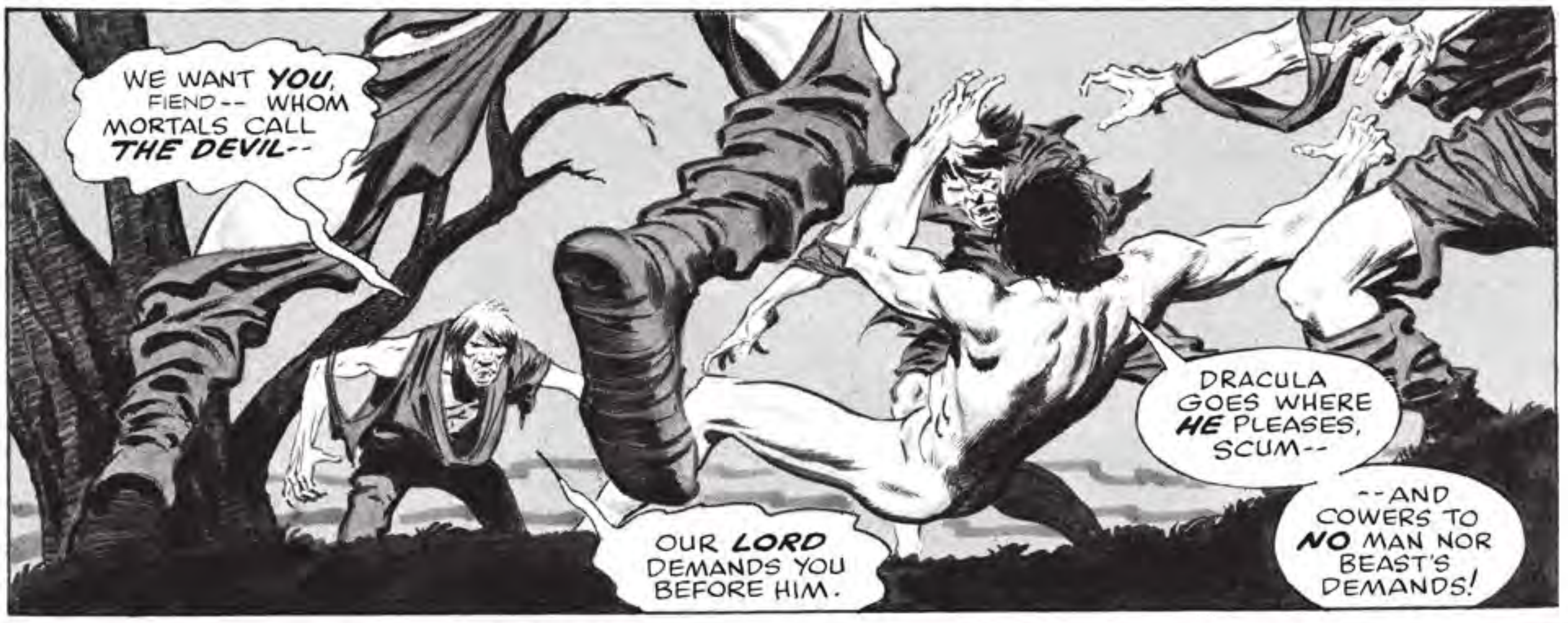
The legions of the Undead are many. They stalk the night in many lands. And each member of this satanic circle exudes strength and power—indeed, seems the very embodiment of these things when in the company of mere mortals.

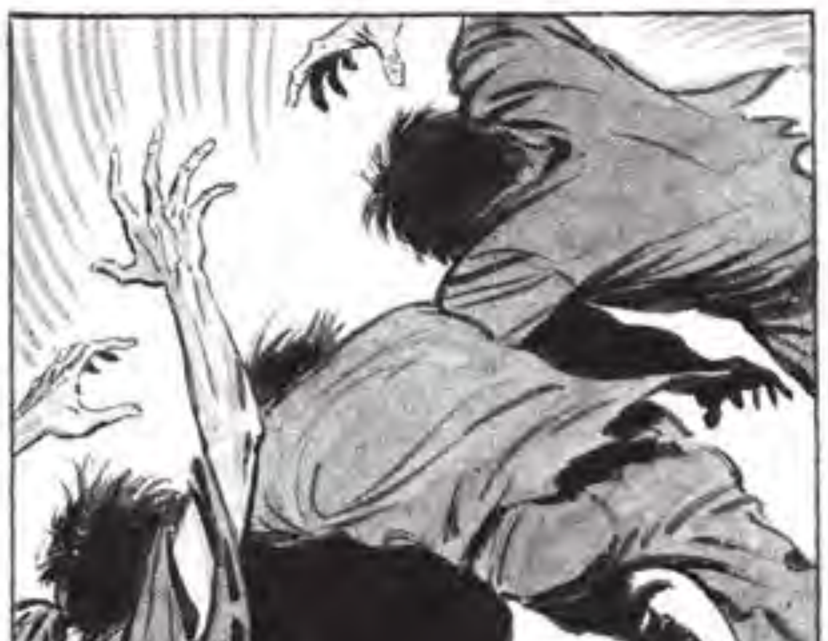
In fact, though, their strength and power is nothing beside that of the lords of the unliving, the Kings of Vampires! And when two such giants clash, even the dead watch in awe—awe and fear!

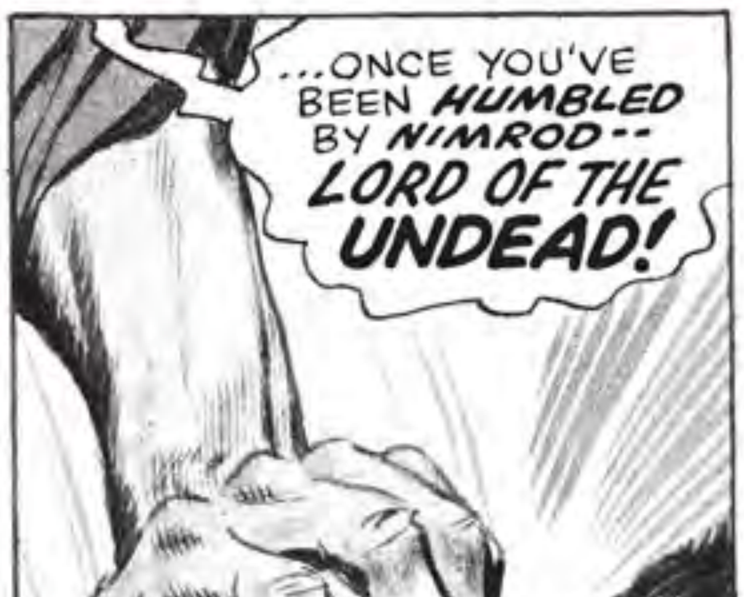

LORD OF DEATH... LORD OF HELL!
THE GRAVE TURNED GREY IN THE COLDNESS OF THE NIGHT... GREY FROM THE HELLBORN CURSES WHICH ECHOED PAST ITS EARTHEN EARS... GREY FROM THE ANGRY, TREMBLING LIPS OF THE MAN MEN CALLED THE DEVIL... THE IMPALER...
...THE MAN WE CALL--
--DRACULA!
THEY TOOK YOU FROM ME, THOSE MORTALS WHO DARED CALL ME EVIL-- THEY SUCKED AWAY THE LIFE FROM YOUR VERY MARROW.
BUT THEY'LL PAY, MARIA... OH, SHALL THEY PAY.
FOR, ON THIS NIGHT UPON YOUR GRAVE I VOW-- MANKIND SHALL FEEL MY WRATH...
MARIA, DARLING MARIA-- AS WE HAVE BEEN CURSED... AS WE HAVE SUFFERED, SO SHALL OTHERS SUFFER!
...SO SWEARS DRACULA!
STORY: MARV WOLFMAN
ART: JOHN BUSCEMA & SYD SHORES

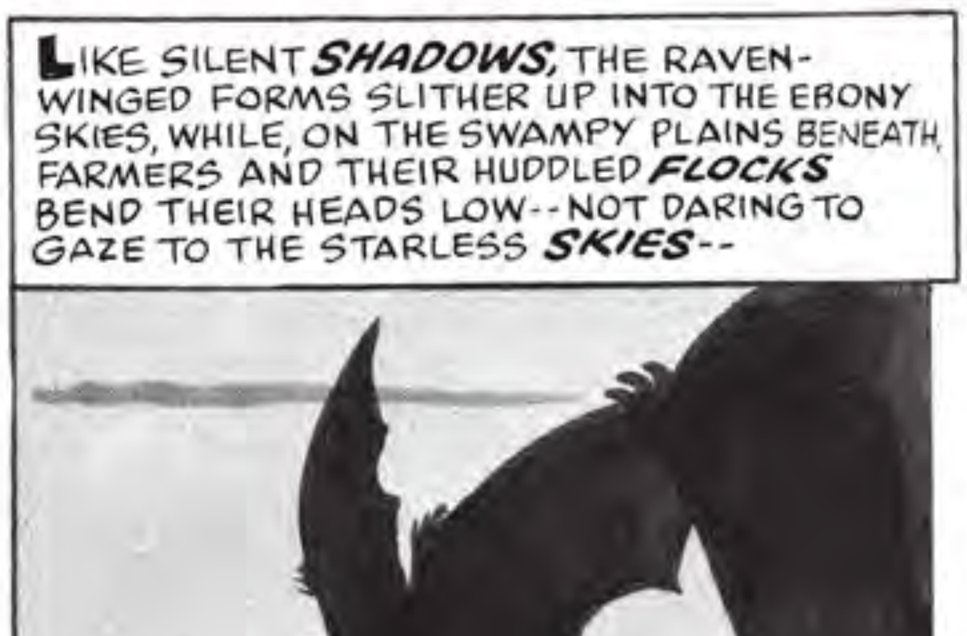
LETTERER: Joe Rosen | **ART RESTORATION:** Michael Kelleher & Kellustration

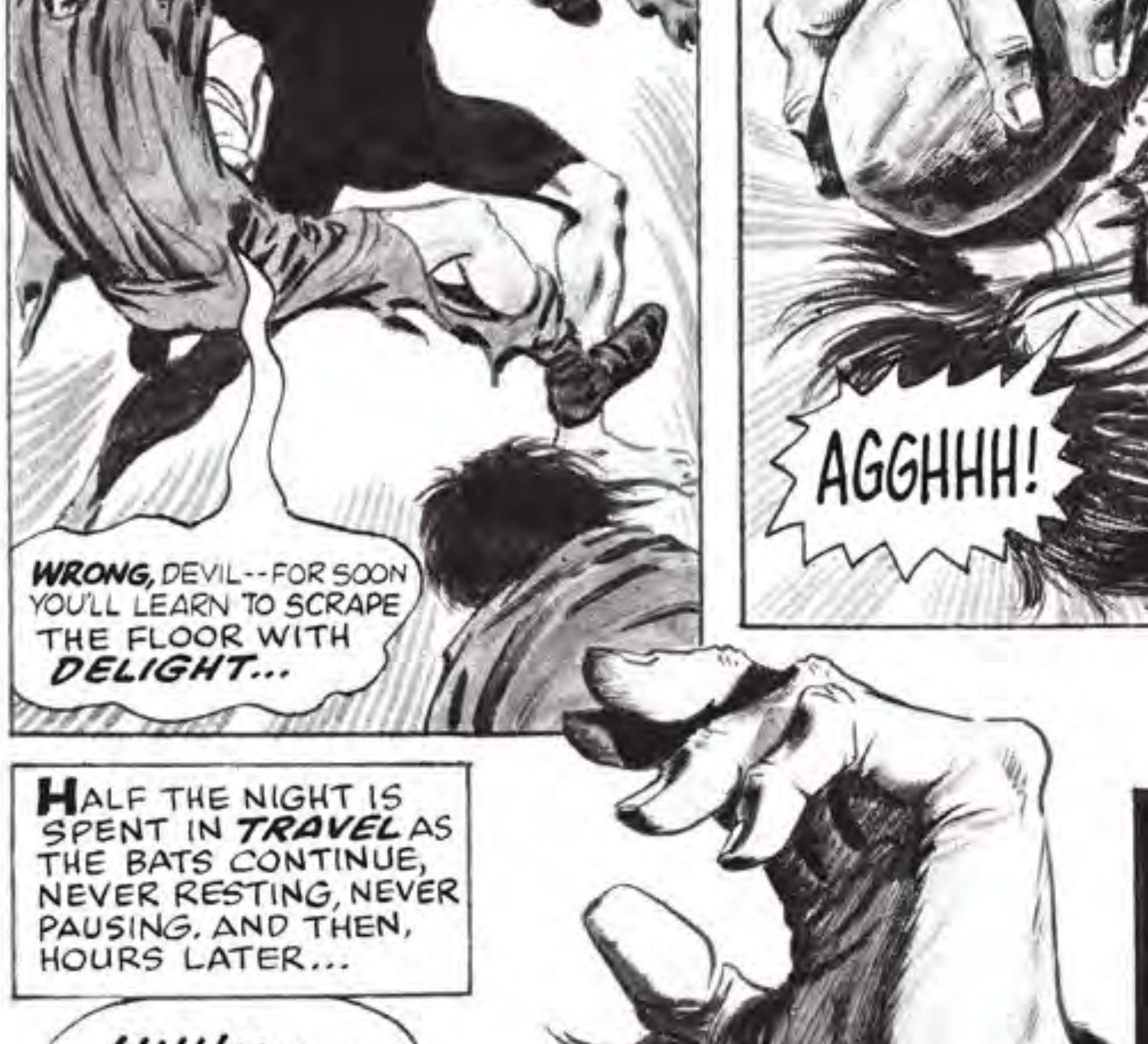

SO WORRY NOT ABOUT THAT, MY LOVE. THEY **SHALL SUFFER**--TENFOLD FOR EVERY MOMENT **YOU** AGONIZED.
"FIRST THEY **ASSAULTED** YOU, THOSE TURKISH SWINE WHO **DARED BELIEVE** THEY COULD DEFEAT **MY** TRANSYLVANIA--
"--AND, WHEN YOU **REFUSED** THEIR LUSTFUL EYES--**THEY MURDERED YOU!**
"BUT, TO BE **SURE**, I SLEW THEM IN TURN, THEN BROUGHT OUR **CHILD**, VLAD, TO THE WAGONS OF SOME ROVING **GYPSIES...**
...FOR, HIS PLACE COULD **NO LONGER** BE WITH ME--WITH A **FATHER** NOW AS ONE WITH THE **UNDEAD.**
YOU **NEVER KNEW,** MARIA--WHAT I HAD **BECOME**--WHAT HAD **CHANGED** ME INTO THAT **THING** WHICH NOW I AM.*
AND, FOR YOUR **SANITY**, IT IS **WELL** YOU DID NOT LEARN.
*ALL RECOUNTED **LAST** ISSUE. IF YOU **MISSED** IT, SEE OUR **BACK ISSUE COUPON** ELSEWHERE. -- RT.
BUT NOW--**ALL HUMANITY** SHALL PAY FOR WHAT THEY DID TO YOU--
HOLD! BATS--ARCING **TOWARDS** ME--?
NO, NOT BATS--
--MEN--**VAMPIRES** LIKE **MYSELF!**
BUT WHAT DO THEY WANT OF--**DRACULA?**

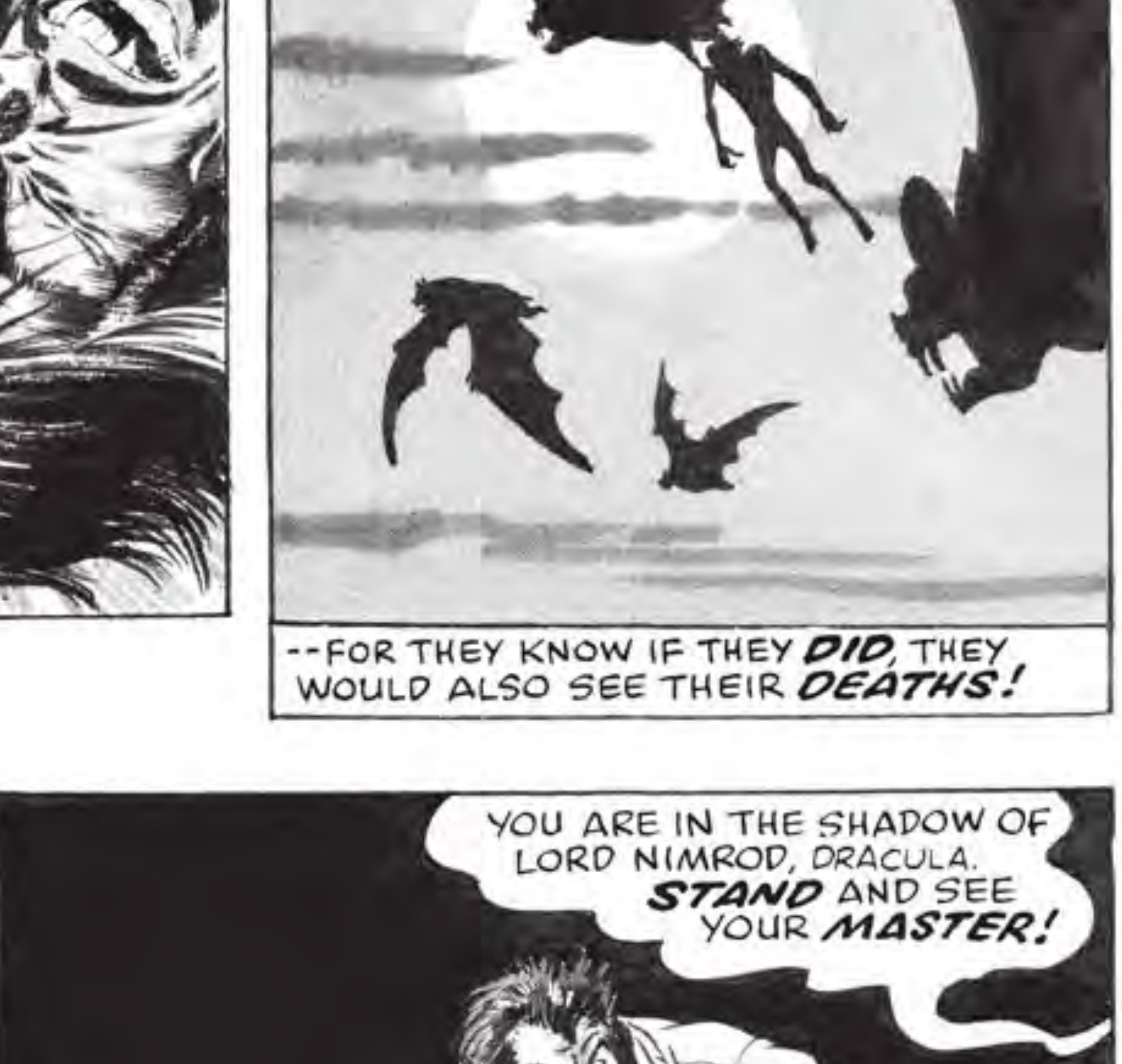

WE WANT **YOU**, FIEND-- WHOM MORTALS CALL **THE DEVIL**--
DRACULA GOES WHERE **HE** PLEASES, SCUM--
--AND COWERS TO **NO** MAN NOR BEAST'S DEMANDS!
OUR **LORD** DEMANDS YOU BEFORE HIM.

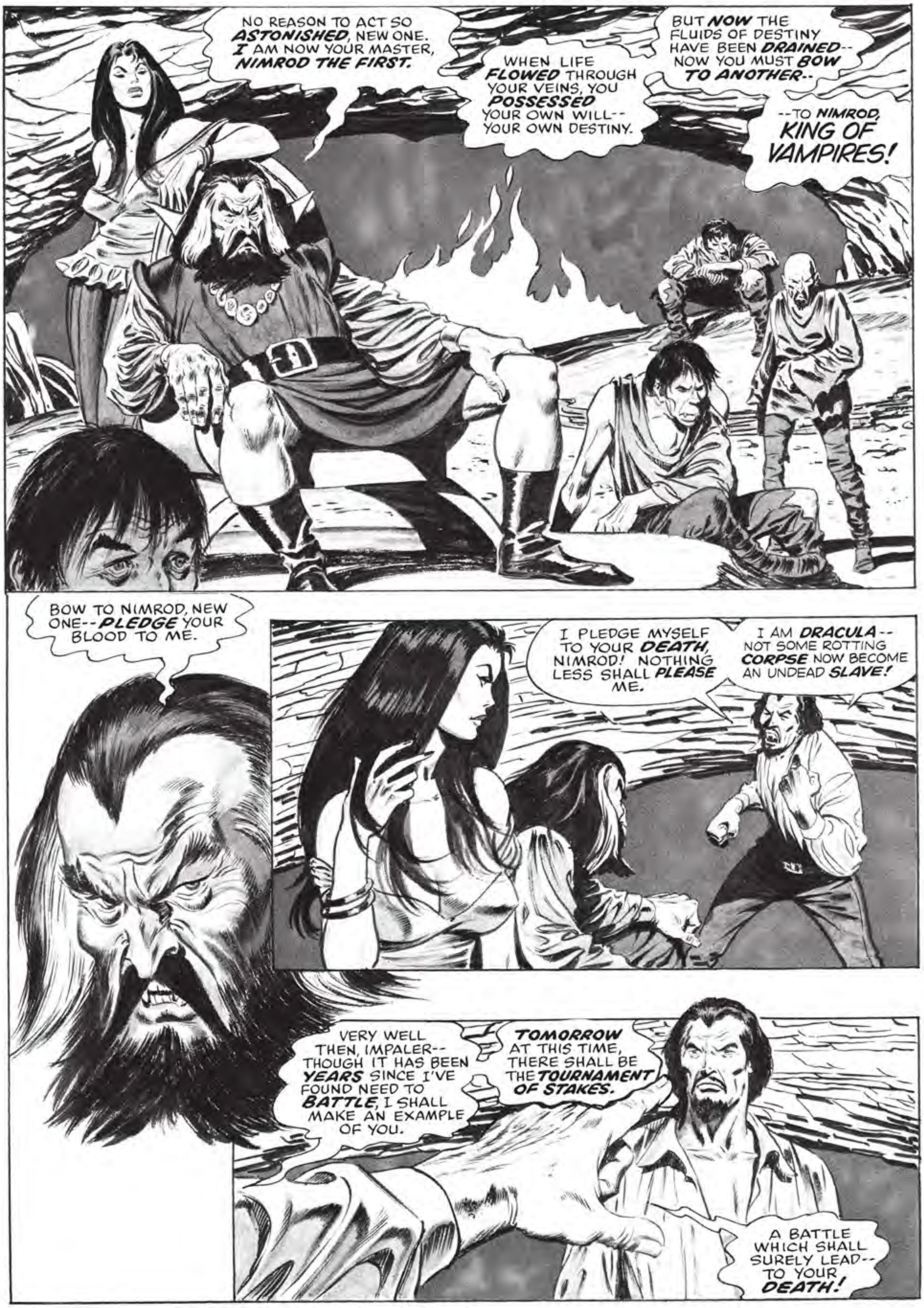

WRONG, DEVIL--FOR SOON YOU'LL LEARN TO SCRAPE THE FLOOR WITH **DELIGHT...**

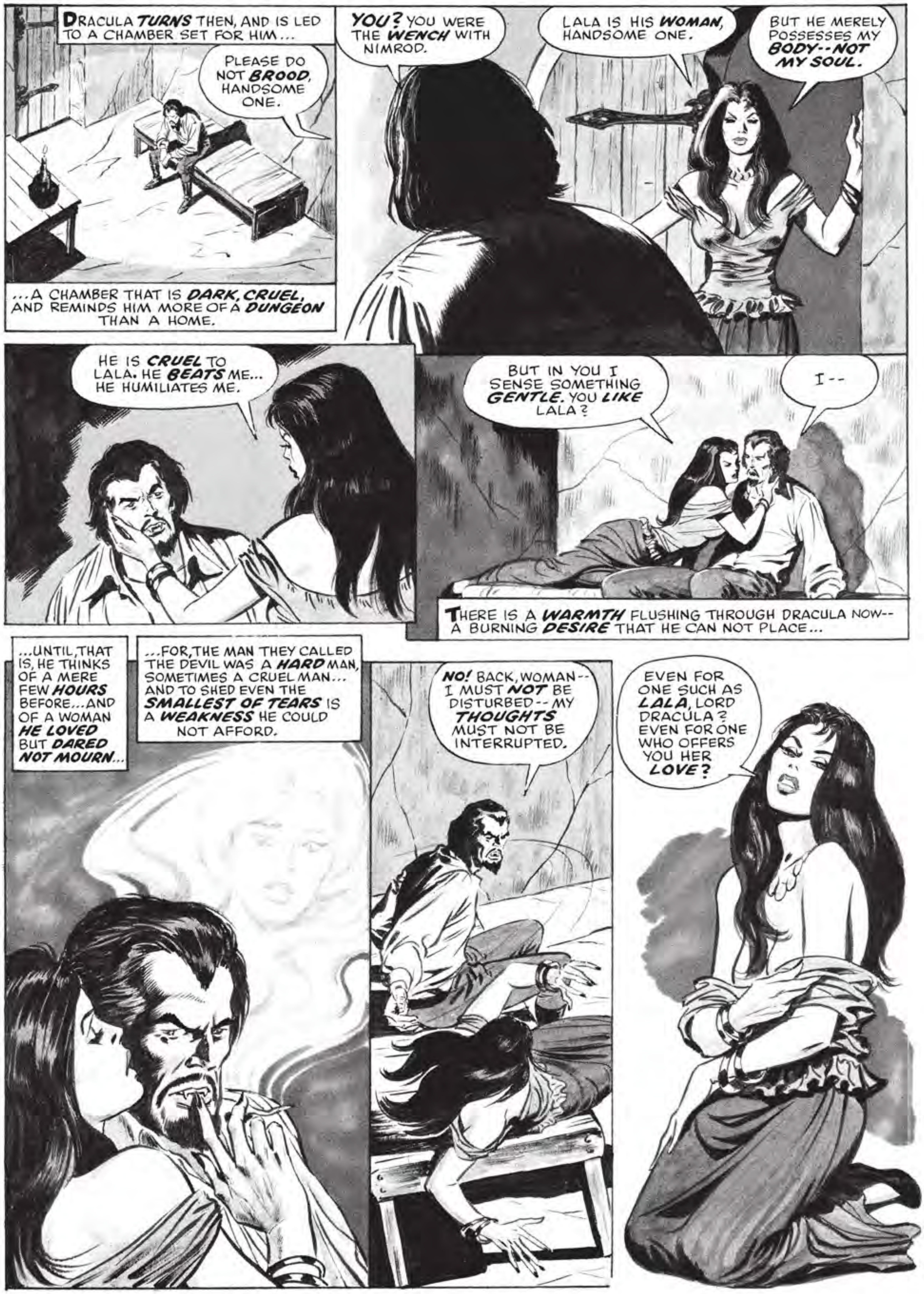

...ONCE YOU'VE BEEN **HUMBLED** BY **NIMROD**-- **LORD OF THE UNDEAD!**
AGGHHH!

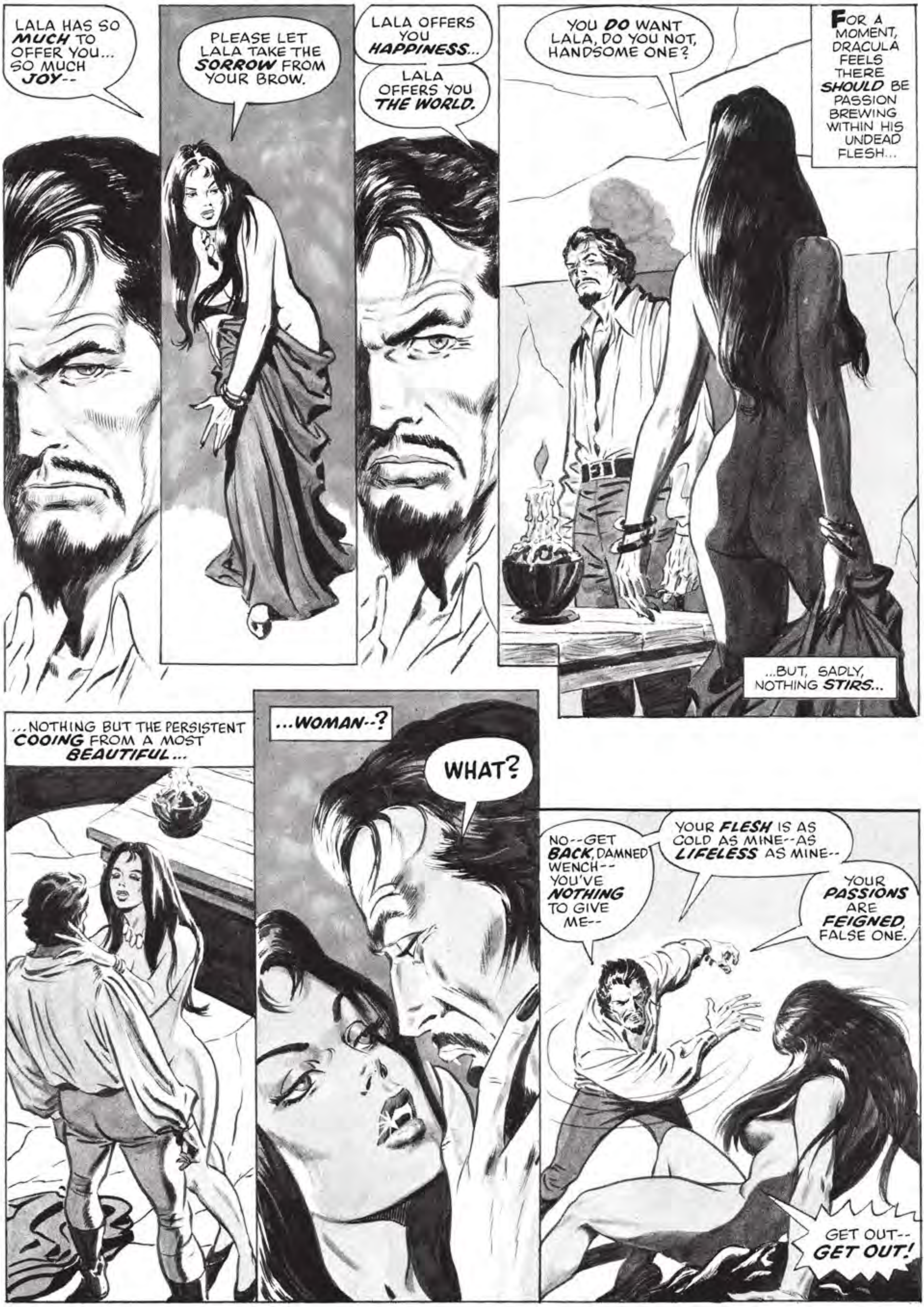

LIKE SILENT **SHADOWS**, THE RAVEN-WINGED FORMS SLITHER UP INTO THE EBONY SKIES, WHILE, ON THE SWAMPY PLAINS BENEATH, FARMERS AND THEIR HUDDLED **FLOCKS** BEND THEIR HEADS LOW--NOT DARING TO GAZE TO THE STARLESS **SKIES**--
--FOR THEY KNOW IF THEY **DID**, THEY WOULD ALSO SEE THEIR **DEATHS!**

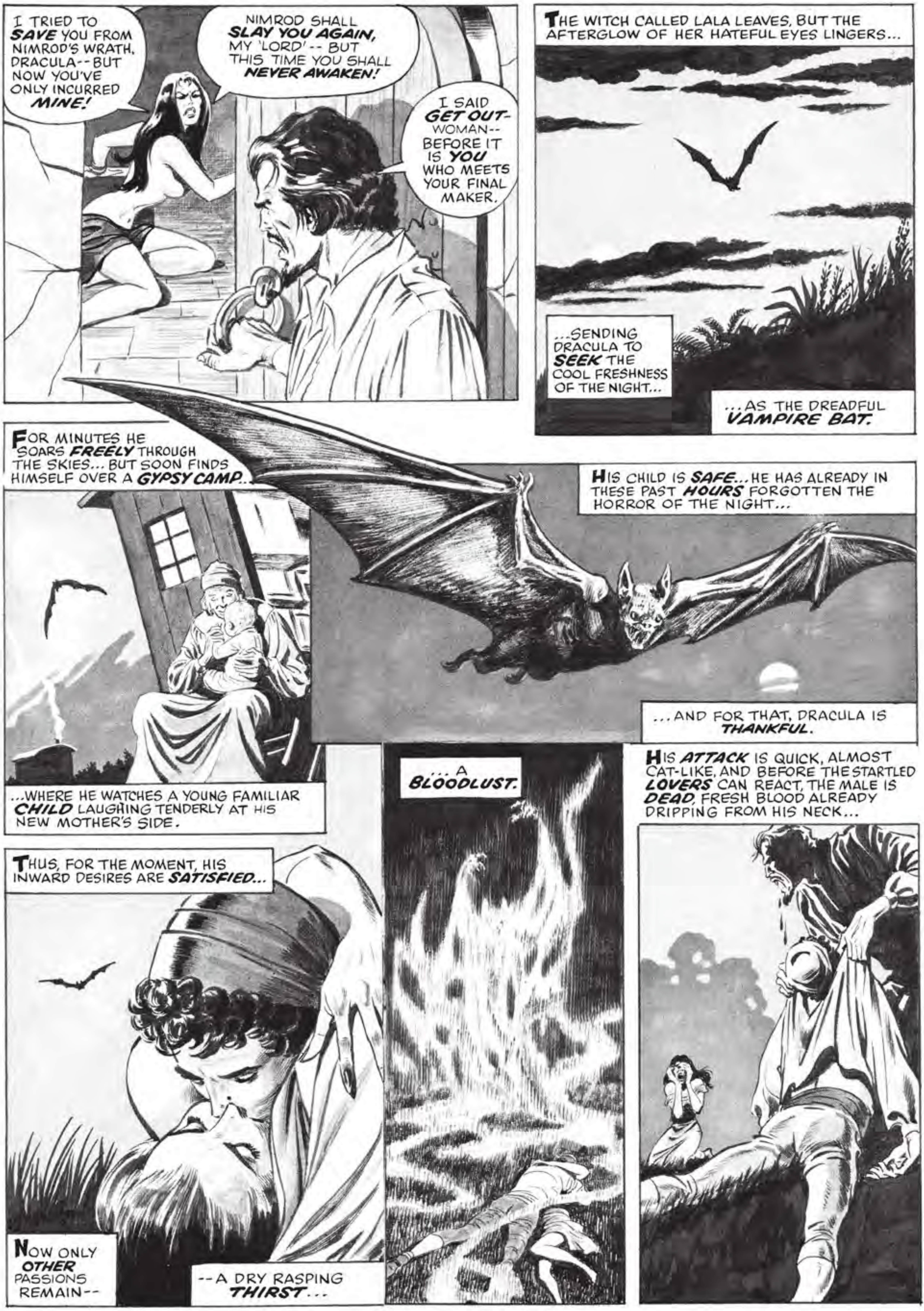

HALF THE NIGHT IS SPENT IN **TRAVEL** AS THE BATS CONTINUE, NEVER RESTING, NEVER PAUSING. AND THEN, HOURS LATER...
UHHHHHH... WHERE--?

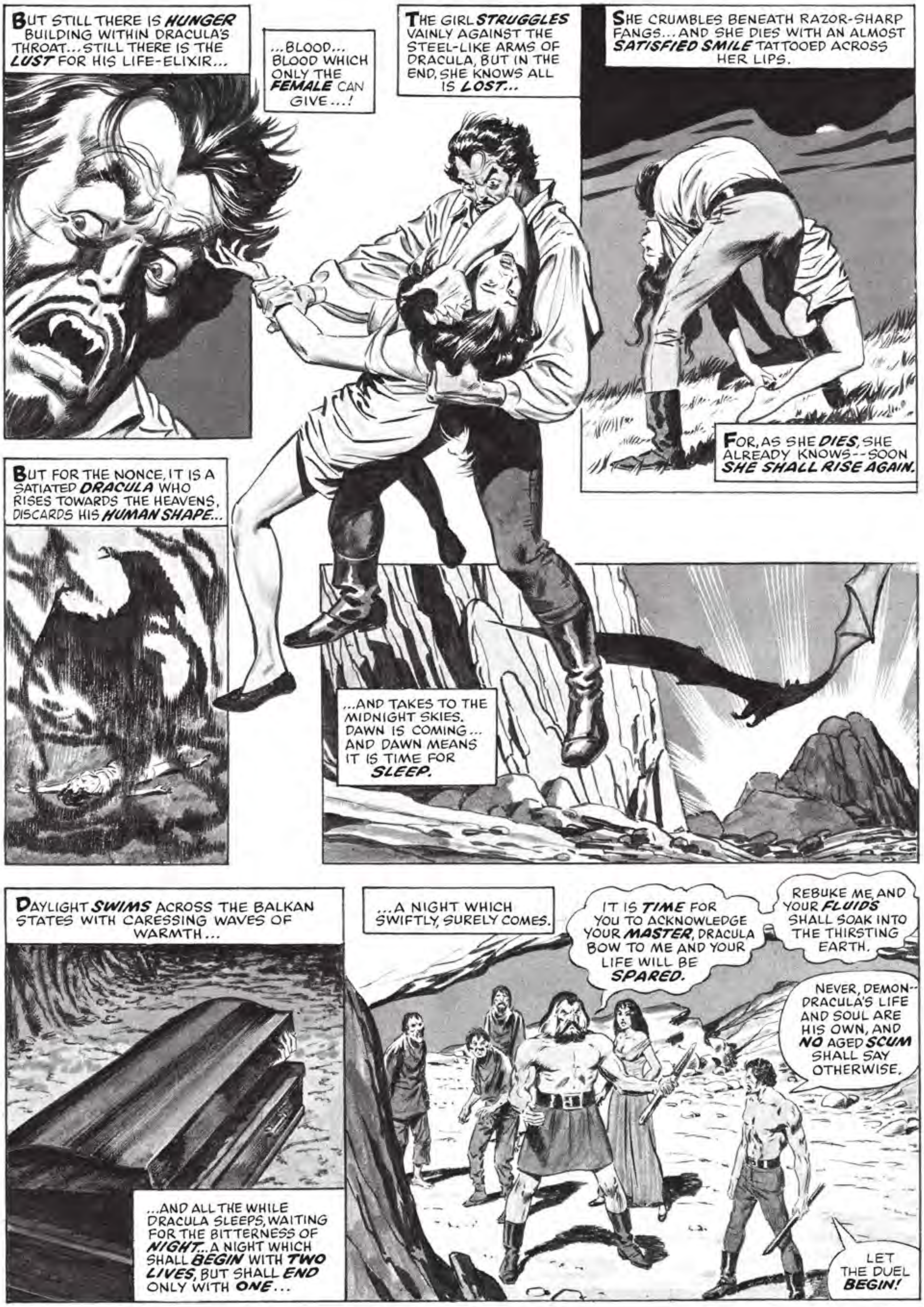

YOU ARE IN THE SHADOW OF LORD NIMROD, DRACULA. **STAND** AND SEE YOUR **MASTER!**
WHAT?

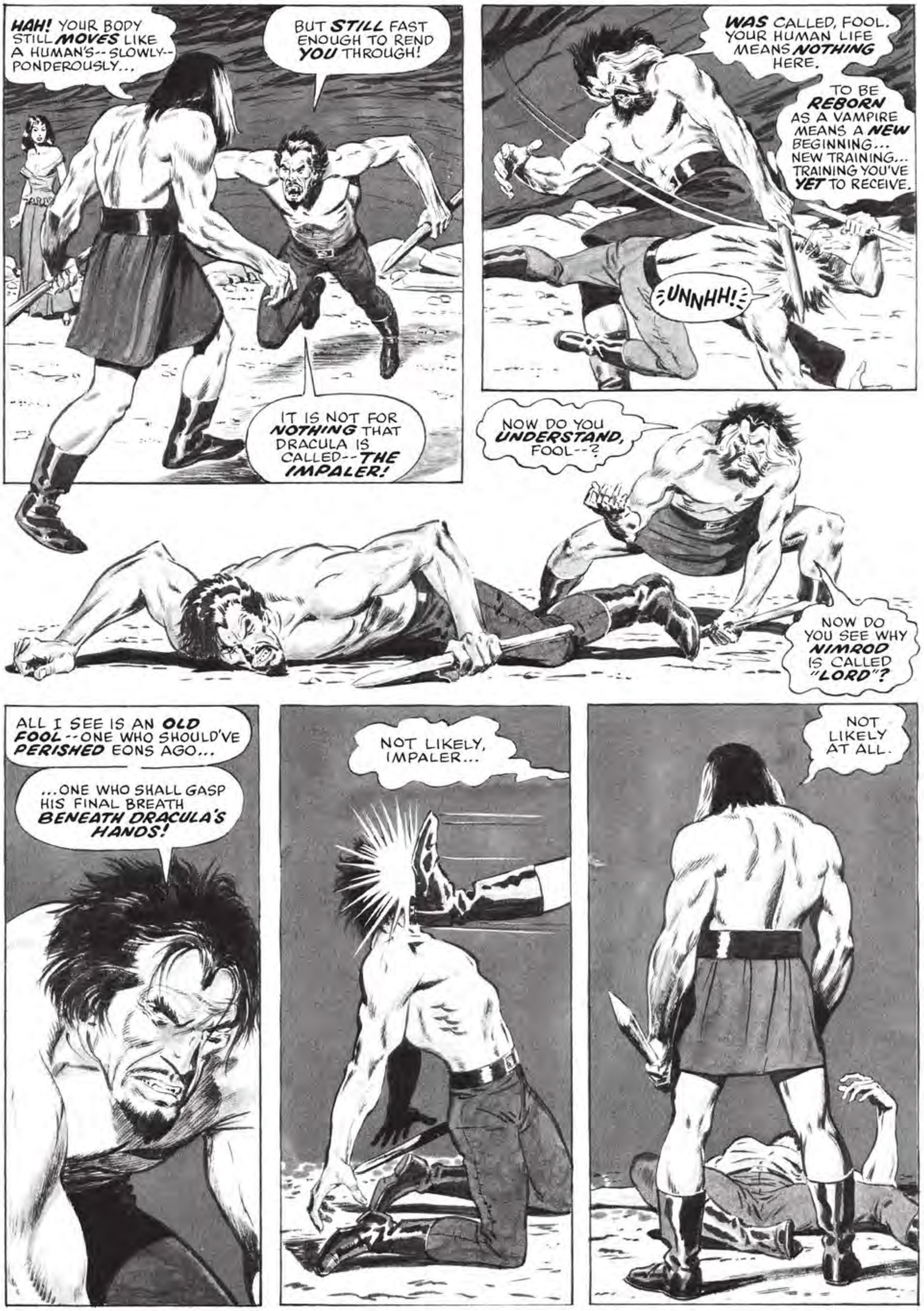

NO REASON TO ACT SO **ASTONISHED**, NEW ONE. **I** AM NOW YOUR MASTER, ***NIMROD THE FIRST.***
WHEN LIFE **FLOWED** THROUGH YOUR VEINS, YOU **POSSESSED** YOUR OWN WILL-- YOUR OWN DESTINY.
BUT **NOW** THE FLUIDS OF DESTINY HAVE BEEN **DRAINED**-- NOW YOU MUST **BOW TO ANOTHER**--
--TO **NIMROD, KING OF VAMPIRES!**
BOW TO NIMROD, NEW ONE-- **PLEDGE** YOUR BLOOD TO ME.
I PLEDGE MYSELF TO YOUR **DEATH**, NIMROD! NOTHING LESS SHALL **PLEASE** ME.
I AM **DRACULA**-- NOT SOME ROTTING **CORPSE** NOW BECOME AN UNDEAD **SLAVE!**
VERY WELL THEN, IMPALER-- THOUGH IT HAS BEEN **YEARS** SINCE I'VE FOUND NEED TO **BATTLE**, I SHALL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU.
TOMORROW AT THIS TIME, THERE SHALL BE THE ***TOURNAMENT OF STAKES.***
A BATTLE WHICH SHALL SURELY LEAD-- TO YOUR **DEATH!**

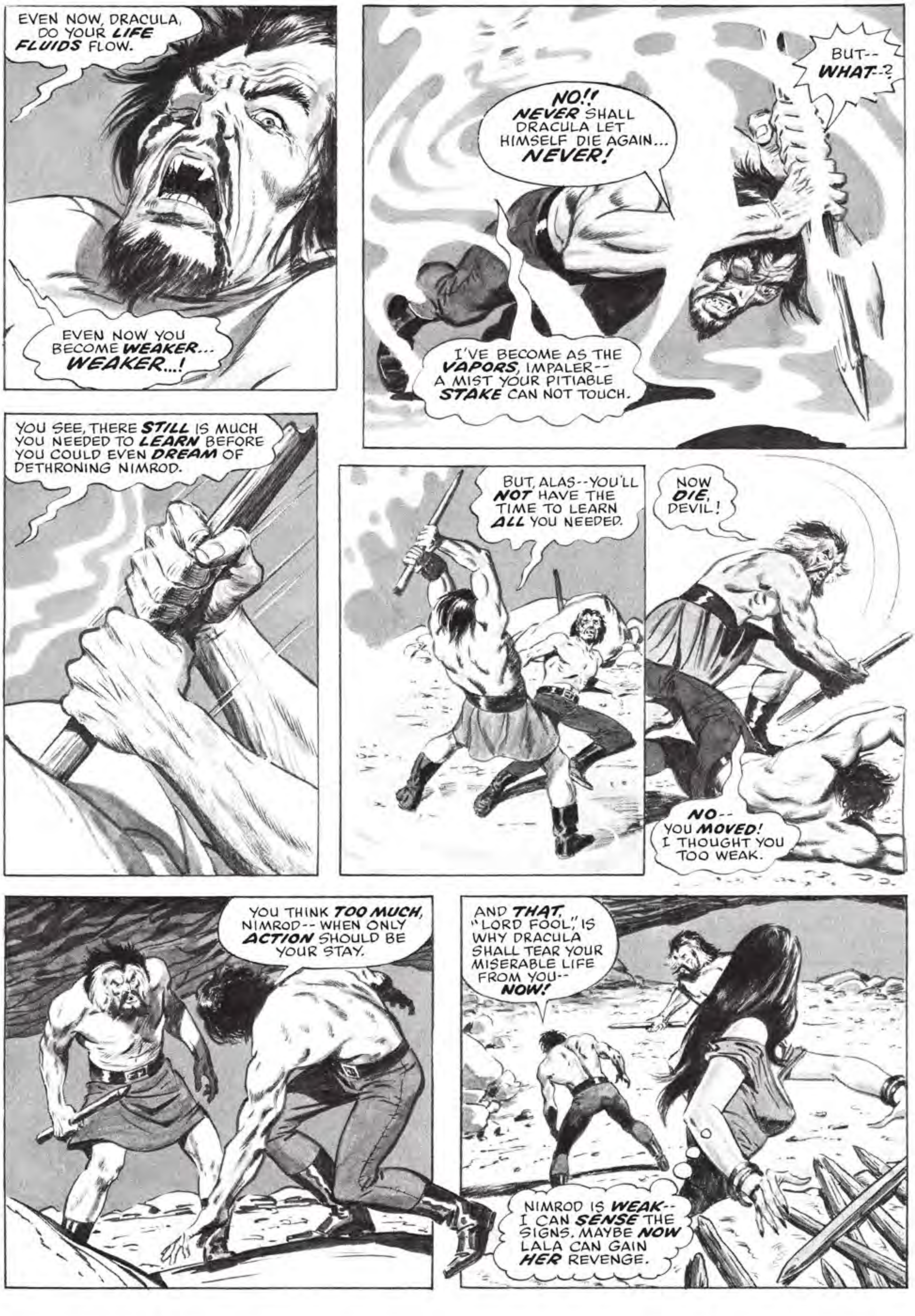

DRACULA TURNS THEN, AND IS LED TO A CHAMBER SET FOR HIM...
PLEASE DO NOT BROOD, HANDSOME ONE.
...A CHAMBER THAT IS DARK, CRUEL, AND REMINDS HIM MORE OF A DUNGEON THAN A HOME.
YOU? YOU WERE THE WENCH WITH NIMROD.
LALA IS HIS WOMAN, HANDSOME ONE.
BUT HE MERELY POSSESSES MY BODY--NOT MY SOUL.
HE IS CRUEL TO LALA. HE BEATS ME... HE HUMILIATES ME.
BUT IN YOU I SENSE SOMETHING GENTLE. YOU LIKE LALA?
I--
THERE IS A WARMTH FLUSHING THROUGH DRACULA NOW-- A BURNING DESIRE THAT HE CAN NOT PLACE...
...UNTIL, THAT IS, HE THINKS OF A MERE FEW HOURS BEFORE...AND OF A WOMAN HE LOVED BUT DARED NOT MOURN...
...FOR, THE MAN THEY CALLED THE DEVIL WAS A HARD MAN, SOMETIMES A CRUEL MAN... AND TO SHED EVEN THE SMALLEST OF TEARS IS A WEAKNESS HE COULD NOT AFFORD.
NO! BACK, WOMAN-- I MUST NOT BE DISTURBED--MY THOUGHTS MUST NOT BE INTERRUPTED.
EVEN FOR ONE SUCH AS LALA, LORD DRACULA? EVEN FOR ONE WHO OFFERS YOU HER LOVE?

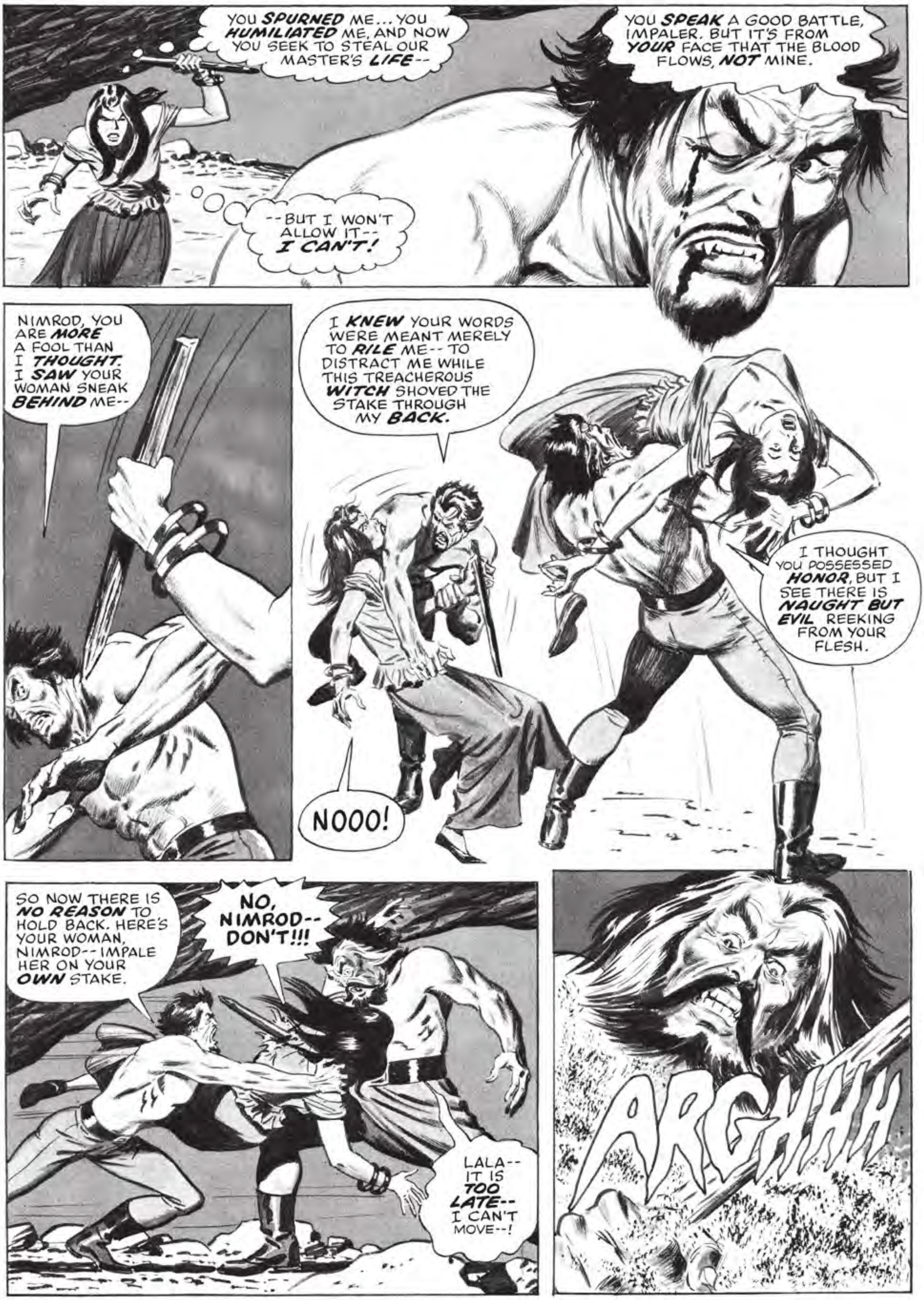

LALA HAS SO MUCH TO OFFER YOU... SO MUCH JOY--
PLEASE LET LALA TAKE THE SORROW FROM YOUR BROW.
LALA OFFERS YOU HAPPINESS...
LALA OFFERS YOU THE WORLD.
YOU DO WANT LALA, DO YOU NOT, HANDSOME ONE?
FOR A MOMENT, DRACULA FEELS THERE SHOULD BE PASSION BREWING WITHIN HIS UNDEAD FLESH...
...BUT, SADLY, NOTHING STIRS...
...NOTHING BUT THE PERSISTENT COOING FROM A MOST BEAUTIFUL...
...WOMAN--?
WHAT?
NO--GET BACK, DAMNED WENCH-- YOU'VE NOTHING TO GIVE ME--
YOUR FLESH IS AS COLD AS MINE--AS LIFELESS AS MINE--
YOUR PASSIONS ARE FEIGNED, FALSE ONE.
GET OUT-- GET OUT!

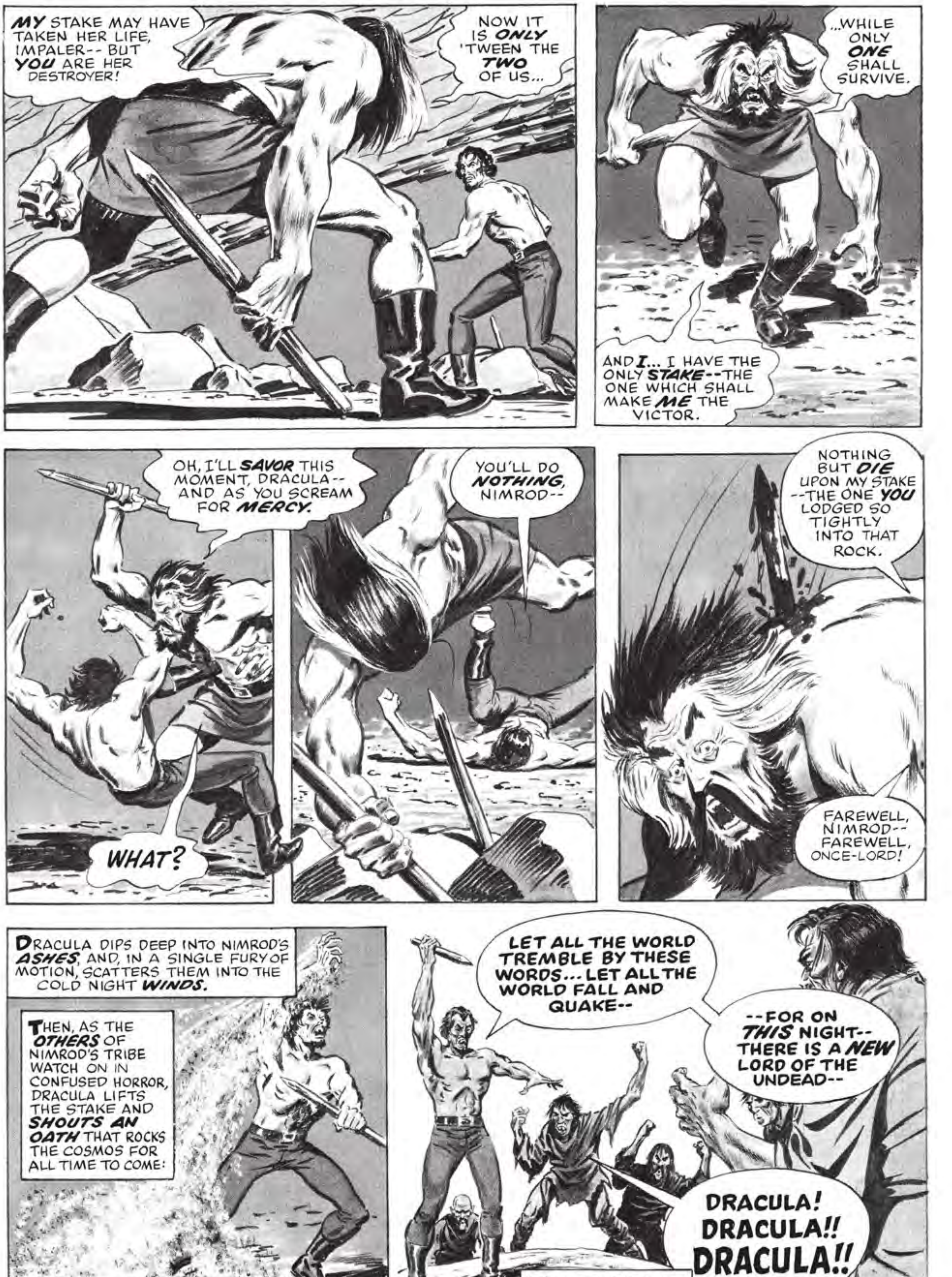

I TRIED TO **SAVE** YOU FROM NIMROD'S WRATH, DRACULA-- BUT NOW YOU'VE ONLY INCURRED **MINE!**
NIMROD SHALL **SLAY YOU AGAIN,** MY 'LORD' -- BUT THIS TIME YOU SHALL **NEVER AWAKEN!**
I SAID **GET OUT**-- WOMAN-- BEFORE IT IS **YOU** WHO MEETS YOUR FINAL MAKER.
THE WITCH CALLED LALA LEAVES, BUT THE AFTERGLOW OF HER HATEFUL EYES LINGERS...
...SENDING DRACULA TO **SEEK** THE COOL FRESHNESS OF THE NIGHT...
...AS THE DREADFUL **VAMPIRE BAT.**
FOR MINUTES HE SOARS **FREELY** THROUGH THE SKIES... BUT SOON FINDS HIMSELF OVER A **GYPSY CAMP**...
...WHERE HE WATCHES A YOUNG FAMILIAR **CHILD** LAUGHING TENDERLY AT HIS NEW MOTHER'S SIDE.
HIS CHILD IS **SAFE**... HE HAS ALREADY IN THESE PAST **HOURS** FORGOTTEN THE HORROR OF THE NIGHT...
...AND FOR THAT, DRACULA IS **THANKFUL.**
THUS, FOR THE MOMENT, HIS INWARD DESIRES ARE **SATISFIED...**
NOW ONLY **OTHER** PASSIONS REMAIN--
--A DRY RASPING **THIRST**...
... A **BLOODLUST.**
HIS **ATTACK** IS QUICK, ALMOST CAT-LIKE, AND BEFORE THE STARTLED **LOVERS** CAN REACT, THE MALE IS **DEAD**, FRESH BLOOD ALREADY DRIPPING FROM HIS NECK...


BUT STILL THERE IS HUNGER BUILDING WITHIN DRACULA'S THROAT... STILL THERE IS THE LUST FOR HIS LIFE-ELIXIR...
...BLOOD... BLOOD WHICH ONLY THE FEMALE CAN GIVE...!
THE GIRL STRUGGLES VAINLY AGAINST THE STEEL-LIKE ARMS OF DRACULA, BUT IN THE END, SHE KNOWS ALL IS LOST...
SHE CRUMBLES BENEATH RAZOR-SHARP FANGS... AND SHE DIES WITH AN ALMOST SATISFIED SMILE TATTOOED ACROSS HER LIPS.
FOR, AS SHE DIES, SHE ALREADY KNOWS--SOON SHE SHALL RISE AGAIN.
BUT FOR THE NONCE, IT IS A SATIATED DRACULA WHO RISES TOWARDS THE HEAVENS, DISCARDS HIS HUMAN SHAPE...
...AND TAKES TO THE MIDNIGHT SKIES. DAWN IS COMING... AND DAWN MEANS IT IS TIME FOR SLEEP.
DAYLIGHT SWIMS ACROSS THE BALKAN STATES WITH CARESSING WAVES OF WARMTH...
...AND ALL THE WHILE DRACULA SLEEPS, WAITING FOR THE BITTERNESS OF NIGHT... A NIGHT WHICH SHALL BEGIN WITH TWO LIVES, BUT SHALL END ONLY WITH ONE...
...A NIGHT WHICH SWIFTLY, SURELY COMES.
IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR MASTER, DRACULA. BOW TO ME AND YOUR LIFE WILL BE SPARED.
REBUKE ME, AND YOUR FLUIDS SHALL SOAK INTO THE THIRSTING EARTH.
NEVER, DEMON-- DRACULA'S LIFE AND SOUL ARE HIS OWN, AND NO AGED SCUM SHALL SAY OTHERWISE.
LET THE DUEL BEGIN!


HAH! YOUR BODY STILL MOVES LIKE A HUMAN'S--SLOWLY--PONDEROUSLY...
BUT STILL FAST ENOUGH TO REND YOU THROUGH!
IT IS NOT FOR NOTHING THAT DRACULA IS CALLED--THE IMPALER!
WAS CALLED, FOOL. YOUR HUMAN LIFE MEANS NOTHING HERE.
TO BE REBORN AS A VAMPIRE MEANS A NEW BEGINNING... NEW TRAINING... TRAINING YOU'VE YET TO RECEIVE.
UNNHH!
NOW DO YOU UNDERSTAND, FOOL--?
NOW DO YOU SEE WHY NIMROD IS CALLED "LORD"?
ALL I SEE IS AN OLD FOOL--ONE WHO SHOULD'VE PERISHED EONS AGO...
...ONE WHO SHALL GASP HIS FINAL BREATH BENEATH DRACULA'S HANDS!
NOT LIKELY, IMPALER...
NOT LIKELY AT ALL.


EVEN NOW, DRACULA, DO YOUR LIFE FLUIDS FLOW.
EVEN NOW YOU BECOME WEAKER... WEAKER...!
NO!! NEVER SHALL DRACULA LET HIMSELF DIE AGAIN... NEVER!
BUT-- WHAT--?
I'VE BECOME AS THE VAPORS, IMPALER-- A MIST YOUR PITIABLE STAKE CAN NOT TOUCH.
YOU SEE, THERE STILL IS MUCH YOU NEEDED TO LEARN BEFORE YOU COULD EVEN DREAM OF DETHRONING NIMROD.
BUT, ALAS--YOU'LL NOT HAVE THE TIME TO LEARN ALL YOU NEEDED.
NOW DIE, DEVIL!
NO-- YOU MOVED! I THOUGHT YOU TOO WEAK.
YOU THINK TOO MUCH, NIMROD-- WHEN ONLY ACTION SHOULD BE YOUR STAY.
AND THAT, "LORD FOOL," IS WHY DRACULA SHALL TEAR YOUR MISERABLE LIFE FROM YOU-- NOW!
NIMROD IS WEAK-- I CAN SENSE THE SIGNS. MAYBE NOW LALA CAN GAIN HER REVENGE.)


YOU SPURNED ME... YOU HUMILIATED ME, AND NOW YOU SEEK TO STEAL OUR MASTER'S LIFE--
--BUT I WON'T ALLOW IT-- I CAN'T!
YOU SPEAK A GOOD BATTLE, IMPALER. BUT IT'S FROM YOUR FACE THAT THE BLOOD FLOWS, NOT MINE.
NIMROD, YOU ARE MORE A FOOL THAN I THOUGHT. I SAW YOUR WOMAN SNEAK BEHIND ME--
I KNEW YOUR WORDS WERE MEANT MERELY TO RILE ME-- TO DISTRACT ME WHILE THIS TREACHEROUS WITCH SHOVED THE STAKE THROUGH MY BACK.
NOOO!
I THOUGHT YOU POSSESSED HONOR, BUT I SEE THERE IS NAUGHT BUT EVIL REEKING FROM YOUR FLESH.
SO NOW THERE IS NO REASON TO HOLD BACK. HERE'S YOUR WOMAN, NIMROD-- IMPALE HER ON YOUR OWN STAKE.
NO, NIMROD-- DON'T!!!
LALA-- IT IS TOO LATE-- I CAN'T MOVE--!
ARGHHH


MY STAKE MAY HAVE TAKEN HER LIFE, IMPALER-- BUT YOU ARE HER DESTROYER!
NOW IT IS ONLY 'TWEEN THE TWO OF US...
...WHILE ONLY ONE SHALL SURVIVE.
AND I... I HAVE THE ONLY STAKE--THE ONE WHICH SHALL MAKE ME THE VICTOR.
OH, I'LL SAVOR THIS MOMENT, DRACULA-- AND AS YOU SCREAM FOR MERCY.
WHAT?
YOU'LL DO NOTHING, NIMROD--
NOTHING BUT DIE UPON MY STAKE --THE ONE YOU LODGED SO TIGHTLY INTO THAT ROCK.
FAREWELL, NIMROD-- FAREWELL, ONCE-LORD!
DRACULA DIPS DEEP INTO NIMROD'S ASHES, AND, IN A SINGLE FURY OF MOTION, SCATTERS THEM INTO THE COLD NIGHT WINDS.
THEN, AS THE OTHERS OF NIMROD'S TRIBE WATCH ON IN CONFUSED HORROR, DRACULA LIFTS THE STAKE AND SHOUTS AN OATH THAT ROCKS THE COSMOS FOR ALL TIME TO COME:
LET ALL THE WORLD TREMBLE BY THESE WORDS... LET ALL THE WORLD FALL AND QUAKE--
--FOR ON THIS NIGHT-- THERE IS A NEW LORD OF THE UNDEAD--
DRACULA! DRACULA!! DRACULA!!
THUS IT BEGAN-- AND THUS SHALL IT EVER BE!
FINIS

Next Issue:

ANOTHER TRIO OF TERROR-LADEN TALES
FEATURING THE
MASTER OF THE LIVING DEAD:

DRACULA™ *VS.* DRACULA™

IN THE HAUNTED BACK LOTS OF ***HOLLYWOOD!***

THE COUNTESS OF BLOOD!

DRACULA'S FIERCEST ***FOE***--AND HIS MOST
DANGEROUS, MOST DEADLY ***RIVAL!***

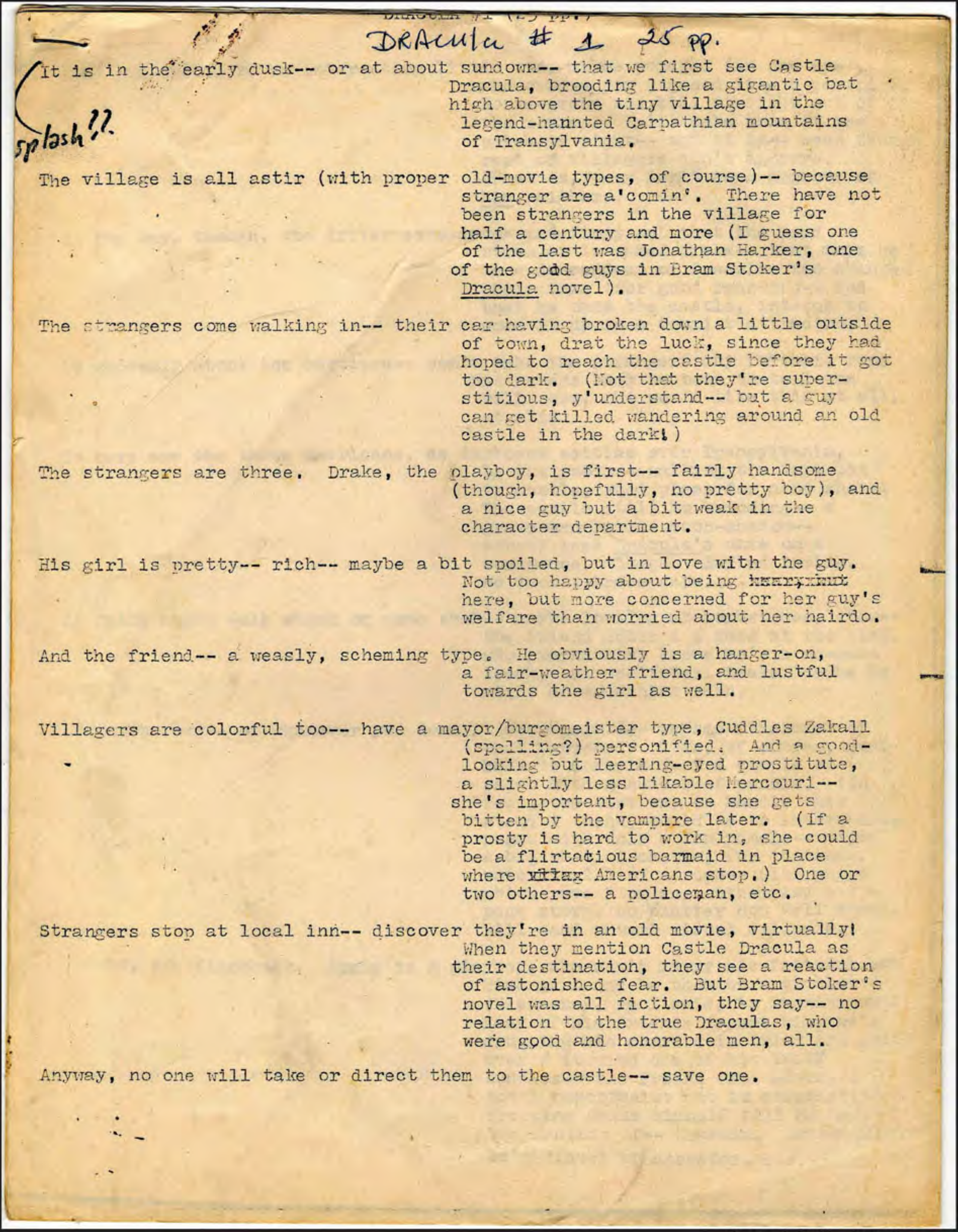
BONUS: THE BREATHLESS ***BEGINNING***
OF AN EERIE ADAPTATION OF THE
ORIGINAL "DRACULA" NOVEL
BY ***BRAM STOKER!***

--NOT TO MENTION A GRAVEYARD-FULL
OF ***PHOTOS, FEATURES,*** AND ***FICTION***
ALL DEMONIACALLY DESIGNED TO GIVE
FURTHER DRAMATIC CREDENCE TO
THE OMINOUS HYPOTHESIS THAT--

DRACULA™ LIVES!

IN OTHER WORDS:
TRACK HIM DOWN ON AUG. 16!
(WHEREVER MONSTER-MAGS ARE SOLD!)

The Tomb of Dracula #1 plot synopsis page 1, by Roy Thomas
(corresponding to published pages 1-4)



DRAcula # 1 25 pp.

splash??

It is in the early dusk-- or at about sundown-- that we first see Castle Dracula, brooding like a gigantic bat high above the tiny village in the legend-hannted Carpathian mountains of Transylvania.

The village is all astir (with proper old-movie types, of course)-- because stranger are a'comin'. There have not been strangers in the village for half a century and more (I guess one of the last was Jonathan Harker, one of the good guys in Bram Stoker's Dracula novel).

The strangers come walking in-- their car having broken down a little outside of town, drat the luck, since they had hoped to reach the castle before it got too dark. (Not that they're superstitious, y'understand-- but a guy can get killed wandering around an old castle in the dark!)

The strangers are three. Drake, the playboy, is first-- fairly handsome (though, hopefully, no pretty boy), and a nice guy but a bit weak in the character department.

His girl is pretty-- rich-- maybe a bit spoiled, but in love with the guy. Not too happy about being [illegible] here, but more concerned for her guy's welfare than worried about her hairdo.

And the friend-- a weasly, scheming type. He obviously is a hanger-on, a fair-weather friend, and lustful towards the girl as well.

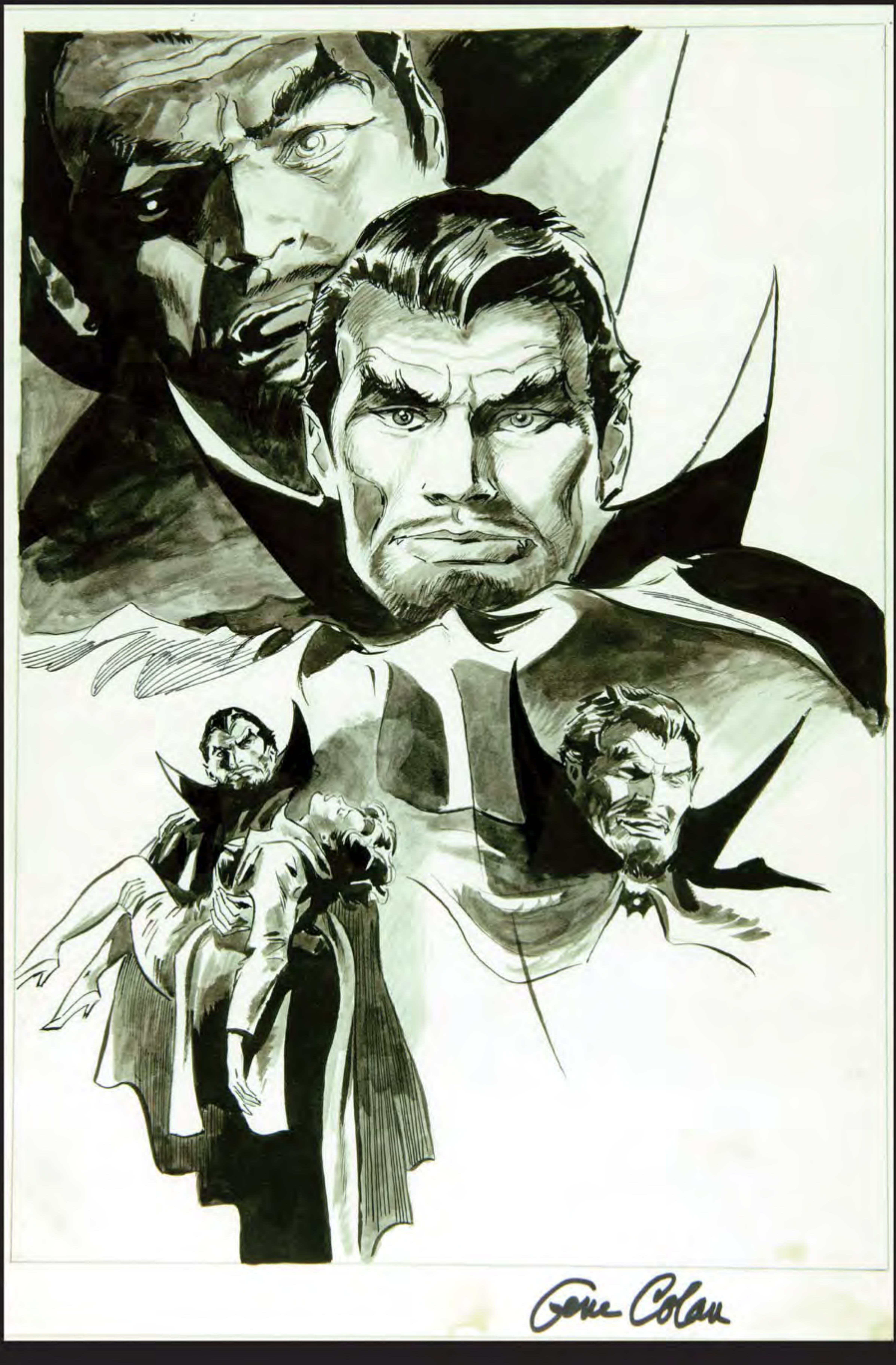
Villagers are colorful too-- have a mayor/burgomeister type, Cuddles Zakall (spelling?) personified. And a good-looking but leering-eyed prostitute, a slightly less likable Mercouri-- she's important, because she gets bitten by the vampire later. (If a prosty is hard to work in, she could be a flirtatious barmaid in place where [illegible] Americans stop.) One or two others-- a policeman, etc.

Strangers stop at local inn-- discover they're in an old movie, virtually! When they mention Castle Dracula as their destination, they see a reaction of astonished fear. But Bram Stoker's novel was all fiction, they say-- no relation to the true Draculas, who were good and honorable men, all.

Anyway, no one will take or direct them to the castle-- save one.

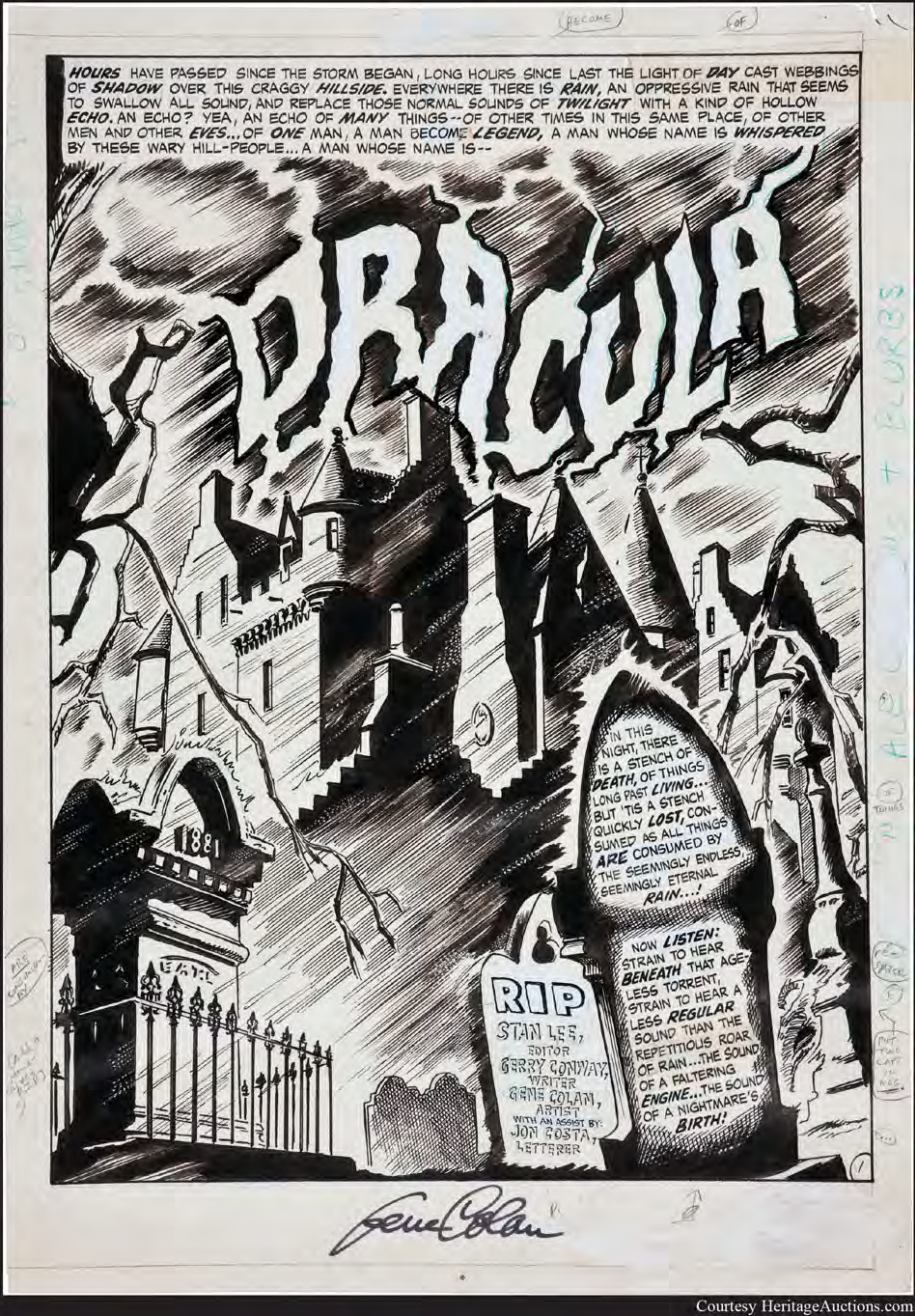
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

When Gene Colan learned that Marvel was launching a Dracula comic book series, he illustrated this tryout piece to show Stan Lee he was the man for the job.



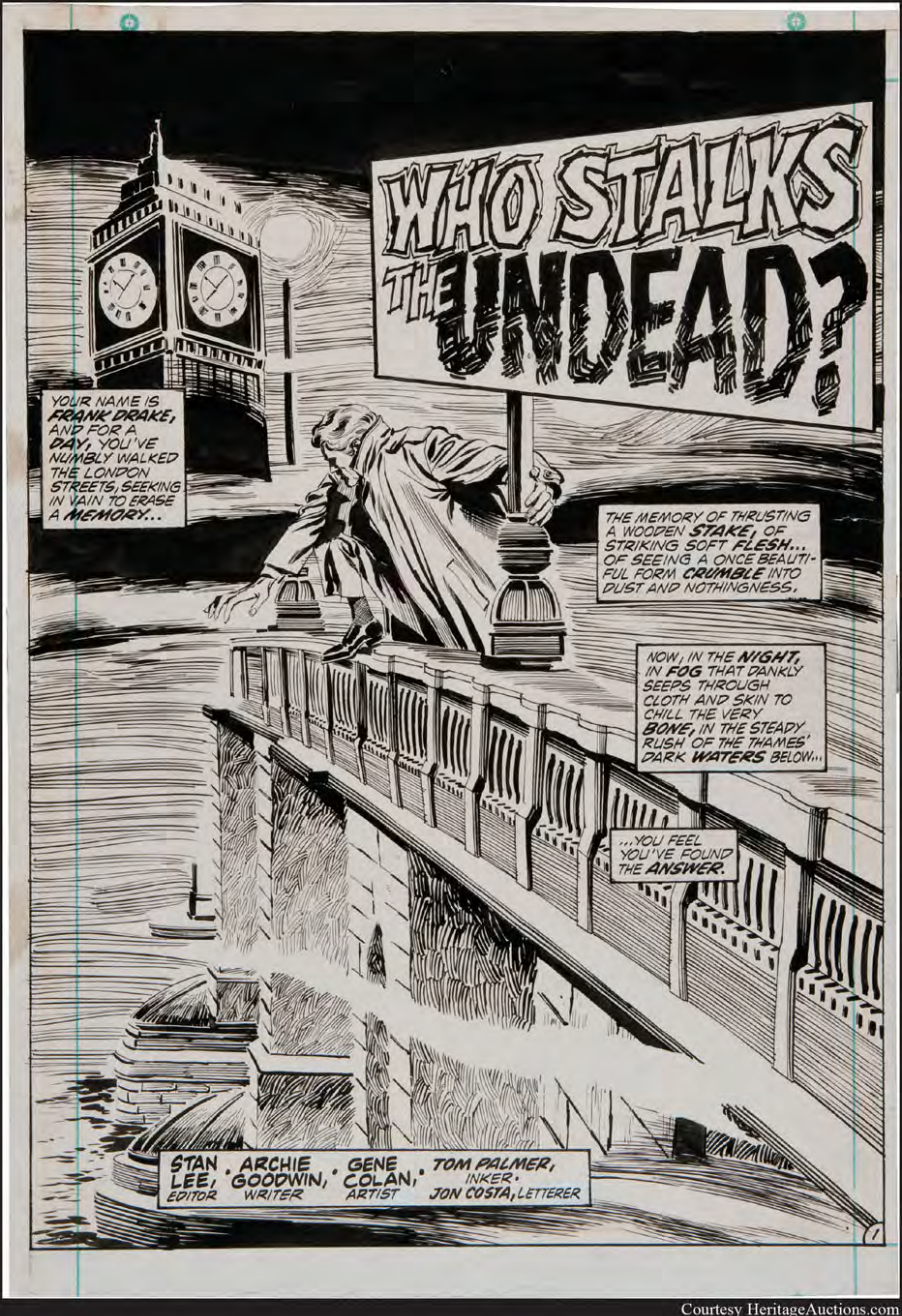
Gene Colan

The Tomb of Dracula #1, page 1 original art
by Gene Colan


(BECOME)
(OF)
HOURS HAVE PASSED SINCE THE STORM BEGAN, LONG HOURS SINCE LAST THE LIGHT OF DAY CAST WEBBINGS OF SHADOW OVER THIS CRAGGY HILLSIDE. EVERYWHERE THERE IS RAIN, AN OPPRESSIVE RAIN THAT SEEMS TO SWALLOW ALL SOUND, AND REPLACE THOSE NORMAL SOUNDS OF TWILIGHT WITH A KIND OF HOLLOW ECHO. AN ECHO? YEA, AN ECHO OF MANY THINGS--OF OTHER TIMES IN THIS SAME PLACE, OF OTHER MEN AND OTHER EVES...OF ONE MAN, A MAN BECOME LEGEND, A MAN WHOSE NAME IS WHISPERED BY THESE WARY HILL-PEOPLE... A MAN WHOSE NAME IS--
DRACULA
1881
IN THIS NIGHT, THERE IS A STENCH OF DEATH, OF THINGS LONG PAST LIVING... BUT 'TIS A STENCH QUICKLY LOST, CONSUMED AS ALL THINGS ARE CONSUMED BY THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS, SEEMINGLY ETERNAL RAIN...!
NOW LISTEN: STRAIN TO HEAR BENEATH THAT AGELESS TORRENT, STRAIN TO HEAR A LESS REGULAR SOUND THAN THE REPETITIOUS ROAR OF RAIN...THE SOUND OF A FALTERING ENGINE...THE SOUND OF A NIGHTMARE'S BIRTH!
RIP
STAN LEE, EDITOR
GERRY CONWAY, WRITER
GENE COLAN, ARTIST
WITH AN ASSIST BY: JON COSTA, LETTERER
1
Gene Colan

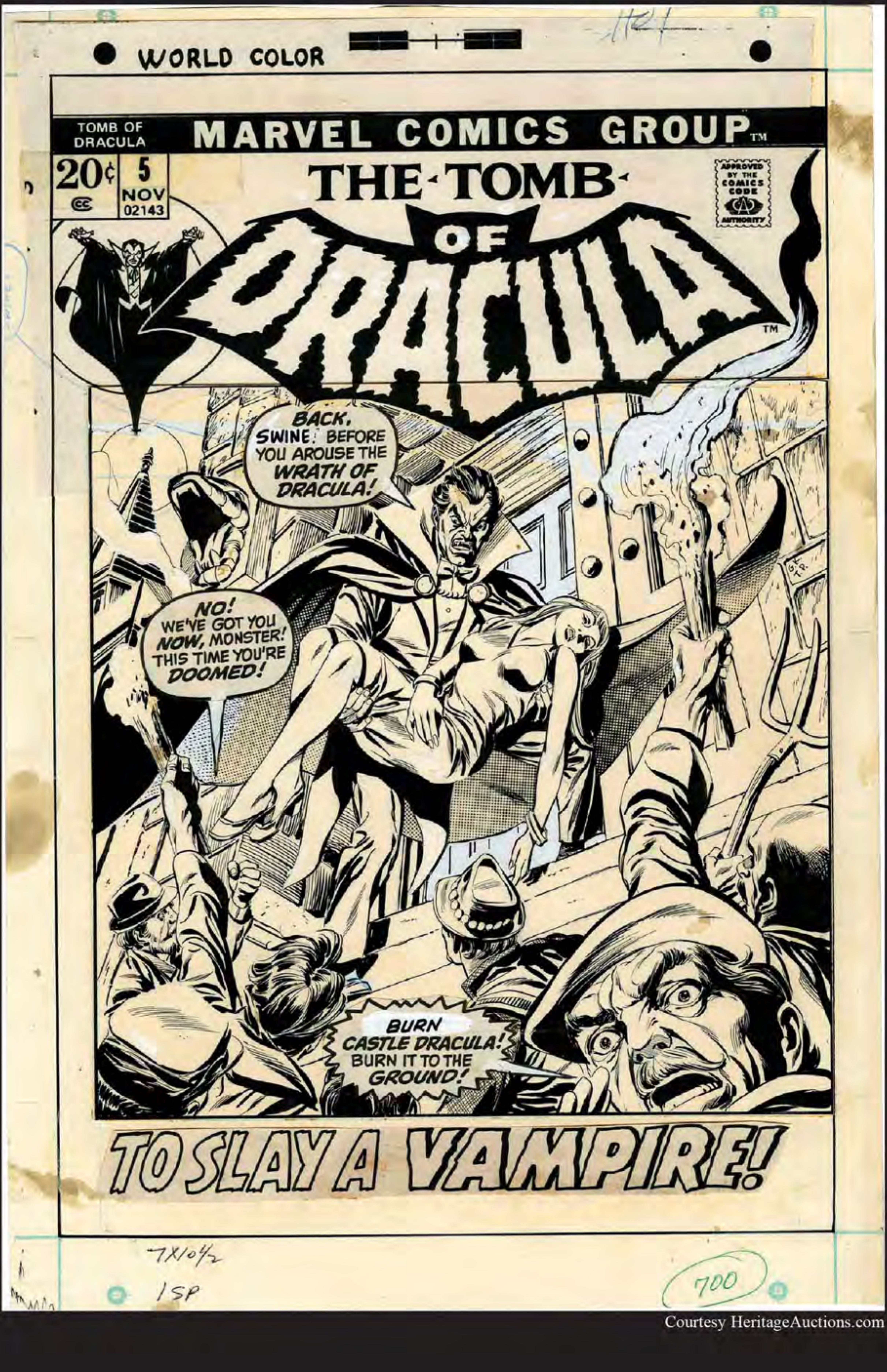
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Tomb of Dracula #3, page 1 original art
by Gene Colan & Tom Palmer


WHO STALKS THE UNDEAD?
YOUR NAME IS FRANK DRAKE, AND FOR A DAY, YOU'VE NUMBLY WALKED THE LONDON STREETS, SEEKING IN VAIN TO ERASE A MEMORY...
THE MEMORY OF THRUSTING A WOODEN STAKE, OF STRIKING SOFT FLESH... OF SEEING A ONCE BEAUTIFUL FORM CRUMBLE INTO DUST AND NOTHINGNESS.
NOW, IN THE NIGHT, IN FOG THAT DANKLY SEEPS THROUGH CLOTH AND SKIN TO CHILL THE VERY BONE, IN THE STEADY RUSH OF THE THAMES' DARK WATERS BELOW...
...YOU FEEL YOU'VE FOUND THE ANSWER.
STAN LEE, EDITOR • ARCHIE GOODWIN, WRITER • GENE COLAN, ARTIST • TOM PALMER, INKER • JON COSTA, LETTERER
1

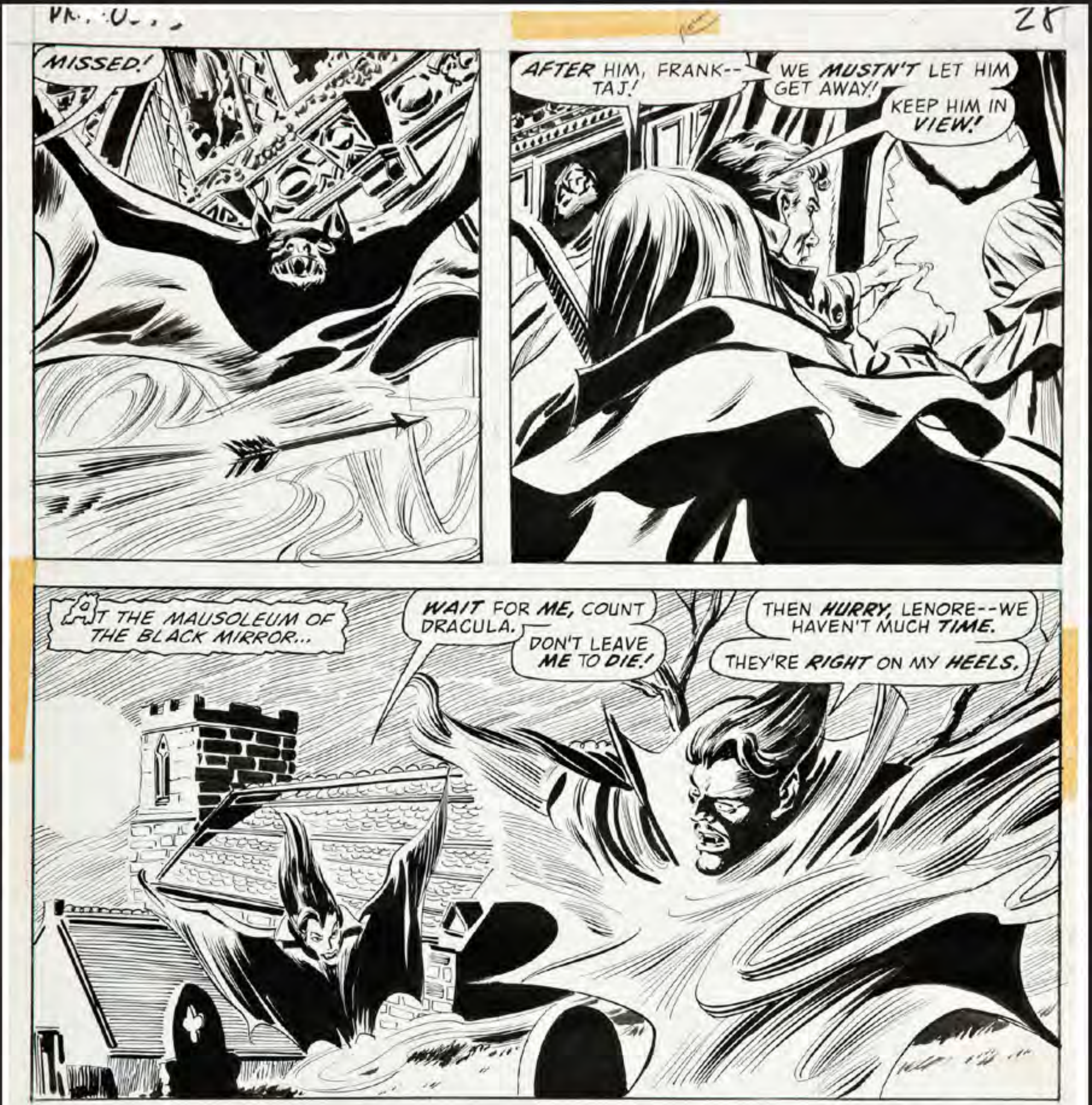
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Tomb of Dracula #5 cover original art
by Gil Kane & Tom Palmer


WORLD COLOR
TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢
5
NOV
02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BACK, SWINE! BEFORE YOU AROUSE THE WRATH OF DRACULA!
NO! WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, MONSTER! THIS TIME YOU'RE DOOMED!
BURN CASTLE DRACULA! BURN IT TO THE GROUND!
TO SLAY A VAMPIRE!
7X10½
1SP
700

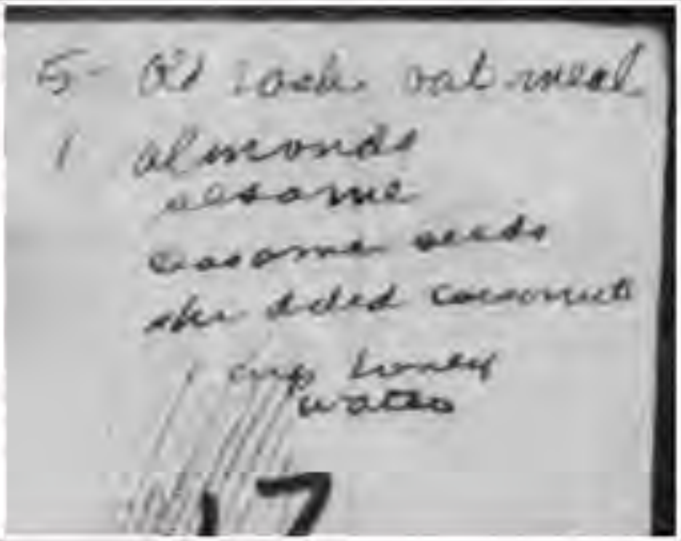
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Tomb of Dracula #5, page 20 original art
by Gene Colan & Tom Palmer

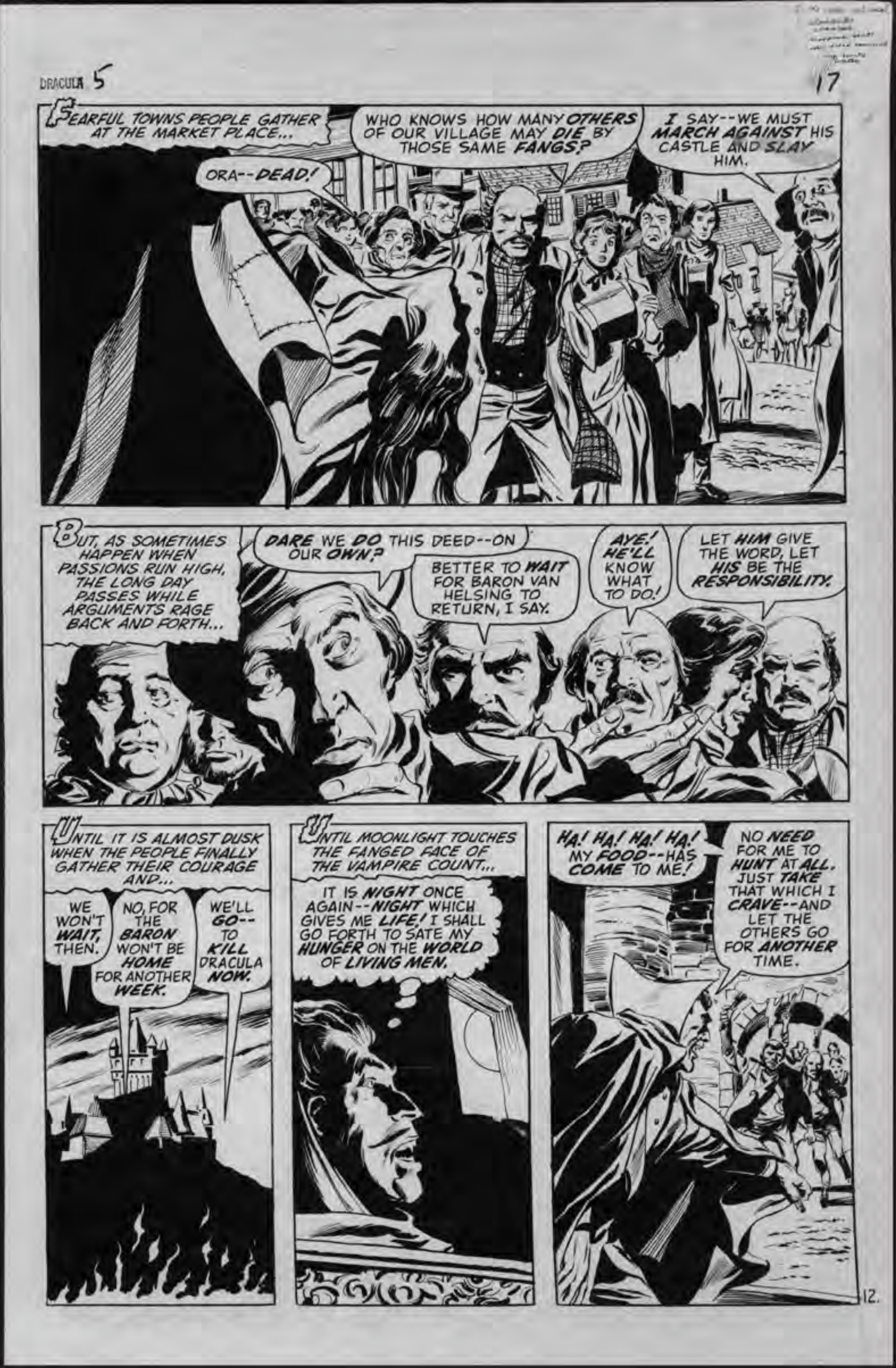

28
MISSED!
AFTER HIM, FRANK--TAJ!
WE MUSTN'T LET HIM GET AWAY!
KEEP HIM IN VIEW!
AT THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE BLACK MIRROR...
WAIT FOR ME, COUNT DRACULA.
DON'T LEAVE ME TO DIE!
THEN HURRY, LENORE--WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME.
THEY'RE RIGHT ON MY HEELS.
I'VE SPOKEN THE INCANTATION--OPENED THE GATEWAY OF THE DEMON GLASS.
ENTER INTO IT WITH ME, LENORE!
I'M COMING WITH YOU --NO MATTER WHERE --NO MATTER WHEN!
THEY GOT AWAY--BUT YOU REMEMBER THE INCANTATION WHICH WILL OPEN THE MIRROR FOR US, RACHEL.
SPEAK IT SO WE MAY FOLLOW. WE'RE SO CLOSE BEHIND THEM--THEY WON'T ESCAPE US THIS TIME.
DRACULA --OR WE-- MUST DIE!
NEXT: MYSTERY OF THE MOORLANDS MONSTER!
BE HERE, HOB-GOBLIN!
28

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

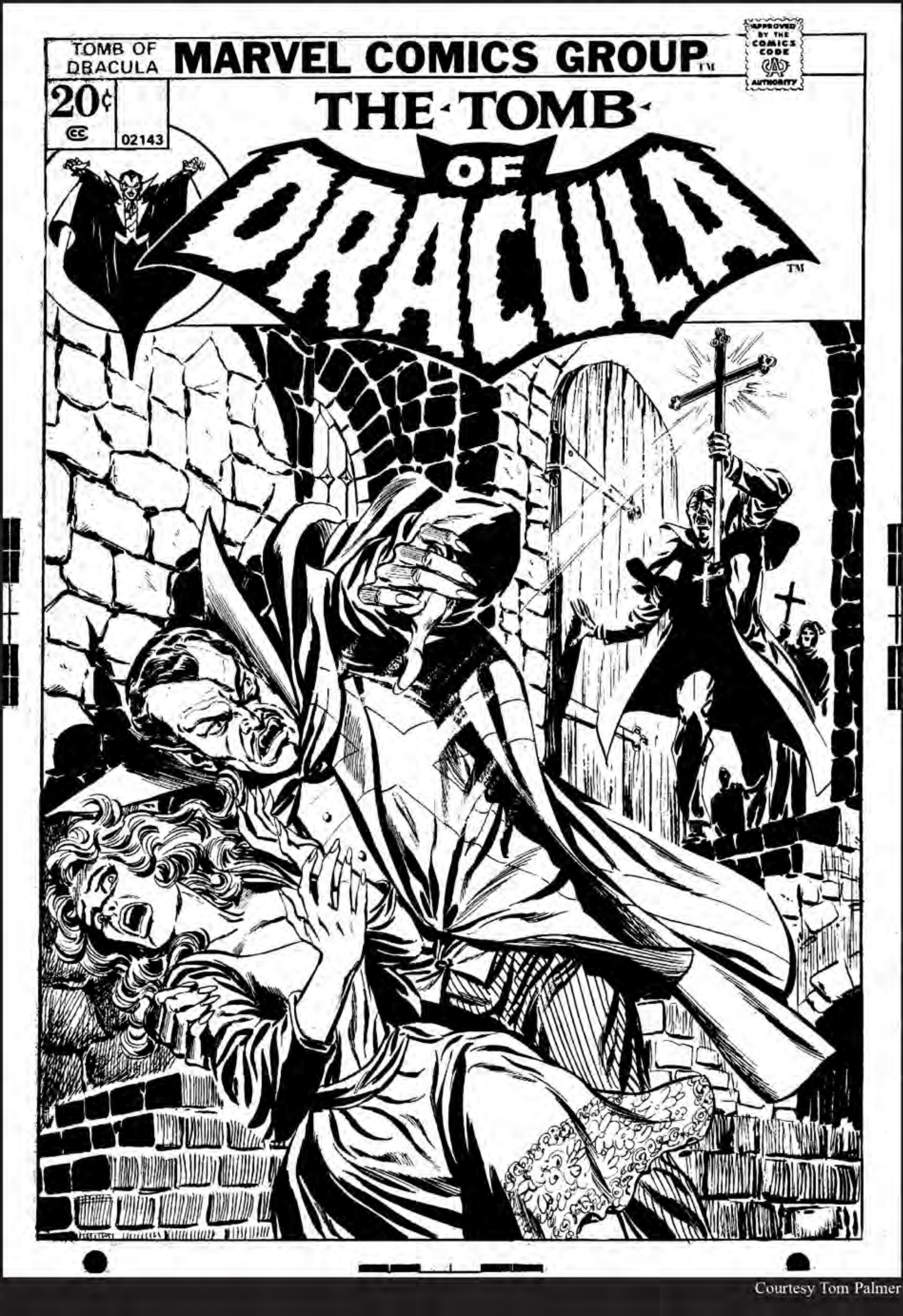
In one of the stranger finds from the Marvel archives, this *The Tomb of Dracula* #5, page 12 production photostat shows one of the creative team's oatmeal recipes in the top-right corner of the page margin. "5 old Irish oatmeal, 1 almonds, sesame, sesame seeds, 'she added coconut,' 1 cup honey water." Vampire hunting is a hungry business.



5- Ol Irish oatmeal
1 almonds
sesame
sesame seeds
she added coconut
1 cup honey
water
17

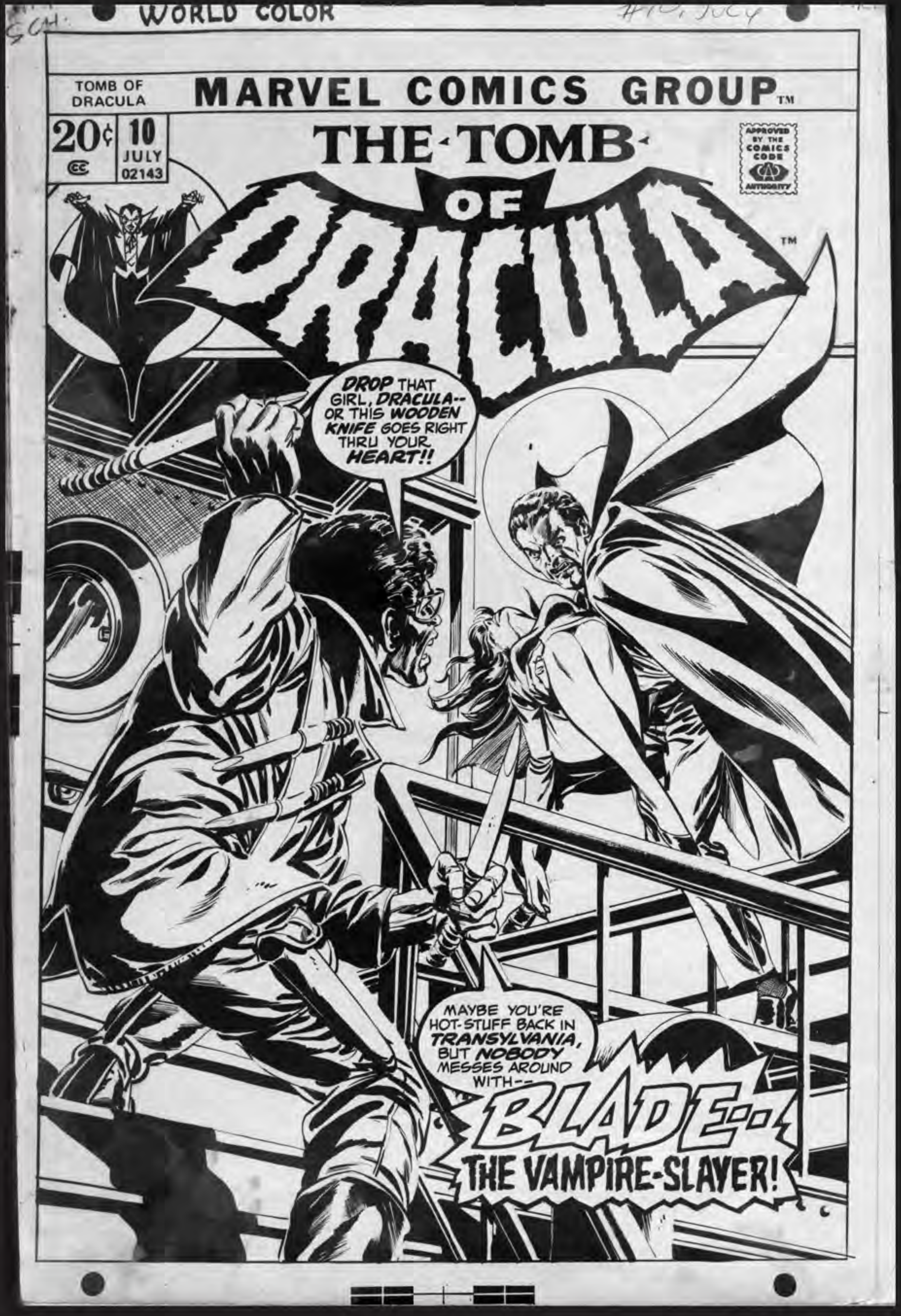

DRACULA 5
17
FEARFUL TOWNS PEOPLE GATHER AT THE MARKET PLACE...
WHO KNOWS HOW MANY OTHERS OF OUR VILLAGE MAY DIE BY THOSE SAME FANGS?
I SAY--WE MUST MARCH AGAINST HIS CASTLE AND SLAY HIM.
ORA--DEAD!
BUT, AS SOMETIMES HAPPEN WHEN PASSIONS RUN HIGH, THE LONG DAY PASSES WHILE ARGUMENTS RAGE BACK AND FORTH...
DARE WE DO THIS DEED--ON OUR OWN?
BETTER TO WAIT FOR BARON VAN HELSING TO RETURN, I SAY.
AYE! HE'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!
LET HIM GIVE THE WORD, LET HIS BE THE RESPONSIBILITY.
UNTIL IT IS ALMOST DUSK WHEN THE PEOPLE FINALLY GATHER THEIR COURAGE AND...
WE WON'T WAIT, THEN.
NO, FOR THE BARON WON'T BE HOME FOR ANOTHER WEEK.
WE'LL GO--TO KILL DRACULA NOW.
UNTIL MOONLIGHT TOUCHES THE FANGED FACE OF THE VAMPIRE COUNT...
IT IS NIGHT ONCE AGAIN--NIGHT WHICH GIVES ME LIFE! I SHALL GO FORTH TO SATE MY HUNGER ON THE WORLD OF LIVING MEN.
HA! HA! HA! HA! MY FOOD--HAS COME TO ME!
NO NEED FOR ME TO HUNT AT ALL. JUST TAKE THAT WHICH I CRAVE--AND LET THE OTHERS GO FOR ANOTHER TIME.
12.

The Tomb of Dracula #9 cover original art photocopy; in the final art the light coming from the cross is intensified, smoke pours off Dracula and the door is simplified.

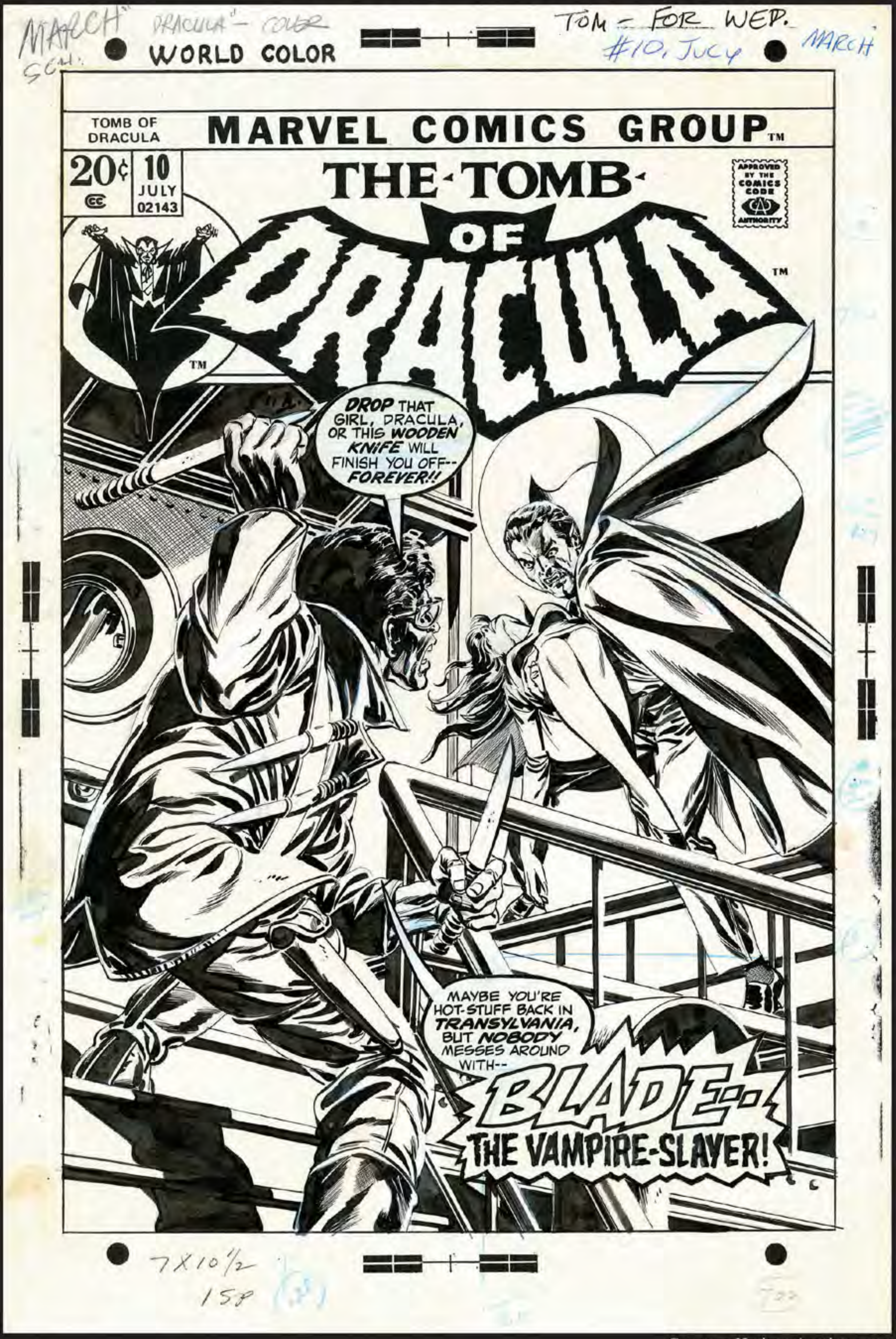

TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP TM
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
20¢
CC
02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA TM

Courtesy Tom Palmer

This production photostat of *The Tomb of Dracula* #10's cover shows Blade's original dialogue (likely tamed down to receive Code approval) and knives.

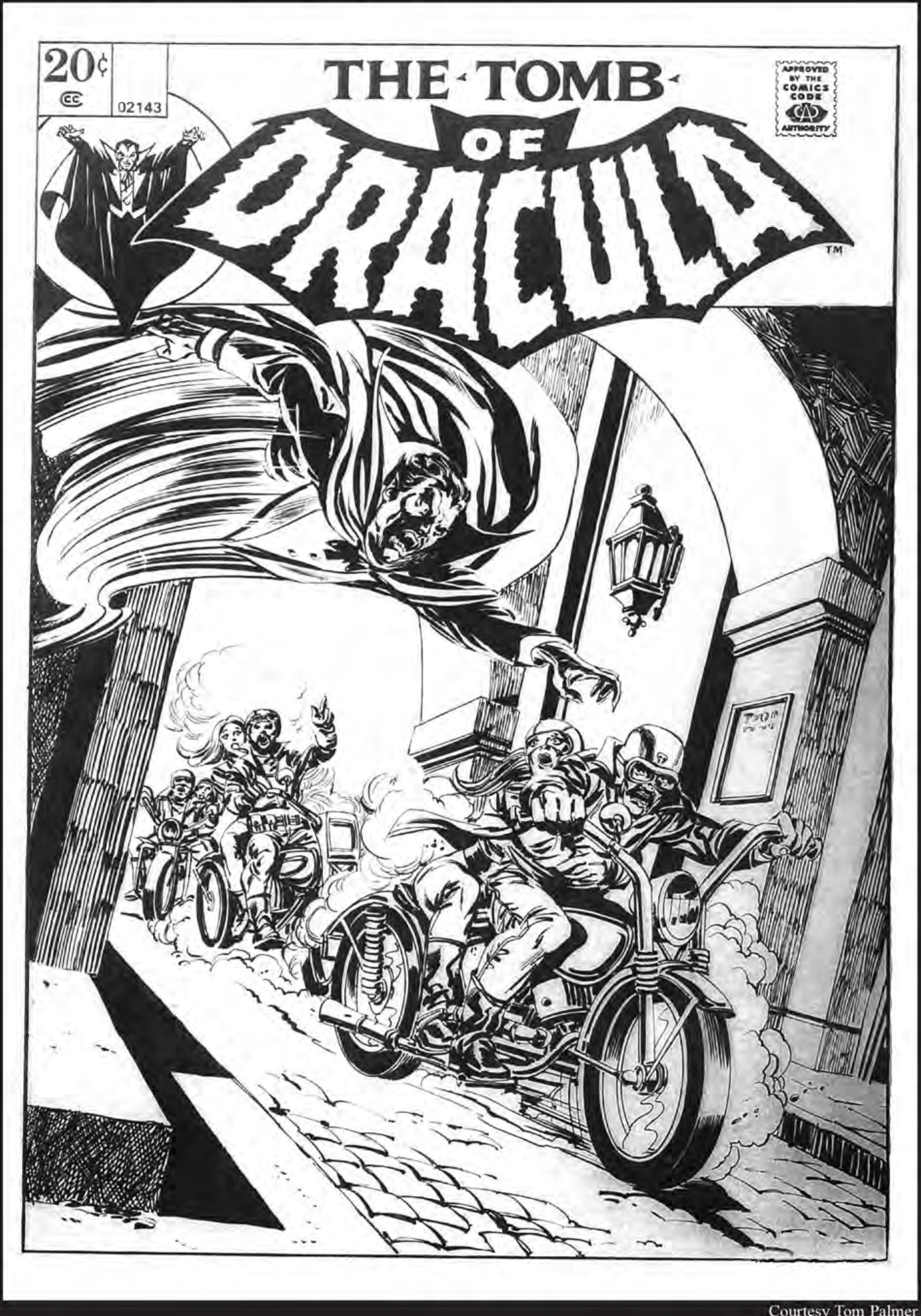

WORLD COLOR
#10, JULY
TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP TM
20¢ 10 JULY 02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA TM
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DROP THAT GIRL, DRACULA-- OR THIS WOODEN KNIFE GOES RIGHT THRU YOUR HEART!!
MAYBE YOU'RE HOT-STUFF BACK IN TRANSYLVANIA, BUT NOBODY MESSES AROUND WITH--
BLADE--
THE VAMPIRE-SLAYER!

The Tomb of Dracula #10 cover original art
by Gil Kane & Tom Palmer


MARCH
DRACULA – COVER
WORLD COLOR
TOM – FOR WED.
#10, JULY
MARCH
TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
20¢
10
JULY
02143
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DROP THAT GIRL, DRACULA, OR THIS WOODEN KNIFE WILL FINISH YOU OFF-- FOREVER!!
MAYBE YOU'RE HOT-STUFF BACK IN TRANSYLVANIA, BUT NOBODY MESSES AROUND WITH--
BLADE-- THE VAMPIRE-SLAYER!
7X10½
15P

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Tomb of Dracula #11 cover original art photocopy displaying the original rendition of the lead biker's face and motorcycle.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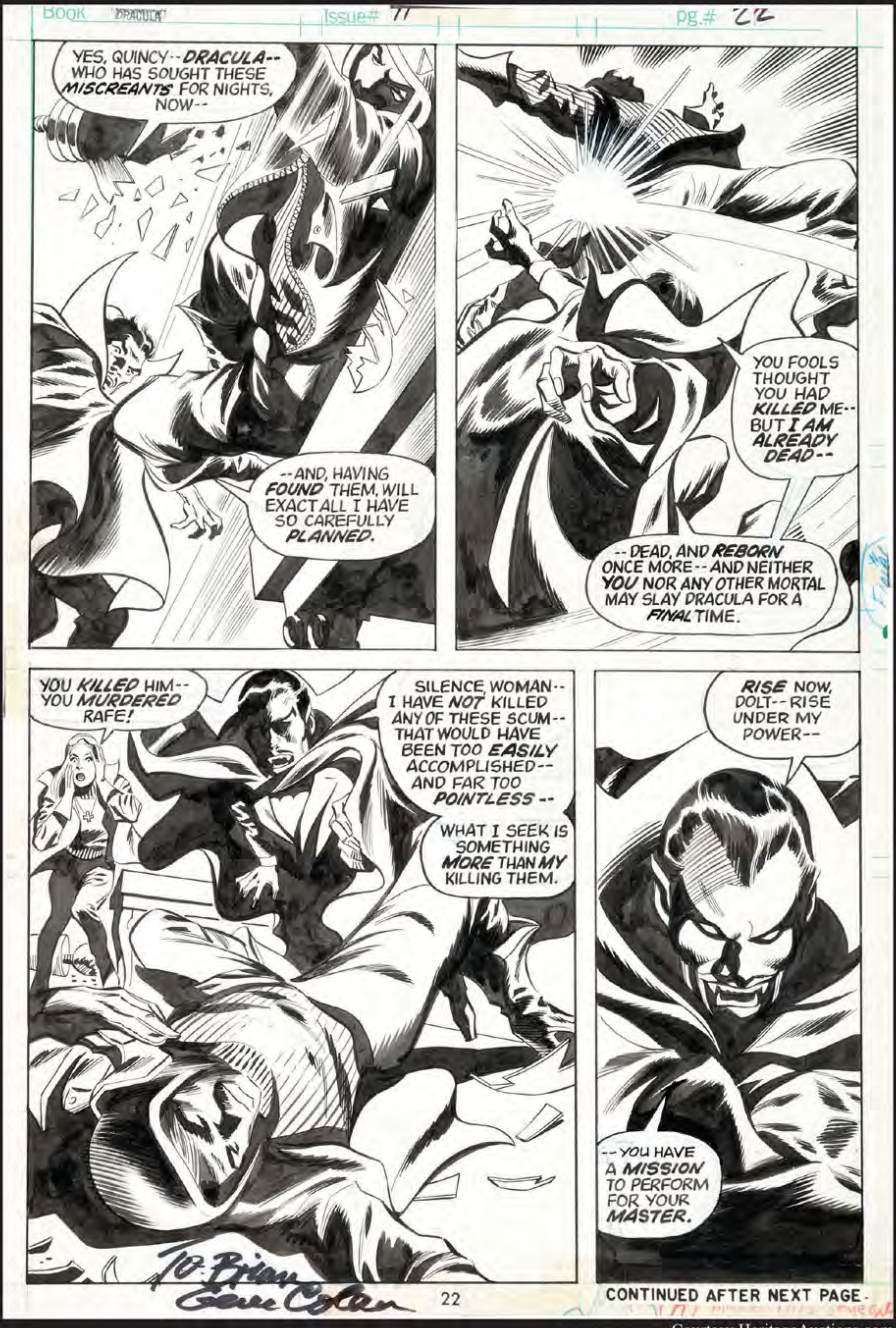
THE TOMB OF DRACULA
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
TM

Courtesy Tom Palmer

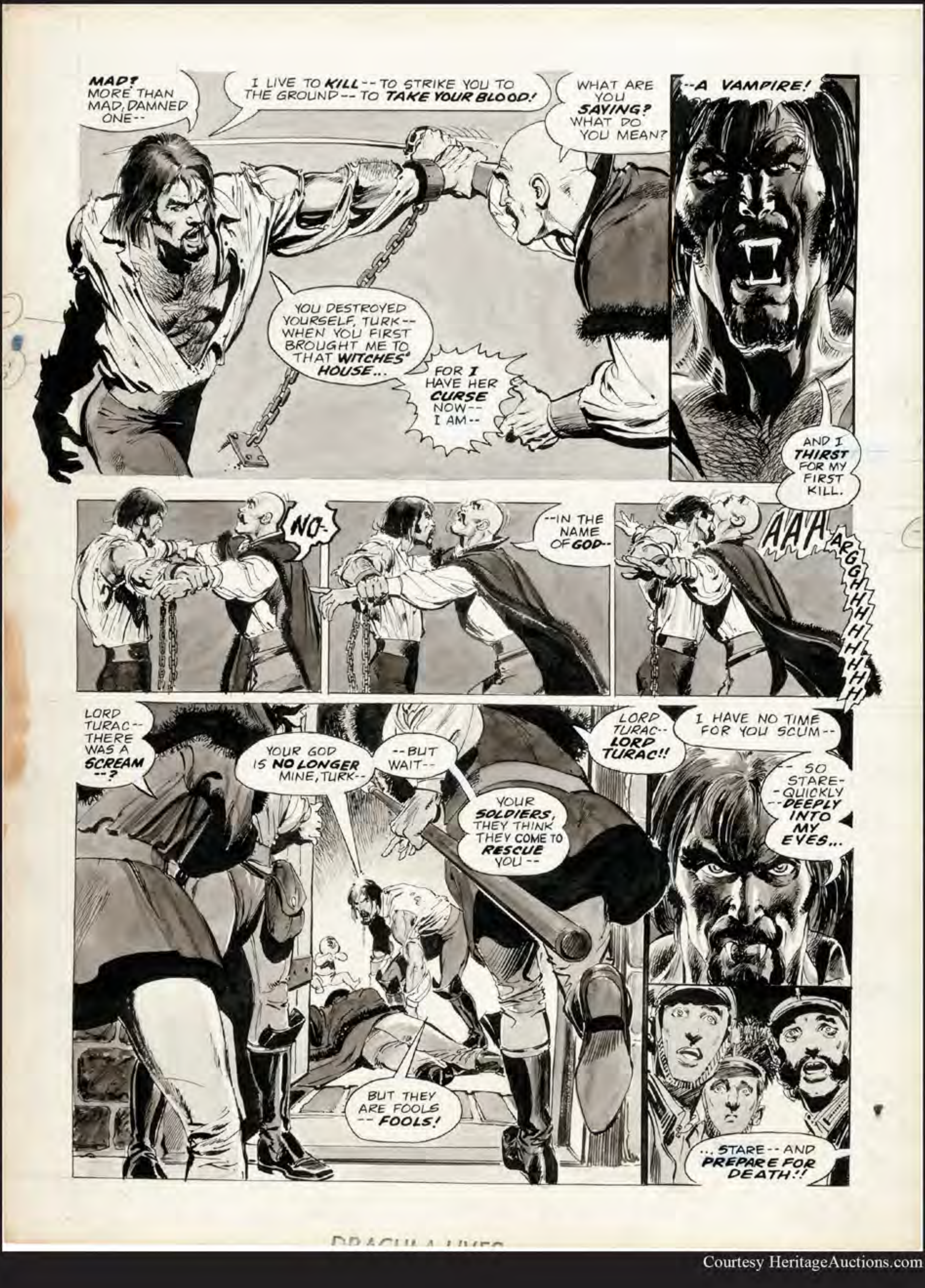


The Tomb of Dracula #11, page 16 original art
by Gene Colan & Jack Abel

Book DRACULA
Issue# 11
pg.# 22
YES, QUINCY--DRACULA--WHO HAS SOUGHT THESE MISCREANTS FOR NIGHTS, NOW--
--AND, HAVING FOUND THEM, WILL EXACT ALL I HAVE SO CAREFULLY PLANNED.
YOU FOOLS THOUGHT YOU HAD KILLED ME--BUT I AM ALREADY DEAD--
--DEAD, AND REBORN ONCE MORE--AND NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OTHER MORTAL MAY SLAY DRACULA FOR A FINAL TIME.
YOU KILLED HIM--YOU MURDERED RAFE!
SILENCE, WOMAN--I HAVE NOT KILLED ANY OF THESE SCUM--THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO EASILY ACCOMPLISHED--AND FAR TOO POINTLESS--
WHAT I SEEK IS SOMETHING MORE THAN MY KILLING THEM.
RISE NOW, DOLT--RISE UNDER MY POWER--
--YOU HAVE A MISSION TO PERFORM FOR YOUR MASTER.
To: Brian
Gene Colan
22
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE-

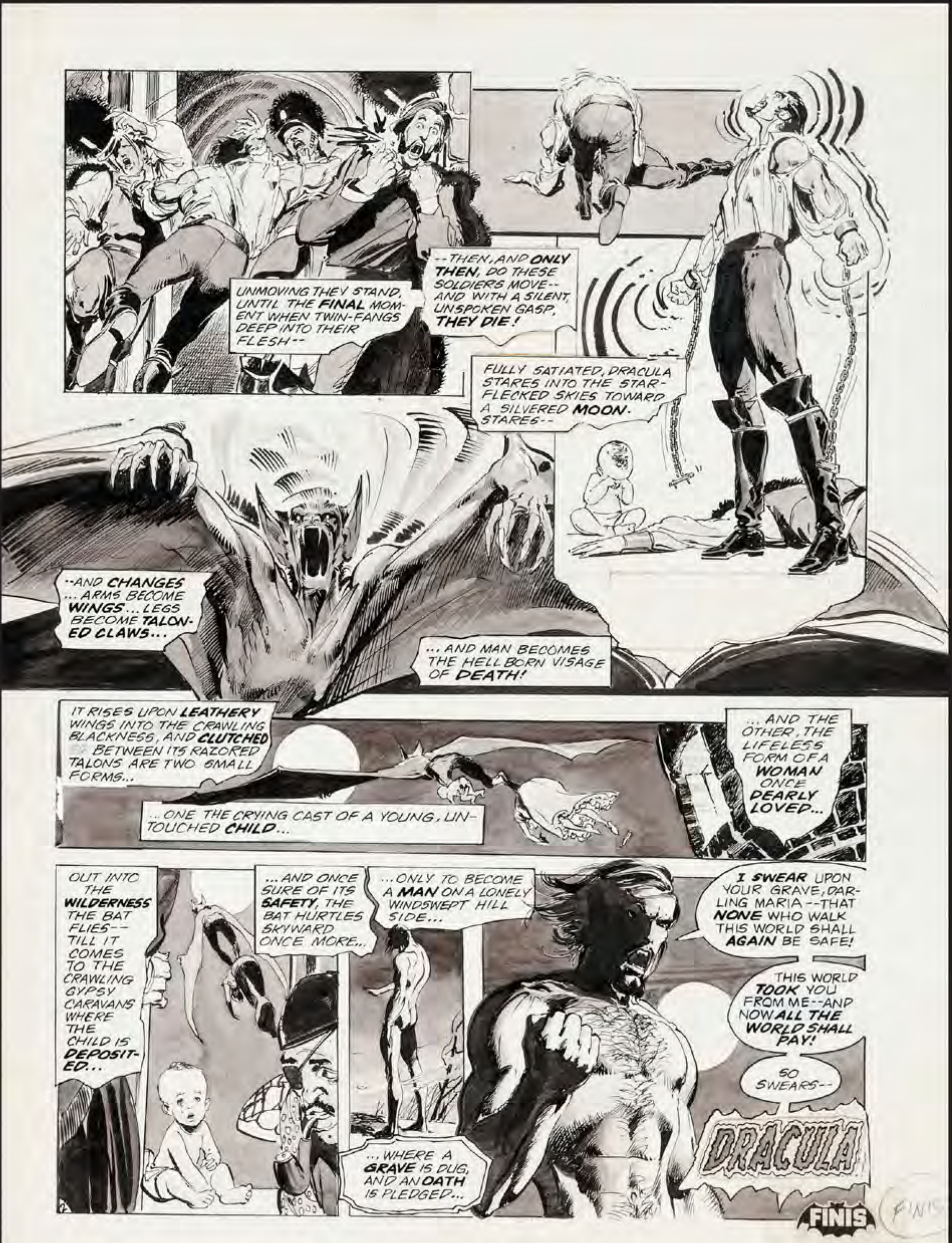
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Dracula Lives! #2 “That Dracula May Live Again!” page 12 original art by Neal Adams


MAD? MORE THAN MAD, DAMNED ONE--
I LIVE TO KILL--TO STRIKE YOU TO THE GROUND--TO TAKE YOUR BLOOD!
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU DESTROYED YOURSELF, TURK--WHEN YOU FIRST BROUGHT ME TO THAT WITCHES' HOUSE...
FOR I HAVE HER CURSE NOW--I AM--
--A VAMPIRE!
AND I THIRST FOR MY FIRST KILL.
NO-
--IN THE NAME OF GOD--
AAAARGGHHHHHHHH
LORD TURAC--THERE WAS A SCREAM--?
YOUR GOD IS NO LONGER MINE, TURK--
--BUT WAIT--
LORD TURAC--LORD TURAC!!
YOUR SOLDIERS, THEY THINK THEY COME TO RESCUE YOU--
BUT THEY ARE FOOLS--FOOLS!
I HAVE NO TIME FOR YOU SCUM--
--SO STARE-QUICKLY--DEEPLY INTO MY EYES...
...STARE--AND PREPARE FOR DEATH!!
DRACULA LIVES

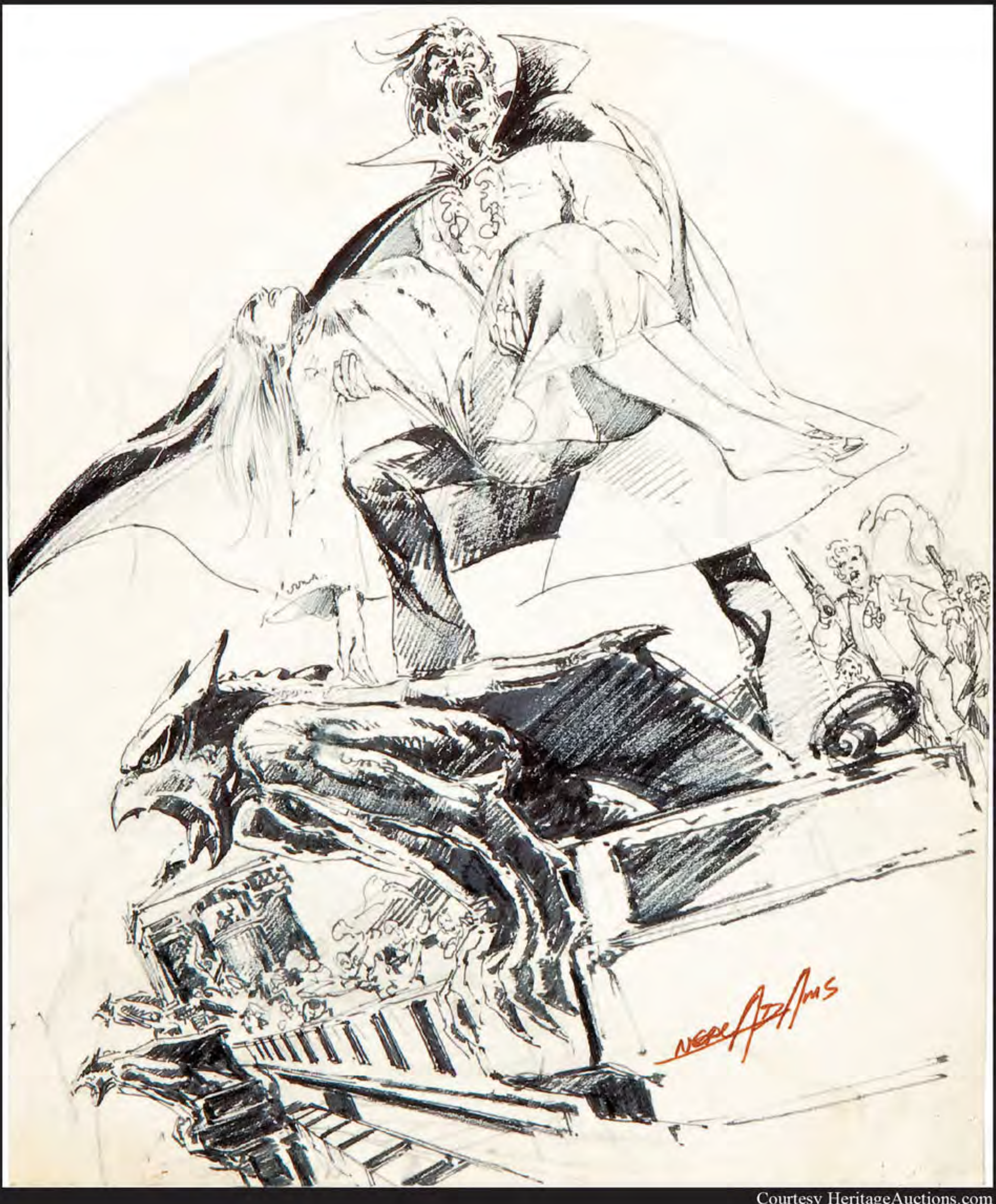
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Dracula Lives! #2 “That Dracula May Live Again!” page 13 original art
by Neal Adams


UNMOVING THEY STAND, UNTIL THE **FINAL** MOMENT WHEN TWIN-FANGS DEEP INTO THEIR FLESH--
--THEN, AND **ONLY THEN**, DO THESE SOLDIERS MOVE-- AND WITH A SILENT, UNSPOKEN GASP, **THEY DIE!**
FULLY SATIATED, DRACULA STARES INTO THE STAR-FLECKED SKIES TOWARD A SILVERED **MOON**. STARES--
--AND **CHANGES** ... ARMS BECOME **WINGS**... LEGS BECOME **TALONED CLAWS...**
... AND MAN BECOMES THE HELLBORN VISAGE OF **DEATH!**
IT RISES UPON **LEATHERY** WINGS INTO THE CRAWLING BLACKNESS, AND **CLUTCHED** BETWEEN ITS RAZORED TALONS ARE TWO SMALL FORMS...
... ONE THE CRYING CAST OF A YOUNG, UNTOUCHED **CHILD**...
... AND THE OTHER, THE LIFELESS FORM OF A **WOMAN** ONCE **DEARLY LOVED...**
OUT INTO THE **WILDERNESS** THE BAT FLIES-- TILL IT COMES TO THE CRAWLING GYPSY CARAVANS WHERE THE CHILD IS **DEPOSITED...**
... AND ONCE SURE OF ITS **SAFETY**, THE BAT HURTLES SKYWARD ONCE MORE...
... ONLY TO BECOME A **MAN** ON A LONELY WINDSWEPT HILL SIDE...
... WHERE A **GRAVE** IS DUG, AND AN **OATH** IS PLEDGED...
I SWEAR UPON YOUR GRAVE, DARLING MARIA --THAT **NONE** WHO WALK THIS WORLD SHALL **AGAIN** BE SAFE!
THIS WORLD **TOOK** YOU FROM ME--AND NOW **ALL THE WORLD SHALL PAY!**
SO SWEARS--
DRACULA
FINIS
FINIS
DRACULA LIVES

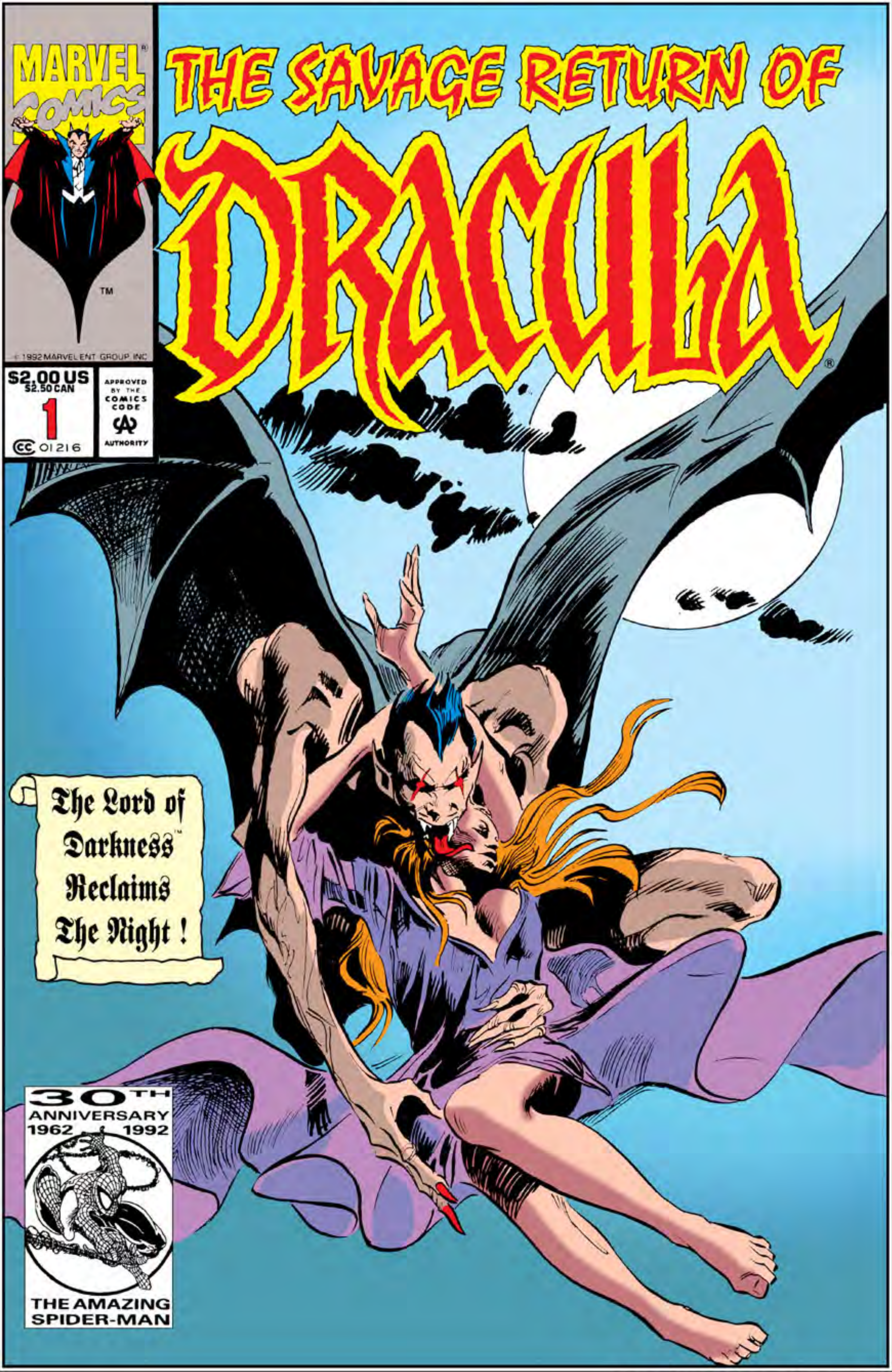
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Dracula Lives! #3 cover preliminary drawing
by Neal Adams



Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

The Savage Return of Dracula #1 (1992) cover
by Gene Colan


MARVEL COMICS
THE SAVAGE RETURN OF
DRACULA
© 1992 MARVEL ENT GROUP, INC
$2.00 US
$2.50 CAN
1
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
The Lord of Darkness Reclaims The Night!
30TH ANNIVERSARY 1962 1992
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Reprinting *The Tomb of Dracula* #1-2

BIOGRAPHIES

MARV WOLFMAN

Marv Wolfman's stints writing for movies, television, animation and novels mark him as a varied and highly regarded talent, but it is his comic book writing where he first gained prestige as one of the industry's most acclaimed talents.

His first forays into the comic industry were short tenures as editor and writer for both Warren Publishing and DC Comics, but it was after a move to Marvel in 1972 that his career began to blossom. One of his earliest hits was *Tomb of Dracula*, Marvel's adaptation of the classic Bram Stoker vampire. It was in the pages of *Tomb of Dracula* that Wolfman and Gene Colan unveiled the character Blade, the vampire hunter. This earthly hero was one of the earliest black heroes in comics and was introduced to further affirm the realism he sought to inject into the Dracula comic.

After editing Marvel's black-and-white magazines, he quickly stepped up the ladder to follow Len Wein as editor-in-chief. Wolfman had noted that the readership, who like himself had become loyal fans in their adolescence, felt it was important to have the stories Marvel produced "grow up" along with them. His editorial duties, however, stole time from his writing, so in 1976 he stepped down and took on writing full-time.

As writer of *Daredevil*, his two-year run preceded the Frank Miller era and included the introduction of Bullseye, now the most innovative and fearsome of Daredevil's rogues' gallery. Other work from his prolific Marvel tenure in the late '70s included lengthy runs on Marvel's two flagship titles: *The Amazing Spider-Man* (including the debut of the Black Cat) and *Fantastic Four* as well runs on *Nova*, *Doctor Strange* and *Thor*.

Moving to DC, he teamed with artist George Pérez and ushered in *New Teen Titans*. Most of the Titans came to life under his auspices, including Cyborg, Nightwing, Starfire, and Raven, as well as their nemesis Deathstroke. Next, Wolfman and Pérez delivered the epochal *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, condensing DC's complex 50 year history into a single, shared universe.

Taking a lengthy sabbatical from writing comics, Wolfman moved to writing for animation shows including *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers*, later becoming comics editor for *Disney Adventures Magazine*. He continues to write for DC Comics and more recently, has penned the nonfiction *Homeland, the Illustrated History of the State of Israel*. In 2011 Marv was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

GENE COLAN

Gene "The Dean" Colan spent his life as a comics artist perfecting a unique style that relied on realistic figure drawing and moody shadows. At a time when the norm lent itself to more abstract cartooning, Colan helped broaden the aesthetic range of what comics could look like.

Born in Brooklyn in 1926, Colan always had an interest in drawing, and he took up studies at the Art Students League of New York. Colan served his country during World War II in the Philippines, and though this delayed his art career, it eventually paid off with a solid acumen at drawing realistic scenes of warfare for DC Comics (*Our Army at War*, *All-American Men at War*) and the Atlas/Marvel titles (*Battle*, *Marines in Battle*, *Navy Combat*). Over the next 15 years, Colan would continue to work on war, romance, horror and sci-fi comics, as well as licensed titles like *Hopalong Cassidy*.

But when the super-hero genre broke wide open again in the '60s, Colan was ready to take it on with gusto. Under the pseudonym Adam Austin, he first drew Marvel Comics super heroes, including Namor, the Sub-Mariner in *Tales to Astonish* and Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense*. Colan then moved on to a celebrated run on *Doctor Strange* with Roy Thomas, and a stint on *Captain America*, but the Marvel character he is most often associated with is Daredevil. Colan's *Daredevil* pages were steeped in fluid, athletic grace for nearly every issue across an 80-issue run leading to #100. He also drew a handful of issues right before Frank Miller would come on board, Miller's *Daredevil* naturally owing a great debt to the already established visual precepts of the Colan era.

During the rest of the '70s, Colan displayed the diversity of his talents drawing the satirical *Howard the Duck* and the horror series *Tomb of Dracula*. The latter was drenched in the mysterious and shadowy style that Colan had evolved over the years, which reached its zenith in the service of Marvel's version of Count Dracula. He drew the entire 70-issue run.

Colan worked steadily into the '80s, once again drawing *Doctor Strange* for Marvel and also doing work for DC, including *Night Force*, *Silver Blade* and an extended run drawing Batman. In 2005, Colan was ushered into the Will Eisner Hall of Fame, earning well-deserved acclaim for his life's work. In 2009, Colan returned to the pages of *Captain America* to draw a World War II-based epic that would win the 2010 Eisner Award for Best Single Issue. It would prove to be his last major work in comics, as he passed away in 2011 at the age of 84.

NEAL ADAMS

Neal Adams' contribution to comics cannot be understated. Beginning with his work in the late '60s, which blended traditional comic art with an emphasis on naturalism and photo-realism, he greatly expanded the possibilities of the medium.

After being turned away by DC Comics in 1959, Adams honed his skills as a commercial artist at the Johnstone and Cushing ad agency. In late 1962, he undertook drawing *Ben Casey*, a weekly syndicated strip featuring the soapy exploits of a medical doctor. With five years developing his craft under his belt—and being creatively stifled by the daily strip's limitations—Adams took another crack at breaking into comic books with work for *Creepy* and *Eerie*.

Finally, in the July 1967 issue of *Our Army at War*, Adams broke in at DC Comics. He quickly moved from humor stories in DC's Bob Hope and Jerry Lewis comics to what would become the first significant entry in his canon of work—Deadman in the pages of *Strange Adventures*.

The next entry would come at Marvel, where he purposely took on the publisher's worst-selling hero title, *X-Men*. Adams and writer Roy Thomas' creative reinvigoration of the series sent shock waves throughout the industry. Although they weren't able to save the series from cancellation, it certainly went out with a bang.

His next major contribution to DC Comics was *Green Lantern/Green Arrow*, his collaboration with writer Denny O'Neil that pitted the two heroes against the various social ills of the day including racism, overpopulation and pollution. For Marvel, Adams rendered four issues of the "Kree/Skrull War" story line in *The Avengers*. It was his work on Batman, though, that made him a comic-art superstar. His delineations of the Dark Knight brought the character back to his origins as a criminal-hunting predator of the night, washing away the camp treatment of the preceding years.

In the '80s, Neal launched Continuity Associates, creating content for advertising, film and comics, including the comic series *Ms. Mystic*, *Megalith* and *Armor*. He was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 1998. Adams continues to be active in the comics scene, furthering advocacy for creators and illustrating select projects.

RICH BUCKLER

Rich Buckler, along with John Buscema and George Pérez, helped define the '70s era of Marvel's flagship title, *Fantastic Four*. His dynamic style and muscular figurework carried on the tradition set by Jack Kirby. Buckler's first published artwork was a backup in King Feature's 1967 *Flash Gordon* #10, and in 1970 he landed work on Warren's *Eerie* and *Creepy* horror magazines. After illustrating a few backup stories at DC Comics, he turned to Marvel for his first feature work. By 1973, he was turned loose on *Fantastic Four* and other Marvel ongoing series like *Jungle Action* (featuring Black Panther) and *Astonishing Tales*, in which he and writer Doug Moench launched Deathlok the Demolisher. The post-apocalyptic story of Col. Luther Manning, their run on "Deathlok" was a defining vision of a future gone wrong. Its influence and themes of military rule, reanimation and killer cyborgs would be reflected in films from *The Terminator* to *RoboCop*. After a time with DC, where he teamed with Roy Thomas on *All-Star Squadron*, Buckler returned to Marvel for work on *Spectacular Spider-Man*, *New Mutants* and a return engagement with *Fantastic Four* in the late '90s when he collaborated with writers such as Steve Englehart and Walt Simonson. Buckler also had a thriving career outside comics as a surrealist painter. He passed away in 2017 after a battle with cancer.

GERRY CONWAY

In 1969, 16-year-old Gerry Conway was shopping short stories to DC and Marvel for their horror anthology books. By 1976, Conway had worked his way up to Marvel's editor-in-chief. In between, he logged highlight after highlight as writer for both companies.

After establishing a pedigree with horror short stories, Conway quickly became the regular writer of *Daredevil*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Iron Man*. He also began runs on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and *Thor*, picking up both titles from none other than Stan Lee. He scripted both for nearly 50 issues, writing controversial and classic tales including "The Death of Gwen Stacy," the first appearance of the Punisher, and the introduction of Harry Osborn as the Green Goblin. Cueing off his early interest in horror stories, Conway took advantage of Marvel's burgeoning line of horror comics, launching *Werewolf By Night* and *Man-Thing*, as well as writing the first issue of *Tomb of Dracula*.

In 1976, he was handed the top job at Marvel before transitioning to DC Comics. One of his first big assignments was writing the script for one of the first inter-company crossovers, *Superman vs. The Amazing Spider-Man*. Shortly thereafter, he began a long tenure on prime DC titles like *Superboy & The Legion of Super-Heroes*, *World's Finest* and *Wonder Woman*. He also introduced Firestorm with Al Milgrom in 1978, scribing all five issues of the short-lived '70s incarnation.

As the '80s dawned, he started a long run writing both key Batman titles, *Detective Comics* and *Batman*, and continued his run on *Justice League of America*, a stint that began in earnest in 1978 and would end with the dismantling of the infamous JLA Detroit in 1986. During this era, he also revived Firestorm with artist Pat Broderick; this time the title found traction and Conway wrote the first 53 issues. A return to Marvel in the late '80s saw Conway tackling two of the three Spider-Man titles: *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and *Web of Spider-Man*.

During this period, Conway was asserting himself as a writer in film and television. His early '80s screenplay collaborations with Roy Thomas resulted in the animated film *Fire and Ice* and barbarian sequel *Conan the Destroyer*. By the late '80s, his opportunities in television writing had expanded, and he left comics to pursue writing and producing for *Matlock*, *Father Dowling Mysteries*, *Diagnosis: Murder* and *Law & Order*.

Today, Conway continues writing and producing for television and has recently returned to script the occasional comic. He resides in California with his wife and their daughter.

GARDNER FOX

Brooklyn-born Gardner Fox had as estimable a career as a comics writer as any of his peers from the Golden Age, with a decades-long dedication to the industry and an inventive mind that created a lasting legacy for National/DC Comics. Armed with a law degree from St. John's College and bar approval from the state of New York, Fox was also a self-professed Edgar Rice Burroughs nut. Unable to resist the allure of Burroughs' worlds of fantasy, he embarked on a career as a writer, contributing several prose stories to the pulp and science-fiction magazines of the day. But it was with DC that his career would flourish.

With writing credits as early as *Detective Comics* #4, Fox attacked comics with gusto, scripting stories in nearly every comic in the stable of the nascent National Comics—including early tales of Batman. He introduced numerous characters including Sandman, Hawkman, Dr. Fate and Jay Garrick, the original Flash. Fox upped the ante with the exploits of the Justice

Society of America in the pages of *All-Star Comics*, writing the ongoing saga of National and All-American's top heroes in one of comic fandom's most treasured anthologies. In comics' Silver Age, Fox tapped the same formula for the Justice League of America, a team of DC's most iconic heroes—led by Superman, Batman and Wonder Woman. Fox left DC Comics in 1968, preferring to focus on novels and short stories. He returned to comics in the early '70s, this time with Marvel, where he worked on features such as Red Wolf and Doctor Strange, as well as Warren's *Creepy* and *Eerie* magazines. When Fox passed away in 1986, he left a lifetime of milestone achievements in comics behind him and the esteem of an industry that saw fit to induct him into the Eisner Hall of Fame in 1999.

STEVE GERBER

If he had only been known for his work on *Howard the Duck*, Steve Gerber would still have been renowned as one of comics' most iconoclastic creators. After an unrewarding start as a copy writer in his native St. Louis, Gerber reached out to a fellow comics fan from his youth, Roy Thomas, and shortly thereafter began editing and writing for Marvel. He started on titles like *Iron Man*, *Sub-Mariner* and *Daredevil*, but it was his runs on *Man-Thing*, *The Defenders*, *Omega the Unknown* and *Howard the Duck* that defined his Marvel tenure as one of creative boundary pushing.

In *The Defenders* and *Omega the Unknown*, Gerber turned standard super-heroics upside down with his irreverent and sometimes inscrutable take on the genre. He took over Man-Thing shortly after the character's premiere as part of Marvel's early-'70s wave of monster titles, turning the tales of the shambling mass into a cult classic. And it was in *Man-Thing* that Gerber debuted Howard the Duck, the semi-autobiographical waterfowl that became an industry sensation and gave the writer a platform to share his sophisticated sense of humor and satire, gently and sometimes not-so-gently skewering politics, pop culture, and especially the comics industry.

A dispute over Howard with Marvel caused him to leave the company. It didn't stop him from returning to the character later in his career, but from the '80s on, his writing was mostly in animation and television, where he created *Thundarr the Barbarian* and won a Daytime Emmy as part of the team behind *The Batman/Superman Movie: World's Finest*. He also scripted *G.I. Joe*, *Transformers* and *Yu-Gi-Oh!*, as well as the *Star Trek: The Next Generation* episode "Contagion." Gerber passed away in 2008 after a battle with pulmonary fibrosis. His career accomplishments won him posthumous induction into the 2010 class of the Eisner Hall of Fame and the 2013 Bill Finger Award for Excellence in Comic Book Writing.

ARCHIE GOODWIN

Looking for a job, Archie Goodwin was immediately sized up by publisher Jim Warren to be a meek, quiet fellow who at first glance didn't appear to have the necessary mettle to handle the chaotic life of an editor. But as Goodwin would later say of himself, behind that quiet demeanor was a furtively creative thinker that lived to "lose myself in the fantasy of comics."

As a teenager during the '50s, he was an acolyte of E.C. Comics, contributing material to fanzines like *Hoohah* and *Twig Illustrated*. Though his abiding reputation in comics would come from his writing and editorial abilities, Goodwin studied art at New York's School of Visual Arts. His first work in publishing included turns as strip artist Leonard Starr's assistant, editing for the women's magazine *Redbook* and cartooning for the outdoor magazine *Fishing World*.

His first venture into comic books came in 1964, when he joined the staff of Warren Publishing. Goodwin quickly made a name for himself both editing and writing for *Creepy* and *Eerie*, and also launched the much-revered *Blazing Combat*. He instilled a degree of class to Warren's small line that helped draw top talent, which in turn established it as a fine inheritor of E.C.'s legacy. His later work for *Vampirella* came in a brief but highly regarded stint that helped to establish a bona fide mythos for the character.

His work at Marvel began in the late '60s with short stints on *Incredible Hulk* and *Fantastic Four*, the latter job giving him the honor of being the first writer to script *FF* other than Stan Lee. But it was his work on *Iron Man* where Goodwin would make his biggest mark on the Marvel Age of Comics, writing the first 28 issues of the character's solo title.

Shortly thereafter, he began a brief writer/editor stint at DC on *Detective Comics* as well as several war titles that Joe Kubert was leaving. He also wrote a well-remembered run of *Manhunter* backup stories in collaboration with Walt Simonson, an artist he had a hand in discovering.

Heading back to Marvel, he served as editor-in-chief before handing the reins to Jim Shooter. His later accomplishments for Marvel included negotiating licensing for *Star Wars* and other top-selling movie adaptations and launching the Epic line. He also wrote early issues of Wolverine's solo title.

Goodwin returned to DC in 1989 to write and edit until his death from cancer in 1998, still in the prime of a career that saw him establish a legacy in every aspect of the comics field. In particular, he was regarded as a man who handled his job as an editor not simply to shepherd comics through their development process but also to mentor younger editors into fulfilling their own potential.

ROY THOMAS

Along with fellow fan Jerry Bails, Roy Thomas developed the first known organized comic fandom in the pages of *Alter Ego*, a self-published fanzine. Leaving his teaching position in 1965, Roy took his deep knowledge of comics characters and their history and moved to New York City, accepting a job under DC editor Mort Weisinger. His stay lasted little over a week before he opted for a position at Marvel, where under Stan Lee, his duties quickly expanded from staff writer to editorial assistant.

Titles as disparate as *Modeling With Millie* and *Kid Colt* were written under his auspices before he was able to fulfill his desire to write super-heroes with Iron Man in *Tales of Suspense* #73 and Doctor Strange in *Strange Tales*.

Stan must have liked what he was reading, because after this seeming trial period, Roy "The Boy" (as he was called in credits) was given both *Sgt. Fury* and *The X-Men*. Along with artist Werner Roth, Thomas took the X-Men on adventures around the world and told the characters' pre-X-Men origins. In addition to introducing Banshee, Sunfire and Havok, Thomas' X-Men credits also include his watershed collaboration with artist Neal Adams.

Proving his mettle on *X-Men* led him to *The Avengers*, and it was with this team that Roy really started crafting his legacy. Across 70 consecutive issues of Earth's Mightiest Heroes, he became perhaps the title's definitive writer, introducing characters such as the Vision and penning classic sagas including the "Kree/Skrull War." Before the '60s ended, Thomas chalked up noteworthy runs as writer of *Doctor Strange*, *Sub-Mariner*, *Captain Marvel* and more.

In the '70s, Thomas' influence at Marvel widened to include the first adaptation of Robert E. Howard's *Conan the Barbarian*, a reinvention of Adam Warlock, and a new super-team, The Defenders. By 1972 Roy was selected to succeed Stan Lee as editor-in-chief. His tenure as EIC lasted for over two years before he returned to his writer/editor role on *Fantastic Four*, *Thor*, *Savage Sword of Conan*, *What If...?* and *The Invaders*.

In 1980, he left the House of Ideas for DC to pursue a lifelong dream by reviving the Justice Society of America in the pages of *All-Star Squadron*. He wrote many more comics for DC and Marvel over the next two decades and is still active today, writing comics, historical studies, adaptations of classic novels and publishing his award-winning *Alter Ego*. Thomas' career contributions were acknowledged with his induction into the Eisner Hall of Fame's 2011 class. He lives in South Carolina with his wife and collaborator, Dann, and an amazing menagerie of animals that must make the neighbors nervous.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

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As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These trailblazing talents birthed a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

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Golden Age Mystic Comics Vol. 1
Golden Age Sub-Mariner Vols. 1-3
Golden Age U.S.A. Comics Vols. 1-2
Golden Age Young Allies Vols. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

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Atlas Era Black Knight/Yellow Claw Vol. 1
Atlas Era Heroes Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Journey Into Mystery Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Jungle Adventure Vols. 1-3
Atlas Era Menace Vol. 1
Atlas Era Strange Tales Vols. 1-6
Atlas Era Tales to Astonish Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Tales of Suspense Vols. 1-4
Atlas Era Venus Vol. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

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Daredevil Vols. 1-15
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The Defenders Vols. 1-7
Doctor Strange Vols. 1-9
The Fantastic Four Vols. 1-23
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The Human Torch Vols. 1-2
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A SHRILL SCREAM SPLITS THE AIR IN LONDON AT MIDNIGHT...
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BACK, SWINE! BEFORE YOU AROUSE THE WRATH OF DRACULA!
NO! WE'VE GOT YOU NOW, MONSTER! THIS TIME YOU'RE DOOMED!
BURN CASTLE DRACULA! BURN IT TO THE GROUND!
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GOOD EVENING, FRANK DRAKE!
THESE ARE MY LITTLE FRIENDS! THEY'RE HERE TO SHOW YOU THAT--
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NO! THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! IT CAN'T!
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OUT OF THE EARTH ITSELF THEY CAME! The HELL-CRAWLERS!

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DROP THAT GIRL, DRACULA, OR THIS WOODEN KNIFE WILL FINISH YOU OFF-- FOREVER!!
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BLADE-- THE VAMPIRE-SLAYER!

MARVEL